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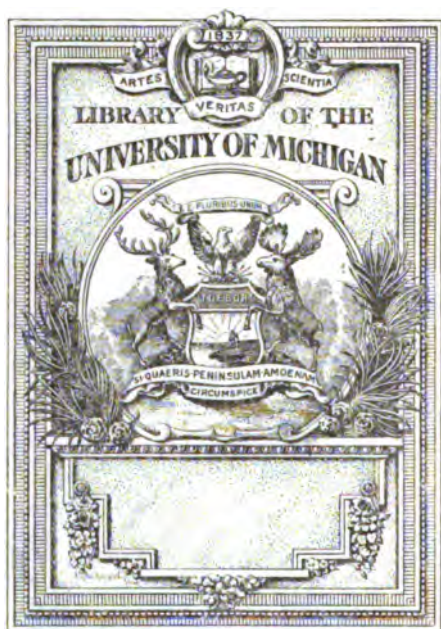
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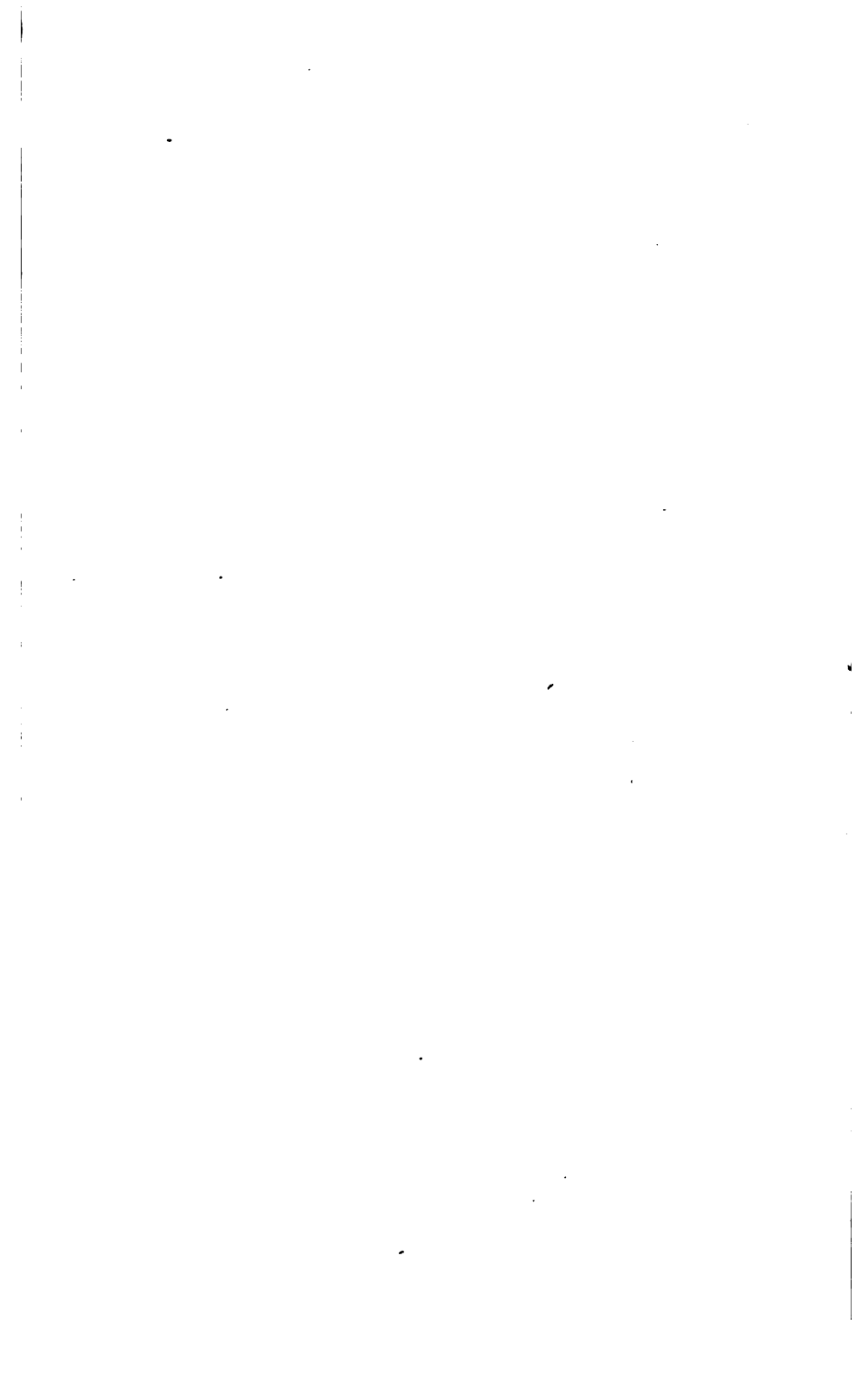
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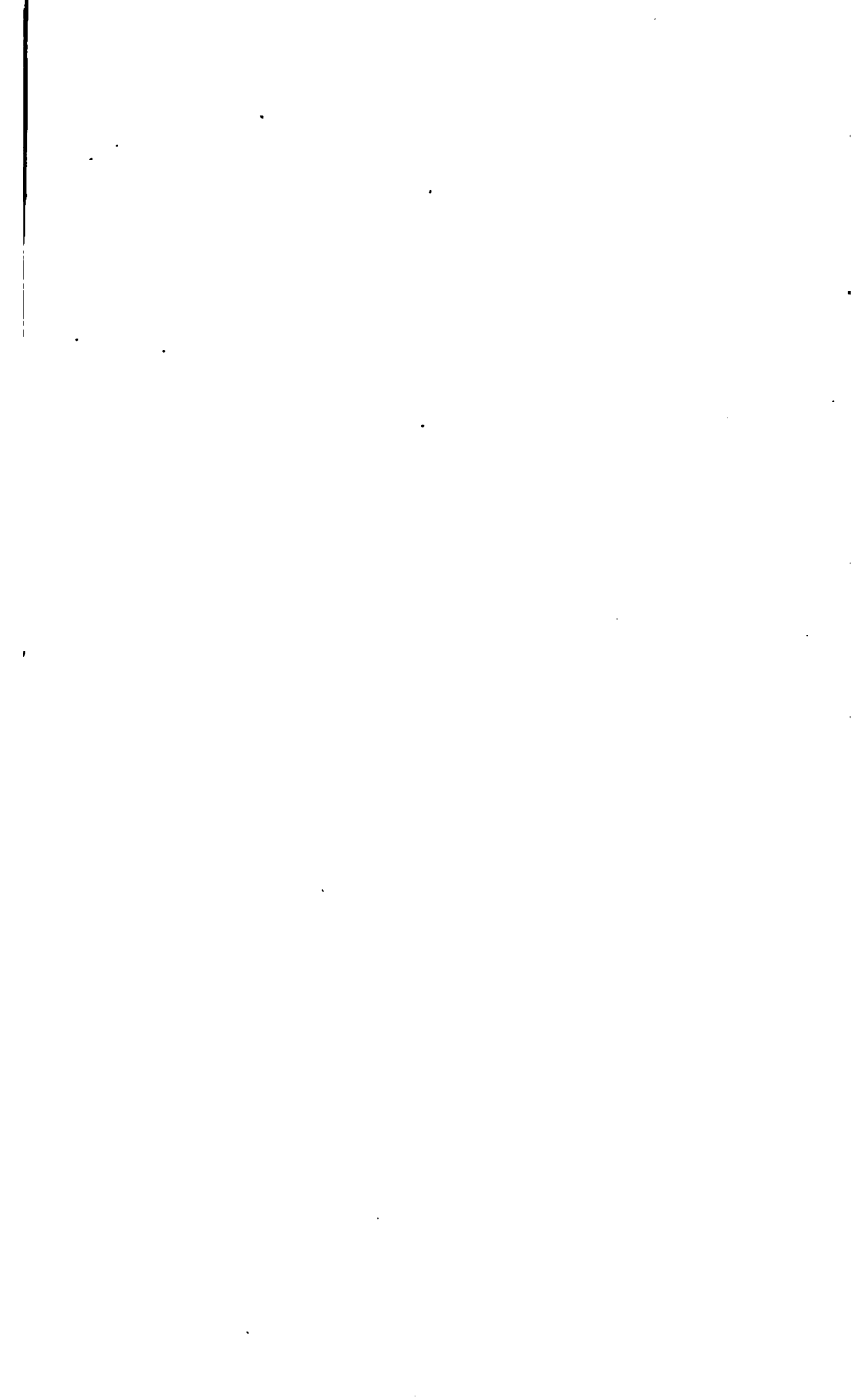


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LONDON SOCIETY.

An Illustrated Magazine

OF

LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

FOR

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.

VOLUME IX.

LONDON:
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Illustrated Novels

AT FIFTEEN SHILLINGS

CONTAINING A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
CHARLES THE SECOND

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
JAMES THE SECOND

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
WILLIAM THE THIRD

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE FIRST

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE SECOND

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE THIRD

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE FOURTH

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE FIFTH

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE SIXTH

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE SEVENTH

AND A HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
GEORGE THE EIGHTH



Drawn by T. Morten.]

QUITE UNEXPECTED.—A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

"They were speaking quite openly, so the stranger asked, 'What is that which has to be put off?'
'Only our marriage,' said Bertha, very frankly, with a smile which was a good deal better than a frown."

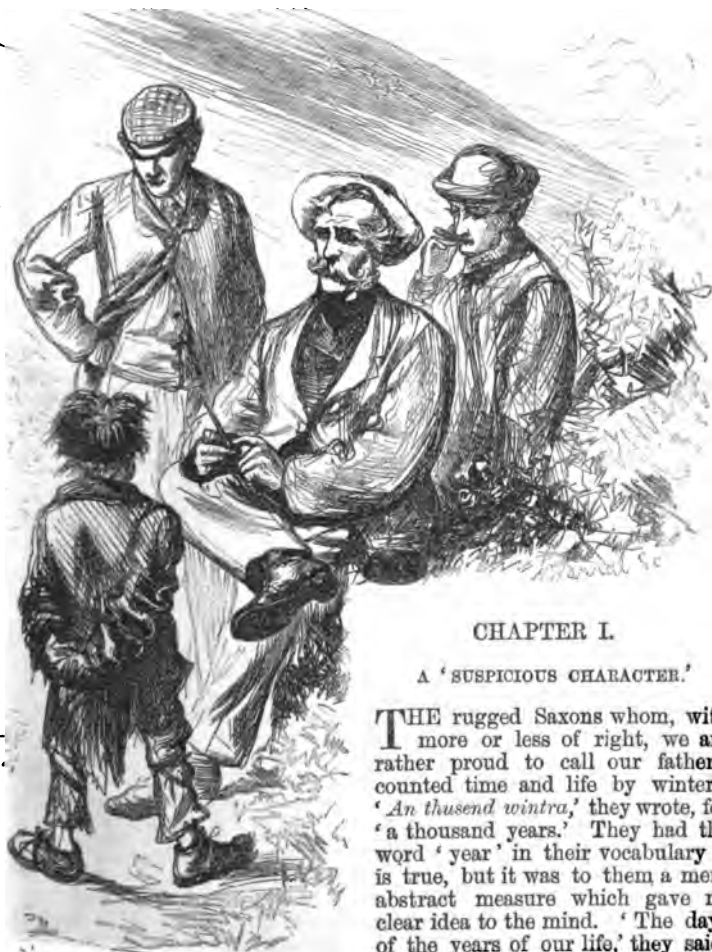
LONDON SOCIETY.

JANUARY, 1866.

QUITE UNEXPECTED.

A New Year's Story.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER I.

A 'SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.'

THE rugged Saxons whom, with more or less of right, we are rather proud to call our fathers, counted time and life by winters. 'An thusend wintra,' they wrote, for 'a thousand years.' They had the word 'year' in their vocabulary it is true, but it was to them a mere abstract measure which gave no clear idea to the mind. 'The days of the years of our life,' they said, 'are seventy winters.' And when at last the strong arm fell nerveless,

rest, they thanked the all-gracious Thor that he had died '*ge-wintrad*' well-wintered, or, as we should say, 'full of years.'

In the march of ages we have dropped many of the rougher characteristics of that elder race; but we still retain enough of their temperament to remember our winters far more vividly than our summers. Not only in the almanacs, but in our own minds also, our years are bounded at each end by snows, and extend from frost to frost. Who is there that looks back upon his boyhood to remember any of its terrible heats and droughts, or to forget its wonderful ice and drifts? But with all of us probably there is some one winter of our lives that stands out more distinctly than the rest of those which are gone: some one which we remember above all others for its peculiar keenness or for the circumstances which impressed that keenness on us. For even the mildest winter would be remembered as cruelly keen by any poor sheep which might be shorn in the middle of it.

The winter which Amos Wynne had most cause to remember was perhaps not more severe than many others which he had weathered, or which have followed it. I do not know whether the readings of the thermometer which hung beside his door, and which he tapped at night and morning, were above or below the average; nor is it at all necessary that I should consult the records of the meteorological department to ascertain that doubtful point. Suffice it that it was a winter of nearly twenty years ago:—the winter of 1846-7. Who Amos Wynne was, and what especial reason he and others had to remember this winter before all others, is the story which I have to tell.

He was simply a tenant farmer, cultivating so much as was cultivable of some five hundred acres which his father had farmed before him, and his grandfather before his father. If it had been a first-rate farm it would hardly have required three generations of diggers and delvers to work at it without gaining enough to leave it and go to

something better than tenant farming. Men get attached, however, to a poor place as well as to a fat one, and seem sometimes to cling to it out of sheer pity for the poor place itself. Such, indeed, one might have thought, had been the feeling of the Wynnes for this farm of theirs. It was poor hungry land, made up of bleak hill-sides, where a few melancholy sheep with difficulty found herbage enough to live upon, and the rest of it, called arable it is true, but hardly so in fact; the only crop that was invariably abundant being the annual crop of stones—an incommodity at no price marketable in that neighbourhood.

Such as it was, however, the Arkull Farm belonged to the Wynnes, and the Wynnes belonged to the Arkull Farm, and would have deemed it almost an inversion of the order of Providence had they been put asunder. Nor was it the Wynnes alone who thus identified themselves with the land they tilled. The great Rudyard family, whose freehold it was, and who held the fee of many thousands of acres more in the hills and valleys round about, had themselves come to regard the Wynnes as having a prescriptive right to the farm, and on recent occasions, when new plans had had to be prepared of their properties, this was called oftener by the name of 'Wynne's Farm' than by its old title of the 'Arkull Farm.'

The first Wynne had begun life as a farm labourer, had gone on to this farm with borrowed money, and thought himself fortunate, after twenty years of occupancy, that he had cleared off his debts, and, when death came, could leave his farm-stock and implements to his son without encumbrance. Wynne the second, in his turn, had brought up a large family honestly and respectably; had put one boy to this business and another to that; had seen his daughters comfortably married; but had had at last to leave his eldest son to begin the world as barely as he himself had begun it. He was a sober, God-fearing man—this second Wynne—of something of the Puritan turn of

mind, and had christened the boy Amos, likening the prospect of his life to that of the shepherd prophet of Tekoa, and hoping that he too, like him, would grow up in the love and fear of God, which indeed Amos had done.

He had grown up steady and industrious; had married a good wife, though a poor one; after his father's death he had managed the farm prudently; and, being a man of considerable natural shrewdness, had actually saved money and was looking forward to establishing his children in life a little more advantageously than he and his brothers had had to start. But unhappily he was one of those who had been out in the disastrous '45 of this century. Intoxicated with the prospect of doubling in a year or two the savings of twenty years, his head had been turned along with many a wiser head. He had let the glozing tongue of a neighbour persuade him to buy railway shares at a great premium, he had seen them go up to a greater premium, and had waited for a greater still. Then when the crash came he had been one of those who were caught and had lost actually all his savings. Just now, too, a new misfortune had befallen him which he would have thought little of a year ago, but which was grievous to him in his straitened circumstances. The murrain had been amongst his cattle and taken six of the finest beasts. As he walked in his rick-yard, therefore, he reckoned up for the twentieth time the probable, possible, and I doubt also impossible proceeds of the sale of those ricks, and thought sadly of the small surplus that would be left him after payment of his rent at Lady Day. 'Truly,' he said to himself, 'I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread; but it is hard that so much of my store of bread should have been taken as to leave me hardly a spare loaf. Perhaps, however,' he thought, 'perhaps I have no part in the text or the promise. What right have I to class myself with the righteous?' and his mind went off to grave questions of acceptance and repro-

bation, into which I do not follow him.

It was hardly likely that either his walk or his thoughts would be interrupted by the inroad of any stranger, for few strangers passed that way. The farm lay out of the beaten track. Nestled amongst and shut in on three sides by its own minor hills, it was shadowed on the fourth at no great distance by the mighty Wrekin, idol of all Salopians. The only road that came near Wynne's house was a parish-road, but little used, that connected Castle Craven primarily with Rudyard, and thence led away by the highways to Shrewsbury, Wellington, and the outer world in general. In winter, whenever the snows lay heavy on these hills, it was no uncommon thing for this by-road to be impassable, or, at any rate, passable only at a greater expenditure of toil and comfort than most people cared to give, so that at such times the Arkull Farm was almost isolated from the rest of the world. Perhaps, indeed, this very isolation had helped them in their determination to keep up from year to year their family gatherings. At any rate, though two of the sons had been from home for many years and lived in distant parts of the country, they had never failed to visit the old home once a year, and rejoin the one brother and two sisters who had never forsaken it. The time they generally chose for their visit was the week that begins with Christmas and ends with the new year. And it was this week which was now fast passing away, for the Christmas was past and the old year had arrived at its last day save one. Beyond his own family, and for a year or two past, perchance a suitor to one of his daughters (for the girls were fast growing up to womanhood), Amos Wynne had rarely a guest at this time of the year, and though hospitably enough inclined, it is quite true that he never wished for any. This year, however, he was destined to have one.

Winding down from the hill-fields behind the house, a public footpath led right through the rickyard and

the cattle yard away past the back door down to the road. And this footpath was one of Amos Wynne's grievances. It was of little real convenience to any pedestrian, but to him it was a serious nuisance—an offence in itself and the cause of offence in others, the daily and nightly occasion of gates being left open and cattle straying, as well as a standing pretext for the loitering of suspicious characters. Lifting his head now as he threaded his way slowly amongst his stacks, he saw standing before him one whom he at once put down as belonging to the class of 'suspicious characters.' He was on the footpath it is true, and so could not be ordered off. Nor in any case did he look at all a likely fellow to take much notice of any order which might happen to be disagreeable to him. A stout, strongly-built man of some sixty, or thereabouts, he had the true vagabond air and carriage, with the evidently exuberant health and activity which are so often denied to people who are not of the vagabond family. He was clean though, and seemed to take some care of his plentiful grey beard and whiskers, which contrasted well with his darkly-bronzed skin—a skin that had got its colouring plainly not under English suns. He wore a coat which did not seem to have ever had much warmth in it, and was now clearly the worse for wear. He carried a stout staff, the companion of many wanderings. It was freezing hard, but he was evidently in a glow of heat from hard walking. He looked, in short, by no means a suitable man for picking a quarrel with, for begging from, for borrowing from, or for lending to, but probably the suitablest man you would find in a day's journey for leaving alone.

Leaving alone it seemed clear, however, was precisely the treatment which the stranger did not desire. He came up to the farmer and addressed him, speaking with much gesticulation and flourishing his staff to such an extent that Amos involuntarily raised his hands to protect his ears. He had a marked impediment in his speech,

spoke with a strong foreign accent, and was evidently quite ignorant of his locality. Conversation, therefore, was by no means easy. Amos gathered at last that he wanted to be directed on his way to Rudyard and to be told the distance. The way was straight enough, the distance was six miles, and as it was already growing dark and not over good road, he recommended him to lose as little time as possible. The poor man unfortunately had stumbled, only a hundred yards or so back, and sprained his ankle; so before going on he sat down at the foot of one of the ricks, pulled off his boot and stocking to look at and rub the sprain; and having done so, found all his efforts to get on his boot and walk again fruitless. Certainly Amos Wynne had to confess that he tried his best to walk and go about his business, spite of the evident torture it was to him. It was plain, indeed, that he was as unwilling to ask a night's lodging as Amos was to offer it. The request had to be made at last, however, and could be no less than granted. Leading the way into his house, the stranger followed him. The refinements of drawing-room and dining-room were unknown in Amos Wynne's simple homestead. There was a large kitchen, well hung with bacon, where the servants were sitting at their evening meal. And there was a parlour or 'house-room,' where the rest of the family spent their leisure hours. 'Come in and sit down,' said Amos, leading him into the kitchen at the back door, and at once going forward himself to tell his wife in the other room of the unexpected guest. The stranger followed close upon his heels, entered this other room with him, carrying the impracticable boot in one hand, and limping painfully. It was evident he had not understood his invitation to be to sit with the servants, and though a little taken aback, as Amos was, there was something in the man's graceful bow, and in the quiet self-possession with which he saluted all in the room, that hinted at the possibility of a servants' kitchen not being perhaps his proper place, at

his having perhaps looked on better days, and even sat at good men's feasts as host instead of guest. 'Would you, madam, give me a slipper?' he asked, seating himself on one of the vacant chairs by the fire, and taking a child on his knee as if he had known the family all his life.

By-and-by Amos came and sat by him, and soon found that, spite of his stammering impediment and his foreign manner, the man spoke, as Amos said quietly to his wife, quite as sensibly as if he were an Englishman. Tea was brought in, and he drew up to table and evidently enjoyed his meal—not omitting to be so attentive to the two daughters as to win the good opinion of those young ladies, and make their brothers, and young Dennis, the favoured lover of one of them, a little sensible of their own remissness. Then, as the evening wore on, Amos naturally wanted his pipe, and asked his guest to join him. Whereupon out came from the stranger's pocket the blackest and best of meerschaums, and a pouch of tobacco, which Amos was forced to confess was the finest of anything he had ever smoked in his life. And as smoking by the fire is of itself dry work, in due time the little black bottle of whiskey was produced, and two modest tumblers were mixed, and Amos actually found that he was admitting this stranger, whose name he did not know, into a great deal of his confidence. It hardly occurred to him that he was being questioned at all; but little by little he had told him whose farm this was, how old Sir Evelyn Rudyard had died a month ago, and the new heir was a cousin who had lived abroad all his life and never even seen the vast estates which had now fallen to him by the death of a childless old man; how desolate the old Hall at Rudyard had been this Christmas time; and how the poor had missed their annual coals and good cheer. Then, with a touch of bitterness, he had hinted at his own losses, at the difficulty he had in making both ends meet, at the determination he had come to that he would, the very

next rent-day, up and speak boldly to old Sir Evelyn, and ask him for a reduction of his rent; and how, now the old landlord was dead, he felt it would be hopeless to ask a favour from a new one yet a while, and he would have to struggle on. To all of which the stranger listened carefully, speaking words of cheer now and then, as one who had himself known trouble.

But the younger people were inclined to merrier ways of spending the evening. There was a game of speculation, in which both host and guest had to join: and the way in which the stranger ventured his counters won him unreserved applause. It is true they cost nothing, being served out gratis to begin with, and thrown into a common purse at the end. But when only eight were playing at a penny a-piece (the red ones were pennies), it really did seem bold play to give sixpence for a knave, as he did time after time. Give what he would, though, the luck seemed to be all his own, and the game only ended when he had got all the counters on his own heap.

After that there must needs be a dance, scanty though the space for dancing was. Harry Dennis had brought his violin, and was in great perplexity about it. He was the only one who could play upon it, and it was clear he could not dance too; so Bertha had to dance with her brother, to the satisfaction of nobody.

'Let me try it,' said the strange guest; and then, shade of Paganini! how he did fiddle! The twinkle of his elbow, and the flash of his fiddlestick were nothing short of marvellous. There was not a dance, new or old, but he knew the measure of it; and you could see by the involuntary motion of his knees, that had it not been for his sprained ankle, his sixty years would not have kept him from standing up with the youngest.

At last came the hour for retiring—and that, too, no late hour, for the servants had to be up betimes. In they came, men-servants and maid-servants, and took their chairs round the room with the rest of the

family. The big family-bible was opened; and Amos, all seriousness and gravity, laying aside the evening's mirth, read out the sacred message. It happened that he had come that evening to the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and to that final judgment where the great King blesses them who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and received the stranger, inasmuch as by so doing they have done it unto Him.

CHAPTER II.

'RAGGED AND TOUGH.'

A night's rest did the sprained ankle a world of good. Early in the morning the stranger was up and prepared to leave. But as the Wynnes were early risers too, and already about to sit down to breakfast, and as he had made himself quite popular the night before, he was urged to stay—and, with slight urging, stayed. After breakfast, too, instead of going on his way at once to Rudyard, he, like a man accustomed to have no plans, or to change them from hour to hour, took all at once the bold resolve to walk off the stiffness of his ankle by no less an undertaking than the ascent of the Wrekin. It lay full in sight from the window; and to him, whose eyes—and feet too, indeed—had often rested on the peaks of Switzerland, it looked a modest hillock enough. And what were its two or three patches of snow compared with the eternal glaciers? Till now he had never seen this much-talked-of Wrekin. It was all one to him whether he reached Rudyard at night or earlier. No one expected him, he said, rather wearily, or would give him as kind a welcome as he had found last night: he would be as well wandering up and down the Wrekin, as anywhere else; so up the Wrekin he would go, lame or not lame.

Then two of the young men—Gregory Wynne and Harry Dennis—somewhat ashamed, it may be, of having spoken of the ascent of the Shropshire hill this winter's morning as an immense undertaking to an old man who made so light of it,

said that they too would go; and off the three started on their walk. Near as it had seemed, it was close upon two hours—the paths being slippery—before they reached the top and sat down, upon the little mound that marks the summit, to enjoy the reward of their labours.

Any day, when the reader's opportunity combines with his inclination, he may see that fair scene as they saw it. The plains still lie shadowed by the hills; and the hills still keep their everlasting watch over the plains, to-day as then, and then as centuries before. The Wrekin looks down on Uriconium, as it did when the Roman colony ate there, and drank, married and gave in marriage, as became the lords of a conquered race. Caradoc still rears his bold head, as proudly as when the fires of Caractacus blazed along his ridge. Shrewsbury battle-field smiles in the sun as brightly as it smiled when Falstaff, the valiant, fought upon it for that long hour by Shrewsbury clock. The waters of the Severn still gleam, flashing, and winding their sinuous way down the lovely valley, which bears the abrasions of long-melted icebergs, and is worn with the action of dried-up seas. All these remain, and will remain. It is but the human accessories that change from day to day.

On that day such accessories were of the fewest. Indeed, for a while the three pedestrians thought themselves alone on the hill. Not another human being was there to be seen. For surely that dirty little heap of animated rags, that moved from time to time in and out of sight amongst the bushes, and behind the rocks, could hardly be a human being. Nor did they quite satisfy themselves that it was one, till Gregory Wynne, following it up, brought it out from its hiding-place, and revealed it as a boy.

He was a little imp of barely three feet high. Upon his head he wore the remains of what had once been a cap, but now more nearly resembled a coronet, there being but little of it left save the rim. His hair stood up through the middle of it, not unlike a bunch of shabby

plumes. The amalgamated garment, which did what it could towards covering the upper half of his body, had once been in two pieces—jacket and waistcoat. It had, at some advanced period of its history, been made into one. But how many pieces it would have been in now, if incautiously taken off, it would have been hard to say. There was a greater proportion of leg visible than would have been reckoned decorous even by a Highlander. Indeed, had it not been for two or three pieces of string judiciously tied tight round each leg, above and below the knee, the trousers and their wearer must have altogether parted company. His boots showed a novel principle of construction—or at any rate of adaptation—which might commend them to the notice of the father of a family of growing boys. The soles and upperleathers having long parted company, the way of getting into them appeared to be, first, to place the foot firmly on the sole, then put the upper leather (which was open at the side) over it, and tie the two together with a stout piece of string. The more obvious objections to this fashion, for winter wear, naturally suggest themselves, in the exposure of the toes at one end of the structure, and the heel at the other. At any rate, by a copious use of string, evidently a primary article in his toilette, this small creature did entitle itself to be considered a clothed human being.

'What's your name?' asked the elder stranger.

'Jack Richardson; but at the blacksmith's shop they call me "Ragged and Tough." What's yours?' replied the boy.

'Mine,' said the old man, 'is Peter. How old are you?'

'Eight last Michaelmas. What else besides Peter? and how old are you?'

'Peter Lameleg; sixty-two,' said the old man. 'What do you do for a living?'

'Thrid the needle on fine days, and stand on my head in a pail of water on wet days; or stand on my head in a pint pot, or run wheels in the streets. What do you do?'

'Many things about as useful. How do you thread the needle?'

'Show you for a penny.'

Mr. Lameleg did not happen to have a penny; but young Wynne, always curious in the pursuit of knowledge, furnished the necessary coin. The urchin led the way rapidly round a rather precipitous descending path, and brought them to a natural chasm, where the rocks have been torn asunder by some convulsion of nature. It is known as 'The Needle's Eye,' and a beautiful legend tells that the rocks were thus rent at the time of the great tragedy of the Crucifixion of the Lord. Most visitors to the Wrekin probably know it now, and are aware that, through this cleft, there is tolerable space for a spare man to squeeze himself, but that it is a very tight fit for a stout man, and affords a by no means decorous passage for a lady in the fashion of the day. Once through, the wanderer finds there is a narrow path, along which he can find his way to other of the local curiosities. 'Ragged and Tough' was through in a twinkling. Young Wynne and Harry Dennis passed after him easily. Mr. Lameleg got through also, though with more difficulty. Then the small leader led them to what he called the Cuckoo's Cup—one of those curious little excavations on the summit of a peak, which are found in similar positions in many other parts of the country, and have long puzzled the brains of archaeologists.

There, sitting round the Cuckoo's Cup, the examination of 'Ragged and Tough' was resumed.

Harry Dennis was smoking,—we are almost ashamed to confess it, so early in the morning, but it was an exceptional case with him. Said the youngster, 'I'll give you a penny for your cigar.'

Harry explained that it had cost him threepence, so he could not part with it at that rate. Moreover, he had not got another.

'I'll give you threepence for it,' said the child, producing the money. But it appearing that business could not be transacted at that or any other rate, he had to be content with a

promise of the reversion of the end of the cigar when done with—had to be content, or at least to seem so.

By-and-by Mr. Lameleg, encouraged by the younger man's example, was seduced into lighting his pipe; and having done so, laid his tobacco-pouch for a moment on the rock beside him. In an instant, and with a scream of exultation, it was pounced upon by Ragged and Tough, and he was bounding with it down the rocks, where no one with any regard to the soundness of his limbs could follow except at the slowest rate. They were sitting on the edge of a deep ravine, the opposite wall of which was distant only a few yards.

In less time than it takes to read these two or three lines, the lad had descended the gorge, had climbed the opposite side, had mounted a tree in front, and now grinned at them across the chasm, while he deliberately produced a short black pipe, filled it, lit it, and immediately showed, by the methodical way in which he smoked it, that he was no new hand at a pipe.

He was still within easy speaking distance; and, as it was clearly no use threatening him or scaring him away, negotiations were opened with him across the chasm.

'Now, my boy, bring it back,' said the old man.

'Cu—cu—come and fe—fe—fetch it,' he replied, mimicking his stammer; 'will you thrash me if I bring it?'

'No.'

'Will you give me another pipe?'

'Yes.'

Then he deliberately helped himself to another pipe, good measure, wrapped it in a bit of his jacket that he tore off for the purpose, pocketed it, came back, gave up the pouch, and sat down by its owner, trusting fearlessly to the promise that he was not to be thrashed.

Everybody has heard of the Irish lad who boasted that he washed himself once a week whether he needed it or not. Our poor little Jack, it was clear, knew nothing of such sanitary regulations, and confessed, without any hesitation, that he never washed himself at all;

which, indeed, no one could have suspected him of doing. Being questioned as to his earnings, he said that in fine weather he sometimes got as much as a shilling a day, in bad weather hardly a sixpence—sometimes nothing. He produced eightpence in copper, fivepence of it yesterday's money, and threepence gained this morning. At night, he said, he generally bought a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of pudding, and a penn'orth of meat for his supper, two penn'orth of ale to drink after it, and a penn'orth of tobacco to smoke. His breakfast cost him twopence when he had any. Sometimes he gave his sister a penny or two when he saw her walking about in the cold; and sometimes she gave him a penny or two when she had any.

'Did he never take his money home to his mother?' Harry Dennis asked.

'No; she would drink it all.'

'Nor to his father?'

'No; he would drink it faster than she would, and I would sooner drink it myself.'

'What, do you drink too?'

'Yes, when I have any money to spare. Eh! I was drunk on Saturday night.'

When he had not drunk all his money he hid it under a stone before going in to his mother, and took it up again in the morning, if he happened to be there first; but his mother often found out where he put it.

Then turning the conversation to the subject of clothing, young Wynne tried to impress upon him the advantages of spending his spare money in new clothes instead of drink. 'If you put away twopence a day for a week that will be a shilling, and you can buy a new cap,' a proposition which was readily admitted and approved. 'Then, if you put away twopence a day for another week, you can buy a pair of second-hand boots.'

'Where?' interrupted he, jumping quickly to his feet.

'Well, at any rate you could in a fortnight,' said Gregory, puzzled to answer.

'Ah, yes, but you said in a week,'

he retorted, being evidently much better informed as to the price of second-hand boots than his instructor.

He had once been to school for two days, but left because Swiddy Dick kicked him on the shins. It was a Sunday-school, but he didn't remember that they taught him anything. He knew this hill was called the Wrekin, and he knew that was Wellington. He didn't know where England was, or what a queen was. He didn't know who made the sun, but suspected it was not Harry Dennis.

For every question that was asked him he had a counter-question, clearly imagining that he had as much right to question them as they had to question him.

During the latter part of this conversation the old man, Mr. Lameleg, as he had named himself, had sat quite silent, working away with his pencil in a little pocket-book. Leaning over to look at him, the lad exclaimed, 'Why, it's me; give it me,' and made a snatch at the drawing. Not being, however, this time quite quick enough, he was foiled in his attempt, and accepted his defeat with the utmost indifference.

They had sat longer than the old man meant to sit, and as he had already said good-bye to them at the farm, he resolved that he would go straight from the Wrekin top to Rudyard. By doing so he perceived that he would cut off an angle of about a mile, which he would have had to traverse had he gone by way of the farm. But he remembered suddenly that he had left something in his bedroom—a pocket-knife and some keys, I think—which he could not well dispense with. From where they sat the farm-house lay full in view, and beyond it a mile or so could be seen the point of junction of its by-road with the road along which the stranger would have to travel on his director way. He pointed out these places to the urchin, Ragged and Tough, and asked him if he would run round by the farm-house, get these things, and meet him with them at the corner for the reward of threepence, a

commission which that young Mercury willingly enough undertook, on being furnished with a scrawl from Gregory to produce as his credentials, and asking them also to give him something to eat.

'But can I trust you to bring me them when you have got them?' asked their owner.

The lad seemed to understand at once that it was his honesty that was in question. 'A man gave me half a crown once for a penny, and I took it him back. Keep my money till I bring them,' he said, and, tossing his coppers at their feet, started off at a run, and was lost beneath the shoulder of the hill. They saw him here and there in the fields as he drew away from the base beneath them, and watched him pursuing his way steadily from stile to stile, till at the last, with the help of a glass which one of the young men carried, they saw him, a mere speck, make his way within the gates and disappear. Then they rose and went down hill leisurely on the director road to Rudyard, the young men going with their companion part of the way.

Coming in due time to a cross-road which led to the Arkull Farm, the young men shook hands with their friend, whom they parted from unwillingly, and he, with many kind words of thanks for the hospitality he had received, pursued his journey alone. Half an hour brought him to the corner where he had expected to find his young messenger waiting. In this, however, he had been too sanguine, and after he had sat and waited another half-hour, casting meanwhile very impatient glances towards the farm, he had, after all, to make up his mind to walk on to the house and seek him. It was full in sight, but separated from him by a valley which, after the walk up the Wrekin, he would rather not have had to cross, especially as the lamed foot began to remind him that it was as yet hardly sound again.

As he walked on with a rather visible limp, and still more visible ill-temper, he was suddenly brought to a stand by the appearance of a little cloud that overhung the

house. Even while he gazed it grew darker and larger, spreading itself in dense volumes over all the homestead. Fierce tongues of flame shot up through blinding smoke, and sparks by thousands rose and were wafted by the wind towards him from over the valley. The gate opened, and a man on horseback rode out and galloped off to the town as if for his life.

Mr. Lameleg was lame no longer. He ran in a style that would have done credit to many a younger man, and before many minutes had passed was on the scene of the disaster. It was in the rickyard that the fire had begun, and it was too clear that but little could be done to stay the progress of the flames. The ricks stood in two rows of four each, and the fire had begun in the second one of the inner row. Happily there was not much wind, but the little there was, while it bore the flames away from the house and the farm-buildings, bore them on to the other ricks, and already three of the eight were blazing furiously. To save these, or any portion of them, was clearly hopeless. Amos Wynne and his family, and the men who had hurried in from the neighbouring fields, were doing their best, but working without concert or any common object. Indeed, on Amos himself the catastrophe had seemed to come so crushingly, that he was more inclined to stand by in silent despair than to struggle against it. 'Robbery, and murrain, and fire,' he murmured to himself; 'O God, who sendest me the plagues of Job, send me his patience too, and his happy deliverance.' They had broken a hole through the hard-frozen pond, and were running to and fro with all the buckets that could be got together, pouring their dribblets of water wherever they thought it could do good.

The stranger's coat and hat were flung aside in an instant. 'Now, my men, to work here,' he shouted in a voice that was plainly used to command. Loose straw was lying between all the ricks, and the flames leaped by its aid from one to the other with fearful rapidity. He saw at a glance which of the stacks were

certainly lost, and which it might be possible to save. To clear away this loose straw was the first task. He did not merely order what was to be done, but he did more of the work than any two other men. Then he divided his forces—one half he set to work to pull down and carry away two of the ricks that were sure to take fire next if nothing were done to save them. But as he knew it would be impossible to get more than half of them down, he put the rest of the men to another task. Close by there was a large heap of rotting stable manure. He had it brought as rapidly as possible and piled between the stacks on fire and the stacks in danger, and more especially as thickly as they could against the sides of those in danger. Then, as he saw the flames gaining on them, they ceased trying to pull down the stacks—having got them perhaps half down—and began to spread this manure thickly over the top of the parts of the stacks left standing. By dint of hard labour they managed to get these two stacks well covered, and by this time help having come from neighbouring farms, they contrived also to get the up-piled heap in front of the burning stacks well drenched with water. In the midst of it all it began to snow heavily, and this helped them a little, forming a thin covering on the manure. Happily when the flames reached them, as they soon did, they found that their ravenous tongues no longer devoured all before them, but were stopped by their barricade. When the parish engine arrived and began to play upon the nearest of the flaming ricks, it was seen that the worst was over.

But, indeed, that worst was bad enough for poor Amos Wynne. His fire insurance policy had expired three weeks before, and he, intending to renew it for a larger amount, had not renewed it at all. Such a loss to him, coming at such a time, was little short of ruin, and he thought more wearily than ever of the rent-day ahead. While thinking of what was lost, however, he was not quite oblivious of what was saved, or of him to whose exertions

he was so much indebted. 'I owe you much,' he said to the old man; 'pray come in and let me thank you, and thank the good Providence that sent you here at such a time.'

As they went in they overtook two of the men who had come with the fire-engine. They were carrying between them the body of a child. The poor rags that hung about him were drenched with water and littered with manure. The poor little face was blackened with smoke and ashes. The poor little limbs lay motionless. It was the body of poor 'Ragged and Tough.'

CHAPTER III.

'HOW WILL YOU TAKE IT?'

This, then, was how the old year was to end for Amos Wynne. It was its last day and to-morrow, came in the new one. What a mockery it would seem to wish him a happy new year! When he got into his own house, he sat down, covered his face with his hands and bowed his head to his knees in silent despair.

The stranger had followed the two firemen into the kitchen, and they had deposited their senseless burden on a table. Another man immediately followed them, bringing a short black pipe which he had picked up close to where they had found the child. Gregory Wynne was standing by the old man. They both knew the pipe again at once, and remarked to each other that the origin of the fire was explained.

'It is not so clear,' said the stranger, 'that your father has anything to thank me for. If I had not sent the lad here this would never have happened.'

It proved that the boy was not dead, though at first they had thought him so. He was indeed fearfully burnt, and there could be little hope of his recovery. But by-and-by he breathed, opened his eyes, and, the sense of pain returning with the sense of life, moaned piteously. His worst burns, however, and those from which there was most danger, were those where the fire had deadened all feeling in the poor child's limbs and where he

had no pain at all. The smaller and more painful burns were dressed with soothing oils and lint. Mrs. Wynne and her daughters, forgetting the mischief the boy had wrought them, seeing only his poor scorched body and his helplessness, worked with tender fingers about him, and in a little while restored him so far that he could tell his story. It was a very plain, straightforward one, and the sum of it was this:—

He had got the trifles he had been sent to fetch.

'They are in my pocket,' he said to the old man, not suspecting that both pocket and trousers had been burnt off his legs.

They had given him a good dinner in the kitchen, and one of the farm labourers, delighted with his precocious prattle, had also given him, unknown to any one else, some ale. Then he had left to go on his errand, but at the gate his quick eye had seen the three whom he had left coming down the hill afar off, and, having time to spare, the possession of tobacco had proved too great a temptation for him. He had stolen into the rick-yard, sat down behind the second rick, and smoked part of his pipe. Then, hearing some one coming, he had run off to finish it behind a more distant stack, and there he had fallen asleep. This much he could tell of himself; the rest was easily put together. At the first of his smoking places the fire had broken out after he had removed. His second hiding-place had only been reached by the fire in its expiring efforts, and there he had been buried unperceived, partly with straw, partly with manure. He confessed that this burying of him awaked him, but at first he durst not come out for fear of being whipped, and he lay still, not knowing what was wrong. Then afterwards, when he had tried to get out he could not; and he remembered no more about it.

They told him of the fire and of the damage he had done.

'You won't thrash me?' he asked pitifully. (The attention of a thrashing seemed to be the only attention he had ever received from any one, and he could hardly believe that he

was to escape without one now.) 'You can give them my money, to pay for the stacks, Mr. Lameleg,' he said, suddenly remembering the eightpence which he had left in pledge for his own honesty. Poor Ragged and Tough appeared to be less conversant with the value of corn-stacks than with the value of second-hand boots. But having thus made what pecuniary amends he could, he seemed easier and more hopeful of good treatment.

Apparently reminded by the child's last words, the old man left him and went in to Amos Wynne.

'And what do you think will be the extent of your loss?' he asked.

'Four hundred pounds, not less, I am sure,' was the answer; 'and how to replace it I know no more than you child.'

'Don't despair,' said the stranger; 'your friends will help you, and perhaps the new landlord may make your tenancy easier when he sees how hardly you have been pressed. At any rate I can be of no more use here, and strangers are only in the way at such a time. I will have a wash and a crust of bread and cheese, and then I will go.'

'I shall be sorry if we never see you or hear of you again,' said Amos.

'Oh, but perhaps you will. What are you going to do with the child?'

'Keep him till he is better, or till all is over with him. The doctor says he will probably linger a few days at any rate.'

In times of domestic, as well as of national calamity every one has his own special point of view from which he looks on the misfortune that has befallen him in common with those around him. As the old man passed the bay window in which Harry Dennis and Bertha were standing, he heard Harry say, 'I suppose we shall have to put it off again?'

'I suppose we must,' said Bertha; 'but I hope it will not be for long.'

They were speaking quite openly, so the stranger asked, 'What is that which has to be put off?'

'Only our marriage,' said Bertha very frankly, with a smile which was a good deal belied by her eyes.

'He was to have come and fetched me in a month.'

'Ah well, you are young; it is only waiting and trusting each other a little longer.'

And then in a little while the old man shook hands with them all, and went his way once more, more sadly though with more show of mutual kindness than before.

It was some two hours later. The melancholy dinner, of which no one seemed to have partaken, had been cleared away. Amos Wynne remembered that there was some letter about this disaster which he must needs write for that night's post, and the inkstand and pen could not be found. There is seldom more than one little bottle of ink in a country farmhouse, and it is well if its contents are not either as thick as mud or watered out of all their blackness. At last it was found in the bedroom that had been used by the old man. Beside it lay a closed envelope addressed 'Mr. Amos Wynne,' in a hand unknown to all of them.

'Who would have thought,' said Amos, 'of his taking the trouble to leave a note to thank us?'

It was not much of a note. When the envelope was opened it contained merely a half-sheet of note-paper on which was written, not over legibly, simply the words—

'I was a stranger and ye took me in,'

no signature, and no word more. Along with it was a small piece of folded paper which fell out and fluttered to the floor. When unfolded it proved to be a cheque on the local bank in the neighbouring town, in favour of Amos Wynne, for the sum of four hundred pounds. This cheque certainly had a name to it, but it was a name that defied all their attempts to decipher it. It was agreed at last that it was more like 'R. Rumbold' than anything else, but no such person was known or likely to have an account at the local bank.

'He did not seem one who would play a scurvy trick,' said Amos; 'and yet I can hardly think it genuine. Saddle the mare, and let

me take it down to the bank before it closes, and know the worth of it.'

As he rode along he reasoned himself out of all hope of its being cashed, and even began to speculate on the chances of unpleasantness arising out of his presenting a worthless cheque. He was known at the bank, however, and had a good character, so he presented it with as business-like an air as he could. The cashier scrutinized it a good while (and Amos said within himself what a fool he was to have come on such an errand). Then he opened a book and compared the signature with one pasted within it.

'It is the first we have had on this account, Mr. Wynne,' he said, 'and I did not know that Sir Peter had arrived. Pray how will you take it?'

'I beg your pardon,' said Amos, mistrusting his own ears.

'You will excuse my seeming to examine it suspiciously. It is the first cheque which Sir Peter Rudyard has yet drawn on his new account. I see it is dated to-day. Has Sir Peter got to Rudyard? And I forget how you said you would take it.'

It matters, of course, little to the reader how Amos Wynne took it: it might be in local notes; it might be in those of the Bank of England, or it might be in gold:—take it he certainly did, and went home with it in tangible shape, and in a very different mood from that of a couple of hours ago. The Mr. Lameleg who had spent the night with them was in truth his new landlord; and the inscrutable signature which they had made into 'R. Rumbold,' was neither more nor less than 'P. Rudyard.' Sir Peter had opened an account with the bank a few days previous by remittance, and had now come, unannounced and unattended, to his new estates.

That night at Arkull Farm was not so dull a one as the earlier part of the day had promised. The old year was sped to its exit, and the new one was welcomed to the world with all seemly mirth, not unmixed with solemn thankfulness. Poor

little Ragged and Tough was brought in for half an hour, and propped so that his big, bright eyes could look on from out of his lint and cotton-wool and enjoy the wonderful sight of a well-lighted room, and happy faces. Then he was taken away, patient and happy as the rest of them.

Probably all of them were happier and in better temper than the writer of this story finds himself at this present time of writing. For, of all the undignified and ignominious predicaments into which a rational human being ever gets himself, there are surely none so undignified, and so ignominious as that of a story-teller whose mystery at last is out, and who knows that, no matter how carefully he may round his closing sentences, nobody will care a button for them. Let me, at any rate, cut short my ungracious task to the farthest possibility of brevity. The little that the reader cares to know will be told with half a dip of ink.

Mr. Lameleg's augury that Amos Wynne might get his rent reduced proved remarkably exact. Ragged and Tough did not die but slowly recovered, and in due time came to be as tough as ever, though never again so ragged; for Sir Peter clothed him, and sent him to school, where 'Swiddy Dick' could no longer reach his shins, and had him taught where England is, and who *did* make the sun, and gave him more exact ideas of the value of corn-stacks, and even at the last promoted him to be his own boy in buttons. It was also Sir Peter himself who gave away the bride when Bertha and Harry Dennis were married,—without that dreadful postponement,—and who stood up at the wedding-breakfast and said, stammering as bad as ever, that he hoped (as we may surely hope, for all our kindly, patient readers) that if in the unknown future any year seemed closing on them as darkly as the last had threatened, its clouds might be chased away as quickly, that each new year might break upon them as brightly, and be as fruitful in happiness as this one bid fair to be.

ROBERT HUDSON.

ANGELICA'S BETROTHAL: A Christmas Story of the 'Old Court.'

CHAPTER I.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE AT THE OLD COURT.

REMEMBER our conversation, my dear!

The young girl to whom these words were addressed by her mother, stood cloaked, softly and warm, in the hall of her rectory home, waiting for the carriage which was to convey the family party, consisting of herself and her father and mother, to the scene of Christmas festivity at the 'Old Court,' the baronial residence of Lord and Lady Hautain, who held their Christmas revels in the fashion of the good old times.

They were a childless couple, and this fact had been the only cross which their tranquil lives had known,

The poor relations, however, who sprang with rapid offshoot growth from the original parent tree, and who, if not coming exactly under the head of 'the blind, the halt, and the lame,' might still have been summed up under the expressive modern adjective of 'seedy,' profited considerably by the absence of nearer and dearer ties, and more legitimate objects of affection, in the case of the representative of the house of Hautain, in whose breast hospitality was a rampant virtue, delighting in an excuse for excess.

Weasel-like old bachelors, who looked ill at home in their creased dress-coats, and thin, bird-like old maids, some of them with 'honourable' attached to their names; a make up for the miserable pittance, the portion of the younger scions of many a noble house, giving the mysterious privilege of 'position,' dear to the heart of honourable women of a certain age; and young married couples struggling with the gaunt wolf of poverty, and the annual addition of another little Hautain to the family circle; these were the sort of guests which the worthy old couple delighted to see assembled at the 'Old Court' on each returning celebration of our highest and holiest feast.

Mr. Temple, the rector of the parish, was an easy-going clergyman of the old school; and his wife was a bustling, worldly-minded woman, the daughter of a neighbouring baronet, who had just made the crowning success of her life, by introducing into society the really beautiful girl, whom, by a master-stroke of diplomacy, not often practised

by mothers now-a-days, she had kept strictly immured in the schoolroom, until the chrysalis was ready to be cast, and the butterfly wings to spread in all their glory to the gaze of an admiring world.

Angelica, or 'Angel Temple,' as she had been christened on her first appearance in the county, was no common character; but with much that was really noble, she had imbibed a deep strain of worldliness from the education she had received from her mother; and the remark of the latter with which this chapter opened, was the result of a conversation, which I will quote here for the benefit of the reader, and to explain the footing on which mother and daughter stood.

'I wish you would not be so reserved with me, Angel,' began Mrs. Temple, who had adopted the popular abbreviation of her daughter's name; 'you will meet Mr. Hautain again to-night, and it is quite necessary that I should be informed whether this growing intimacy between you is likely to lead to anything or not.'

'I think I am able to take care of myself, mother; and I do not exactly know what you mean, by "leading to anything." Of course you know that I could marry Reginald to-morrow if I liked; as far as he is concerned in the matter, there would be no difficulty in bringing it to anything at once.'

As she said these words with an air of defiance, Mrs. Temple looked quickly up in her daughter's face. 'Angel,' she said, in the sharp, peremptory tones natural to her, 'you will not be such a fool as to throw away such a chance as this. Why did you not tell me before?'

'Perhaps, because I do intend to be the fool you take me for. Perhaps, because, loving another man, a penniless man, as I do, I do not intend to sell myself to that untamed cub, Reginald Hautain, as the highest bidder in the marriage market as yet. Perhaps, because I am so well suited to live on a hundred a year, that I am not likely to throw away such a chance as *that*. What say you, mother? you shall decide for me in this difficult matter. I promise to abide by your decision. Shall I marry Reginald, or

Stephen Hautain? Either of them would have me to-morrow.'

Angel's countenance, to tell the truth, belied her name as she uttered these words, standing opposite to her mother, with a lurid light in her fine eyes, and the demon spirit of scorn sitting on her short curled lip. Mrs. Temple, who did not understand her daughter's temper in the least, or see how fiercely the two opposite currents of worldliness and nobility were struggling for the mastery in her breast, only recognized the fact that, in leaving the matter to be decided by her mother, she was reaching out her hand to grasp the proffered coronet, which had so many charms for the matronly heart; and she answered rather coldly, for she despised the imputed motive—

'It is a mere farce your asking me to decide, Angel, between Reginald and Stephen. You know that *I would rather see you in your grave* than mated with poverty and disgrace.'

'You know, mother, how widely our notions differ on this point; if you wish me to obey you, you must not shirk the point. If you wish me to sell myself to Reginald Hautain, for the prospect of a coronet and ten thousand a year, you must say so in so many words. I am not of age—it is not my own doing. You must say distinctly, "Angel, it is my wish, that, without entertaining a spark of affection for him, and loving another man from the depths of your soul, that you marry Reginald Hautain for the sake of the rank and the wealth that will one day be his." Why should we not all say exactly what we mean? I have said my say, but nothing will alter my determination. The choice remains with you, *mother*.' (The last word was said with a dash of that bitterness which Byron has thrown into it, when on the lips of the deformed boy, 'I was born so, mother.') The crooked and distorted body, or the crooked and distorted mind, should be the last infirmities with which a mother should reproach her child; and, in Angel's case, the stress she laid upon the word seemed to say, 'If I am base, it is to a mother's influence that that baseness is to be attributed; let her be the last to condemn.'

'Angel,' said Mrs. Temple, looking her young daughter straight in the face as she spoke the words, 'you have placed the responsibility on my shoulders in this matter, and I have no objection to take it. I lay my commands upon you to accept Reginald Hautain's offer if he proposes to you to-night, or at any subsequent time; and in saying

so, I know that I am echoing your papa's wishes. He has spoken to me on the subject more than once.'

'Very well.'

This was all that Angel Temple said. Her mind had of course been made up before, to reject the man who loved her, as she had herself affirmed, as his own soul, and to take for her husband one, against whose coarse and brutal nature her own revolted, merely because he was an elder son, and heir to the barony of Hautain. Angel was naturally ambitious, and she had been brought up by a worldly mother; but that 'very well' cost her the anguish of a heart too noble to reconcile itself at once to the disgraceful rôle assigned to it to play. I have said that her mind had been distorted by the faults of her education, and she had cajoled herself into the miserable belief that she had now placed her future conduct, with regard both to Stephen and Reginald, on the score of duty to her parents and to herself. Miserable sophistry! that had not balm enough to heal the slightest wound amongst the many that followed upon those simple words. Poor Angel! least angelic, when you sacrificed yourself on the altar that was not the altar of duty, and bound yourself with cords to the horns of the shrine of Mammon—despicable in the sight of God, and of yourself, in all, saving your beauty, you were little of an angel then.

It was on Christmas Eve, that the Temples were about to join the large party of guests assembled to keep Christmas at the 'Old Court.' The two brothers who have been mentioned above, Reginald and Stephen Hautain, were the nephews of the old lord, and the elder of the two was heir to the barony and the estates of Hautain. He was rough and uncouth, a man of about thirty-five years of age, selfish, and egotistic beyond the usual limits of selfishness and egotism common to elder sons and the heirs to ancient titles and estates. He had fallen (for him) desperately in love with Angel Temple on the occasion of his meeting her, for the first time since she had sprung up into womanhood, at the 'Old Court' on the Christmas preceding the one of which I write; and the acquaintance had been renewed when he came down for partridge-shooting to the same place in September. Stephen, or 'Steenie,' as he was called by his aunt, Lady Hautain, of whom he was prime favourite, was a very different character, and it was he who Angel Temple affirmed to her mother loved her with

his whole soul and strength. The acquaintance between those two was not the acquaintance of a day, and the attachment, which existed on both sides, had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, for they had known and loved each other as boy and girl. He was in a cavalry regiment, his commission having been bought, at his own request, by the modest patrimony left him by his father. Reginald and Stephen were orphaned of both parents, enough being reserved to purchase his captaincy, a negotiation which had just been effected, and he had come down to the 'Old Court' that Christmas for the first time as Captain Hautain—a penniless captain, for his last shilling had been swallowed up in the purchase, and he would have to perform the almost unprecedented feat in a cavalry regiment of living upon his pay.

No wonder that a worldly-minded woman like Mrs. Temple looked upon her daughter's attachment to 'Steenie Hautain' in the light of a madness and a disgrace. Angel herself had, after a fierce struggle with her own better self, decided in favour of the elder brother, who, as she truly remarked to her mother, needed but the slightest encouragement on her part to throw himself and his prospects at her feet. She had not met Steenie since his elder brother had openly declared himself as her suitor, and the idea of the meeting on that memorable Christmas Eve was full of bitterness to her bruised and aching heart.

'Oh, Steenie! Steenie! why were not you the eldest?' she had said fiercely, in the anguish of losing him after the cold 'very well,' which we have heard her pronounce, had sealed her destiny for life; for Angel was not one to look back when she had once put her hand to the plough, either for evil or for good. She had told herself repeatedly that their mutual attachment could never lead to happy results. If their union ever took place at all, it must be a clandestine one, for both her father and mother were people violently opposed to the idea of their only daughter and heiress allying herself to a young penniless adventurer, as they called him, with nothing but his handsome face and chivalric nature to recommend him. She thought she had counted the cost before the conversation with her mother which she had determined should decide her fate; and she went up to the 'Old Court' that evening, knowing that she would leave it the affianced bride of a man

whom she detested and loathed, but who would have it in his power to make her eventually a baroness, and the mistress of that stately old home.

She had never, perhaps, looked more beautiful than she did on that occasion as she entered the drawing-room of the 'Old Court,' and Lady Hautain looked admiringly and even lovingly upon her, and thought what a handsome couple she and her adored nephew Steenie would make. She had with a woman's penetration long ago discovered their secret, and had made provisions in her will that her favourite should not always be a penniless captain, and, under certain provisos, had generously remembered Angel herself.

'Come and sit by me, my dear,' she said to our heroine, after having affectionately kissed her on the cheek. 'You look like a white rose. Steenie has just arrived,' she added in a whisper; 'you know he is a captain now.'

'Yes, I know it, Lady Hautain; Reginald told me so the other day.'

Lady Hautain looked surprised. Stephen had always been 'Steenie' on Angel's lips, who had known him as a boy, but she had never heard Reginald called anything but 'Mr. Hautain' by her before.

'I wish Reginald had only a tithe of his good looks,' said the kind aunt, who loved the younger and more worthy nephew with her whole heart. 'I never saw two brothers so totally unlike, both in person and mind.'

'They are a great contrast, certainly,' was the young lady's reply; 'but it has passed into a proverb, you know, the fascinations of younger sons. Reginald would scarcely change places with his brother if he were twice as uncouth and ugly, and Steenie twice as handsome as he is.'

'I should not like to be too sure of that. Steenie possesses one advantage over his brother, for which I think Reginald would give much. You know what I mean, Angel, and none better than you.'

'On the contrary, I know of none, dear Lady Hautain,' replied the girl quickly, blushing over neck, face, and brow at the allusion to her own love, more than hinted at in the kind woman's words. 'Steenie is poor; he cannot afford any advantage over his elder brother. I do not think that Reginald would give much for any one that Steenie possesses now.'

'You are too diffident, child. I know better than that. I am sorry for Reginald sometimes, although it will be good for him to find out that he can-

not carry everything before him. He has been dreadfully spoilt.'

'He is a selfish fool,' thought Angel herself, although she did not allow this mental verdict on her future husband's character to pass her lips; and she gave a slight start, as a well-known voice at her side, caused her to look quickly up at one of the handsomest faces that she had ever beheld. Steenie was greatly improved since she had seen him last; he was ten years younger than his brother Reginald, and only just arrived at the maturity of his manly beauty. As he bent over Angel's hand—the pretty little traitress hand which was about to be bestowed on a rival—Lady Hautain might have been excused for her exultation over the matchless beauty of the pair, whom I will here describe to the reader, before the fiat goes forth which is to separate them for ever and a day.

Angel Temple was tall and slight, with delicately-moulded limbs of oriental grace, and a skin that was almost dazzling in its alabaster whiteness and transparency. Her small shapely head was crowned with the finest raven tresses in the world, and her large, gazelle-like, brown eyes were deep, earnest, and tender, or haughty, disdainful, or indifferent, according to the varying moods of the owner of the lovely head, in which they burned like lamps in the temple of Diana.

Those wonderful eyes eclipsed all the other charms of the face, and fascinated the beholder with their basilisk spell. Stephen Hautain looked into what he believed to be their true pure depths, and felt that they had bound him to their service either for life or death; and she looked into his, deep, grey (and fathomable to those whom he loved), and felt that she had set the seal to his death-doom. 'He will be faithful,' she thought, 'faithful through all to me,' and a sharp pang, like the sting of a steel weapon, shot through her heart, and left her cheek paler than the white flower in her hair. He looked, as Lady Hautain had told her, handsomer than ever, and his slim but firmly-knit figure was cast in the mould of an Apollo.

Stephen Hautain was reckoned the handsomest man of his day, and was adored by the women of his acquaintance who had not daughters to marry; and Angel Temple, in whose perverted nature satire was a crowning gift, said to herself, as Reginald entered the room at the same moment, and gazed sulkily round it until his eye lighted upon her own face, 'Look on this picture and on

that,' and did not spare the lash in the bitterness of her own self-contempt. Mr. Hautain, as the world called the man whom we have introduced to our readers as simply 'Reginald,' was not going to allow his fascinating brother to engross the attention of the woman whom he (Reginald) had honoured with his notice; and bringing his ungainly person to her side by a series of awkward evolutions (which always, by the way, mark the progress of that odious anomaly, a man shy through egotistic self-consciousness), he commenced a conversation quite irrelevant to the one which she had begun with Stephen, and which had not, as yet, overstepped the usual conventional observances.

'I have been trying to get up to you, Miss Temple, before they announced dinner; it is my privilege to take you in, you know, now.'

'You have cleared quite a passage for yourself amongst Lady Hautain's tables and chairs,' she replied, and might claim a Victoria Cross for the way in which you charged poor Miss Clementina's hoop. She is vainly trying to look unconscious of the rent in her gown now. Have you no remorse, Mr. Hautain?'

'Confound her gown!' was the chivalric reply, and, 'I wish you would call me Reginald, Angel,' Mr. Hautain added in an undertone, as he stuck out his arm awkwardly to her as dinner was announced; 'it's rather hard on a fellow,' he added, as they traversed the long corridor together, which led into the banquetting hall, 'to be always snubbing one as you do.'

Miss Temple gave rather an irrelevant answer to this leading remark on the part of her uncouth adorer. She could not help listening to the ringing tones of Captain Hautain's voice, who was talking gaily to one of the honourable spinsters before mentioned, who had been boiling over with indignation at being taken into dinner after 'that ohit, Angelica Temple,' but who was cooling again under the genial influence of Captain Hautain's lively conversation.

He was so happy, in such buoyant spirits, in the radiant presence of his beloved, that he made himself more than usually agreeable, a circumstance which the Honourable Clementina Hautain put down to the credit of her own charms. She had been the beauty of the family in a day long past away, but had been too wayward and capricious in her treatment of her adorers, a fact which in her dreary

spinsterhood, supported upon mythical means, and an occasional *douceur* from the generous head of her house, she now bitterly regretted. She was always throwing out ominous hints to her young nieces and cousins, especially those remarkable for their good looks, about not being 'too particular, my dear;' and frequently repeated one or two stanzas of an old-fashioned song, of which the first lines were—

'When I was a girl of eighteen years old,
I was as handsome as handsome could be;
My hair o'er my neck in ringlets flowed,
And lovers came courting to me.'

It went on to show the danger of caprice and indiscriminate rejection of the whole army of lovers, described at length, beginning with the 'Duke with his coronet of gold, whose face, like his family, was so very old, that he would not do for me.' It was a great day for the juvenile members of the family when Aunt Clemmy could be persuaded to favour the company with this song, to the accompaniment of a thrumming guitar, suspended round the withered neck by a ribbon of cerulean hue. To this ancient siren Captain Hautain's conversation was addressed, and the flowers which decorated the poor palsied old head were tremulous with the pleasurable emotion which agitated her breast.

'The captain made himself most agreeable, my dear, I assure you,' she remarked to a bevy of young ladies, whose society this lively young creature greatly affected, much to their concealed disgust. 'I really shall begin to feel it *here*,' she added, coquettishly placing her hand upon the region of her heart. 'I really think I cut *you* out in that quarter, Miss Temple, for although he sat between us, he certainly devoted all his attention to your humble servant.'

'I am sure he showed his discrimination,' replied that young lady satirically; 'he is so grateful for the kindness you showed to his mother at school, when she was a little delicate child, and you were the eldest parlour boarder: she never forgot it, and told Steenie never to forget it either. It was very kind of you, Miss Clementina.'

Miss Clementina got very red, and the permanent flush which afflicted her aquiline Hautain nose, turned like a danger signal, greatly to the amusement of the Angel, whose behaviour was so little angelic on that Christmas Eve of 186—. Poor girl! Little as the reader will be inclined to pity her, she underwent a fiery ordeal when she con-

sented, as she did consent that night, to become the affianced wife of Reginald, the heir of the Hautains.

This was how it fell out. After dinner the two brothers entered the drawing-room at the same moment, and both approached the sofa on which Miss Temple was seated, apparently lost in the contemplation of her bouquet of hot-house flowers, which had been left at the rectory that morning by Reginald himself—a great stretch of politeness on his part, who would have thought twice before undertaking the exertion of so much as wagging his little finger in the service of the best friend he possessed. Intruding his ungainly form between Captain Hautain and the object of his adoration, he placed himself, with something of the assumption of ownership, at her side, and remarked coarsely to his brother, whose countenance lowered at this cavalier treatment at the hands of his rival—

'There's the old girl you flirted with at dinner winking at you, Steenie, so you had better go and flirt with her again. You're just one too many here, I can tell you; isn't he, Angel?'

The young lady so addressed neither spoke nor moved a muscle of her countenance; she seemed as though she were turned to stone, and her beauty, always statuesque, became almost terrible in its outward calmness. Mr. Hautain, however, whose voice was thick, and whose ideas, unconnected as they often were after dinner, which was to him the one object in life, stood in little awe of Angel in her new mood. She was to him nothing more than a 'deuced pretty girl,' quite ready to jump down his throat, and to whom he meant to throw the handkerchief that night, having primed himself for the occasion with two or three more glasses than usual of Lord Hautain's old port.'

It was not a romantic wooing; I do not wish to degrade my pen by a description of a tipsy man's proposal to a girl who had made up her mind to sacrifice herself to the highest bidder for her beauty of person and face. We can have but little pity for her who forged the fetters of her own fate. Dazzled by the blaze of a coronet in perspective, marred by the essentially worldly nature of her education, Angel Temple cast the fatal die, to which act, in the madness of her infatuation, she seemed to be actually spurred on by the presence of the man whom she really fondly loved. She did not trust herself to look at him—she had nobility enough to feel how contemptible she must ever after appear in



Drawn by "Sartor."

ANGELICA'S BETROTHAL.

"There was but little outward sign; he only dropped her hand suddenly, which he had held in his own hot & nervous grasp."

[See the Story—Chapter I.]



his eyes. None knew better than he the dislike which she entertained for the man whom she had just promised to marry. Essentially noble himself, she felt that she had forfeited the last claim to his love, and the conviction struck her like a deathblow. He had turned sharply on his heel when Angel had maintained silence in answer to the rude appeal of Reginald Hautain for her consent to his brother's banishment from her presence. He was not a man to take such an affront tamely; but, believing in her truth above all things, he was not a man long to bear malice for the wayward caprice of a spoilt beauty, even when it was exercised upon himself. The opportunity at last presented itself for a few moments of conversation with her privately, although it might sound like an anomaly to say that the time chosen was that during which he and Miss Temple were, to all outward appearance, engrossed in attention to the dreary meanderings of a quadrille.

'At last,' began Stephen Hautain, bending his handsome head, to place it more on an equality with that of his beautiful partner—'at last I have an opportunity of a word with you. We have exchanged no Christmas greeting as yet, and, Angel, you have never congratulated me.'

'I do so now with all my heart,' was the reply, 'and for more reasons than one, Captain Hautain.'

'I do not understand you; you are not like yourself, and your cold words cut me to the heart. If this is to be our Christmas greeting, Angel, I wish to heaven that I had never come!'

'Hush, hush, Steenie,' said the girl, alarmed by the violence of his language and by the expression of his face, over which a deadly whiteness had suddenly spread: 'you must not excite yourself in this way about a shadow; my coldness must be nothing to you henceforth. I am to marry your brother Reginald.'

A sort of angel, that was not an angel of light, seemed to possess her as she pronounced the cruel words; it was as though she had gathered all her strength to inflict a deadly wound with the greatest amount of possible pain. She had no wish to spare him, no intention of doing so; she looked up at him as she said the words to see if the shaft had told home.

It had done so, but there was but little outward sign; he only dropped her hand suddenly, which he had held in his own but a moment before, and he addressed no further word to her until he led her back to her seat on the sofa

on which his brother Reginald lounged with apparent unconcern, but with a hatred of his brother in his heart, born of jealousy and of what stood with him in the place of love, for the woman who had a few minutes before promised to become his wife.

'Don't let us have too much of this, Angel,' he said, thickly, with his breath hot with the fumes of wine, almost on her cheek. 'No larking with handsome cavalry captains now; Steenie was always rather too sweet upon you to suit my taste, and I am not going to stand any nonsense with him, I can tell you. I hope you'll tell him at once that you and I are going to be married shortly. By Jove, it sounds jolly, doesn't it? I'm not going to wait long, I can tell you.'

This was rather too much for Angel's sore heart to accept without some sign of resentment, and of the rage and remorse that was burning in her soul.

'I am afraid you have been drinking, Mr. Hautain,' she answered, haughtily; and rising from her seat, she crossed the room, and was looking for Mrs. Temple to ask her to take her home at once, pleading a headache as the ostensible cause, when Lady Hautain intercepted her in mid-career, and taking her hand affectionately, said, 'You will give us one song before you go, my dear, won't you?—I make it my particular request.'

'Anything to oblige you, Lady Hautain,' Miss Temple said, and she went dreamily to the piano, which was open invitingly, and seemed to court the touch of one of the most accomplished musicians that had ever swept its chords. Her voice, like Annie Laurie's, was 'low' and very 'sweet,' and she sang an English ballad with a feeling which few could equal and none eclipse. The words which she selected on this occasion thrilled through the hearts of her hearers; they were those of Byron's, beginning—

'When we two parted in silence and tears,

Half broken-hearted to sever for years;

Pale grew thy cheek, and cold, colder thy kiss,

Truly that hour foretold sorrow to this.'

When she had concluded there was silence in the room for some moments, and then the voice of her affianced bridegroom broke the spell, as he exclaimed enthusiastically, 'Bravo! bravo! but give us something livelier now' to cheer us up a little. That was but a dismal Christmas ditty, Angel, after all.'

'I must wish you good-night,' that young lady said, addressing her hostess, and sweeping haughtily past Reginald without condescending to speak to him, and 'good-night' she said also to Stephen

Hautain, who returned the adieu with an expression in his eyes which smote to Angel's heart like a knife.

'I shall see him to-morrow,' she thought, as they drove home, 'and he shall not look at me so again; for once I will break my resolution; I will never marry *that cub*.'

She comforted herself with the reflection, but it came too late; the next day her eyes anxiously sought one 'curled and comely head' above the Christmas decorations of the manor pew; but they sought it in vain. Stephen Hautain had left the 'Old Court' early on that Christmas morning.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

It was Christmas Eve at the 'Old Court' once more, but circumstances had sadly changed during the four years which had elapsed, since we saw the happy party assembled there, under the auspices of the hospitable old lord.

Since that time his soul had been summoned away from this earth, and sorely missed at Christmas time: amongst all that wide circle of friends and relations, to whom he had endeared himself by the kindness of his heart and temper, there was one poor widowed soul who felt that each recurrence of the holy feast was only to be kept now for her, as celebrating the arrival at another milestone towards the 'house not made with hands,' whither what she most cherished in this world had gone before her to his home. Lady Hautain was what the world calls brokenhearted; but it was merely a figure of speech to express, that her affections had been weaned from this world, and fixed on a better one; but there was still balm in Gilead for the wounded heart even here; there was no bitterness in her sorrow; she had only laid up her treasure for a time; she mourned, but she did not repine. One constant loving companion had she in her sorrow and with her by her side, to read with her, pray with her, and hope with her. Lady Hautain hoped ere long to pass peaceably to the fair land of promise, which she now seemed to realise even in her day-dreams.

There was one thorn, however, that she prayed, if it were God's will, to see removed from her breast before she died; and to be permitted to stretch her feeble hands in blessing over the head of her beloved nephew Stephen, was the one hope of her life. He was now Lord Hautain, that is, if he were still alive;

but no word or tiding of him had reached the 'Old Court' since the Christmas Eve of 1860, when he received at Angel's hands the stroke which had blasted his life.

Reginald, his elder brother, had died from the effects of an accident in the hunting-field one year after the old lord departed this life, so that at his decease Stephen had become Lord Hautain. But these events had occurred two long years ago, and nothing had been heard of the missing heir. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas Eve, as I said before, when the widowed Lady Hautain and her now constant companion, whom I will only designate for the present by her Christian name of 'Angelica,' or 'Angel,' sat together in the drawing-room at the 'Old Court,' both dressed in deep mourning—both musing sadly over their retrospective gaze into the past.

'Angel,' said the elder lady at last, 'perhaps I ought not to say so to you, but I begin to give up hope. We must have heard something during these two years if—if he had been alive,' she added, while sobs choked her further utterance. 'Oh! how I have prayed to see him once again,' she went on after a pause; 'then I could say indeed with truth, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."'

'Oh, spare me, spare me, dear Lady Hautain!' said the young girl at her side, down whose colourless cheek the tears refused to flow, and on whose pallid lips the words trembled like leaves at the approach of a storm; 'there is a sting and a reproach to me in every word you say, and I would give all that remains of my wretched, wasted life to call Steenie back from his grave, for you say he is dead! You say, "If he had been alive." O my God! my God! my heart is broken at last.'

Lady Hautain was shocked and alarmed; this was a burst of hysterical grief on the part of her companion which she had never witnessed before, and the violence with which it now manifested itself very much frightened her. She took her to her heart, and soothed and caressed her as she would have soothed a child; and as the hysterical frenzy of her grief began to abate, she sobbed upon the good woman's breast.

'If I had but had a mother like you, we might have both of us been spared this; but I have never realised before that it was possible that he was lost to us for ever.'

'You must teach me to hope still, Angel; it is the privilege of youth. I

must go and lie down now. Will you come with me, or stay here ?

'I will stay here unless you want me : it was in this room, and on this very day, that I sealed my own fate ; it is here that I will pray Heaven that, if possible, it might not have included his in its own bitterness. He must have forgotten me now, surely, Lady Hautain ?

'I cannot say, my love. Your fault has been repented of and cruelly atoned ; it is not for us to forestall the judgments of Heaven. Pray for him, dear child, for yourself, for us all, and I will pray that your prayers may be heard.'

So Angel was left in her solitude to shed bitter tears over the fate of the man whom she had never ceased to love more madly than ever since the time that her own wicked and ambitious act had driven him from her side for ever.

The evening of the day, which had been bright, frosty, and seasonable, closed up on the 'Old Court' in the splendour of a winter sunset, and still Angel lingered in the oriel window, not, however, gazing out upon the scene, which in all its beauty was full of sadness for her. She was on her knees, with her slender white hands crossed on the black folds of her dress, and her head bowed in self-humiliation, while from her beautiful eyes the heavy tears fell like rain upon the polished oak boards on which she knelt. 'Oh, Steenie, Steenie!' she murmured softly under her breath, 'come back to me, or I shall die ; my heart is breaking fast. If he is dead, I am his murderers. Oh, Steenie ! I cannot pray !'

As she uttered the last words, the door opened softly, and a voice said, 'Here is Lady Hautain, sir ; if you take the responsibility upon yourself, I can only warn you not to startle her suddenly, for she is a great invalid.'

It was the voice of Mrs. Merthyr, the housekeeper, and the words were pronounced slowly and distinctly, as though to give time to the inmates of the chamber to prepare themselves for a surprise, and the warning was intended for the aged Lady Hautain, whose absence from her usual position in her arm-chair the deepening darkness prevented from being apparent.

The door closed as softly as it had opened—closed upon the newly-found possessor of the barony of Hautain, upon Stephen, the long-lost heir, whose eyes, keener than those of the old housekeeper, discovered at once the sable-draped figure in the window, and recognised the well-known outlines of her form at once.

'Angel,' said a low voice, that seemed

to speak to her in solemn tones from beyond the region of the grave—'Angel, I am come back ! Have you a warmer welcome for me than you had four years ago, or is even sisterly love dead within your bosom ? You need not shrink from me ; I am your brother now.'

She had not shrunk from him as he interpreted the sinking movement of her slight and wasted frame, that, after a reed-like swaying motion to and fro, sank upon the floor at his feet. She had fainted ; the sudden realisation of her hopes had been too much for her in her weakened state of health, and she had fallen into a tearless swoon. Then the words of warning which he had neglected came too late to his ears, 'for her ladyship is a great invalid,' and filled him with remorse, he believing that they had been applied to her, to his brother's widow, the youthful Lady Hautain, for dearly as he loved his aunt, it had not been to her that his thoughts had flown on the occasion of his first visit to his unexpected inheritance.

'I have killed her at last !' he uttered aloud. 'My love ! my darling ! Oh, speak to me, Angel, once again ! I will be a true brother to you, I will never speak again of the love that is killing me ! Oh, Angel, say that you forgive me ! Speak to me !—look at me !' And he pressed his lips on that cold, statue-like brow, as though his own passionate eagerness could endow it with the flush of life. He would not ring, or call for assistance ; those precious moments were too dear to him to waste ; once more with his beloved alone. He laid her tenderly on a sofa, against the crimson draperies of which her white face shone with an unearthly lustre, and taking a silver flask from his pocket, he proceeded to touch her lips with the contents.

Often in his wild prairie life had the contents of that little flask restored vital power and energy to his own exhausted frame, and he knew from experience the best remedies to apply in case of what modern doctors have mystified by the name of 'syncope.' After a few moments a quiver agitated the thickly-fringed lids, that had hitherto lain in the stillness of death on the marble cheek beneath them, and a slight flush of colour spread itself over the pure pale face. Angel was returning to life. The first word that came to her trembling lip was 'Steenie !' and her first action was to cover the hand that lay in her own with kisses and fast-rushing tears, and not until then did Lord Hautain withdraw it from her keeping, with an expression on his face

that was almost stern. 'Angel,' he said, in a low, firm voice, 'do not send me from you again. I will be a brother to you, if you will let me. But it must rest with you; I cannot promise to withstand this from you again.'

'You will forgive me all, Steenie, when you know all. I have deserved this from you. I will take anything from you—I was going to say, even a broken heart; but that is already mine. But God has forgiven me, for he has sent you back to me before I die.'

'Do not talk of forgiving, Angel,' he said, kissing her on the forehead; 'I forgave you, my poor child, long ago; but now all that is left for us is to be true to ourselves.'

The young and singularly lovely girl raised her dark, wondering eyes to the face of her beloved. Suddenly it flashed upon her mind that he was trying to break to her that some insuperable barrier still existed to their future union; and putting her hand into his, and looking into his eyes, she said, 'You have something to tell me, Steenie; that there is something between us still. Tell me at once; it is the punishment of Heaven for my faults towards you. But it is almost too bitter to bear; tell me gently, but tell me at once.'

It was now Lord Hautain's turn to look wonderingly at that fair upturned face before him, which he believed to be the face of a sister, as he said, 'Anything between us still, Angel? Why do you mock me in this way, when there is everything between us, as you must best know—you who fixed the immutable barrier by your own free will? You must let me be a brother to you, or nothing, *Lady Hautain*.'

The last words were said in so sad a tone, that they sank deeply, painfully into poor Angel's heart, for they told of years of weary suffering, like those she had herself undergone. With her they had purified and elevated; with him they had strengthened, and perhaps a little embittered; but then he had been cruelly injured, and his nature was loyal to the core.

Such natures are embittered, when they are betrayed as his had been, when the noblest emotions of his soul had been concerned. But she had balm to heal all these deep heart-wounds now; and her eyes shone with a new light, that illuminated her pale face as she answered, 'Steenie, you are mistaking me for some one else; I am not your sister; I am not Lady Hautain. Is it possible that you have not heard that *I am Angel Temple still*? I broke off my engagement of one day with your

brother, even before you had left England and me. I could not give you up so easily as you thought. Oh, Steenie! you do not know how sore my punishment has been, but I fully deserved it all.'

As the poor girl pronounced the words—the talismanic words—*I am Angel Temple still*, her lover sprang quickly to his feet, while his whole frame shook with the strength of his new-found joy; and tears streamed down his cheeks for the first time since the paralyzing stroke which had fallen on his heart in that very room four years ago.

They had both suffered much, owing to the fault of one; but Angel—as it was just that she should—had suffered the most. She had lost her mother and her lover in those few years, and the sable robes which she wore for the former were the emblem of the desolation which the loss of the other had caused. She had mourned for him as few can mourn and live, and her sorrow was now telling upon her health. In Lady Hautain she had found another mother, one who had directed her thoughts to the only fountain of consolation for such sorrow as hers; but the place of the long-lost lover would never be filled by other than himself.

He had been living a wild life in the far-distant prairies of the west, cut off, as it were, from the land of the living, as regarded those who loved him and whom he loved, and chance only had revealed to him the fact that he had become the possessor of the barony of Hautain—a circumstance which he heard with unfeigned regret.

She was lost to him still! What were titles and lands to him now? He would have to meet Angel next, as a brother, with an immutable barrier between himself and her. But his duty called him to England; and duty with him was a power stronger than death. It took him home; it took him to the side of one who, as a sister, he would have prayed never to see again; and in the end it brought him his reward. There was nothing between them, after all; they were free; they were each other's; they were blessed indeed.

Words could not paint the rapture of those two tried hearts, united now for ever, without a cloud or a speck on the dim horizon of their future fates. It was a Christmas of the truest rejoicing that the 'Old Court' had ever known, for it was joy that trod upon the very heels of death and despair; and as the morning of that holy day dawned upon their waking eyes, two fond and thank-

ful hearts offered up mute adoration to the giver of all earthly good. Stephen said to his beloved on that day, 'I have thought of you sometimes when I gazed up at the star-lit sky, and a voice has whispered to me, She is your Angel still; and the thought has kept me from bitterness, and perhaps from worse. The newspaper which at last reached me said that Lord Hautain had died childless, but it did not say unmarried; how could I guess that your engagement to him had been broken off? My last hope failed when the house-keeper said, "Lady Hautain is in the

drawing-room, sir;" for I never thought it was my aunt that she alluded to; and when I saw you kneeling there, Angel, in your black robes, how little did I imagine that you were still free, and praying for me!

'Do not say praying, Steenie; I could not pray. I was yearning for you, and you came back to me, that was all. I am only an angel in name, as no one knows better than you; but I will try to be an angel to you for ever—evermore,' she said, looking up fondly into his face. And all I can add is, that up to the time being she has kept her word.

NEW YEAR FANCIES.

THE New Year's morn. The solemn chime
Rings from the belfry o'er the snow,
And echoes through the river's flow,
Amid the rocks that frown at Time.

The New Year's morn. The golden stars
Are gleaming in their solemn calm,
As though their majesty were balm
For ill that wounds, and thought that jars.

And oh! the memories that rise
As peal the far-off bells—they wake
Visions whose sleep no power may break,
And bring the light to long-closed eyes.

And oh! the memories that cling
Around this old oak-panelled room;
The pine-logs flashing through the gloom,
Seem sparkles from life's early spring!

'After long years!' I rest again,†
This ancient home, it seems to me,
Wearied with travel o'er the sea,
Holds anodyne for carking pain.

The bells are pealing out as sound
The voices of a blessed dream,
That float athwart life's hurried stream,
And hold the eager hearer bound.

Oh! bells ring on. The music sweet
That quivers o'er the snow-fields bright,
In the full moon will put to flight
My bitter thoughts, and bid me greet

The veiled New Year with hope and peace,
That in its secrets I may find
The influence that bids the mind
From sorrow take its just release,
And learn to stud this life of ours
With gems of purity and truth;
That—as in sunny dreams of youth—
We plant the path with deathless flowers!

W. R.

BOOKS TO READ.

BY COUNTESS M.—.

YOU ask me, my friends, for the names of a boxful of books. Down far in the quiet country amongst winding Devonshire lanes, and away in the north again amidst the wild Yorkshire moors, on the banks of blue Scottish lakes, and on the Welsh hill-sides, everywhere villages nestle, and everywhere books are read. Even in gay Paris, amidst the bright-lighted streets, in the warm southern towns overhanging the blue Mediterranean, wherever the English go, there also new books are asked for. And lastly, in English colonies the want is the greatest of all. It is a matter of moment that the new box from England should be really to the taste of those who have sent so far for it, and so anxiously watched for its coming.

I can picture the disappointment in a book chosen merely by name. It is so very easy and yet so hard to choose books. A single sentence that suits one reveals that an author may please, but without any specimen how can one judge of the style? Tastes in books are so various, happily for readers. To me there are few things so charming as those books that bring before one the fresh, keen country scents, the mingling of the odours of pine-wood and elder-flowers, the whitewashed boulder with its whiff of salt sea—these were the first touches that seized me in 'Adam Bede.' I know that is an old book, but can one read it too often? After every absence I come home to it for fresh fields. The scent of country over it is something almost unequalled. And out in distant lands, where English hearts set towards home, how they must dream with pleasure, still mixed with fond pain perhaps, over the matchless description of the sunny, shadowy, long Sunday afternoon.

To some people, I think, books are chiefly pictures. How many of us, from children, have seen pictures in the Bible? Have we not all realised the low-arched cave at

Bethlehem, and fancied we saw the flocks of sheep scattered white on the hills, and heard the low, tinkling bells, and the shepherds calling their flocks? and have we not also seen the march of the stately kings coming from the east, with gems and colours glittering, across the golden sands, under the blue eastern sky, with the lamp-like stars hanging roundly in that transparent air, and with the knots of palm-trees that waved over wells at mid-day?

We painted pictures early: it is a habit that grows on us, and infinitely delicious are books that sketch pictures for us. And yet how many books we read that don't give us one picture. Sometimes it seems to me that the writer must first see before he can describe; and that, alas! some writers have but little knack of seeing. Their books are words, words, words, weary, may be, to write, but wearier far to read. 'Like to like,' says the proverb, but in a great many instances it is opposite things that attract. Who has not noticed often how lame people love quick motion; how blind people write of light? All that we have most beautiful of the glorious daylight and of the cloudy darkness, the fairest sunrise painted us, is painted by Milton, blindly. Town-dwellers yearn for the country, the quiet country people, in their turn, are longing to be in the life and the whirl of cities. Men who are living in England are happy in tales of afar; and who that is exiled from home but drinks in with eagerest joy the stories of her fair mornings, when heavy dews silver the lawns, and of her low, red sunsets which gleam on the oaks of home; long, slanting gleams of sunlight that made golden the emerald lawns—long and flickering shadows that fall from the sweeping larch? It must be a happy power that brings before one afar some glimpse of his own loved home. I don't think there is any power a writer might envy so much. The flash of recollection that wakes at the primrose-banks, the old asso-

clations that cling round the English lanes, and which the names honeysuckle and violets call up, of the days when they too gathered the fragrant spoils long ago—the memories that are so sweet, who may not love to awake them?

Among the books of this year there is one that must charm multitudes. A book that gives one great picture is well worth a Claude or a Raphael; and though to some persons, perhaps, a classical subject falls dead, still for its picture of spring I cannot imagine the mind that will not rejoice exceedingly in Mr. Algernon Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon.'

'When the bounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months, in meadow or plain,
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lip of leaves and ripple of rain;

'For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten;
And in green underwood and cover,
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

'The full streams feed on flowers of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower, and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the cat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut husk by the chestnut root.'

Jean Ingelow's poems are full of English pictures, and they also mingle the human interests everywhere.

The first poem of this little book with its name 'Divided,' and its widening brook, is a lovely picture of our living nature, of the inanimate things which take its reflected life.

'An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

'Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

'Flusheth the rise with her purple favour,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring;
'T wixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

'We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth,
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

'Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of fairy bells;
Fairy wedding-bells faintly rung to us,
Down in their fortunate parallels.

'Hand in hand while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

'Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather,
Till one step over the tiny strand;
So narrow, in sooth, we go on together,
On either brink we go hand in hand.

'The back grows wider, the hands must sever,
On either margin, our songs all done;
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

'Glitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart for ever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

'And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth for ever,
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

Those who like old-fashioned stories, in days when gigs were still known, and doctors rode rounds in gaiters, and people drank tea cosily and walked home at night with a lantern, and when life moved on slower wheels, and its quieter pleasures were rather thoughtfully sipped and then drunk up appreciatively, then just tasted and left in haste, as a cup of hot coffee is at the Swindon Junction—people like these will rejoice with me in the picturesque 'Sylvia's Lovers,' and in 'Wives and Daughters,' where sympathy is once more allowed to replace sensation. I wonder if other people are apt to share my wish that some of the pleasantest authors would vary their *motif* a little. Miss Braddon's bigamy or mistaken identity, Mrs. Wood's painful secret revealed in the third volume, Mr. Trollope's succession, even, of very changeable people, would be a little trying if people were not glad of any such well-written 'life.' 'The Belton Estate,' again, has much the

same plot, it seems, as that of 'Can you Forgive Her?' only in this case our sympathies go much more with the heroine. Jilting, or changing one's mind, is not a pretty trait; and when it happens to ladies, one is apt to accord to them, even when Lily Dales, a rather contemptuous pity, as that which is granted to one who lacks attraction to hold. It may be unjust, but it is natural. In both these stories, however, the lady seems to drift into the best line at last; but in the former one Lady Glencora Palliser, with her impulsive, pretty, thoroughly naughty naturalness, wins one's heart so completely that the cold, would-be good Alice, with her monstrous amount of self-esteem that can't believe in having erred, is simply as a foil to her.

There is another not new book—less read, perhaps, than it ought to be, and than it would be if its style was more widely known—I mean Helps' 'Spanish Conquest,' which reads like a great tragic poem, with its vast human interests, its pictures of strife and intrigue; of great designs balked by treachery; of striving conscientiousness and wilful misrepresentation; of responsibilities felt and yet misused. It is a long tragedy, where a nation counts as one man. And then it has the descriptions—too great for our minds to follow—of the gigantic works, and of the organization of countries and of governments, that we are apt sometimes to look at superciliously, and to think that they were uncivilised.

Among stories of the day, a popular one is 'Agnes,' the new tale by Mrs. Oliphant, which seems to bear the stamp of so much sorrow on it.

It is a sad book—but terribly true to life. The self-consumed life described of Beatrice Trevelyan is painfully true to nature, and sadder by a great deal than even Agnes' own life, who suffers through those she loves.

There is a great difficulty, we must feel, in maintaining that pathos and dignity required by a sad story, with the incongruous circumstances of a village blacksmith's daughter

married to a gentleman. The simple feminine character, that shapes into any mould, is, however, as well drawn as the hard, self-dissecting, icy woman of fashion; and we never are shocked in her by incongruity.

With masterly analysis, the author follows out every trace of shabbiness—every *retour me sur-même*—of the extremely inferior, but frightfully commonplace hero.

It is to us a revelation how many men might act like him. It is really shocking to be obliged to own 'how naturally he acted.' It is sad if such things should reveal our own dormant depths of shabbiness!

The book to me is a hard one. It is so keen and unswerving. It is a cruel picture of how cruel life is around us. I like so much more those books that see life quite honestly through a rosier glass—books that reflect those people who can't believe ill of their neighbours, and who accredit every one with some happy quality that makes them into our friends. Are not those books pleasant that show us life as it might be, and as, in our young day-dreams, we all have fondly painted it? But then, indeed, there are people who never can stop day-dreaming, and who refuse to allow that the dream equals the reality. It is so very true that no outward circumstance can colour life so strongly as the tone of each mind which fixes its true tint. A merry, thankful spirit finds it so hard to be quite miserable.

There was a charming little pastoral published two years ago, where we have for a heroine a prickly wild English rosebud. This is 'Winifred's Wooing;' the brightest and prettiest picture that captivates with its freshness. It is not like Agnes; it is as the sunbeam that plays lightly on the surface of the deep dark waters, whose depths may be, in their turn, stirred by a firmer hand.

To those who like French stories, and who dread the name of George Sand, one is doing a kindness in naming 'La Mare du Diable;' it is a simple, quiet, prose-idyl sort of story, perfectly unobjectionable, and

extremely pretty in its very natural, vivid, life-like touches.

It is pleasant thus to dive for a moment into French peasant life, as in the un-English 'Sybille' it is amusing to see the efforts made, under imperial patronage, to produce in France a popular novel that should not be bad. A charming contrast to 'Sybille' is found, however, in the 'Rose Leblanc' of Lady G. Fullerton, who writes with such natural ease in the very style that the French writer strains to attain. 'Constance Sherwood' is as far removed in class as in date from the former, and is considered—no doubt partly owing to the family papers open to its author—to be a wonderful transcript of the ways and manners, and of the griefs and terrors of the sad time it dates in.

But now we must not linger over the pleasant essays that are so suggestive in 'The Silver Age;' we can only touch on the Dutch, picture-like, uneventful 'Miss Russell's Hobby,' on the largewestern nature, and on the photographed details of the popular 'Gayworthys,' and of 'Faith Gartney's Girlhood.' Then there is 'Carry's Confession,' a pretty and touching low-life tale; 'The Hillyars and the Burtons,' where sweet bells jangle marvelously; the highly amusing Frenchness of the Paris-bred daughter in the old English story of 'Lindisfarn Chase;' and sensational 'Guy

Deverill,' with incidents not too *vraisemblable*. 'Maxwell Drewitt,' again, with its desolate revenge repented of, has the same painful interest that all Mrs. Trafford's works have—forcing us to dwell long on life's saddest side. 'The World in the Church;' 'City and Suburb;' 'The Moor and the Fens;' 'George Geith,'—one is but sadder in its too life-like life than another. They all possess us with sadness that is, we feel, too real—and long-sustained sadness does the full work of sensation.

The book kept till the last is indeed not least; it is pretty, natural 'Christian's Mistake.' It is such a simple home book; so affectionate and so womanly, and it draws such sympathy to the large-souled husband, with his true and honest, too anxiously-loving wife.

No one, I hope, will accuse me of having betrayed plots, though really there is much reason on the side of audacious readers who will claim to know the plot first, and see how it is carried out. In stories that rest most on character, this adds very much to the interest; just as, in real life, we trace back from the new catastrophe to its remotest cause. And now, as I think once more of the long list of books that are named here, I wish exceedingly heartily that, instead of some other person, I was going for the first time to read them.



FAIRIES IN FUSTIAN.

THAT 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women players,' is true in a more literal sense than Jacques intended when he painted his word picture of the Seven Ages. Man is an imitative animal, and his aptitude for copying the words and actions of others is the first faculty which he exhibits when lying in his nurse's lap. The little rogue who learns to lisp the word 'mamma,' who essays to stand upon his chubby legs and put one foot before the other, in the first effort to walk, has entered upon the life of an actor. He acts the boy, he acts the youth, he acts the man. In all these parts he copies what he sees. His voice is a copy, his carriage is a copy, even his expression is a reproduction of the habit of some one else whom he has seen and observed. And the time when he is most observant, and the imitative faculty is most active within him, is the period of his childhood. It is much easier to teach a child of five or six years old to act a part in a play than to teach a grown-up person; and it is a fact, well known to those who have had experience of the theatre, that the infant prodigy who enacts Hop o' my Thumb or Prince Arthur so prettily when he is six years old, in most cases grows up to be a 'perfect stick.' In cases where the child has a genius for acting, improvement comes with age and experience; but where the aptitude is merely of the ordinary sort, which all children possess in a greater or less degree, the faculty loses its strength in proportion as the youthful passion for imitation declines.

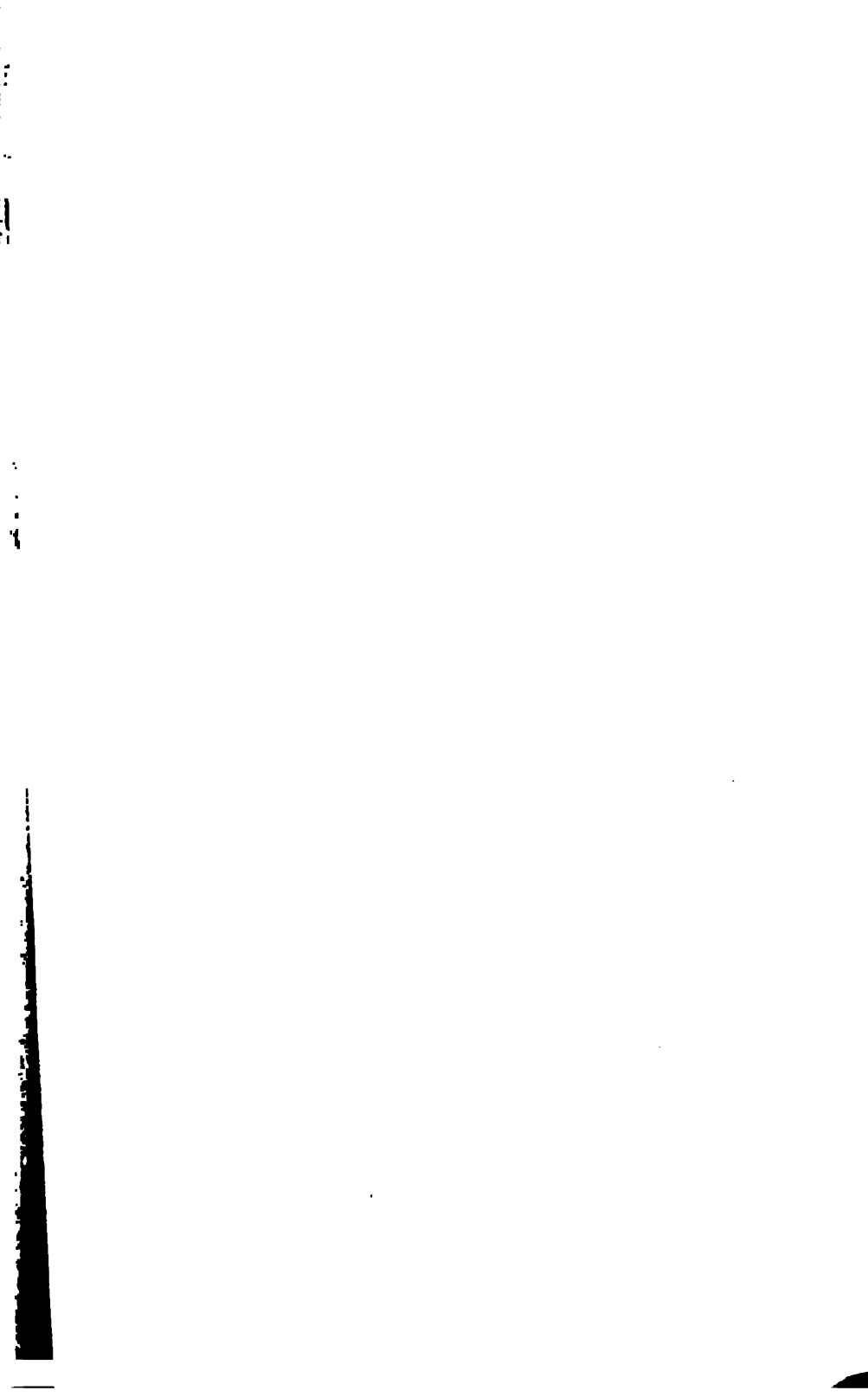
Most observant theatre-goers will have noticed how uniformly well children perform their parts, how seldom they forget their words, how natural and even affecting they are sometimes. Last night I went to see *King John*, at Drury Lane, and the only actor among them who touched nature—though there were many old and experienced actors on the stage—was the little boy Percy Roselle. It is a hundred to

one, however, if this child-actor will sustain his reputation,' as the critics say, when he becomes a man. There are scores of infant prodigies who made a great noise in their swaddling-days, when they toddled rather than trod the boards, who are now taking checks, shifting scenes, or figuring among the supernumeraries.

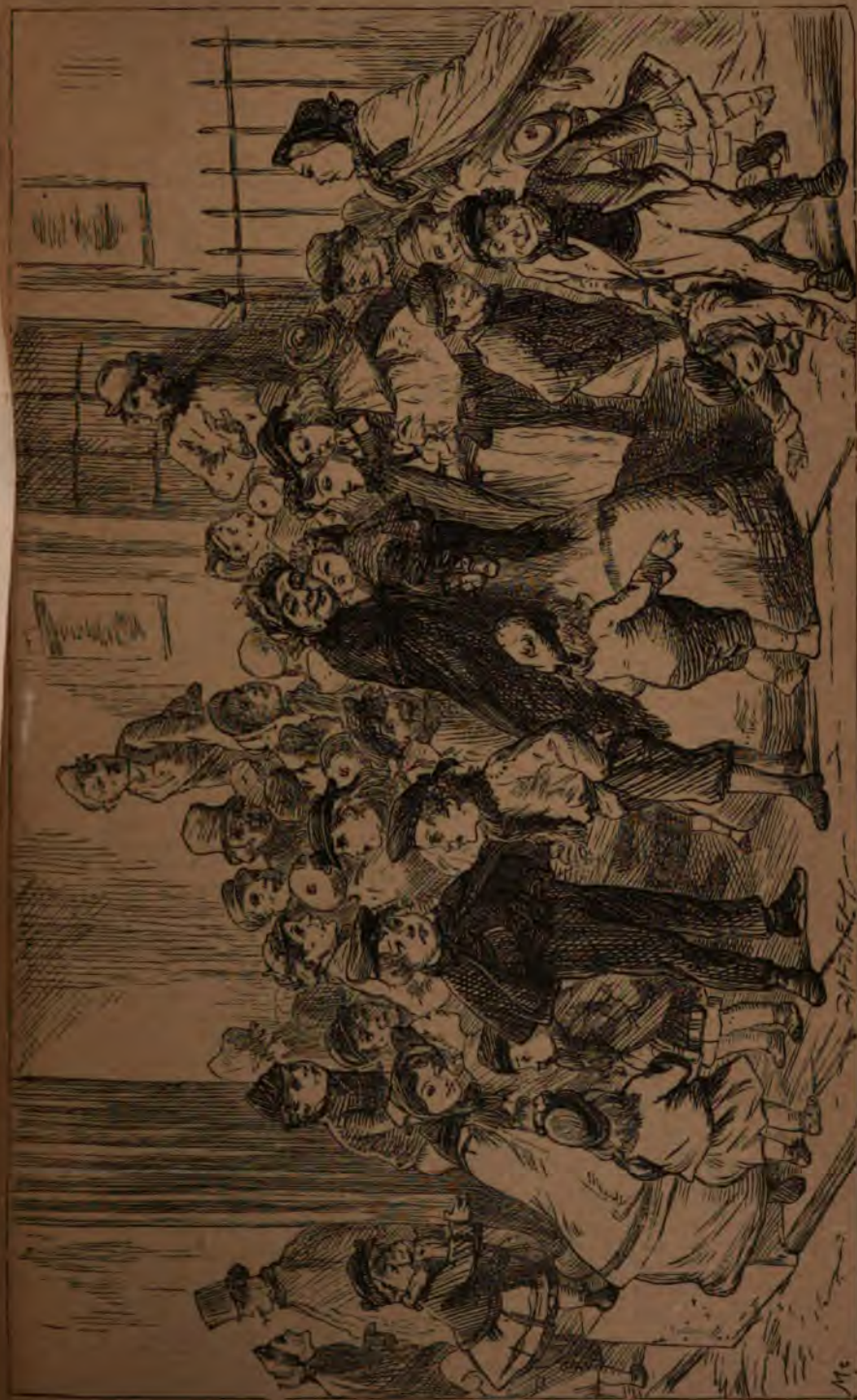
These reflections arose in my mind one day, not long ago, when I saw a crowd of children besieging the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre. It had been intimated that children were required for the pantomime, and on the barest hint, and long before the time when they were wanted, these eager candidates had presented themselves. They were of both sexes, of all ages, varying from four to fourteen, and of various conditions. Some were clean and well clad, others were dirty and ragged. The very young ones were accompanied by their mothers or some grown-up relative; the big boys were there to negotiate for themselves. It was a curious scene, and it had two distinct aspects. The mothers and relatives looked careworn and anxious, for to them it was a matter of bread, a matter of fire in the cold winter nights. The children were joyous, eager, and expectant, for to them it was a matter of pleasant occupation.

Little children, who live in Belgrave Square and thereabouts, listen to me. You have good mammas who, about this time of the year, come into your beautiful nursery or play-room, wearing smiles and satin dresses and diamond rings, and say, 'My darlings, Christmas will be here shortly, and I intend to give a party, to which you may invite all your little friends and companions. You shall have a beautiful Christmas tree, my darlings, with all sorts of nice things upon it, and you shall have a band to play to you while you dance.' And you clap your hands and rejoice, for you will all be so happy.

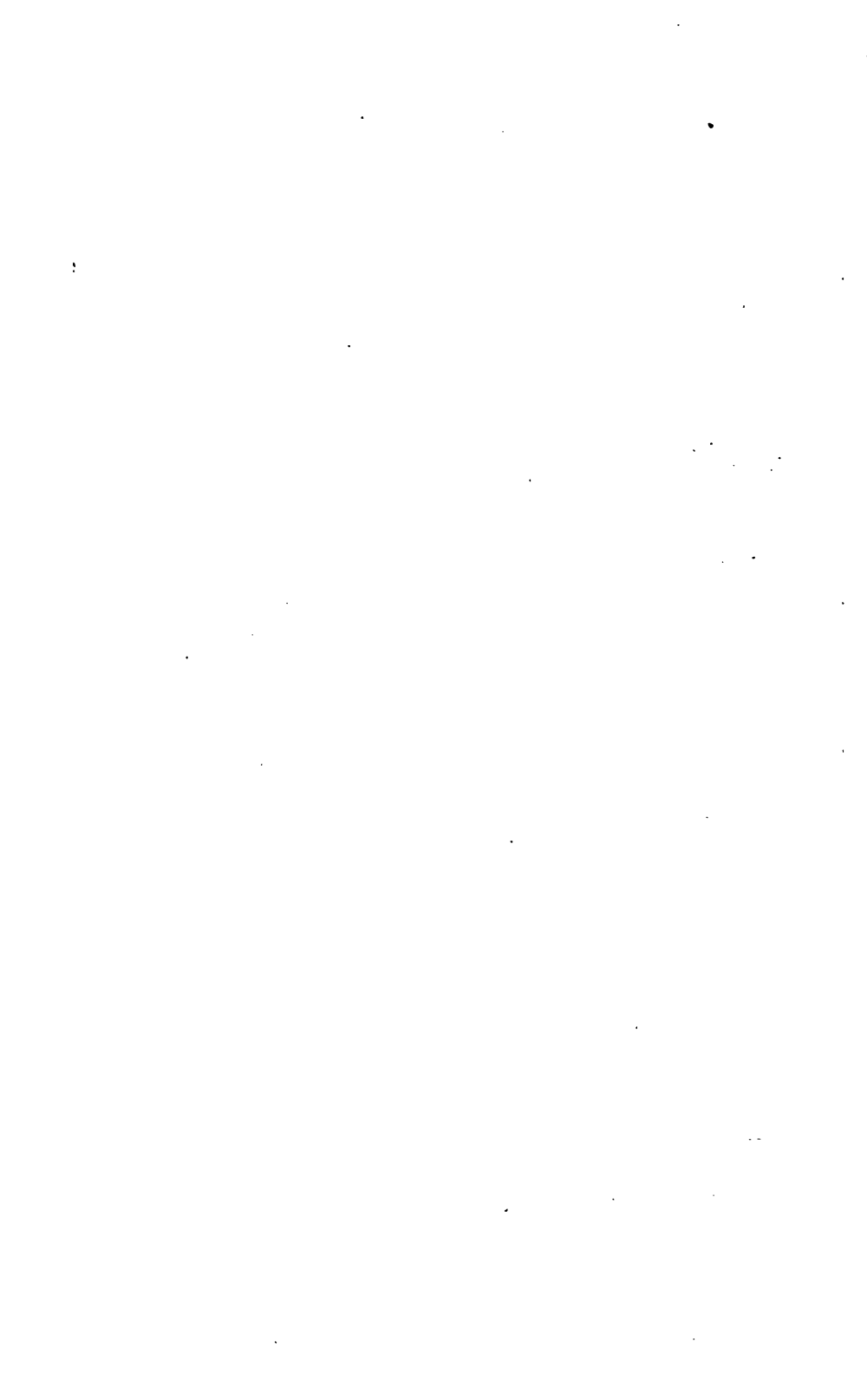
Now, there are little children who live in cellars and garrets round







A SKETCH AT THE STAGE-DOOR, DRURY LANE.—SEEKING AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE PANTOMIME.



about Drury Lane, who have also good mammas; and about this time those good mammas leave their wash-tubs and run out into the nearest alleys, where their darlings are playing in the mud, and say, 'My darlings, Christmas is at hand, and there is to be a grand pantomime at Drury Lane, and you are invited to play fairies, and you shall have pretty clothes and sixpence a night.' And those darlings, who are very hungry, and have no shoes and stockings, clap their dirty little hands and rejoice, for it will be so comfortable in the bright warm theatre on the cold winter nights, and their sixpence will buy a very little bit of supper for their good mammas, and their good papas, and their good little brothers and sisters, who will anxiously sit up until they come home from the play.

Little children, who reside in Belgrave Square and thereabouts, think, when you are sitting seeing the pantomime this season, of those little children from Drury Lane and thereabouts who are helping to amuse you.

It is curious to think that the pantomime, which is produced chiefly for the amusement of children, is sometimes mainly represented by children. Two or three years ago the great attraction of the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre was a scene in which a crowd of Lilliputian masons built a house. They came in in a great throng, each with a little trowel in his hand, and, dispersing themselves over a line which marked the foundations of the house, they began to clink their trowels, appearing to be very busy in laying bricks; and to this clinking and chipping music the wall rises as if by magic masons' art, and as it goes up and up, the little masons rise with it, standing upon ladders and scaffolds, and still clinking and chipping, until we see them crowning their work by nailing on the slates. This scene made the success of the pantomime. It was what the town talked about, it was what the town paid its money to see; and the artistes who amused the public for so many nights, and drew so much money to the theatre,

were dirty little boys and girls from the gutters of that 'part of Holborn christened High,' where a celebrated ancestor of theirs lost himself, and caused great anguish to his distracted mother. Again, last year, the 'great sensation' of the Drury Lane pantomime was a forest scene, where a swarm of little imps and gnomes descended from the trees upon the stage, like a shower of animated chestnuts shaken from the branches by the wind. It was a great success, and the children did it all.

Curious, is it not, to reflect that so much of our amusement is afforded by the children of the poor? In a higher sphere the grown-up folks amuse the little ones; here the little ones amuse the grown-up folks. Who amuses those fairies in fustian who amuse us? Have they any toys? Does any one sing to them or tell them stories? Have they any little books of those fairy tales which they help to represent at Christmas time? Have they ever seen a pantomime as we see it, from the seats in the front? Some of them, I am sure, never have seen a pantomime, and have no notion what it is like, though they have been fairies, and frogs, and fireflies, and various other characters, human and superhuman, zoological and entomological in many.

One little fairy I know, whose idea of a Christmas pantomime does not range beyond the confines of an onion. That onion is her pantomimical world. It was an onion of last year's growth, and it grew in the fertile soil of the property-room. It was an abnormal onion, for it had but one skin, and that was of paste-board. My little fairy, a sweet little thing, just three years old, with flaxen hair and blue eyes—I think she must have been the king's child stolen away by the gipsy woman of Drury Lane—was carried every night to the theatre in a black worsted shawl, nestled to a warm female breast, like a tender babe as she was. At a certain hour every evening the woman, carrying her precious little burden snugly wrapped up in the black shawl, appeared at what is technically called the first

entrance P.S. There she stood and waited until a butcher was robbed, a baker was bonneted, a tailor was tripped up, and a sausage-maker was openly convicted of cats. I heard your ringing laughter, my pretty little children, in front, and through a chink in the box of the prompter—the poor fellow was writhing in agony with lumbago—I saw the beaming faces of your good mammas. And then I turned to this poor woman with the bundle at her breast, and she was looking at all the fun with an expression of the deepest anxiety.

Presently a stage costermonger wheeled to the wing a stage barrow containing stage carrots and turnips and that abnormal onion, which had been forced in Brobdingnag while the carrots and the turnips had been grown in Lilliput, and he said brusquely—

‘Now then, missus.’

And missus, with a trembling hand—her face wearing a look almost of terror—undid the black shawl and revealed a pretty little flaxen-haired fairy in a white frock, a blue sash, and red shoes.

It was quite a bit of unstudied theatrical effect to bring the bright little thing out of a black shawl; and it was a pity that it was not done before the audience, who only saw the more vulgar and hackneyed ‘business’ of discovering the fairy in the pasteboard onion.

The anxious mother carefully placed the child within the onion, and the stage costermonger rather impatiently clapped on the lid. The mother thought of her little pet’s little fingers, and writhed at the sound it made.

‘Oh, do take care of my darling!’ she said; and as the man began to wheel the barrow upon the stage, with the precious onion uppermost among his property vegetables, the mother followed him with anxious outstretched hands. You might have seen the tips of her pale quivering fingers stretching beyond the wing to guard her child. And they were not withdrawn until the little fairy was carefully lifted out from her hiding-place by the clown, whose tender-handed way of lifting

her proclaimed a father, who, at home, was not in the habit of sitting upon babies.

When the little fairy had done a little dance she came running off. The mother seized her frantically, as she might have seized her had she just been rescued from some great peril of fire or water, hastily wrapped her in the black shawl, and straining her to her breast, hurried away from the theatre.

The bright little fairy had worked a spell, and there was something boiling in the pot where there was nothing before.

The supply of children for pantomimic purposes always exceeds the demand. The persons attached to the theatre get the preference, and theatrical people of the lower grade, like the clergy of the lower grade, are proverbial for having large families. For multiplying and replenishing the earth, next to a curate on forty pounds a year, commend me to a super on fourteen shillings a week. And blessed (sometimes) is the super who has his quiver full of them. The worst of it is they *will* grow up and get too big to be squeezed into the jackets of frogs, and too long-legged to hold the mirror up to nature in the rôle of a bantam-cock. Owing to the excessive supply, in proportion to the limited demand, there have been many bitter disappointments this Christmas. Tommy expected to be taken on to enact an imp of darkness, and when the time came his services were not required. No more imps of darkness. Poor Tommy! Gone his vision of the spangled suit and the tinfoil eyes—gone his nightly sixpence! It has been for many weeks an air-drawn sixpence mocking him. Lotty built her hopes up to be a fairy with long hair, discovered the last thing in the transformation scene, reclining in a shell; but her hopes were destined to be dashed, and Lotty is compelled to play the part of Cinderella in real life, and sit and weep among the soot and cinders for the fine dress and the fairy chariot which she has no chance of seeing until perhaps she is too big for them.

Little children in the boxes, do

you know that being behind the footlights there, playing fairies, and frogs, and imps, is something like being at school? No, you don't know that,—you never could imagine such a thing. It is more like play. Yes; it is play to you, but it is not all play to the little actors, although they do tumble about and make sport. They must come in the morning, clean and tidy, and learn their lessons; they must answer to their names and do exactly as they are told; they must not talk and make a noise. This is precisely what you have to do at school; and if you don't do it you are beaten or put in a corner. But if these schoolboys, learning the lessons of the theatre, do not do as they are told, they are sent away, and there are no sixpences for them on Saturday, and perhaps no dinners and suppers for them any day of the week.

It is no easy matter for the school-master to keep all these boys and girls in order, when they are

in their places impatiently waiting for the front scene to draw off and disclose the Bullfrog Marsh, or the Mountains of the Blue Monkeys. Frogs will croak and monkeys will chatter, and it is sometimes necessary to remind a frog or a monkey, with a gentle tap of a cane over the knuckles, that he is interrupting the performance of the Hags of Hideous Night who are working their spells before the front scene.

Strict discipline is as necessary in a pantomime as it is in a school; still these children are kindly treated; and it may add something to your pleasure in witnessing the pantomimes this season to know that the gambols which afford you amusement are a source of as much enjoyment to the children who perform them as they are to you; that their nightly occupation keeps them off the streets and out of mischief; and that their exertions enable them to get a living for themselves and sometimes for others.

ANDREW HALLIDAY.



WINTER FROM YOUR OWN WINDOW.



ABOUT this day last year I was sitting down to write an article for this magazine on winter. The subject was not new; it had been treated of before. A good deal had been said about it; what was there left to say? That was the problem which presented itself for solution when I took up my pen and wrote at the top of a slip of paper the heading 'Winter.' It was some time before I got any further. My mind being utterly vacant, fatuously exercised itself in directing my fingers to draw absurd figures on my blotting-pad. I ornamented the

word 'winter' with all sorts of flourishes: I invoked the shade of Thomson, but all to no purpose. I tore up the slip, replaced it with another, and again wrote the heading 'Winter.' I was beginning to tear my hair, and beat my brains, and call myself dolt, and ass, and idiot, when suddenly an idea struck me. Why, winter was a thing of the past! There were no winters now-a-days! Here was a suggestion for novelty of treatment! Thomson and Co. had invested winter with all the picturesque attributes of frost and snow: let me

present him as he is, bespattered with mud, clothed in a dingy mantle of fog, an old, battered, degenerate creature, utterly gone to the bad. From that model I began to paint, and rapidly sketched off a true and faithful likeness of winter, slopping about in the mud under an umbrella. Unlucky artist! I had no sooner sent in my picture for public exhibition, than winter appeared in his old guise. Here he was again, dressed from top to toe in a complete suit of snow! And as if to punish me for my want of faith in him, and my disrespect towards him, whack comes a great snowball, and knocks off my best hat. 'I like snow, it's so jolly,' I heard a lively young scamp say; and I mentally hummed the burden of the song of Wamba the jester (Thackeray's Wamba)—

'That is the way that boys begin;
Wait till you come to forty year's

I liked snow when I was your age, my youngster, and took the same mischievous delight in squeezing it up into hard balls and shying it at chimneypot hats. I liked to practise upon chimneypots best, because the successful aim was rewarded by a resounding thud. Besides, the wearers of chimneypots usually carried themselves in a stately manner, and it was so comical to see the ludicrous upset of their dignity when the glossy 'tile' caved in and went off, and the snowball broke all over the wearer's hair and whiskers. When I 'caught' that snowball on my best beaver, my first angry impulse was to run after the young scamp who had thrown it and box his ears. But suddenly I remembered—remembered how I used to revel in this delightful sport, and how unreasonable and cruel I thought it when the victim caught me and boxed my ears—I remembered the time when I regarded the chimneypot hat as a piece of head gear specially contrived to give due effect to the thud of a snowball. Recalling that time, and all its pleasant associations, I let my frown relax into a smile, and actually sank my dignity so far as to let the young scamp have one back again. I

could see that he appreciated my reciprocity of sentiment in a proper spirit. He let me off, and gave me a smile, which said quite plainly, 'I see you are the right sort, and understand the thing.'

Well, I can only thank that vulgar little boy for giving me a glimpse of delightful old days, when I was not condemned to wear a chimneypot and be staid and proper, and when I could say, like him, when winter came round, that 'I liked snow, it was so jolly.'

But I have 'waited,' and come to nigh forty year, and, alas! I no longer find snow so jolly. And this leads me to wonder how at one time or another so much jollity has been associated with snow, both by old and young. For several weeks last winter, I, and many thousands of others, were martyrs to snow. Yet if I look over my books, I find that our best authors and our best artists have delighted in describing and depicting snow-storms, nearly always connecting the thickly-falling flakes and the icicles hanging from the eaves with comfort and merriment, and good cheer and happy faces, and all that is pleasant on earth. It strikes me as being rather odd, when I think about it, that this idea should be most cherished in towns where snow is really—shall I write? yes, it must be said—an unmitigated nuisance. Snow may be very useful as a blanket for the earth, but it is not a comfortable blanket for those who crawl half-naked upon the face of the earth. I am not going unduly to abuse snow; what I want to do is to put it upon its proper footing, and estimate it strictly according to its merits. Well, then, so far as my experience goes, it seems to be useful for two purposes—to shy, when made up into balls, at chimneypot hats, and to afford picturesque material to the author and the artist. Yes, there is one other purpose for which I have heard it is useful—to mix pancakes with.

But now my snowballing days are over; I am losing faith in the picturesque, and, on the whole, I think I rather incline to pancakes than to sentiment. I cannot be

pathetic about the robin tapping at the window any more. I can say of him now, as a distinguished French naturalist said of him long ago, that he is 'best cooked with bread-crumbs.' When I used to glorify snow and robins, and 'all that,' I lived in lodgings; but now I am a householder, and have other sentiments. You can look out at snow from another person's window with very different feelings from those with which you look out at it from your own. When a man pays rates and taxes, anything that unduly adds to the burden is calculated to break the back of his patience and make him savage. I have learned that property has its duties as well as its rights; and I am inclined to think that on the whole the rights are more than counterbalanced by the duties.

I have a doorstep. It is mine, and I am personally responsible for it. A few days of the 'jolly snow' have made me aware that I was also responsible for a portion of the pavement outside my gates. When I was a lodger, I could dance gaily on the doorstep of my abode, and occasionally, when Jane was not quick to answer—she was too quick to answer at last, and got discharged for it without a character—could do the double shuffle with a light heart. But now, when I stand upon my doorstep, I know that I am treading dangerous ground. It was the butcher's man who slipped and fell upon my doorstep when the frost first set in, and threatened me with an action for a broken leg. I compromised the matter for six pound six and eight pence, the pounds, as I was given to understand, being for surgical, and the shillings and pence for legal advice. I subsequently learned that the butcher's man was seen three days after his alarming accident playing skittles at the Horse and Groom, backing himself in half-crowns for floorers and back doubles, and winning all before him. If I had known it in time, I should have defended the action, and pleaded the back doubles in mitigation of damages.

'Clear your doorstep, sir?' No one but a householder who works

at home in a front apartment can fully appreciate the effect of this summons to surrender coppers, especially when persistently repeated every five minutes in the day. It was one snowy morning, when I was sitting down to write an essay—it has never been finished, and the public have lost a treat—that my ears, as the hearing mediums of a householder, were first assailed by the cry. It proceeded from a sturdy ragamuffin, armed with the stump of an old broom. I bade him begone in terms about which there could be no mistake; but he argued with me.

'Do it for eightpence, sir—do it for sixpence—do it for fourpence.'

He went away at last, and I sat down to pen the next sentence—'There is no greater blessing than the possession of an even temper and an amiable disposition—'

'Clean your doorstep, sir?' How could I use harsh language after penning such a sentence as the one I have quoted from that unfinished essay? I restrained myself, and merely shook my head. But I might have shaken my head off if I had continued to protest in that fashion. For three mortal hours the cry of 'Clean your doorstep, sir?' rang in my ears without cessation. Ragamuffins with stumps of old brooms came one after the other and knocked, and rang, and bawled, and kicked at the railings; and the more I persisted in resistance, the more they persisted in assault. At length, unable to restrain my angry passions any longer, I let them rise, and threatened chastisement. The youth to whom I addressed myself actually took a sight at me from my own doorstep, through my own window. He also instigated to insult others of his kind, who came and cried 'Yah!' in chorus at me through the railings. I thought of sending for the police to them, but those vulgar boys stole a march upon me, and actually sent for the police to me. There came a single knock, and thinking it was another tormentor of a boy, I opened the street door sharply, intending to fetch him a stinger, when lo! I beheld upon my step an officer of

police, standing out blue and bold against the background of snow. He was respectful, but firm. He begged to inform me that I was liable to a fine of five pounds for neglecting to clear the pavement opposite my house, adding, that if I did not clear it forthwith, it would be his painful duty to recommend me to the authorities for a summons. This in the hearing of a mob of my tormentors, who stood at the gate executing a savage dance of triumph. But my humiliation was not yet complete. Threatened with a summons and a fine of five pounds if I did not clean my pavement forthwith, I was driven to employ the very ragamuffin who had insulted me from my own doorstep. I could see the impudent dog chuckling inwardly at his triumph as he set to work on the job. More than once I caught him signalling victory to his companions by winking and putting his tongue in his cheek. But to me, now that he was on the high road to eightpence, he was elaborately and hypocritically respectful.

'Had I a spade? had I a broom that I could favour him with?'

I lent him these implements. Then he wanted salt.

'What for?'

'To melt the snow with.'

'Arriet being immersed in the task of carefully, by means of fire, depriving a leg of mutton of the greater portion of its nutritive qualities, I myself fetched the required articles from the region below, and was immediately gratified—as I have been at the Polytechnic—by seeing the ragamuffin perform a wonderful chemical experiment with the contents of the salt-box. Like a wary professor, who is not very sure of his subject, I catechised my ragged chemist for information as to the action of the salt upon the snow.

'How was it that it melted the snow?'

I asked this as if I knew all about it; but I didn't, and don't now.

This was the explanation of my practical professor of chemistry: 'Well, you see, sir, it gets in among it like, and melts it like.'

And he accompanied this lucid explanation with a curvilinear sweep of the arm, as indicating an intuitive acquaintance with the whole circle of the sciences. When, after his chemical experiment, the professor condescended to manual labour, and finished up with the broom, he demanded sand. I hunted below stairs and found a jar containing some very fine sand, appertaining, as I afterwards learned, to the aviary. This having been sprinkled over the stones, the process was complete. I paid the peripatetic professor of chemistry, and returned to my essay, congratulating myself that I had done my duty, obeyed the law, and purchased peace and quietness. I had just slapped my brow, to collect my scattered thoughts, and dipped my pen in the ink preparatory to putting them down for the benefit of an appreciative public, when in bounces 'Arriet.

'Oh, sir! the boy's gone off with the spade and the broom, and he's used all the fine sand and the salt, sir, and there's none to put in the soup, and none to give to the birds, sir; and——'

I rush to the front door, but the boy has disappeared. The policeman, who is busy serving threatening notices wholesale on the street, is not disposed to take up the case. 'Arriet mourns for her broom as for a loved relative, and declares that she will not answer for the soup, nor, under the circumstances, for the leg of mutton, which 'caught' as she was running out to catch that boy. Peace destroyed for the day! Essay put aside!

Joyful tidings next morning: pipes frozen; no water at the sink; none in the bath-room; none, by a happy accident, in the ewers. The contemplation of the necessity of performing my ablutions in pale ale aroused me, for the first time in my life, to the true importance of water as an element. Resolve to speak more respectfully of it in the future, and not so frequently to link its unsullied name with that of a certain dissolute son of John Barley-corn, who claims to have been born on Ben Nevis, and to have been

found there among the heather by Long John. An artery opened in the street by the practitioner who appears in the light-blue surtout, and carries his surgical instruments over his shoulder. Dance of revolutionary gamins in the blood! Hurrah! Carrying in and out of pails; more damage done; slopped stairs and passages, and consequent increase of domestic bliss and harmony!

There was another pleasant surprise for me when the thaw came. The water-pipe, which had previously refused to yield a drop, took a liberal fit, burst and filled the back kitchen. Two men with a coil of leaden pipe, solder and hot irons, fourteen and six, exclusive of beer—which somehow is never frozen—and the old pipe, which is kindly taken away, that it may not be an inconvenience.

And here a kind and considerate neighbour came in to suggest that I might save myself a 'good deal of vexation, discomfort, and after expense, if I were to employ a person to shovel the snow off the roof before it melted and came through the ceiling of the upper rooms. I determined to execute that task myself. The snow was thawing now, it would be easy; there was a high parapet, both front and back; no one would see me. I called for the spade, the broom, and the steps. The spade was gone, so was the broom. Would the neighbour who gave me advice lend me a spade? She—it was a she—was very sorry, but she hadn't got one. That was a ——. Never mind, I knew she possessed a spade. However, the case was urgent; so a new spade, three and nine, and a new broom two shillings, a small evenpence, and an invisible three farthings. Up-stairs I go, 'Arriet following with the steps, to that trap-door over the landing of the top floor. I was not sure what that trap-door was for, but I presumed it led to the roof. So I planted the

steps and mounted—alas, too confidently! When you become a householder, my bachelor friend, you will make the acquaintance of steps, and know how they wobble about. Somehow—being unused to the business, I suppose—I slipped, and came down by the run, breaking my shins fearfully. The dreadful language which I—— But there, I wouldn't have believed it. I heard 'Arriet say afterwards, that she never could have thought it of master, and him generally so quiet and so mild spoken. Fomentations, diachylon plaster, soothing medicine, and then to bed, forgetting the snow on the roof, which melts in the night and comes through on the slumbering 'Arriet, who, I believe, has whispered over the garden wall to Jemima next door, that 'ever since the night of the thaw her consti-tooshun has been completely undermined.'

Three times last winter did I enjoy these delightful incidents of the jolly snow; and on the last occasion having employed the chimney-sweep to shovel the snow off the roof, that delegate of my will, acting for and on my behalf, shovelled a heavy quantity on the head of a passer-by, and rendered me responsible for personal damage. The untimely passer-by alleged 'swimming in the 'ed,' whereby he was prevented from following his lawful calling (baked taters) and supporting his family (wife chargeable to the parish), and laid the damages at two hundred, and medical charges.

Compensation on a more moderate scale was subsequently accepted; but the victim having, during the off season of baked taters, appealed to charity in my own immediate neighbourhood, with a graphic picture on his breast representing the catastrophe by which he was disabled for life, a thorn has been planted in my breast for ever, and I cannot think of snow without a shudder.





Drawn by T. D. Scott.]

A DEMONSTRATION OF LOVE.

[See the Form.

A DEMONSTRATION OF LOVE.

I FEEL a tenderness at heart,
 That was but gentle heretofore;
 That oft was lonely and apart,
 But now is fellowed evermore.
 Shadows that wrapped it like a shroud,
 And hid its life from all but few,
 Flee largely like a morning cloud,
 And soft as early autumn dew:
 Therefore I know I love thee.

A vastness maketh rich my soul,
 That was but great till yesterday;
 Takes in the universal whole,
 And grandly learns to love and pray.
 The riddle of the sphinx is guessed;
 The intricate lock hath found its key;
 Open I fling the jewel chest;
 I cut the Gordian knot with thee:
 Therefore I know I love thee.

I have a purpose, heart of oak,
 That was of late a drooping willow;
 That, but it bent, must oft have broke
 Shapeless as breaks a vagrant billow.
 Now my trained forces come and go;
 And now I arm me cap-a-pie,
 Shout for a weapon and a foe,
 And chafe to strike for fame and thee:
 Therefore I know I love thee.

Sometimes of old I climbed the height
 Where all the gods Olympian quaffed
 Their deathless drink 'midst deathless light—
 And gained by stealth a random draught.
 But now I pitch my tent above;
 Mocking the fugitive drops I sipped,
 I couch me next the couch of Jove,
 And drain his goblet, purple-lipped:
 Therefore I know I love thee.

The pathos of a dropping well
 Was the poor melody I heard,
 Till now the thunders near me swell
 Of the world's heart to music stirr'd.
 And with its organ-tones I seem
 To blend the stops of coming years—
 The crashing sweetness of a dream,
 The diapason of the spheres:
 Therefore I know I love thee.

I was not quite a churl; and art,
 And grace, and nature, all were dear;
 Though a thick veil upon my heart
 Forbade my knowing all was there.
 I saw, but felt the deeper want,
 I gazed, but felt I did not see,
 Till thou becam'st the hierophant,
 And Beauty named her priestess, thee:
 Therefore I know I love thee.

I mark the generous glow of June
 Where yesterday was winter snow—
 What marvel melts the ice so soon?
 Or to *me* only is it so?
 Robed as thou art, amongst the poor
 To scatter gifts this cheerless weather,
 I feel a new constraint implore
 We may do Mercy's work together:
 Therefore I know I love thee.

A. H. G.

MR. BROWN'S MISTAKE.

THE fire shone bright, snow fell without,
 And holly decked the walls;
 Glad sounds of revel and of rout,
 Of mirth and glee, prevailed throughout
 The Smiths' ancestral halls.

The worthy sire with brow serene
 Prepared the wassail bowl,
 Whilst Christmas guests of jovial mien,
 All glowing from the air so keen,
 Supplied the 'flow of soul.'

One youth (whose dark Byronic frown
 Struck awe, till simpers mild
 Calmed the appalled beholder down)
 Brimmed o'er with bliss; his name was Brown,
 He loved Smith's only child.

He loved and was beloved; ere long
 His single days should close.
 Meantime, to him of all the throng
 Those maddening looks and smiles belong,
 Which Fanny Smith bestows.

He triumphed—but Earth's hopes are vain,
 Fate vowed to cast his down;
 And soon high bumpers of champagne
 (From generous gooseberry) wrecked his brain,
 Ah! too, too wretched Brown.

At ten the door flew open wide,
 Miss Crowe, kept late, appeared;
 And Brown's ill genius at her side
 Might by clairvoyant have been spied,
 As plain as Brown's red beard.

This imp (combined with subtlest juice
 Of Smith's domestic vine)
 Let all its powers of mischief loose,
 And played, in short, the very deuce
 With all his heart's sunshine.

His pale blue eyes it clouded o'er,
 Till—though 'twas plain to see,
 Miss Crowe's pink *moiré* sweep the floor,
 Whilst spotless white his Fanny wore,
 He doubted which was she!

'Twas stranger—as his charmer true
Was short and fair and fat,
Her locks were of an auburn hue,
Her eyes, like his, a washy blue,
Her nose was rather flat.

Whilst tall and dark, of stately grace,
Miss Crowe drew every gaze,
Her black eyes' flash, her oval face
And Grecian nose, left only place
For envy or for praise.

Time passed, and Brown's confusion grew
More hopeless every hour;
Through many a mazy waltz he flew
With that dark belle—and ventured too
To steal a glove and flower.

Still worse—at length the wicked sprite
Who had beguiled him so,
Bent on undoing him outright,
Brought the delusion to its height
Beneath the mistletoe!

On this a guest full six feet high,
Of stern, commanding air,
Who long had kept a cold grey eye
On Brown's misdeeds—drew calmly nigh
And kicked him down the stair.

What scenes took place when he was gone
'Twere too much pain to say—
His portrait, drawn with features wan,
And bandit-like expression on,
Went back to him next day.

No more to Fanny's might he go,
His life grew drear and dim.
Miss Crowe espoused his six-foot foe,
The wedding bells pealed o'er the snow—
No wedding bells for him.

Each morn he rose with haggard face,
He shaved with many a sigh,
And, as he put it in its place,
He darkly eyed his razor-case
As one who yearned to die.

Thus slowly passed the year, until
It neared the fatal night.
The very sight of turkeys still
Had power to make his blood run chill,
Mince-pies unmanned him quite.

And when the carols broke at last
Upon his loathing ear,
All day he kept his chamber fast,
And, ever brooding on the past,
Refused all Christmas cheer.

But lo! at night, with laughter rude,
In burst young Philip Gryde;
Poor Brown still sat in tearful mood,
A cup of watergruel stood
Untasted by his side,

'Halloa!' cried Gryde, 'these fountains dry,
 'You're coming home with me.'
 'No! No!' gasped Brown, 'I'd rather die!'
 To which his friend made no reply,
 But seized him, *malgré lui*.

Brown writhed and sidled like a crab,
 His friend cared not a pin,
 He held him fast with powerful grab,
 He dragged him, groaning, to a cab,
 And shoved him, groaning, in.

They drove through many a brilliant street,
 And reached the Grydes' abode,
 Whence came the sound of busy feet,
 And pleasant bursts of music sweet,
 Whilst every window glowed.

One desperate struggle at the door,
 And Brown was overcome;
 He strove against his fate no more,
 But meekly drooping, walked before
 'Mid merry voices' hum.

But what means this electric thrill
 Which stirs his Being's tide?
 What shriek is that, not loud, yet shrill,
 Which makes him cleave his way until
 He gains the shrieker's side?

'Tis Fanny Smith! in ball array,
 Who, sliding lightly down,
 Has fainted gracefully away,
 (Not even a fold displaced they say)
 O'ercome at sight of Brown!

He raised her up—her eyes' soft light
 Forgiveness gently smiled.
 What words could paint the rapid flight
 Of all his woe that blissful night!
 Poor Brown went nearly wild.

A crowd turned out ere long with glee,
 The bridal pair to cheer;
 And let us hope that they and we
 May many a merry Christmas see,
 And many a glad New Year!

L. L.



PARISIAN FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.

ALL Paris has been fermenting in a turmoil (and the hubbub has not quite subsided yet), because somebody has stated and criticised facts of which all Paris is fully aware. It is as if the senile world should rise up in riot when told that old men have grey beards; for we are informed by certain apologists that the circumstances alluded to are as inevitable at the present day, and under the present state of things, as the effects of time on the human hair. French women, who move in good society, will not, and cannot, just now, be anything else than spendthrifts, *mangeuses d'argent*, 'eaters-up of money,' according to the somewhat coarse native expression. The better class of French philosophers, however, regarding the phenomena more coolly, consider them as manifestations of an epidemic not altogether permanently established in the land; but which, having had its causes, may also have its remedies; and which at least may one day pass away of its own accord.

The above-mentioned 'all Paris' requires some little definition. That clever writer, Auguste Villemot, tells us that when events occupy 'all Paris,' we know what 'all Paris' often means. It is *tout Paris* minus the reader, perhaps; minus himself, assuredly; minus whoever reads, or writes, or works, or thinks; which reduces *tout Paris* to the proportions of a special group. It is thus that *tout Paris* is daily utilised, to serve the interests of trade or the gratification of vanity. A retailer of fashionable novelties announces that *tout Paris* is rushing to his show-rooms—a statement clearly open to a slight reduction. You read in your newspaper that, last night, *tout Paris* was at such a theatre. Now, addition and subtraction duly made, it turns out that *tout Paris* is composed of twenty *claqueurs*, or paid applauders, thirty young men from the country, a few tradesmen to the theatre who have obtained orders for their families, forty check-takers, fifty female box-openers, and

other employés; besides six firemen and four gendarmes, without whom *tout Paris* would be incomplete.

It is also customary to say, 'Last Sunday, all Paris was at Madame de X.'s soirée.' Now Madame de X. occupies an entresol which, in case of need, will hold some sixty people. Never mind; on that particular evening, those sixty amateurs represent all Paris; exactly as, in tragedies at the Théâtre Français, six figurants represent the Roman people. In short, all Paris does not know which way to turn itself. Everybody wishes to have it for his guest, and to boast of the honour of its acquaintance. The mark of fashionable eminence is to know all Paris, and to be known by it.

A portress of M. Villemot's acquaintance had a daughter who, in her personal decoration, had no objection to exceed her just rights and step a little out of her rank.

'My daughter,' said the sensible woman, 'when you show yourself in a hat instead of a cap, you do not perceive that all Paris shrugs its shoulders at you.'

All Paris, for this portress, was the groceress, the fruit-woman, and the baker's wife; who might truly make a few spicy, rich, and crusty remarks touching Mademoiselle Gibou's coquetry. But the rest of Paris troubled little about it. In the first place, Paris is not surprised at such trifles. It is only too much in the habit of beholding portress's daughters disdaining cotton print for muslin and silk, mounting from the porter's lodge to the tapestried entresol, lolling in their open carriage, and parading their finery in the box of a theatre. Paris is amused, rather than angered, at the spectacle.

At the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, at the representation of 'Capitaine Fantôme' (all Paris was there), a double-distilled *cocotte* arrived late, and boisterously installed herself in the *avant-scène*, in the midst of the emotions of the drama. There were several disapproving 'chuts;' and then, the inno-

cent and silver voice of a spectator in the gallery exclaimed—

'*Tiens!* 'Tis my portress's daughter! '*Bonjour, Mam'zelle Rosalie! Cordon!* Pull the bolt, to let us in, *s'il vous plaît!*'

Poor Mademoiselle Rosalie was considerably out of countenance. She tried hard to crush all Paris with her disdain. But when once all Paris takes mischief in hand, it behaves no better than a London errand-boy. All Paris, that evening, was in the mind for a bit of chaff; and the unlucky *cocotte* was obliged to give way before the flood of railery which, like the rising tide, overwhelmed and extinguished her airs and graces. She retired, saying audibly to the amiable but somewhat bashful young man who accompanied her, 'Come away, Ernest; there is nothing but *ra-caille*, low people, here to-night.' All which has not prevented Mademoiselle Rosalie's brilliant success. She appears in public every day, in the most aristocratic attitudes. She has her box at the first performance of every new play; her calèche at the races; and, at two in the morning, she sups on prawns at the Café Anglais.

Instances of 'money-eating,' in upstart creatures, who eat, not their own, but other people's money, ought not so much to astonish sages. Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride—you know where. But the accusation, which has caused so much excitement, has been made against women moving in good society. In the French senate, the late M. Dupin (occupying a position analogous to that of our Attorney-General) made a short but spirited speech on 'the unbridled luxury of women.' He complains that respectable and high-bred ladies copy the fashions set by females who are neither high-bred nor respectable; that, every winter, every season, facts come to light, proving that dressmakers' bills amount to totals which the handsomest fortunes cannot meet. The desire to make a brilliant figure causes finery to be bought on credit, without the knowledge of the husband; bills, letters of change, are signed; and, for those

bills, endorsers have to be found, who take advantage of their position. Such is the state of French society, which sumptuary reformers are endeavouring to correct. La Fontaine committed an error in laughing at the frog who tried to inflate herself (to the bigness of the bull; for, in this current year of grace, Froggy would easily attain her object. Finally, according to M. Dupin, the best thing that could happen would be for influential matrons (without ceasing to present themselves in decent and even rich attire, when the occasion, and their rank and fortune require it), to form themselves into a Ladies'-Dress Temperance Society, pitilessly retrenching every superfluity. Example, he holds, is the only means of saving husbands and families from shame and ruin.

The ladies, it seems, were but slightly affected by the eloquence of their magisterial censor; and had M. Dupin taken his walks by night through the Champs Elysées unattended, he might have incurred the possibility of a bath in one of the fountains, administered by avenging female hands. All the good done by remonstrance, hitherto, is to get back a *tu quoque*. 'You are as bad yourself.'—When the ladies are told, 'Reform your dress,' they answer, 'And you, gentlemen, reform your morals.' Such is the upshot of Madame Olympe Audouard's, '*Reponse d'une Femme à M. Le Procureur-Général Dupin*,' which one of her compatriots has criticised as '*de mauvais goût*'—in not good taste.

But a couple of foolish acts, simultaneously performed, by women on the one hand and by men on the other, do not, like acids and alkalis, neutralise each other, making up one wise, or even inconsequential act between them. Were it so, the world's stupidities would be easier to remedy than they are. We should only have to match one folly with another—a task agreeable enough to certain temperaments.

Madame Audouard's views of crinoline are droll; men, however, do not understand its æsthetic bearings. In their ignorance, they look

upon it as an accoutrement which clothes without warming, and covers without concealing. Crinoline, she allows, is inconvenient, especially for gentlemen—whether they offer their arm to, or waltz with a lady, or find themselves in a carriage in company with three crinolines. And the ladies; are they on a bed of roses? Certainly not. Why keep it, then? Why?—why?

Because—because—before crinoline, some eight or ten years ago, they, as schoolgirls, wore a little petticoat and a scanty skirt, a frock, a scabbard, a scissors-sheath, a razor-case, which allowed many a contour to be guessed at, or rather revealed it in well-developed outlines. They, the schoolgirls, like Eve in her innocence, were not shocked, being still ignorant of that thing of mystery, that immense veil larded with strips of iron, vulgarly called a cage or hencoop. But now, she says, they are like Eve 'after the leaf. We cannot make up our minds to reveal the secrets which we have kept concealed for ten long years. Sometimes, by way of experiment, we try on in private the simple petticoat and skirt of olden time; but we find ourselves too slightly clad, and, presto! we on with the crinoline again.' It is logical for our authoress to add, 'Modesty is a matter of custom.'

Of M. Dupin's many reviewers, not the least sensible, fair, and acute, is that able and well-known author M. Edmond About, who admits that M. Dupin, quoting and imitating Cato the Censor, has, with a single blow of his tusk, stirred up the weightiest question of the present day. But M. About neither blames nor praises him for his attack on crinoline; he refrains from discussing the elegant rhymes which are passing from mouth to mouth in the streets of Paris. Crinoline, according to his notions, is nothing more than an irresponsible scaffolding; it is a peg which cannot be called upon to answer for what people choose to hang upon it. It conceals and displays in turn woman's secret riches and leanness; it creates illusion respecting living broomsticks who walk up and down

the town; but next Sunday, on the steps of the Madeleine, it will betray the physical poverty it was intended to hide.

Crinoline alone, he holds, has never ruined anybody; quite the contrary. It is an economical engine which supplies the place of four or five petticoats, or thereabouts, per day. It costs fifty francs, and suppresses an outlay of eighteen hundred and twenty-five (thirty in leap year); for it is easily made to last a twelvemonth. The crinoline question, therefore, may be set aside as irrelevant to female extravagance, and our whole attention devoted to woman herself.

A fair correspondent reproaches him with having too long neglected this 'capital' theme. But, two years ago, he published a thick volume, entitled 'Madelon,' in which he pictured the dissolving action of one single female money-eater on the purest hearts and the firmest characters. Since the 2nd of October, 1864, he has written three big octavo volumes, in which high-life money-eateresses swarm as thick as gold fish in a dealer's aquarium. But he has not yet said the hundredth part of what there is to say: witness the pleasure, ever new, with which he returns to his flock of sheepshearing ewes.

There is also published, within two steps of the Bourse, a journal exclusively devoted to female prodigals—to prodigal daughters, prodigal wives, and prodigal other things. It is called 'La Vie Parisienne,' Life in Paris, because it is only by accident that the important interests it discusses extend beyond the limits of Paris. 'Heaven be praised for it!' may Frenchmen exclaim. This paper, attractive in form and illustrated with woodcuts, has not fewer than six thousand subscribers, although it eschews scandal and malicious personality. Whence comes such extraordinary vogue? From this: 'La Vie Parisienne' is the money-swalloweress's *Moniteur*—*Moniteur* in both senses of the word. Not only does it publish their decrees or their fantasies (which are one and the same), as the *Moniteur Universel* prints the

imperial decrees, but it also gives them smart raps on the knuckles. Every week it tells them little truths, and threatens them with the cane, exactly as a preparatory-school monitor would. The director in chief is Marcelin. The writers—M. About is one of them—compose a curious group. You would see, if they took off their masks, that this ultra-mundane journal reckons two philosophers for one man of the world; so that M. Dupin has not altogether had the first-fruits of the 'Dupin question.' The originality of his discourse consists in its having been spoken before gentlemen who are especially skilled in the knowledge of men, not of women, seeing that their time and thoughts have been almost exclusively devoted to politics.

M. About goes further than the writers who simply signalise the facts of prodigality; he traces the causes of female extravagance to the manner in which French young ladies are educated. Without encroaching on Fénelon's ground, or even on Rousseau's (who created a Sophie to match his Emile), he confines himself to Paris in 1865, and inquires how they bring up young persons, who will one day be women, in the metropolis which M. Haussman has given to the world. It will be understood that he leaves out of the question the indigent or simply laborious classes. It is not amongst artisans or small retail dealers that we are to look for the expensive ostentation which called forth M. Dupin's censures. At the outset we may eliminate from the discussion everybody who does not possess, or earn, an income of twenty thousand francs (eight hundred pounds).

With a few exceptions, which are unfortunately very rare, the father of a family is unable to superintend the education of his sons; how, then, should he find the time to attend to his daughters' bringing up? Every placeman is completely absorbed, not only by the duties of his place, but also by official obligations. When you read in your newspapers that such a minister holds a reception on Monday, such another on Tuesday, and so on up to Saturday,

you may boldly conclude that two or three thousand fathers of families quit their homes every evening in the week, return long after their children are gone to bed, and, as soon as they are up in the morning, rush without delay to the places where their business calls them. The grand dinners which begin at eight, the balls which break up at daylight, the theatres, the club, the Bourse, the bureau, the counting-house, calls of digestion (at houses where one has dined), of politeness or canvassing, business appointments, rides and drives in the Bois de Boulogne for purposes of health or vanity, form altogether a passable amount of obstacles which interfere between a parent and his children. But the mother? In well-regulated families the wife goes almost everywhere with her husband. In ill-regulated families it is not likely that the girls will have the best possible maternal example or instruction afforded them.

There are in Paris several thousand wealthy, honourable, well-assorted couples, who dine out six days in the week, and who receive dinner visitors on the seventh. The children do not go out to dinner with the parents, nor do they dine with them at home when half a score guests are seated at table. They dine apart with an English nursemaid (such is the fashion) until they are provided with a governess or a tutor. But breakfast, at least, it will be supposed, is partaken of as a family meal. Rarely. Paris life, at the rate at which it is going now, tends to become, for adults of a certain rank, a nocturnal life. The parents submit to this reversal of the natural state of things simply because they cannot help it; but almost all of them try to carry out the principle of making their children get up and go to bed at reasonable hours, taking their four meals per day at proper and wholesome intervals. The old-fashioned regularity which maintained the great-grandfathers of the present generation in good health and spirits is renounced by adults; but children are still made to conform to it, that is, almost all chil-

dren, for exceptions already exist. You may now and then meet with little gentlemen as tall as your boot, and little ladies as big round as your fist, who lie late in bed, sit up till midnight, toss off glasses of champagne, and who, it requires no conjuror to guess, wither before their season of coming into bloom. Setting these melancholy phenomena aside, and returning to the ordinary multitude of cases, it may be asserted as a general axiom that nine-tenths of the rich children in Paris are brought up by their domestics. The papas will exclaim that this is a calumny; and the mammas, what will they say?

Yes, madame, it cannot be denied that you devote one hundred and twenty minutes per day to the training of your little family; from one till three in the afternoon; there is no gainsaying it. And the effort which you make to do it is so very creditable that you deserve compliments instead of reproaches for the shortness of the interval. You live in a world in which bustle, noise, ostentation, and ubiquity are matters of absolute compulsion. Your existence is caught in a set of implacable cog-wheels, and it is really meritorious on your part to steal out of it a couple of hours per day.

As to you, dear monsieur, you throw the fault upon the urgency of your affairs; and everybody, alas! has his affairs now-a-days. Millionaires have as many, perhaps more, on their shoulders than poor devils who have to work, or write, for their bread. If one could make up one's mind to have only a single child, one could turn one's back upon affairs. The child, sooner or later, inherits his patrimony, and does not find his position much lowered, although the twenty-franc piece (which, during the last few years, has fallen to the value of ten) is insensibly dropping towards five. But people have families of three or four, if only out of prudence, remembering that all are mortal. It is wished that they should not be more to be pitied than their parents; money must be got for them through the instrumentality of 'affairs.' There are affairs of all genera, spe-

cies, and varieties, from speculation at the Bourse to politics and place-hunting.

A good French father, at present, works, even if rich, to insure the further welfare of his children. He wants to scrape together a dowry for his daughter; he rushes into politics, and performs the twelve labours of Hercules, to obtain a good sinecure for his son. For, be it noted, contemporary Parisian fathers do not seem to reckon much on the activity of Messieurs their descendants. In times past, Michel Letellier reckoned on his son: he made him work like a railway labourer, and so the son became Louvois. Colbert did not spoil the Marquis de Seignelay, who, under his eyes, grew into an excellent minister.

Just now the *beau-ideal* sought after by provident fathers is some easy and well-remunerated employment, such as tax-receiving, either on a large or a moderate scale. This requires no great educational efforts. If the boy do but grow strong and healthy, and reach his majority without accident, it is all that is needed. The father worries himself, intrigues, intrudes, courts favour, obtains it, keeps it, grapples on to it, and from time to time inquires at home how his son is going on.

M. About exaggerates, he is well aware. But if your blood be tainted by disease, it is no use showing it to your unassisted eye; you must be aided by a microscope. And he confesses it is through a microscope, if you will, that he has inspected the early education of little Parisians abandoned to their servants.

The race of domestics, it is a well-known fact, has been greatly modified in Paris. Where are those servitors of the olden time who formed part of the family? You might fearlessly trust them with the care of a boy, nay, even of a girl. True, they *tutoyaient*, used the familiar 'thee' and 'thou' to their young masters and mistresses; it was a liberty which little young ladies and gentlemen only three years of age would not tolerate now. But, as a make-weight, they loved

them dearly. They guarded those innocent ears and those virgin eyes with affectionate respect and jealous care. The children, on their part, entertained a sort of filial feeling for those ancient, intelligent, and devoted fixtures belonging to the parental mansion. They looked upon them in the light of poor relations, but without unkindness or jealousy. The type of servant here evoked has not disappeared from France; it has migrated, that is all; you will find it in the provinces. But in Paris, masters and servants have neither the time nor the wish to become acquainted. They take, and they quit each other, mutually giving the eight days' warning. Many a master, every summer, turns his whole establishment adrift in a lump before leaving town for the country. Almost every servitor is on the look-out for a better place, that is, more lucrative in wages and perquisites. That many of these unfortunates put the screw on tradesmen, turn the market penny, get a profit out of everything, gamble with their savings at the Bourse, await the prize of lottery after lottery; that greediness should lie at the bottom of their heart, and cynicism on the tip of their tongue; that money, in their talk, should take the precedence of all things; that they should most look up to the persons who give them the handsomest veils and the heaviest *étrennes*, is only in the natural course of things. It would be folly to be scandalized or astonished at it. They are what their lot and their education have made them. But that a parent should abandon his sons and his daughters to such liveried preceptors as those, is quite a different affair.

According to French ideas, it is a matter of great importance that a young lady should reach her wedding-day with her eyes covered with a bandage. It is impossible to say that angelic ignorance is not the height of girlish perfection. But then, O charming and brilliant *mammas*! take your daughters out for walks yourselves, instead of sending them to the Tuileries under

the wing of a maid who is looking out for her soldier sweetheart. By-and-by, you will put your daughter to school in a convent. The convent will teach her nothing; but do you fancy it will make her forget what she has already seen and heard? The grand precaution of the convent comes too late; it is locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen. Admirable is the consistent prudence of *mammas* who hesitate to take their daughters to the Gymnase Théâtre, after they have been to the Café des Aveugles with their nursemaid. A young married lady, belonging to a very wealthy family, told M. About that she had danced for money in the Tuileries gardens. It was her nursemaid who produced her in public, and who pocketed the contributions of the crowd.

In the company of servants, future female spendthrifts learn the absurdest form of vanity at the present day; namely, pride of cash. It is stuck into their heads that a rich man is of more intrinsic worth than a poor man; that the best things are those which cost the dearest; that the most honourable occupation is that which implies spending the greatest amount of money. Little French girls still have dolls; but not to play with. They are for show; to give them importance in the eyes of other little girls; to boast how much they cost; and to humiliate every other child who has not so handsome and expensive a doll.

Set a couple of little maidens face to face, each with one of Huref's dolls in her arms; the forty-franc doll will put the thirty-franc one to shame, in the first place because its arms are articulated, but secondly, and especially, because it cost ten francs more. A little girl elegantly dressed, disdainfully regards another who is romping in a linen blouse; but the other instantly has her revenge.

'How many horses does your father keep?'

'Not any.'

'Well, mademoiselle, my father keeps four.'

There is not a single word more

to be said; the young lady in linen ought to take precedence of the other. Ask all the valetdom and all the wealthy children in Paris.

Two little she-monkeys are chatting together about the boys of their acquaintance. 'I,' says one, 'have four sweethearts.'

'But which will you marry? For, you know, you can only accept one of them.'

'Do you suppose I don't know that? But, my dear, I am in great embarrassment. Jules will be very rich; he will have plenty of horses. But Edouard is an American; he will return to his country; and travelling, for a woman, is jolly good fun. Paul has only one defect; he squints: but he will be a baron, and I should be a baronne.'

'And the other? You do not mention the fourth.'

'Ah! Prosper?' (with a blush.) 'He is very handsome. He is the handsomest boy I ever saw in my life. Unfortunately, he is not noble; he is not American; and his father has not a sou. I will not marry him; but I will love him dearly all the same.'

Six years afterwards, listen to the same girl murmuring her prayer before the altar of a fashionable convent. 'Holy Virgin! Let him be rich, let him be titled, let him do whatever I bid him, and I ask you for nothing more.'

Amongst the corruptors of the young fair sex, we cannot help reckoning the friends of the family. Formerly, trifles were given to the children of friends, for the sake of conferring pleasure; presents now are made with the object of displaying the donor's wealth and generosity. A little Parisienne commences getting together her stock of jewellery before she is ten years of age. It is no longer on wedding occasions only, but on all occasions, on her birthday, her fête-day, at Easter, and at the new year, that friends amuse themselves

by showering gold upon her. Diamonds are not yet upon the list; but, never fear, they will be before long.

It looks something like crying down the present for the glorification of the past; but any Frenchman or Frenchwoman can recall the respect with which, in their childhood, they regarded a five-franc piece; and, in the previous generation, baby folk were still more modest in their expenditure. A certain lad entered the Naval School of Angoulême with a forty-sou bit which his mother had given him; he kept the coin two months in his pocket without daring to break it up. Contemporary children, who have gold and bank-notes in their till, will shrug their little shoulders at this. Well, dear infants, the forty-sou schoolboy grew into a real man, and successfully pursued an honourable career. There are many things in this world which are gained by desert, and not by money. But your domestics have never told you that. It is a slight omission.

The French of that day were not avaricious, in spite of their superstitious reverence for coin. But they regarded it as a scarce and costly ware, which ought not to be lightly spent by those who are not in the way of earning it themselves. It was also imagined that a child had nothing of his own; that his half-franc piece was subject to the parents' will, just as much as the possessor who carried it in his pocket. At present, a little girl has no hesitation in saying to her mother, 'Ah! you do not choose to give me that dress? Make your mind easy! I have a hundred francs; I will go and buy it.'

Eight or ten years hence, the same little person will perhaps say to her husband, 'I do not ask you for that diamond necklace; I purchase it. Have I not my marriage portion?'



TWO TO ONE ON THE MAJOR.

MAJOR Fitz Fiennes, of Her Majesty's celebrated regiment of Plungers, sat with an expression of weariness upon his handsome but slightly worn features. He was wondering if all the bachelor dinner-parties of Barkfordshire were as sad and silent as the one at which he was now assisting.

'I fear I read your thoughts, Fitz Fiennes,' said Vane Vaughton, his entertainer. 'There's not a man at this table over three-and-thirty, whence the flatness of the conversation is as surprising as it is unprofitable.'

'Certainly,' replied the pride of the Plungers, delicately twirling a moustache which cornets envied; 'certainly your conversation is in direct contrast to your champagne.'

'We can no more jest,' said Vaughton, 'than could the chap-fallen skull of Yorick. Once upon a time, I assure you, we were of infinite humour, and our flashes of merriment set the table in a roar: but that was before Lilius Lee appeared in the neighbourhood.'

'There's Cecil Cureton,' he continued, 'who, the girls averred, said more to them on an average in one quarter of an hour than most men can dribble out in three—no bashful youth of seventeen is now more silent.'

'There's Bodger, of St. Barebones. It delighted me, in times of old, to observe the elephantine clumsiness with which Bodger—big, boating men are seldom adroit—would try to dovetail into our conversation allusions to his aquatic exploits: now you see he is mute, and I am obliged to be his trumpeter.'

'There's Piefinch, too,'—and the speaker glanced towards a pale, well-featured face, that looked prim over a white tie on other occasions than those of dinner-parties,—'Piefinch, while fancy-free, was the most destructive of curates; but he no more, alas! in drawing-rooms, trills the tenor ballad, or plays on the innocuous flute. On that instrument, while its owner sits in his lonely lodgings and thinks upon

fair Lilius, the unmolested spider evolves his web.

'There's Buller, chiefly remarkable for his much swearing in young ladies' society. He is very rich—but I bore you.'

'Not at all,' said the politest of Plungers; 'but who is this wonderful Lilius?'

Vane Vaughton could be sentimental as well as sarcastic; but he did not choose to be so to a *blasé* Major of Dragoons; so we cannot, in justice to Lilius, trust altogether to his description; otherwise he would have said, as he had often dreamed, that she was like the flower that name suggests.

Fair and tall, and graceful, she reminded him of it when she moved down the dance. Piquant she was sometimes, and then he lost thought of the flower altogether. Anon retiring, like her shy kinswomen, the nuns of the valley, and then again there would come a languor into her eyes and mien, which made him think of the broad white blossoms that are buoyed on the breast of the river.

Besides all which, was she not the beautiful proprietress of as much land as lay in fertile acres round the hall of any magnate of the county?

Vaughton, as I hinted before, considerably modified his description of Lilius in his answer to the Major. I doubt, if the places held by the latter and Lilius had been inverted, whether he would not have given full fling to his descriptive powers, and with very good reason, special and general. He would have informed her that the Major was a philosopher, in the broad sense of the term; that he was a stoic, in that he was devoid of feeling; of epicurean tenets, in that he was all for pleasure; of the laughing sect when he ought to weep, and of the weeping when he ought to laugh. It is possible that now, though Fitz Fiennes was his guest, he would, from the great interest he felt in her, have given this description to Lilius. A time was soon coming when that possi-

bility would have become a probability.

'Am I to understand, then,' replied the Major, disporting with his empty champagne-glass, 'that the *élite* of Barkfordshire eligibles are, to a man, in love with Miss Lee, and, to a man, hopeless?'

'Such is our miserable condition,' returned Vane; 'and when you reflect that an estate like that of Miss Lee's is added to the list of her charms, you will sympathize with us.'

'The locket she wears round her neck explains the coldness of the nymph,' said the Rev. Mr. Piefinch, who considered himself quite as poetical as Vane, and, indeed, had written for the Newdegate at Oxford; 'I saw her look at it by stealth the other day, and the tears were on her dark eyelashes afterwards.'

'By Gad, Piefinch!' broke in Buller, the sporting character of the party, 'you should have kept that private information to yourself. Gentlemen all, or any, I'll lay ten to one against any individual's chance.'

'If I had known it I could have broke her suitors, every one, and they're as many as Penelope's,' muttered the sporting youth, regretfully. He had been a college friend of Piefinch's, but was expelled the university for writing incessant letters to the Dean of Christ Church, proposing a handicap mile-race of the heads of colleges.

'Back my chance against yours, Buller,' said Piefinch, helped by the champagne to revert to the old Oxford days. 'Stop! I forgot; I'm not a betting-man.'

'You mean to say, Piefinch,' put in Vane, 'that you want to be a bishop.'

'I will lay a pony with any one, that in a fortnight's time I show that locket to every man in this company,' deliberately said, at this point, the Major.

While every one turned with a look of astonishment to the speaker, a very shrill voice was heard in unexpected reply.

'Take you, two to one, Major Fiennes; yourself against myself.'

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This speech was made by a very small man, with a very small quantity of hair on his head, the rest having passed into an outrageous pair of whiskers. He was otherwise remarkable for the great opinion which he entertained of himself, and the very small one which everybody else had of him.

All, even the composed curate, joined the peal of laughter which hailed this sally. Fiennes, however, did not move a muscle. Deliberately taking out a small memorandum-book, he drew from its sheath an ivory pencil, and noted down the bet, then, looking up towards its taker, politely asked his name.

'Algernon Adams,' said the other.

'Hadh't you better ask Piefinch to lend you his flute, Algernon?' asked Vane, who was evidently in a dreadful humour; 'he has no use for it now; and if you create as great a sensation with it as you did the last time you employed the aid of music, why the famous lady-killer will sustain his first defeat. Mr. Adams,' said Vane, turning to Fitz Fiennes in explanation, 'indulged of late in "the half-starved serenade, best quitted with disdain," as the poet Piefinch would have expressed it. Sweetly beneath the stars had he played and sung for a quarter of an hour, when, O rapture! a hand as white as ocean-foam in the moon was laid on the hasp of the window. The sash flew up.

"Be off, impudence!—perlice!" exclaimed the voice from above of the window-opener; and at that moment your hapless rival felt a hand upon his arm.

'What need of more?'

'He was borne off towards the station-house, and narrowly escaped incarceration; for he had lilted forth his love-lorn song to the cook of his innamorata's father, and his captor was the jealous policeman who aspired to the affections of that useful domestic.'

'The young lady—I think I have forgotten her name,' said the Major, glancing at Piefinch—

'Miss Lilius Lee,' said the latter, more stiffly even than his wont was.

'—Was—you put it rather poeti-

cally, I think—melancholy, when she looked at the locket.’

‘Yes,’ replied the Rev. Mr. Piefinch, ‘that may easily be accounted for; it is said she is engaged to Lord De Lyle, whom she has never seen. He writes letters to her from the Continent of the romantic and descriptive kind, a sort of Childe Harold’s pilgrimage in prose. But the last report of him asserts that he is now lying ill in a small village in the north of Italy.’

The Major was not at all crushed by this second piece of private information. ‘N’importe,’ he said to himself. ‘Now for a *bonne fortune*, and a renown in this love-sick shire.’

‘Of course,’ said Vane Vaughton, addressing the company generally, with some haughtiness; ‘of course, a lady having been the subject of a bet, as we are all gentlemen, we shall keep the matter to ourselves.’

‘Of course,’ said little Algernon, loudly.

That part of Barkfordshire which clusters its woods and fertile, undulating acres round the antique town of Abbotsthorpe is considered by its inhabitants, or at least the younger portion of them, to fall short in supplying the excitements from which life derives its relish. Is there any similar district of England, which has for its centre-point a county or even country town, with pleasant English scenery round it, and no want of cheerful straggling villages, and gabled or white-walled mansions—is there any similar district of which the inhabitants, according to themselves, are not similarly unprovided for? However, about this time, this slow-going region exhibited what the sporting Buller termed a burst of speed. For so frequent did balls, archery-meetings, and picnics become, that those of the inhabitants who were not invited to them actually turned round and declared that the country was indulging in Parisian dissipation, and would soon descend to Parisian morals. Indeed, among the lower classes, and such of the middle as were not invited to the gaieties objected to, a revival took place about this time,

and there arrived, whence men hardly knew, a colony of perspiring men, dingy as to their ties and faces, who denounced poor Piefinch (whose views were Anglican) as an agent of the Pope. Vaughton said he did not know which most to object to, the influx whose taste for spirits and sermons was so nearly balanced, or the clergy, who had caused it by their negligence, whose discourses and port wine were equally old. Lillas, notwithstanding the slight melancholy which from time to time she was seen to exhibit, participated constantly in these amusements. All the opportunity, therefore, they could desire was afforded to the great lady-killer Fiennes and his preposterous little rival. The insolent manner and self-confidence of the former had caused him to be looked upon with some dislike by the guests at Vane Vaughton’s dinner. But a stronger dislike still was entertained by the young giver of that hospitality.

Ten days and a few hours had passed from the time that Fitz Fiennes and Adams had betted over Vane’s champagne, when the latter withdrew from one of the longest of the Barkfordshire drawing-rooms to its verandah, round the trellis of which the trailing roses slept beneath the full moonlight of earliest morning. Was he in a poetical mood, and had he come out to inspire himself with rhymes about the contrast of the revel within and the moonlight without? Perchance he had been introduced by a facetious friend to some stout and matronly female who was fond of waltzing, and had fled from her expectant but too massive waist. From neither cause had he come forth—melancholy and desirous of solitude. Unfortunate young man! He had been laying siege to Lillas, that cynosure so chary of her charms, for some space of time, and till this clever, bad, handsome Fiennes came, with just a hope, he thought, of success. What was that green twinkle at his feet? A glowworm? Yes, it had given a fitful glimmer for some time, but now it disappeared altogether, like his hope, he thought; to thwart his gloomy mood, perversely almost he

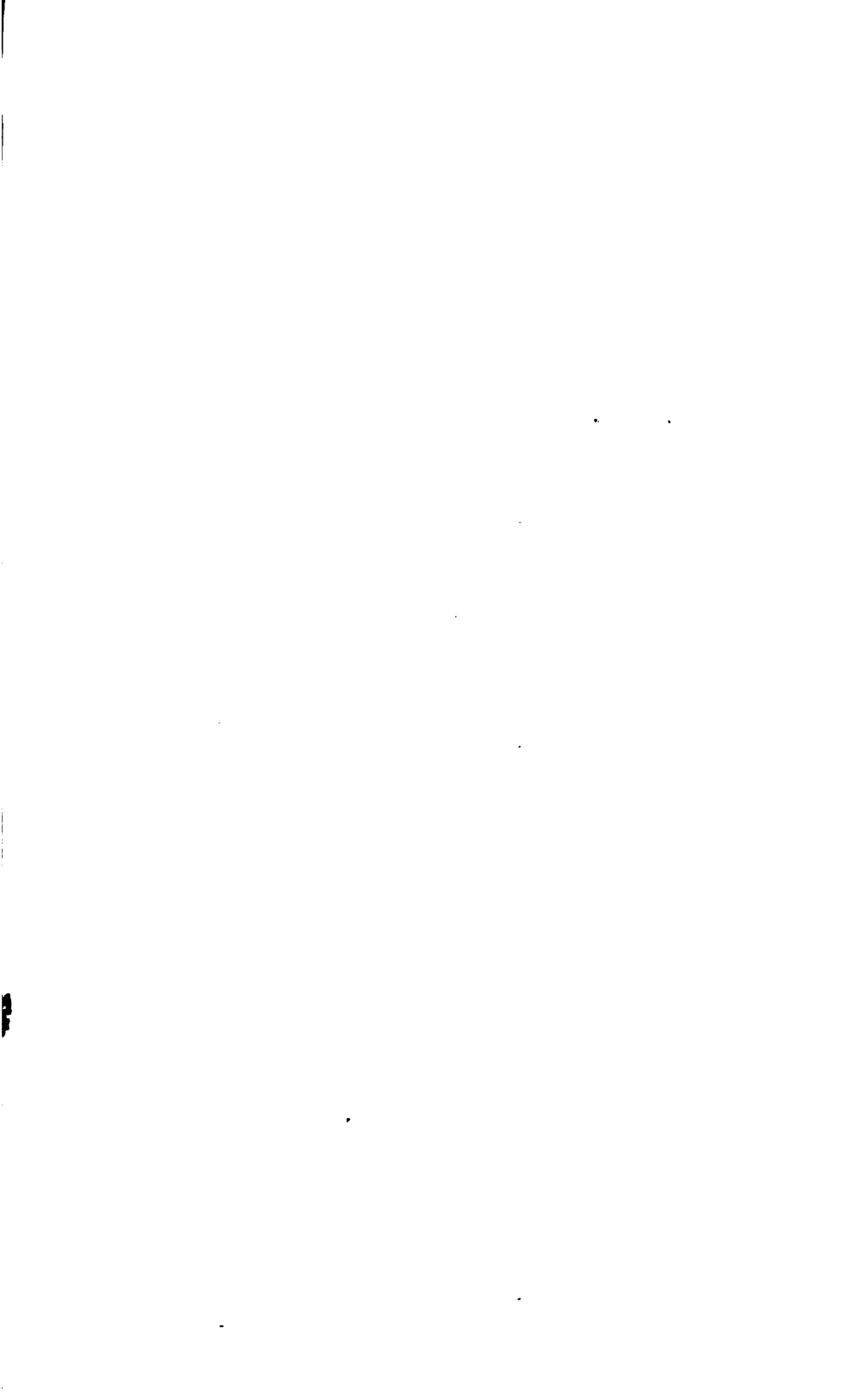


T. Henshaw, sc.

by G. Du Maurier,]

TWO TO ONE ON THE MAJOR.

"You are scarcely right in you, Major Piennes, to make me the subject of a bet."



took note of it. His patiently constructed lines of circumvallation were so many dead walls, and Fiennes' storming party, rushing in with bravado shout, seemed about to become easy masters of the fair city, long and fruitlessly besieged by so many leaguers.

Whose are those two figures that are close upon him, musing?—he has let them approach so near that it would be awkward to disclose himself. They will pass by. They do pass by, but very slowly, and halt just in front of him as he shrinks into the darkness of an embrasure. Lillas, for one of them is she, draws her cloak closer, and turns her eyes of grey mixed with violet up to her companion's face. As she does so, the moon sails out of a cloud of darkening amber, and shows to great advantage the pale, perfect-featured beauty of the queen of Barkfordshire. So great a charm, the latent lover thinks, has wrought its effect even upon the handsome sordid-souled man of the world, the winning of whose recently-made bet seems rendered certain by Lillas; for has she not wandered out with him from the waltzers, and is she not upturning her eyes deliberately to his? Yes, even Major Fiennes is touched into some sympathy with the scene around him—the warm, balmy air of the midsummer night, the trees that stand, towers of stillest foliage, round a fairy palace, alive within with music and the measured riot of the dance.

'It was scarcely right in you, Major Fiennes, to make me the subject of a bet.'

The Major gave his moustache a twirl which actually deranged it; but he recovered himself with some adroitness, adapting his reply to what he knew, or thought he knew, of Lillas' character.

'Perhaps I wished, before declaring myself your lover, to obtain the reputation of being a daring winner of so piquant and imperial a prize.' Lillas indeed looks piquant, imperial she is always.

'I discovered it from my cousin,' she says, laughing, 'to whom Mr. Algernon Adams had imparted it. He is like a sieve when he becomes

confidential. He attacked Dorothy as a preliminary to commencing operations against myself, and fell a victim to her. She is a large girl, florid and very plain, and he is a little man, dark, and with fat, affectionate cheeks.'

'He is a little fool,' said Fiennes, who could not entirely control his anger at the confidences of Algernon, and wished he had not let his vain-gloriousness endanger his fortune-hunter's greed.

'You asked me, Major Fiennes,' said the girl, in much lower tones, as her face grew graver again beneath the moonlight, 'you asked me for a keepsake. I have such a feeling towards you'—and she looked down upon something which hung from her neck—'that I will give you the most valued present I have ever received.' Such a despair, such a wild confusion I should rather say, came at this moment over the unwilling eaves-dropper, that the reply of Fiennes escaped him. And at this moment the moon quitted the blue and ran into white cloud again.

'To show you'—the two were moving away now in darkness—'that I completely forgive you your conduct, I will present you with the token in public. Three days from this time, at our private archery meeting, you shall obtain the triumph which I think you deserve. Now, take me back; I don't want to miss the "Night Bell," and I think you galop even better than you waltz. Besides,' ended Lillas, with a laugh that rang lightly out in the silence, between the sleeping flowers and the trembling stars, 'I would not miss the exhibition of Mr. Adams and Dorothy in that dance for the world.'

As they disappeared, passing under the projection caused by a portico, the death-blow was given to Vane, who, perforce, had remained in his recess, by the gentle sound of a kiss, and into such wretchedness was he plunged that, though humorous enough by disposition, he was too dull to be struck by the absurdity of the next spectacle which presented itself in the verandah. This was that of two persons, or, at first, of one, who,

being of very large size, and of the female sex, ample as to her skirts, concealed the other, a gentleman of small dimensions.

'You are a little darling,' said Lillias' cousin, who was as affectionate as she was huge.

'I am an attractive man,' replied the diminutive Algernon, with some dignity. 'How fortunate that I had not forced matters with Lillias Lee before seeing you. I should have won her affections, and have been in honour engaged to her.'

'Poor little pet,' said the lady, lovingly, and involving him in a furbelow.

Algernon rose to the caress, standing tip-toe on his high-heeled boots.

'How I long for the next galop!' she said.

'It was not so much in the crowded saloon that Romeo breathed his passion, but in the stillness of the night beneath the moonlit balcony,' returned the enamoured Algernon, evasively. He was fool enough to prefer to Lillias this elephantine charmer of six-and-thirty; but he had a grain or two of sense left, and he objected to be whirled round, giddy and ridiculous, as a small body is whirled by the force of attraction in the vortex of a revolving large one.

'But I must leave you like a flighty young thing as I am,' said the lady, shaking at him her somewhat mature tresses; 'you can have a cigar, naughty man, if you like; but do not forget our galop.' She stooped, and a second kiss reached Vaughton's ear through the stillness. It was only for a moment that Algernon stood alone. Forthwith he was joined by the hitherto-concealed spectator of these dissimilar *tête-à-tête*. Mr. Adams, however, was not disconcerted, but rather exultant at his flirtation having been observed.

'I was tired of lying perdu,' said Vaughton; 'let us have a cigar together.'

'Certainly,' replied Algernon; 'there's the Lancers yet before the galop, which latter I must on no account miss. Confound it! you overheard us, of course—a splendid woman is Miss Lee's cousin.'

'She seems desperately attached to you,' said Vaughton.

'So would Lillias have been if I had chosen her,' returned Algernon. 'Fonder even than she seems to be of Fitz Fiennes.'

'If,' thought the latter bitterly, 'she is blind enough to take a man like Fiennes, your idea, you little fool, is not after all so ridiculously impossible, and, ah me! I would sooner trust her to you than to him.'

The billiard-room at Monyash Park has a bay window from which a spectator who finds the play monotonous may refresh himself by a not unpleasant contrast.

He may throw up the window-sash, and thrusting his brows into the cool breeze, cease to hear the click of the balls in the contemplation of the scene before him.

Fairly below those hill-crowning gables, the river's far blue reaches are unwound, with slopes, shining up in the sun beyond them, made hills by the distance of the horizon. Pleasantly are scattered, nearer, the hundred roofs of the village, glimpsing between rosy hedges and plantations of tender-green firs.

There comes a touch of melancholy to sweeten, perhaps, the calm delight into which, gazing on the wide scene, you lose yourself; for the eye, coming home from its wandering over the landscape, and fraught with peace, like the dove of old, rests on a broad grey church-tower which rises amid its great yew-trees and gravestones, within less distance from the house than the flight of the arrows that all the morning have been gaily hurtling round it.

To none, however, of the young men who, upon a cessation of archery practice on the lawn, had lounged into the billiard-room this shining scene of summer seemed attractive. Their attention was otherwise absorbed; for Major Fitz Fiennes had challenged any one to a game of billiards, and Algernon Adams, being too much engrossed in dreams of his Dorothy, the challenge had been taken up by Vane Vaughton.

Differing in style, in force the

two competitors seemed equally matched. The Major's game was open and somewhat 'flashy,' his opponent's quiet. But the latter, nevertheless, though generally a nervous player, seemed confident on this occasion, and contrived, always, to be on such terms as would make him dangerous, should any opening present itself. At last, the Rev. Mr. Piefinch, who was giving respectability to the contest by marking, called forty-eight all, and the balls being left for the Major with an obvious-losing hazard, an offer from Buller to lay five to one met with no answer. But the Major missed his stroke, and his opponent, following by a brilliant and unexpected all-round cannon, won the game. Hereat a slight smile lengthened the fair lips of a young lady who, unobserved by the absorbed combatants, was standing in the doorway. But Fitz Fiennes, glancing round, as, with some emphasis, he laid down his cue, saw Lillias as she stood, with the smile still on her face; and instantly, forgetting his vexation, wreathed his own with its fellow.

For the hour of his triumph, he knew, was come. He had achieved the most brilliant of his many exploits, and this cold and haughty Dian had just laid her bow and quiver aside to come and give him gracious proof of it, and that, too, publicly, among the flower of the youth of envious Barkfordshire. Even now her small fingers, as she stood, were dallying with the chain of the miniature. The Major was vain enough, and had emulated the sieve to which his rival, Algernon, has been compared, in spreading abroad his expected triumph.

'You see, Major Fitz Fiennes, I am true to my promise,' and Lillias bent her eyes down to her chain. Lifting them again, she looked round upon the wondering young men.

'Will you follow me, all?' she said; 'I will not lead you far.' And she turned with something more proud, even, than usual, in her light step—a statelier maid Marian in her archer's green garb.

Down a long dark corridor and ample staircase the young men

followed that fair leader, Major Fitz Fiennes at their head. There was something almost solemn in the proceeding, while, in the half-light, the ancestral portraits of the Lees gazed down upon the beautiful descendant who swept under them.

Vane Vaughton, however, laughed once almost loudly. Indeed, this young gentleman seemed to have quite forgotten his melancholy, and had not been satirical once that morning.

And he laughed when Algernon, who was walking beside him, observing his Dorothy in the distance, whose curiosity had led her to take a stealthy view of the procession, laid his small hand upon his equally small expanse of white waistcoat, and wafted towards that 'ton of woman,' a sentimental sigh.

Out they went beneath the pointed roof of the porch into the open air; Lillias waving back the Major as he came up to her side, and showing, as she turned, her face with its brightest bloom upon it in the full summer sunshine.

Everything, indeed, was bright around—the thousand roses that flushed the lawn, where they flung their scents out in the summer air, and all the expanse that stretched away far below, of wood, and vale and upland, with the glittering roofs of the village, the bright blue lines of the river, and, a league away on the hazy horizon line, the flash from the far-off spires. Yet nothing but its toxophilite costume made the procession in keeping with the scene. It seemed almost funereal, as it passed from the roses in the lawn through a lychgate opening upon the churchyard which has above been mentioned.

Still Lillias led them on till they were in the midst of the many graves which were gathered round the great graveyard yew. And there she paused. There seemed little inclination now among her train to the gay converse of the morning's archery. Poor little Adams, in his bewilderment of soul, seemed to have forgotten even his involving Dorothy, and looked, indeed, as if he felt a great disposition to cry. Piefinch appeared very uncomfort-

able, as a clergyman, brought into contact with anything professional on a festal occasion usually does. Bodger's sulky face became sulkier, as it used to do when he saw a boat behind his own coming up for a bump; and the Major, for the second time in this story, and the second time, perhaps, in his life, twirled his moustache without *insouciance*. Suddenly Liliass paused, and turning with her head held high, said in a low clear voice, 'I fulfil my promise;' and taking from her neck the gold chain to which the miniature was attached, handed the latter to Fitz Fiennes. The Major had by this time recovered his easy air. He was amused, even at the strange humour of the whimsical girl; which had broken out, also, in the reserve which she had insisted in maintaining between the times of her promise of public acknowledgment and her fulfilment. So it was in quite a debonaire fashion that he opened the locket over which she who gave it had more than once been seen to weep—whence the portrait had been supposed to be that of young De Lyle, lying ill in Italy. But it was no valetudinarian's pale face that he looked on—though it might have been paler, ghostlike even—judging from his discomposure at the first glance.

Had any one looked over his shoulder, however, he would have seen nothing to excite that which was not pleasurable. What horror could there be in so bright a stream of tresses, golden as ever was rolled in the sun—in so blue a heaven of eyes, that rain, you fancied, could never have been wept from it, and in sunset-red lips from which, almost, you heard the light laughter ring?

'I perform my promise,' repeated Liliass, quite calmly—her slight nervousness had passed from her. 'If, Major Fitz Fiennes, you will take the trouble to read the inscription upon this gravestone—it is very short'—and she pointed—'you will guess, perhaps, the reason of my giving you the promise which I have just performed, and also why I do perform it.'

All eyes followed her gesture,

and read beneath the simple carving of a broken flower—

ALICE THORPE,

ÆT. 22,

JAN. 18—.

'She was my half-sister, gentlemen,' said Liliass, after a pause, turning to them. 'It was when she resembled her portrait that Major Fitz Fiennes first met her. I dare say her name is familiar to you. Probably he has often boasted about her in billiard-rooms and such places,' said the indignant girl, 'as he boasted about me. She was very pretty, but she was poor, and she lies here. Her last gift to me was the miniature which Major Fitz Fiennes holds in his hand. Look! his face is white; as white almost as hers when she gave it me. She asked me to present him with it if ever I should meet him—hoping, she said, that, thinking of her love and her forgiveness, he might be benefited.'

'But I,' went on Liliass, with a curl of the short lip, 'I determined—and I have carried out my determination—to punish as well as to remind.'

Perhaps, as he glanced from the bright face of the portrait to the letters on the simple gravestone, and thought that the poor fragments of mouldering clay that he was standing over had been but a few years ago fair, blooming flesh and blood, clinging fondly to him, and that the change was one of his causing—perhaps Fitz Fiennes felt humbled and repentant. Perhaps from the group around him in that yew-shaded little graveyard, from the laughter that was sent athwart it ever and anon of the not far-distant unconscious shooters, his soul was softly and sadly drawn by memory to a day that had long been dead—to a sweeter sunshine than that afternoon's full glory—to the murmur of a lip from which he had stolen the red, and the timid clasp of arms whose fair pearl now the vile worms were marring.

But at the last words of Liliass, his front grew bold again, and his bad heart was hardened. 'So my

last game at billiards was emblematic,' he said; 'perhaps'—and he glanced at Vane Vaughton—'fully so.'

▶ 'Yes,' said Vane, quietly, and moving to the side of Lilius. 'This morning, Major Fitz Fiennes, I forestalled you. I was apprehensive, on Miss Lee's account, of your lady-killing powers.'

'I think I may presume,' said Fitz Fiennes insolently, 'that this morning's post brought news of the hopeless condition of Lord De Lyle.'

'This morning, on the contrary,' returned Vane, 'made his condition one of the hopefulest on earth. I—Lilius dear, forgive my abruptness, and your lord lover's disguise—I am Lord De Lyle.'

The flush that coloured the lily that had held her high head so

haughtily up to the present moment made her rival almost in bloom the portrait of the dead girl who lay mouldering under their feet.

'I borrowed a friend's name who has been all his life abroad,' said De Lyle, 'and came over a month ago. I wanted a wife, not a viscountess. I wonder, Lilius dear, you did not notice a likeness between my letters and my conversation.'

De Lyle had somehow made a discovery before his proposal. It must have been imparted to him by the confiding Algernon, that *both* the kisses which he overheard on the night of the ball were reciprocated between that happy but ridiculous pair the present Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Adams.

ARANEUS.



THE OPERATIONS OF LAWRENCE REEVE.

A Tale of Money-making on the Stock Exchange.

CHAPTER I.

NOBODY WILL LOOK AT CONSOLS.

IF romance alone were interesting, it is certain there would be little chance of this story finding readers. But it happens that in this matter-of-fact planet, where we at present find ourselves, we are bound every day to give very serious heed to matters that are not in the slightest degree romantic, and to concern ourselves very closely with most prosaic affairs. As commonplace people, living in a commonplace way, we find ourselves chiefly thinking commonplace thoughts, troubled with commonplace cares, and thrilled with commonplace pleasures. It is for such people therefore that the writer, thoroughly commonplace himself, as he well knows, now begins to write. If the reader reads another line, he admits, by so doing, that he is commonplace himself.

This, in fact, is to be a very sordid story, filled full of sordid cares and sordid pleasures. It is to have no hero in it, for the action is not heroic. It is to have no love in it (*nisi accleratus amor habendi*); for the un-heroic man, who is its subject, is married long before the tale begins, and the beginning of marriage is, as all novelists are agreed, the end of love. It is to have no hairbreadth 'scapes nor moving accidents—no murder, no suicide, no forgery, no quadrigamy, trigamy, or even bigamy. We are afraid we must even add there is to be no villain in it, at least no one worth calling a villain, and that we can give hardly a perceptible spice of envy, hatred, malice, or any uncharitableness; for the truth is that he of whom we write cared for none of these things.

In Lawrence Reeve we do unfeignedly believe the milk of human kindness was as little soured as in any man living. But even sugar itself is well known to contain always some slight acidity latent.

When therefore he, on stepping into his morning omnibus, thinking ruefully of sundry bills which that day's post had brought him, with the senders' compliments, was greeted noisily by his city friend Tom Edwards with the inquiry if he did not think that he, Edwards, had somebody's own luck; and when Edwards explained that his reason for making the inquiry was that he saw by that morning's paper (which he held up in high glee) he had just had two more of his Turkish bonds drawn for redemption at par, and would by-and-by have the pleasure of stepping down to the Bank and receiving two hundred pounds for what had cost him a bare hundred and twenty;—when Reeve heard this, we say, he may be excused if he could not help heaving a gentle sigh; if he congratulated his fortunate friend with a lukewarmness almost approaching to sulkiness; and had to check himself in a rising wish to recommend Tom Edwards to betake himself forthwith to that patron whose luck he thought was his.

It has indeed been said cynically that there is nothing we are so slow to forgive as success. If our good friend fails to make his way in the world we smile down upon him very graciously, and may even go so far as to treat him to a ride in our own carriage. But let him only make headway enough to distance us by ever so little—let there seem to be any prospect of his being presently in a position to give us a lift in his carriage—we straightway resent his success as a personal injury. We will hope, for the credit of our common humanity, that this is put too strongly, and needs qualification; but probably there are few things more aggravating, even to the least envious of us, than to see some one, palpably second to us both in application, ability, and prudence, pros-

pering a good deal better than we ourselves. And if to this be added the fact that this second-rate fellow is single, while we ourselves have a wife and family to provide for, our feelings, not unnaturally, are wounded in the quick still more acutely.

Now this, unfortunately, was exactly the position of Lawrence Reeve. No man, as we explained, was naturally less envious; but he could not help feeling a little sore at hearing, as he did, not once nor twice, but week after week, and month after month, with a wearisome iteration, of the way in which Fortune shed her favours on Tom Edwards; for it was well known that you could hardly, in a walk from Temple Bar to Whitechapel, meet a more imprudent, reckless fellow than Tom. How he managed to keep his place with Swankey and Nephew was a puzzle, unless you accepted the usual interpretation, that that firm, being itself more fast than firm, rather inclined to be represented by a fast man, and paid their managing clerk rather for his skill at billiards and his reputed good judgment in horseflesh than for his knowledge of the grocery trade. Be this as it may, he flourished like the green bay-tree; and Lawrence Reeve looking on, and seeing that whatever Tom put his hands to prospered, could not help feeling some little irritation, not considering the end predicted for those who are likened to trees of that particular species.

Reeve himself was a man as different from Edwards as Dowson Brothers were from Swankey and Nephew. Many people said they had no doubt he was really a partner with Dowson Brothers instead of being, as he was styled, merely chief clerk. But those who knew Walker Dowson laughed, and said they knew well enough that his business was too good, and he himself too shrewd, to allow of any one coming in as partner as long as he could keep them out. And, unfortunately for Lawrence Reeve, the laughers were right. He was not a partner; he was, as he was called, only the chief clerk. Dowson gave him four

hundred a year, and confessed that he was cheap at the money; confessed, indeed, to himself, that he could have got no one else to do as well for him as Reeve did at double the price. At the same time Reeve was by no means a discontented man, or prone to think himself hardly used. He had, at any rate, all the power of a partner if he had not quite all the profits. He had been chief clerk now for ten years and upwards, until he had come to be as well known in Mincing Lane and through all the City as old Dowson himself, and quite as much, or perhaps a little more, respected. (There is but one Dowson, of course, the elder brother being dead these seventeen years.) His word, in fact, was taken for Dowson's word. What he agreed to Dowson never failed to carry out, and what he approved Dowson never discountenanced. Besides, all wealth is of course comparative, and the clever fellow who has lived for years on two hundred a year finds himself rich on four hundred; while the noodle who has once had five hundred finds himself awfully pinched on four hundred and fifty. And Lawrence Reeve could remember the time when he had lived, not on two hundred, but on that sum abbreviated of one of its ciphers. He remembered the time, thirty years ago, when he first went to Dowson's as office-boy at seven shillings and sixpence a week. At least he knew, from the sheer fact of his being himself and not another person, that there once had been such a time, though, perhaps, to say that he remembered it was to say too much; for often when he looked back through the dim vista of the years that were gone, his memories seemed rather dreams than recollections. He had, as it were, to pause in his thoughts and ask himself, Am I really that Larry who ran at everybody's call and was cuffed at everybody's pleasure? Has the old master, Palmer Dowson, really been dead all these years? Is the present master, with his cautious, plodding ways, really the Walker Dowson of whom so much evil and so little good was then predicted? Is the present business

really the growth of that little retail trade? Does my good old mother, where she is, still know of and care for earthly things? Does she see through the roof and walls of Dowson's outer office, notice the clatter of stools, and the sudden hush, and the swift scraping of pens, when the door opens, and say, 'That is my Larry walking through into his own private office; that is my Larry whom I died blessing, whom I died praying for;—happy that he who had none to help him had at least seven and sixpence a week, and didn't care for pastry; and he has been a steady lad, and now he has four hundred a year, and a wife and two girls and a boy, and a good house and a piano, and a stereoscope, and a lot of beautiful views; and there he is, walking through into his own private office?' These and many more such questions did Lawrence Reeve ask and answer in his own mind often as he sat and looked back into his past, and thanked the Lord for the measure of prosperity that had been given him.

But a growing family implies growing wants, and only those who have grown-up girls know what a luxurious growth of wants may safely be counted on as their attendants. Reeve had been a cautious man, and a careful, and, with long-continued prudence and self-denial, had managed to save two thousand pounds. It brought him in a little less than seventy pounds a year, he having bought his Consols, on the average, at ninety or thereabouts. With this interest-money and his salary, he, for his own part, could have rested quietly content, and still thought himself rich. But there were times when he did undoubtedly long for more, not for himself, but for his own. Such longings, too, not unnaturally, were most irrepresible at those times of the year when bills are delivered,—which coincide with those times when dividends are paid. And when Edwards, who rode down with him in the 'bus every morning, mentioned, as he generally did at dividend time, that he had just sent in his coupons and got his interest on his Turkish bonds, Reeve, at such times, was

compelled to think that the 'elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents.' had been somewhat overpraised.

Not that he would have ever consented to shape his own course of conduct, in general matters, by that of Tom Edwards, any more than he would have shaped the policy of Dowson Brothers by the policy of Swankey and Nephew (for whom he had, speaking from a business point of view, the most absolute contempt); but in this matter it was palpable that Edwards had the advantage. Four years ago he had invested a legacy that came to him, of twelve hundred pounds, in Turkish bonds at sixty. Twenty of them had he got for his money, each bringing him in six pounds per annum, and the interest had been paid with the regularity of the Bank of England. So that his twelve hundred had brought him in, from the first, a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, while Reeves' two thousand, as we said, yielded something short of seventy. Nay, further, Turkish bonds had gone up in these four years, and what Edwards bought at sixty he could any day sell at seventy. Lastly, during the time he had held them, already no fewer than six of his bonds had been drawn for redemption at par. He had been paid six hundred pounds for what had cost him three hundred and sixty, and had at once invested the money in new bonds, at the market price of the day. The end of it all was that he now held twenty-four bonds, which brought him in a hundred and forty-four pounds a year, and that he could, if he liked, realise, by the sale of them, about seventeen hundred. He was loud, however, in declaring that he had no intention of realising, but meant to hold them and live long enough to see them all drawn for payment at par. And now, this morning, there actually were other two of them drawn!

Can we wonder that, from this time, Reeve began to ponder, seriously, in what way he could best increase the income he derived from his two thousand pounds? Shall we call him avaricious or discontented because he thought of it as he sat at

his desk, because he thought of it as he rode home,—because he thought of it when Mrs. Reeve believed him to be fast asleep,—because he filled his nightcap with interminable calculations, and went to sleep while working out a sum which was to tell him how much two thousand pounds would grow to if invested for ten years at fifteen per cent. compound interest? Nor did he succeed in putting away all thoughts with his nightcap. He went on mentally doing his little sums and rubbing them out again, by daylight, too. Turkish bonds were at seventy, and to get six pounds a year for seventy was certainly a good deal better than to get three pounds a year for ninety. But then all he knew about the Ottoman Empire was pretty nearly comprised in the fact that it was governed by a sultan who called himself a Sublime Porte, and whom he suspected must be in reality a Sublime Bankrupt, if not, indeed, a Sublime Humbug. Then, too, there was another fatal objection to Turkish bonds. If he bought them he would seem to be not only following too closely the lead of Edwards, but he would have to buy at seventy what Edwards bought at sixty, and this would always be an irritating thing to think about. So he decided against the Sublime Porte, and, to strengthen himself in his decision, lent a ready ear to all animadversions on things Turkish, and shook his head ominously at any mention of the Ottoman Empire.

Why should he not buy Venezuelas? Venezuelas, he saw from the paper, had just been 'done' at forty-two; and he set to work to calculate how much would be brought in per annum by two thousand pounds invested in the bonds of this republic, bearing interest at six pounds each and bought at forty-two. He made it out that instead of a meagre seventy pounds derived from Consols, he might thus get at least two hundred and eighty pounds a year. Unfortunately, however, when he began to study the condition of Venezuela and the Colombian republics—whether it was that he had a bad memory for foreign names or whatever might be

the cause—he soon found himself fairly lost; and entirely failed to make out how the last revolution ended. He thought that it was General Pedro de Dulcamar who had, at latest advices, succeeded in dispersing the hordes of San Quetaro and assumed the supreme power. But how soon General Pedro's own army might become a mere horde, and General Pedro be himself dispersed, was doubtful. To be sure, the customs' revenue was offered as security at present; but who was to guarantee the guarantor? Money, over and above enough, was, he saw from the official documents, 'hypothecated for the benefit of the bondholders,'—and hypothecated certainly was a most seductive word; but then, again, the necessities of the citizen charged with the presidency of the republic were known to be always very urgent, and his tenure of office being so extremely uncertain, it seemed not at all unlikely that the bondholders would only enjoy this money hypothetically, while that citizen disbursed it practically nearer home. All things considered, he had to give up the idea of investing his two thousand pounds in this way at fourteen per cent., and decided that he must leave the Venezuelan Republic, as he had already left the Ottoman Empire, to its own devices.

During that day it would be hard to say how many different schemes he weighed in the balance of his own mind, only to find them all wanting. At the last, he decided that when he left his office he would betake himself to the rooms of one of the established doctors of finance who make the wants of 'the investing classes' their especial care, and there have his doubts resolved. And as he was on speaking terms with Mr. Abraham Harper, and as no more respectable stockbrokers exist than Harper and Morris, it was to their place, in Threadneedle Passage, that he addressed his steps. Resplendent he found their offices in brass and plate glass and polished mahogany, and the baldest and cleanest of clerks. It was clear that however Messrs. Harper and Morris's clients fared, the firm itself had good

pickings. Mr. Harper was himself within, and glad to see Mr. Reeve. What could he do for Mr. Reeve? 'What could he suggest as a desirable investment just now?' Well, that was rather a wide question. Mr. Reeve would excuse him. His firm made it a rule never to give advice. They gave prospectuses. They took orders and executed them. But they found it more satisfactory always to leave their clients to exercise their own judgment as to when they should buy and when they should sell,—what they should purchase and what they should leave alone. He might say, however, that banks were decidedly looking up;—that finance companies were remarkably lively;—that some of the new joint-stock trading and manufacturing companies (limited) were promising;—that railways were for the most part somewhat depressed, and nobody could be got to look at Consols. But Mr. Reeve had better take this week's number of 'The Capitalist, and Investor's Manual,' and a few of the newest prospectuses, and look them over at home. By the way, what a shocking affair that was on the East Shropshire. It was to be hoped they would bring in the directors guilty of manslaughter. He thought it was likely for more rain, and he wished Mr. Reeve a very good evening.

Prospectuses were lying in tall piles all along the counter. One of the clean bald-headed clerks made an assortment of about a dozen of them, one from each pile, and put them up along with the 'Manual' and that day's share list. And so provided, Mr. Lawrence Reeve bowed himself out and wended his way back to Hammersmith.

CHAPTER II.

LARGE PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS.

Lawrence Reeve was not a reading man, and generally, it is to be confessed, turned with more interest to the City Article of 'The Times' than to the newest number of Dickens or Trollope which might happen to have found its way to his

table. Mrs. Reeve, always busy, and to-night busier than usual in some elaborate mystery of needlework, was somewhat surprised, therefore, when at last she noticed that it was not his usual evening-paper that absorbed her husband's attention, but that he was poring over certain printed documents, remarkably uniform in appearance, each headed 'Prospectus,' and each having appended a 'Form of Application for Shares.' We, of course, who have just been with him to the brokers, and know from what respectable quarter he had those documents, have our own opinion of their value. But it soon became clear that Mrs. Reeve, without waiting for any special information, put but a low estimate on literature of this description.

'The London Bank of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, Limited,' she said, reading aloud. 'Why, what in the name of Mincing Lane is this, Lawrence?'

Reeve was intent on one of the other prospectuses, and did not reply just then; so she read on:—

'The inconvenience which has long been felt from the want of proper banking facilities in Patagonia and Terra del Fuego having of late years increased to a very serious extent, the Directors of the London Bank of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, Limited, have much pleasure in announcing that they have at last succeeded in obtaining an exclusive concession from the responsible government of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, under which they will be able, without delay, to organize suitable establishments to meet the wants of the merchants and others in the principal seats of commerce in the above extensive and comparatively undeveloped countries. The Directors are not at present in a position to announce the precise terms of this concession, or to set forth in detail the valuable privileges which accompany it. But, to enable themselves to justify the flattering marks of preference which have been shown in their favour, they propose to start the new undertaking on the basis of a capital of one million, to be raised

by the issue of a hundred thousand shares of ten pounds each, upwards of fifty thousand of which have already been subscribed by the Directors and their friends in this country and Patagonia. The remainder are now, for a limited time, offered at par to the public,' etc., etc., etc.

'And pray what do you think of doing with this, Lawrence?' asked Mrs. Reeve.

'I think of asking you to put it in the fire, my dear,' he said; for Reeve himself had only a poor opinion of the banking capacities of Patagonia.

'Decidedly the best place for it,' was the answer. 'And what about the others?'

'The others will, some of them, need a little more consideration.'

'Is the "Ghurtnakorra and Middle Amlwch Gold Mining and Slate Company, North Wales, Limited," one of those which will need a little more consideration?'

'I think not, Carry. I am content to see the Gold of North Wales deposited with the Bank of Patagonia.'

'The Patent Crane, Windlass, and Corkscrew Company,' followed the Gold Mines; and the 'Niagara Waterworks' followed the 'Corkscrews.' But there were still two prospectuses on which Reeve was inclined to bestow more serious thought. One of the two happened to be that of the 'European and General Finance Corporation,' which undertaking was being launched just at that time. Every one knows what a tower of strength were its directorate, and how eminently respectable were all its auspices. Every one remembers the furore there was for its shares, and the remarkable excess of applications over and above the number to be allotted. Reeve resolved in his own mind that he would apply for some of those shares; and, having made this first resolution, he made a second one, that he would keep the first to himself; for he suspected that his wife, if told of it, would set her face against it. He put away his prospectuses, therefore, and made believe to be interesting himself as usual in his newspaper. But

his thoughts were less easily confined than his eyes, and, as he sat intent, he settled how much of his stock he would sell out from Consols. He would realise to the extent of a thousand pounds—the half of what he held. And he would do this at once; for the applications for Finance shares must be made within two days. Then he would apply for two hundred of them, the deposit of one pound per share on which, with the four pounds per share on allotment, would just absorb the thousand. He would call on —; but his reverie was interrupted by Mrs. Reeve.

'Wouldn't you find it easier to read the paper the other way up, Lawrence?' she asked.

And Lawrence, the impostor, pretended to rub his eyes, and tried to get up a yawn, and failed (did anybody ever yet succeed in yawning at will?), and said he thought he would go to bed early, being unusually sleepy; none of which shams in any way blinded that good lady, his wife, (who, with true woman's instinct, knew that he had been thinking of those prospectuses, and wished no one to share his thoughts. And so the evening passed away, and the morning came.

Mr. Harper would be most happy to sell out a thousand of Consols, and apply for two hundred Finance shares. He would have been equally happy, no doubt, although he did not say so, to apply for 'Patagonian Banks,' or 'Patent Corkscrews.' For all is grist that comes to the broker's mill, and his commission is sure, let the venture turn out well or ill. He thought Mr. Reeve was exercising a wise discretion. These were not days for letting money lie idle in the Consols, when the new undertakings were all bringing in such handsome returns. To Mr. Harper it seemed clear that we were on the threshold of a new era in monetary affairs, and that the time was close at hand when government must raise the rate of interest payable on the stocks, or there would be a universal rush to sell out. A new Act of Parliament would be necessary to authorize the transfer of trust-moneys to more remunerative in-

vestments; of this, and of much more, Mr. Harper was quite satisfied. Above all, he was satisfied that Mr. Reeve was doing a very judicious thing. His firm, as he had said, abstained from giving advice. But this did not debar them from expressing their approval when their clients happened to take just the course they would have recommended, had they been free to recommend at all.

Lawrence Reeve himself, to speak truth, was not quite so satisfied of his own discretion as Mr. Harper was, and needed all that gentleman's smooth speeches to fortify him in his resolution. As he walked on to his office after giving his orders, he was not without many fears and misgivings. He hoped that all would be well, but he was not blind to the risk. He felt that he was not quite so cool over his work that day as usual. He turned next morning with nervous impatience to the newspaper. 'Consols sold yesterday at 89½.' And 'No'—this could not be—'European and General Finance Corporation shares, three to four premium.' How could shares be at a premium before they were allotted? The allotment could not be made till nearly another week had passed. How could any one sell the shares he had not got? In this way Reeve argued the matter in his own mind, and came to the conclusion that this paragraph was a printer's error. But next day, to his amazement, it was there again, a little altered. 'European and General Finance shares, four to six premium.' And so from day to day, till within a week of the date of his sending in his application, they stood quoted at nine to ten premium. Then he understood, or thought he understood what it meant. It had become generally known, he inferred, that the number of applications was very greatly in excess of the number of shares to be allotted, and so the public, in despair of getting their applications attended to, were bidding against each other for the possession of such shares as had already been promised by the directors. In no other way could he explain it. For he was as yet

inexperienced, and did not understand that there are more shares sold every day by people who do not possess them than by people who do. This was as yet all a great mystery to him, into which he was in due time to become initiated.

That night, by the merest chance, who should step into the omnibus after Reeve, but Harper and Morris' managing clerk, Woodhead. Reeve naturally began to talk to him on the matter which was uppermost in his thoughts.

'How about those European and General Finance shares?' he asked. 'What is the meaning of their being already quoted at such a premium? Had they been all allotted, do you think, before my application went in?'

Woodhead laughed. 'Oh, no,' he said. 'They're being bulled, that's all; they'll be beared next.'

Reeve, having not the faintest idea what this meant, tried to look his wisest, and asked, 'What will be the effect of that, do you suppose?'

'Oh, then they'll go down again, of course, with a run. I would sell now, if I were you.' (Harper and Morris might decline to give advice; but their clerks gave it very freely—indeed, without waiting to be asked.)

'Sell? but I have got none to sell till the allotment is made—perhaps not then.'

'Try it on,' said Woodhead. 'How many did you ask for?'

'Two hundred.'

'Sell one hundred; you are sure to get them; but if you wait for your allotment letter you will be too late. The bears will be down upon you as soon as ever they are allotted.'

'And if it should happen that I don't get a hundred after I have sold them, what then?'

'Oh, then you buy to make up the deficiency.'

And so they parted, Reeve going home and pondering what was to him an entirely new aspect of affairs. To do him justice, he had not embarked in this business in the spirit of a speculator; much less was he what is known on 'Change as 'a premium jumper.' He had thought,

after making a liberal discount of the promises in the Finance Company's prospectus, that it was really a concern that bade fair to be stable and secure, and to pay him a good annual dividend on his money. But the prospect of realising so large an immediate profit in the shape of premium on his shares was one he had never counted on, and one which, now it did seem to be within his reach, he could not allow to escape him. He was not so sanguine as Woodhead. He did not think it would be safe to sell a hundred shares, but in the morning he did actually call at Harper's and order them to sell fifty on his account; and in the afternoon he called again, and got a sale note which showed him they were actually sold at ten pounds per share premium.

Still he was by no means elated that night, for he did not know that he had anything to be elated about. He had a terrible dream that he had got, instead of an allotment, a 'letter of regret'; that the shares had gone to twenty premium; that he had had to buy at this price to enable himself to deliver what he had sold, and that he was thus five hundred pounds out of pocket. It proved but a dream, but it was sufficient to make him reflect that he had at any rate committed himself to a possible loss of this extent, or more, and his hand fairly trembled with excitement when he broke the seal of a letter at his office, which he saw from the envelope was from the head-quarters of the new company. It informed him that the directors had allotted to him, in accordance with the terms of his application, fifty shares—the precise number which he had already sold. Even yet, however, he hesitated to believe that he really had in this easy way, and in this short time,

cleared five hundred pounds as' a net profit on his deposit of two hundred. There were a score of events which might happen, any one of which would prevent him from ever touching the money he had gained. The man who had bought the shares might abscond, or become bankrupt, or repudiate his bargain. At any rate, he would say nothing of the matter to his wife until he had actually got his winnings in hand. Such was the resolution he made and adhered to.

With no little anxiety and mis-giving he waited on from day to day, until, all Stock Exchange forms being gone through, the transaction was at last brought to a close by the brokers. From beginning to end it had occupied about a month; but it was wound up at last, and on the night that he went home much excited, with upwards of fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket, he read in the paper that the Finance shares, with which he had done so well, had gone down so far that they were now barely saleable at some little discount. He felt therefore, that he had had an escape, and beyond the satisfaction arising from his gains, he enjoyed all that most exquisite pleasure which arises out of the sense of having committed an imprudence from which no harm has come to us.

He went home, we say, with fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket. For while this matter had hung, as it were, in the balance, he had not been able to make up his mind what further investment he should seek for the remainder of the money realised by his Consols. He had thought it best to wait until he saw what he really had; and now he could talk with his wife from much higher vantage ground than he could have taken up a month ago.



A BALL IN THE SQUARE.

(*Written by a Young Lady who is never asked to Dance.*)

OH! how I love a ball,
 When through the lofty hall
 Glide the dames;
 And many stalwart funkeys
 (Like well-instructed monkeys)
 Bellow names.

For then do many Minnies,
 To strains of Coote and Tinney's
 Tread the dance!
 And then do many cornets,
 Like rush of many hornets,
 'Gin to prance.

Then does the house's mistress
 Ubiquitous in distress,
 Follow peers;
 And forlorn muslin maidens
 Do seated hear each cadence—
 Little dears!

Then many hope for offers,
 To learn that men are scoffers
 By-and-by;
 And mothers of Georginas,
 Aramintas, Wilhelminas,
 Sit and fry.

Now, as I muse so placid,
 In the sweet carbonic acid
 'Midst them all;
 The reader must see clearly,
 I glory most sincerely
 In a ball!

A. G. D.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR NATIONAL CARD GAME.

BY CAVENDISH,

AUTHOR OF THE 'LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF WHIST.'

CHAPTER I.

IT is remarkable that our national card game, whist, should be, so to speak, a fluke. This game, second to none as an in-door amusement, has been built out of very simple materials. At first, played only by low sharpers (as we shall presently show), it has become, by successive changes almost the only, card game of civilized life. Little did the card-players of a former era dream of the 'science' that lay hidden in the now obsolete game of 'trump,' since developed into the similar game (as regards its construction) of whist! Little did they imagine that a game, so lowly and so despised, would ere long become the card pastime of those most favoured by birth and intellect!

The very obscurity of the origin of the allied games of triumph or trump, whisk, whisk-and-swabbers, ruff-and-honours, slamm, and whist proper, throws difficulty in the way of chronicling their early history. The records, such as they are, lie scattered here and there; indeed, they exist principally in the form of occasional mentions and allusions, from which, by collating, the patient inquirer may infer somewhat of the nature of the games themselves. Thus, to commence with the game of trump, which is generally allowed to be the oldest card game indigenous to this country, and to which belongs the honour of being the direct ancestor of whist. Trump was played at least as early as the time of Henry VIII. Curiously enough, the first known mention of the game in England occurs in a sermon 'On the Card,' preached by the celebrated Latimer, at St. Edmund's Church, Cambridge, the Sunday before Christmas, 1529. The embryo bishop and martyr thus illustrated his text:—'And whereas you are about to celebrate Christmas in playing at cards, I intend, by God's grace, to deal unto you

Christ's cards, wherein you shall perceive Christ's rule. The game that we shall play at shall be called the *triumph*, which, if it be well played at, he that dealeth shall win; the players shall likewise win; and the standers and lookers upon shall do the same, insomuch that there is no man willing to play at this triumph with these cards, but they shall be all winners and no losers.'

It should be borne in mind that this discourse was delivered in all solemnity and earnestness. That a parallel between a game at cards and the rule of our Lord could be considered to be in good taste, exhibits a bluntness of feeling which contrasts singularly with the more refined habits of thought of the present day.

The game of trump (*la triomphe*) is included by Rabelais in the long list of some two hundred and thirty games that Gargantua played. Of these games, the first portion only is believed to relate to cards. Douce, in his 'Illustrations of Shakespeare,' somewhat hastily concludes, from finding trump in this list, that we derived the game from a French source. But the appearance of 'The History of Gargantua and Pantagruel' was posterior to that of Latimer's sermon. Until the year 1530 Rabelais was a monk. He then threw aside his religious habit, and studied medicine at Montpellier. After spending some time at that school he removed to Lyons, where some books of his famous history first saw the light. The history was finished about 1545; and certainly none of it was published till some years after the date of Latimer's sermon (1529).

Berni, in his 'Capitolo del Gioco della Primera' (chapter on the game of primera), published at Rome in 1526, enumerates several card games, and among them 'trionfi,' which he says was only played by

the peasants. If 'trionfi' is the same game as 'trump,' as seems probable, then the earliest known mention of the game must be allowed to be Italian. In Florio's 'Queen Anna's new World of Words, or Dictionarie of the Italian and English Tongues' (1611), the game is not called 'trionfi,' but 'trionphetto.'

In endeavouring to settle the origin of trump it has hitherto been overlooked that there were two distinct games of trump played in the seventeenth century, and, for aught known to the contrary, in the preceding one. The game of 'trionphe' or trump, described in the 'Academy of Play,' by the Abbé Bellecour, is substantially the same as the game of 'French ruff' described by Cotton in 'The Compleat Gamester; or, Instructions how to play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess, together with all manner of usual and most gentle games, either on cards or dice. 1674.' Now, as all card-players are aware, ruff and trump are convertible terms; so the game called triomphe by the Abbé, may well be translated French ruff. In addition to the game of French ruff, 'The Compleat Gamester,' also treats of 'English ruff-and-honours.' English ruff may be assumed to be a synonym for 'trump,' just as French ruff is for 'trionphe.' The games of English and French ruff were very dissimilar. English ruff was very like whist; while French ruff was a minor game—a sort of mixture of loo and écarté. The fact of their being different seems to us to throw a very clear light on the question of the origin of the game of trump. French ruff or triomphe was probably, as its name implies, of French birth; while, by a parity of reasoning, English ruff or trump was of English origin.

The evidence, then, as we read it, comes to this. Trump was unquestionably played in England early in the sixteenth century. More than this: not only was the game known in this country in the time of Berni and Rabelais, but it was so well and commonly known that Latimer used it for the purpose of familiar illustration; whereas

by the other two writers it is merely included in lists of card games. No inference as to the origin of the game can fairly be drawn from these meagre materials. Thus much, however, may be said in favour of England, that the game of English ruff was certainly different from that of French ruff; that the presumption is that the game of trump was the same as that of English ruff; and that English ruff-and-honours, which was the predecessor of whist, may fairly be taken to have originated in this country. Having got a footing here, whether by birth or adoption, it took a firm hold from which it has never been for a moment displaced, nor is it at present likely to be.

During the latter half of the sixteenth century the game of trump is not unfrequently referred to, more especially in old plays, where one would naturally expect to find mention of such domestic incidents as a friendly game at cards. In 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' a comedy, first printed in 1551, old Dame Chat thus invites some friends to a game at trump—

'What, Diccon? Come nere, ye be no stranger:
We be fast set at trump, man, hard by the
fyre;
Thou shalt set on the king if thou come a
little nyer.
Come hither Dol. Dol, sit down and play this
game,
And as thou sawest me do, see do thou even
the same.
There is five trumps besides the queene, the
hindmost thou shalt find her.
Take heed of Sim Glover's wife, she hath an
eye behind her.'

Sim Glover's wife was doubtless a 'sharp' player, and probably could overlook her adversary's cards on occasion.

In Decker's, or Dekkar's 'Belman of London,' printed about the same time as the last, it is stated that 'Deceits [are] practised even in the fayrest and most civill companies, at primero, sant, maw, trump, and such like games.'

In Eliot's 'Fruits for the French' (1593) trump is called 'a verie common alehouse game;' and Rice, in his 'Invective against Vices' (printed before 1600), mentions 'renouncing the trompe and comming

in againe,' as a common sharper's trick. Even in those days it was not considered the correct thing to revoke on purpose!

It is generally known, by well read people, that the game of whist is not mentioned by Shakespeare, nor by any writer of the Elizabethan period. But it is not so generally known that the game of trump is mentioned by Shakespeare. The game is called by him *triumph*; and from this circumstance, and also from its being introduced as a punning allusion, the passage might be read over and over again without the intention of the writer being noticed, except by those who recognize in the word 'triumph' the old spelling of 'trump.'

In 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Act iv. Scene 12, Antony says—

'My good *knave*, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my *knave*.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto't
A million more, now lost,—ah, Eros, has
Packed cards with Cæsar, and *false* played my
glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.'

Douce, we believe, was the first to point out the real meaning of the passage, and to ridicule Ben Jonson's derivation of the word 'trump' from *tromper*. Douce says, 'One would really suppose that Shakespeare had written this speech just after having lost a game at cards, and before the manner in which it had been played was out of his mind.' Ye who seek to honour the Bard by insisting that he knew everything and did everything, add to your list that he was a 'trump' player, and he would have been a whist player, only in his day the game had not been invented!

There is abundant evidence to show that 'trump' is a corruption of the word 'triumph.' In addition to the instances already adduced, we may quote two others. In Cotgrave's 'French and English Dictionary' (1611), we find '*Triomphe*, the card game called ruffe or trump.' And Seymour, in his 'Court Gamester,' first published about 1720, says, 'The term trump comes

from a corruption of the word triumph; for wherever they are they are attended with conquest.'

By some writers trump is reckoned as of equal antiquity with primero, but there does not appear to be any warrant for this assumption; and popular tradition points decidedly to primero, as the oldest known card game with numeral* cards, such as we now use. The facetious Sir John Harrington, in his punning epigram 'On the Games that have been in Request at the Court,' says—

'The first game was the best, when, free from
crime,
The courtly gamesters all were in their *prime*.'

And Samuel Rogers, availing himself of poetic license, represents the followers of Columbus as playing at primero during their voyage to the West Indies, in 1492—

'Round at Primero sate a whiskered band;'

and he states in a note that primero was the game then in fashion.

The mode of playing at trump is lost. Douce says it was played by two against two, and sometimes by three against three, and that it resembled our modern whist. He however gives no authority for this statement. The Hon. Daines Barrington, in the 'Archæologia' (1717), cautiously says 'it may possibly be supposed that the game of trump was the same as whiak.' Probably it was the same with a difference—that is to say, it was similar. From the passage in 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' already quoted, it would seem that the players set or staked on certain cards—

'Thou shalt set on the King.'

The meaning of the line—

'There is five trumps besides the queene, the
hindmost thou shalt find her,'

is by no means clear. It may perhaps be explained on the assumption that Dol's hand contained five trumps, the queen being sorted behind the others.

It may fairly be assumed that the games of ruff and trump, if not

* For an examination of the vexed question whether Tarocchi or numeral cards were of more ancient origin, see Chatto's 'Facts and Speculations on the History of Playing Cards,' Chap. IV.

identical, were very much alike. In Cotgrave's 'Dictionary,' already quoted, we have 'the card game called ruffe or trump.' Nares, in his 'Glossary,' says that ruff and trump are the same. 'Trump; a game at cards, also called *ruff*.' 'Even now,' he continues, 'to trump and to ruff a card are, in the use of some persons, synonymous.' They are, however, enumerated separately by Taylor the Water-poet (so called because he was apprenticed to a waterman), in speaking of the games at which the prodigal may squander his money. The passage is remarkable also in containing the name of the game of whist; this being the earliest mention of it known to us—

'The prodigall's estate, like to a flux,
The mercer, draper, and the silkman suckes;
The tailor, milllainer, dogs, drabs, and dice,
Trey-trip, or passage, or the most 'nt thrice.
At Irish, tick-tack, doublets, draughts, or
chesse,
He flings his money free with carelesnesse.
At novum, murchance, mischance (chuse ye
which),
At one-and-thirty, or at poor-and-rich,
Ruffe, slam, trump, noddie, whist, hole, sant,
new cut,
Unto the keeping of four knaves he'll put
His whole estate; at loadum, or at gleeke,
At tickle-me-quickly he's a merry greek;
At primfisto, post-and-payre, primero,
Maw, whip-her-ginney, he's a lib'ral hero;
At my-sow-plugged: but (reader, never doubt
ye),
He's skilled in all games, except looke-about-ye.
Bowles, above-groat, tennis, no game comes
amiss,
His purse a nurse for anybody is;
Caroches, coaches, and tobacco-nists,
All sorts of people freely from his fists,
His vaine expenses dally sucke and souke,
And he himself suckes only drinke and smoake.
And thus the prodigall, himself alone
Gives sucke to thousands, and himself suckes
none.'

TAYLOR'S MOTTO, '*Et habeo, et careo, et curo.*' 12mo. 1821.

Whist or whist does not obtain a place in the first edition of Cotton (1674), but it is introduced in the second, published in 1680. From this it seems likely that the game of whist came to the fore about this period. Cotton says, 'Ruff-and-honours (alias *slamm*) and whist are games so commonly known in England, in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years old [!] hath a competent knowledge of that

recreation, and therefore I am unwilling to speak anything more of them than this, that there may be a great deal of art used in dealing [!] and playing at these games, which differ very little one from the other.'

The science of the game was of course very imperfectly understood, or rather was scarcely understood at all at that time. Cotton advises, in playing the cards, so to use your judgment or discretion as to make the best even of a bad market; for 'though you have but mean cards in your own hand, yet you may play them so suitable to those in your partner's hand that he may either trump them or play the best of that suit on the board.' By keeping a 'special eye on what cards are played out, you may know what to play if you lead or how to trump securely and advantageously.'

Ruff-and-honours was played by four persons, two being partners against the others. Each had twelve cards dealt him, four being left undealt. The top card of these four was turned up for trumps. The player who held ace of trumps had the privilege of putting out four cards from his hand and of taking in the four left undealt. The game was nine-up, and honours and tricks reckoned as at long whist. Calling was permitted at the point of eight just as at long whist.

The whist of that day was very much the same as ruff-and-honours, only the deuces were taken out of the pack and consequently there was no stock; the trump was the bottom card, just as now. The game was nine, and tricks and honours counted as at ruff-and-honours. Whist must have been a very strange game (according to present notions) played nine-up and with only forty-eight cards!

It is greatly to be regretted that as yet, ruff-and-honours and whist were principally played by the lower classes. It is not to be wondered at that these games were not played solely on their merits. Cotton devotes several pages to an exposure of different ways of cheating. Players, he says, who can overlook their adversaries' hands, or even get a

'pretty glimpse' of their partners' hands, have a great advantage. By winking or by the fingers they may discover to their partners what honours they hold; and there are several ways of securing an honour at the bottom when dealing. 'Some have a way to slick with a slick-stone all the honours very smooth,' then, 'by laying a forefinger on the top indifferent hard, and giving a slurring jerk, the rest will slip off from the slickt card.' By this means a sharper would avoid cutting an honour to his adversary. Cotton sums up thus, 'It is impossible to show you all the cheats of this game, since your cunning gamester is always studying new inventions to deceive the ignorant.'

From ruff-and-honours we proceed to whisk-and-swabbers. Whisk-and-swabbers is mentioned by Fielding, as having been played by Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great in 1682. Fielding speaks of the game as being then greatly in vogue. Swift, in his 'Fates of Clergymen' (1728), says the clergy 'used to play at whisk-and-swabbers.' Whether whisk-and-swabbers and ruff-and-honours were merely synonyms for one another, as Chatto suggests, or whether there were points of difference between the two games, we are unable to decide.

The etymologies of the terms ruff, swabbers, and even of whisk or whist, have never been satisfactorily made out. Daines Barrington says on this point, that in the beginning of the eighteenth century whisk was 'played with what were called swabbers, which were possibly so termed, because they who had certain cards in their hand were entitled to take up a share of the stake, independent of the general event of the game. The fortunate, therefore, clearing the board of this extraordinary stake, might be compared by seamen to the *swabbers* (or cleaners of the deck), in which sense the term is still used.' We think this conjecture very far-fetched; why should seamen be selected to invent a term in a card game?

Chatto's suggestion, though ingenious, still, we think, leaves the etymology of swabbers unsettled.

He writes, 'as the game of whisk-and-swabbers was nearly the same as the still older one of ruff-and-honours, it would seem that the two former terms were merely the ludicrous synonyms of the latter—introduced perhaps about the time that ruffs were going out of fashion, and when the honours, represented by the court cards, were at a discount. The fact that a game, so interesting in itself, should be slighted, as it was by the higher orders, from the reign of Charles II. to that of George II., would seem to intimate that they were well aware of the ridicule intended to be conveyed by its popular name of whisk-and-swabbers. Looking at the conjunction of these terms, and at their primary meaning (a whisk, a small kind of besom; a swab or swabber, a kind of mop), there can scarcely be a doubt that the former was the original of whist, the name under which the game subsequently obtained an introduction into fashionable society, the swabbers having been deposed and the honours restored. In playing the game, swabbers seem to have signified either the honours, or the points gained through holding them. At the older game of ruff-and-honours, ruff signified a trump. It would appear that when the ruff was called a whisk, in ridicule of the ruff proper, the honours or points gained through them were, in concatenation, accordingly designated swabbers.'

If the word whisk is not derived by substitution for the word ruff, it is a curious coincidence that both of them should signify the same thing, namely, a piece of lawn used as an ornament to the dress. In the 'Annals of Love' (1672), whisk is used in this sense—

'No; you're deceiv'd when you suppose
Your wife will part with whisk or cloaths;'
and in 'Wit and Drollery' (1682)—
'I laced her gown, I planned her whisk.'

In 'Hudibras Redivivus,' (1706), we have—

'In ruffs, and fifty other ways,
Their wrinkled necks were covered o'er
With whisks of lawn, by grannums wore.'

The commonly received opinion that whist means *silence* has, we

think, been taken for granted too hastily. As long ago as 1680, Cotton, in the 'Compleat Gamester,' states that 'the game of whist is so called from the silence that is to be observed in the play.' Seymour, in his edition of the 'Compleat Gamester' (1734), says — 'Whist, vulgarly called whisk. The original denomination of this game is whist, or the silent game at cards.' And again—'Talking is not allowed at whist; the very word implies "hold your tongue."' Dr. Johnson does not say positively that this is the origin, but he adopts the view to the extent of explaining whist to be 'a game at cards, requiring close attention and silence.' Nares, in his 'Glossary,' well remarks that he knows 'the extreme fallaciousness of the science of etymology when based on mere similarity of sound;' nevertheless, under the head of 'Whist, an interjection commanding silence,' he adds, 'That the name of the game of whist is derived from this, is known, I presume, to all who play or do not play.' Taylor, in 1621, calls the game 'whisk;' and hence, it seems, that the original name of the game was whisk and not whist; if so, the whist-silence theory must fall to the ground.

After the first quarter of the eighteenth century, the term swabbers seems to have been dropped altogether: our national card game became known by the name simply of whist, and the points of the game rose from nine to ten. Cotton, in the edition of 1709, says the game is 'nine in all;' in that of 1721 he says 'ten in all;' but in 1725 he goes back to nine again. Shortly after this Cotton's treatise was incorporated with that of Seymour, and 'rectified according to the present standard of play.' In Seymour's edition of 1734, and in all subsequent editions, the game is said to be ten-up. And it appears likely that simultaneously with the change from nine to ten, the practice of playing with the entire pack, instead of with but forty-eight cards, obtained. It was about this time (1728) that the first Lord Folkestone and his party used to play whist

scientiæ causâ, at the Crown Coffee-house, in Bedford Row (see 'Whist,' in 'London Society' for January, 1865). This is the first mention we have of whist being played scientifically. It must be recollected that in those days Bedford Row was an aristocratic neighbourhood; and that the coffee-houses were in many respects equivalent to our present clubs. Lord Folkestone's party may therefore be taken to represent the club-players of that epoch; and long whist may be said now to have become fashionable. It is very interesting to watch the gradual rise of the game from the ale-house and the servant's-hall to the drawing-rooms of country squires and parsons, and thence to town, to the clubs and to the houses of the great. For further details on these heads, we refer our readers to 'London Society' for January 1865. We now pass on to the life and writings of the celebrated Edmond Hoyle.

But little is known of the particulars of the life of Edmond Hoyle. He was born in the year 1672, it is said in the neighbourhood of Halifax, Yorkshire, though we have no clear proof of this. The Yorkshire Hoyles came from Flanders or Brabant, and acquired estates near Halifax, *temp.* Edward III. Branches of the family still continue to rank as gentry in the locality. At the time of Edmond's birth the family was possessed of extensive estates at Ripponden.

It is said that Edmond Hoyle was educated as a barrister, and the invariable addition of 'Gent.' to his name on the title-page of his works indicates that such was the case. His early life was probably passed in the usual quiet manner that characterises the days of the upper-middle class in this country. He became famous only when he avowed the authorship of his 'Short Treatise.' The treatise was first published anonymously, at Bath, whence it is probable that Hoyle resided in, or, at all events, frequented that city. Bath was then the winter resort of all the rank and fashion; and there was much high play there. Chatto

fixes the date of the first edition at 1737; but he is not very precise on that point; and he does not seem to have seen the first edition, for he says it was published by Osborne, which it certainly was not. The oldest edition we have seen is in the British Museum. It is entitled, 'A Short Treatise on the Game of Whist, containing the laws of the game, and also some rules whereby a beginner may, with due attention to them, attain to the playing it well. Calculations for those who will bet the odds on any point of the score of the game then playing and depending. Cases stated to show what may be effected by a very good player in critical parts of the game. References to cases; viz., at the end of the rule you are directed how to find them. Calculations, directing with moral certainty how to play well any hand or game, by showing the chances of your partner's having 1, 2, or 3 certain cards. With variety of cases added in the Appendix. By a Gentleman. Bath printed, and London reprinted, for W. Webster, near St. Paul's, and sold by all the booksellers and pamphlet-shops in town and country. 1743.' The book was entered at Stationers' Hall, and the record of entries signed by Hoyle as the sole proprietor of the copyright, in November, 1742. It is said that the treatise ran through five editions in one year, and that Hoyle received a thousand pounds for the copyright. Later editions are signed by Hoyle and Osborne (his then publisher) as joint proprietors, so probably the thousand pounds statement requires modification.

In December, 1742, one Edmund Hoyle was appointed by the primate of England registrar of the Prerogative Court at Dublin, a place worth 600*l.* per annum. Chambers, in 'the Book of Days,' intimates that this was the same Hoyle, but on what authority we have not been able to ascertain. We doubt, however, whether it was the same Hoyle. In the first place, there is an Irish family of the same name, to one of whom the appointment was probably given, the name of Edmund or Edmond being far from

uncommon both in the Yorkshire and the Irish families. In the second place, unless the office was a sinecure, how could Hoyle personally continue to give instructions in whist, as he undoubtedly did?

In the 'Short Treatise' we have the earliest evidence that Hoyle gave lessons in whist. He says he has framed an artificial memory for whist players, which he will communicate upon payment of a guinea; and that he will explain any case in the book upon payment of one guinea more. The artificial memory is added in later editions. It merely consists of a mode of arranging the suits varying with the circumstances of the hand. In our judgment it is of no practical value. Mnemonical systems do not find favour with accomplished whist players. To begin with, they may fail at a pinch; or what is more, they are pretty sure to be detected after a time by keen-eyed adversaries.

Hoyle is several times referred to by contemporary writers, as teaching whist personally. In the 'Rambler,' of May, 1750, a young lady thus complains of being made to play at whist. 'Papa made me drudge at whist till I was tired; and Mr. Hoyle, when he had not given me above forty lessons, said I was one of his best scholars.' In the 'Humours of Whist,' published in 1753, Hoyle, under the pseudonym of Professor Whiston, is introduced as giving instructions in whist. Alderman Jobber is very much incensed at his son's taking lessons of this professor instead of attending to his business. The passage is so amusing that we make no apology for transcribing it.

Enter Professor and Young Jobber.

Y. Job. Dear Mr. Professor, I can never repay you. You have given me such an insight by this visit, I am quite another thing. I find I knew nothing of the game before; though I assure you I have been reckoned a first-rate player in the city a good while. Nay, for that matter, I make no bad figure at the 'Crown' [*query*, the Crown Coffee-house in Bedford Row, before re-

ferred to], and don't despair by your assistance but to make one at White's soon.

Prof. You may depend on all in my power, sir.

Y. Job. Yes,—I must own I am vastly ambitious of making one at White's. Do you think I ever shall, Mr. Professor?

Here's my father now, to interrupt us. I'm terrified to death. He'll certainly say some shocking thing or other. 'Tis a strange thing a young fellow can't have a polite taste, but these old fathers will take an ill-natured pleasure in confounding it.

Enter *Alderman*.

Ald. I have heard, sir, of the pains you have been taking to instruct my son in the noble mystery of gaming; but as it is a science not quite so reputable for a citizen, * * I must beg you to desist your visits for the future.

Prof. O sir, there was no necessity for this abruptness. I shall certainly obey you. I don't want half a word. For know, sir, it is a favour that I attend your son.

Y. Job. O yes, sir, a prodigious favour.

Ald. Favour, blockhead!

Prof. Yes, sir, a favour; for at this instant, half a dozen dukes, and as many earls, lords, and ladies are waiting for me. * * You are under very wrong notions concerning whist. It is one of the noblest, and most useful games in the universe, sir. All good citizens ought to study it. Partnership in whist is an emblem of partnership in trade;

it shows how much depends on good partnership; and I venture to say, that a good whist-player will make both a good partner and a good merchant.

Ald. Your talking after this manner, sir, does not give me the better idea of the same. And for aught I know, this treatise of yours may be a plot against our liberties, sir.

Prof. Ha! ha! ha! a plot against our liberties!

Ald. Yes, sir. Everything that tends to the weakening our morals is a weakener of liberty, and so far may be said to be a plot against it. Thus, by your inculcating the doctrine of whist in a scientific manner, it will become constitutional in our youth; and by becoming constitutional, eradicate usefuller studies; and by eradicating usefuller studies, vitiate our morals; and by vitiating our morals, open a door to the destruction of our liberties, as I said before. And, therefore, sir, as you have managed it, I look upon whist as a very vile game.

Prof. A vile game, sir?

Ald. Yes, sir; vile game.

Y. Job. Pray don't mind the old gentleman, Mr. Professor; he's *non compos*. Please to accept of these five pieces. * *

Prof. Your most obedient, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Even at the present day a very good player is often nicknamed by his club friends 'The Professor.' It is by no means impossible that the idea was started in the satire just quoted.



SKETCHES IN COURT.

The Varieties of Counsel.

EVERY class or order in nature has its species or varieties, and there is no large class of men which has not at once its common character and its numerous varieties—its general type and its special variations. This is eminently so of the order of the Bar, which includes perhaps a greater number of varieties than any other. Every individual of eminence has distinguishing traits and characteristics, which

would require individual portraiture—and perhaps we may some day essay a series of such portraitures of eminent men at the Bar. But at present our idea is a description of certain varieties of the class—the individuals of which may not be of sufficient importance to require a more particular portraiture. In this attempt we have been aided by the pencil as well as by the pen.

This is a rather rare and very



THE CONSULTING COUNSEL.

obscure variety—very little seen or known, as the individuals who belong to it lurk in chambers, and seldom show in court. When they do come down—perhaps, like old Preston, to argue a nice point of real property law, or revel in the technical subtleties of conveyancing—they have the aspect of pundits, and evince an unbounded contempt for the court, whose ignorance they condescend to enlighten. They will consume a whole day in a dull, dry, dreary argument, stuffed full of citations from 'Coke upon Littleton,' and 'Fearn on Contingent Remainders,' and 'Saunders on Uses,' all of which they read out in a calm unceasing drawl, without once changing their tone, or ever being betrayed

into a spark of energy or show of earnestness. They generally send one or two of the judges to sleep, and inflict upon the others the cruel torture of trying for hours to keep awake. When they have done, the judges thank Heaven that they have ended, and depart with beclouded minds but grateful hearts; knowing, perhaps, rather less of the matter than they did before, but feeling like men who have been sorely misused. The whole air of this manner of men while arguing is that of a professor or tutor reading a lecture to a 'class' of pupils or students. They believe themselves the keepers of the species of recondite knowledge they profess, and which without them would be lost to mankind. They

are a kind of legal Brahmins, who despise all the other orders of their brethren, and think that all law is wrapped up in conveyancing and

titles. They are never happier than when engaged in picking holes in a title, except when they have found one.



THE ECCLESIASTICAL COUNSEL.

This, also, is a rare and almost extinct variety. They flourished in the Ecclesiastical Courts under the old system; but when the Probate Court and Divorce Court were established and their 'doctors' were made counsel of, they fell under the lash of Cresswell, who nearly extinguished them as a class. The brethren used to crowd into the Probate Court to hear Sir Cresswell scoff and joke at 'the doctors.' They were a dull, scholastic class, crammed full of recondite learning, gleaned from the books of the jurists of the middle ages, and the dark records of Doctors' Commons. When called out into the general practice of the new system, they were like owls brought suddenly into open day. They were so bedevilled by Sir Cresswell, that some of them fell into despair. And the worst of it was, it was all done so politely that they could not complain. He flouted them so calmly, and with such a refined sarcasm, that often they did not perceive it: and while all around were smiling, they thought they were doing it well. By degrees it dawned upon them that they were just a little too slow; some of them brightened up

and did better, others simply died out: they disappeared. A new race arose by degrees fitted for the new system; but still the old variety lingers, and can sometimes be seen. The rare specimen we may now and then see will straggle into a court of common law to argue on a church-rate question, or a matter of a tithe 'modus,' or a 'faculty to have a pew, or to build upon a graveyard,' and the like. And then they revel in 'Gibson's Codex,' and 'Burn's Ecclesiastical Law,' and the like, and read whole pages of Latin with infinite relish. They are exceedingly clerical in look and style, are pedantic, and sometimes priggish.

There is a species of barrister whose forte is argument, and whose style is the plausible. They 'put things' so cleverly, as to put the case quite in the right light—for their clients. They are calm and dispassionate in their manner, and are great in banco—before the judges. They profess a contempt for juries, except, perhaps, in heavy and important special jury cases, when sometimes they condescend to convince them. They are often chancery men, and so in the habit of

addressing judges, that, though they may be sophistical, they are never rhetorical. They would be ashamed of it, even if they could do 'it—which most of them could not. They are eminently argu-



THE ARGUMENTATIVE COUNSEL.

mentative, or affect to be so, which is the same thing, as to style.

This is a species of the class of which there are several varieties; but they have all common charac-

teristics. There is the *Nisi Prius* variety, and the Criminal Court variety; and these, again, are subdivided: there is the special jury variety and the common jury variety;



THE JURY COUNSEL.

and then, again, there is the Old Bailey variety, and the Sessions variety, and the Assize Court

variety; and these differ greatly in style, as may be conceived. Still they all have a common character

which abundantly distinguishes them from the preceding classes. They have all this in common, that they are in the habit of addressing twelve men at least, to say nothing of the audience, of which several varieties always think more than of the jury. The twelve men may be small traders or farmers, or they may be gentlemen-merchants, hawkers, and the like; but still they are twelve men, and twelve laymen who know nothing of law, and have seldom much logical acumen, or very severe taste. Hence, the style of the Jury Counsel is always more or less popular and *ad captandum*. The main distinction between the different varieties is in the amount of noise they make. The common jury variety are always more noisy than the special jury; and the sessions variety more so still. The criminal counsel, who has so often

to defend men who have had the misfortune to get into mischief, as the facts are generally against him, has of course to appeal a good deal to the feelings. He denounces policemen in tones of thunder, and tries to make out that the real rogue is the prosecutor. All this requires exertion, and the less he is in earnest the more anxious is he to appear to be. Hence he is always noisy, and sometimes stentorian. One of the class was lately complimented at sessions, by one of his facetious brethren, upon his having reduced most of the magistrates to entire deafness. He is pathetic at times, and then generally quotes some lines from Shakspeare (which he has carefully got up); but his usual characteristic is noise. The specimen above delineated appears to belong to this variety; he is evidently 'going to the jury.'



THE COXCOMBICAL COUNSEL.

This species—not generally much encumbered with business—affect the gentlemanly, and are, above all, anxious to look the character. They are usually handsome, are carefully well dressed, and their whiskers are almost always luxurious, cultivated and curled. The wig is always in fine order; it is never put on in a hurry; the linen collar, 'choker,' and 'bands' are always pure and spotless, and without a crumple: they are always put on carefully and

slowly. In short, everything about the man is nice; his whole air, aspect, and appearance are studiously proper and becoming. And there is the quiet consciousness of this, which completes the character. There is the complacent smirk of self-satisfied success in appearance. It is confined to appearance, for he is never—or hardly ever—heard; and when he is, he usually makes an ass of himself—for there is nothing in him; and he has so long

been in the habit of devoting unlimited leisure to his outward guise and appearance, that his mind is poor. Nevertheless, it often happens that he has 'good connections' and a patron; and thus there is a chance that he will get a place; a post in some department, or perhaps even a seat upon the bench at a police-court, where he will make an ass of himself in public, unless he has sense enough to be as silent as

possible, and let his chief clerk do the work, and direct him (in a whisper) what to say. Perhaps he gets an appointment in the colonies; or perhaps he succeeds to an estate, and disappears; or perhaps, upon the faith of his being at the bar, and the credit of his gentlemanly appearance, he marries a wealthy widow, and then also disappears.

This variety betrays and portrays



THE JOVIAL COUNSEL.

itself. To use a legal phrase, 'It is bad on the face of it.' You observe the 'eyeglass—an unfailing trait of the class—which is noted for its great powers of observation, exercised continually upon everything and every one in court; but with a constant eye to the facetious. Anything—in judge or jury, witness or audience, but above all in a brother barrister—on which a joke can be hung, is sure to be noted by that acute ear, and that unfailing eye. He is always a man without business: and his great delight is to be sarcastic on his brethren who have it. He comes into court very late, and he goes very early, for he sits up at nights—not studying, but playing; and the probability is that he had much more wine than was good for him; for which rea-

son he has a craving for soda water and other cooling drinks; and has no mind for work, or for anything but fun. He is generally very full of spirits, and when men have nothing to do he helps to beguile the tedium of the day; but when they are busy, he is a bore. He has no mind but for the comical side of things; and if there is a comical side to a case, he is sure to see it. He has often a taste for drawing, and if so, it always tends to caricature; and his ample leisure is spent chiefly in noting and portraying the little peculiarities of his brethren. He is a contributor sometimes to the lighter order of literature; and one of the species has obliged us with the above sketches of 'the brethren.'

A BARRISTER'S CHRISTMAS-TIDE TEMPTATION.

'Honus an dulce lucellum
An secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.'

THE firelight flickered on curtain and wall,
To-morrow I leave the gabled hall;
From the ivied tower the midnight rang,
Oh, there was a voice in every clang—
Go not! go not!

And the kindly lord of that mansion fair,
And the lady who sheddeth a sunlight there,
And the pleasing eyes of a radiant maid,
So despotic, so gentle—all, all had said,
Go not! go not!

And the glowing embers seemed to say,
As I watched them dying, 'Stay, oh stay!'
And the wind, that rushed through turret and trec,
In kind, rough accents whispered to me,
Go not! go not!

And ever amid the gathering gloom
There floated strange forms in that lonely room;
They had gladdened it once in a bygone day,
And they silently beckoned, then faded away—
Go not! go not!

And every mute, inanimate thing
Seemed in sorrow a silent entreaty to fling,
And my forefathers gloomily frowned from the wall,
And methought I could hear their distant call,
Go not! go not!

Without in the night-wind the cedars sighed,
And the leafless trees had a voice to chide,
And each well-known picture, and book, and chair—
There was nought so humble but echoed the prayer,
Go not! go not!

'Oh, do not go! It is cruel to rove;
We offer thee peace, we offer thee love:
In all the wide universe where wilt thou find
Or home so happy, or hearts so kind?—
Go not! go not!

'Without are malice and clamour and wrath,
And pitfalls are yawning in every path,
All evil creatures ravin and slay—
They will hate thee, and hunt thee, and make thee a prey—
Go not! go not!

'To knave and to fool leave glory and gain;
Be wise, and here rest from thy labour and pain;
Leave the dust and the din of the broad, beaten road
For the half-hidden pathway that winds through the wood—
Go not! go not!

One moment I listened, then sternly replied—
As I dashed those siren voices aside—
'The grim attorney he waiteth for me,
And what if his papers unfinished be?—
I go! I go!

UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.*

BY MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN THE WALLS.

AS we had the honour to be born within the sound of Bow bells, a fellow-citizen of Sir Thomas More, John Milton, Alexander Pope, and Johnny Gilpin, we have, 'e'en from our boyish days,' taken pleasure to seek in books and odd places the story of Old London City; and having come to the belief that what has had so many attractions for oneself might possibly be made to interest others, we have compiled the following pages; and we desire it to be understood, that we only ask recognition for our industry and not commendation for any original discoveries. We have freely gleaned from antiquaries, poets, historians, and compilers who have preceded us, thereby creating, mayhap, a desire for more knowledge of the old City, and which lies ready for the inquirer in other pages. Many who loved the old City will have preserved in enduring printers' ink, chronicles of its ancient streets, their mansions and hostalries, and of many a haunted nook dear to the cockney antiquary and historian. In their company we propose to walk 'up and down the streets of London,' chatting as we go and occasionally detailing some of our own experiences—very small change to mix with the golden legends of the old City.

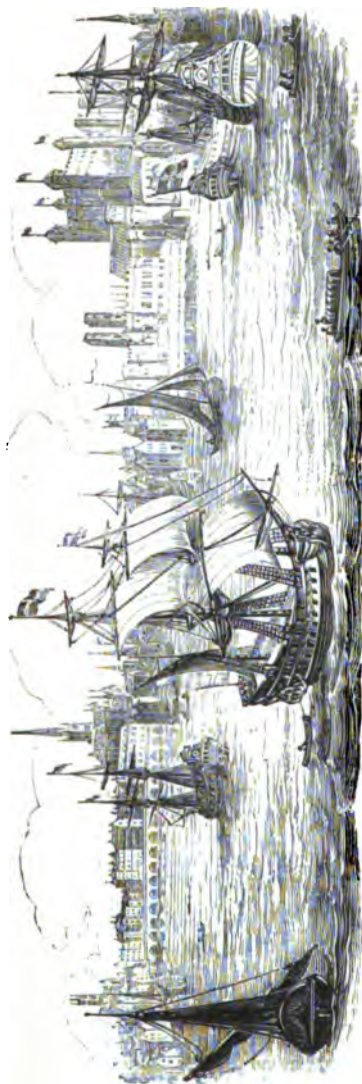
We do not present ourselves as a solemn antiquary, smothering you with dust from the past. No; we shall furbish up the old materials,

* PRINCIPAL AUTHORITIES. — Fitzstephen (1191), Stow (1525—1605), Hall (1547), Camden (1551—1623), Hollinshed (1577), Clarendon (1608—1674), Strype (1643—1737), Pennant (1726—1798), Pepys, Evelyn, Speight, Maitland, Hughson, C. Knight, P. Cunningham, J. Timbs, Burns, Morley, Saunders, Jesse, Weir, Smiles, and others, to whose works the curious in details are referred.

so that you may see at a glance all that we wish to show you; nor shall we pause to test the truth of all we have to tell. You must take us, if you please, as an arm-in-arm companion through some of the broadways and byways of London, recalling past times and their belongings, and not altogether forgetting new times and their improvements. We shall tell doubtless of much that you already know, of some things you may not care to hear again, of many matters we trust which you may be glad to recall, if they are not altogether new to you, and we may perchance pass by subjects which you may think should have been considered. We shall therefore ask the great Shakespeare to plead for us, as he once pleaded for himself:

'But pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unrais'd spirit that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object
. Jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass. Your humble patience
pray,
Gently to hear—kindly to judge.'

London was no doubt of British origin, and possibly the Trinobantum, which Cæsar in his Commentaries mentions as the chief city of the Trinobantes. It has been suggested (Hughson) that the word is easily convertible into *Tre-yn-y-bant*, which describes exactly the situation of the British town in the valley,—the vale of London extending from Brentwood to Windsor one way and from Hampstead to the Surrey hills another. As this appears to be a very probable derivation of the name we mention it; besides, it reads learned and antiquarian. There has been much speculation as to the derivation of the word



THE OLDEST VIEW OF LONDON EXTANT. (With the Spire of Old St. Paul's, before 1568.)

'Cockney.' It has been traced to 'a cockered or spoilt boy,' 'a cock neiging,' and thus by inversion in-cock, incoctus, *i. e.*, 'unripe in countrymen's affairs.' Could the terminal '*bantum*' have had anything to do with it? The suggestion is rather a wild one, but philologists do go it sometimes.

We propose, however, to keep to Roman London—Londonium, or, as it was called, Augusta, from its magnificence (Tacitus); and shall avail ourselves of the remarks of Mr. John Bagford, who wrote to his friend, Mr. Hearne in 1714: 'The Romans,' he says, 'landed at Dover, and then dividing their forces, approached London by different routes. They came along Kent Road to Stone Street, crossed the Thames, and landed at Dowgate, the river being much shallower and wider at that time, although free from the mud now defiling its banks. There were fords at many places besides Dowgate—as high up as Milford Lane and the Strand. The river was fordable at York House, where Inigo Jones' gate still stands. The Romans then made military ways—Old Street for one, and Watling Street, which extended from the Tower to Ludgate.' Mr. Bagford will have it that the White Tower was built by the Romans, and we have no desire to dispute the point, though many learned antiquaries deny the assertion and assign the building to William the Conqueror.

The supposed site of the walls of Roman London has been determined by our knowledge of the positions in which various relics of Roman origin have been discovered at different times, and deposited *within* the old walls, whilst others of a sepulchral character have been found *without*; and as it was the wise custom of most nations of antiquity to inter their dead *without* their cities, the course of the Old London walls has been pretty clearly defined.

It is somewhat surprising that an opposite practice should have found favour in the eyes (or rather noses) of their successors, and eight hundred and more years should have passed by before their

salutary and sanitary custom was resumed. We have many other results of the rule of those remarkable Romans, once the world's enemies, but now only the schoolboy's.

We refer to Roman London principally to recall the fact that the walls of London *proper* followed the same course as their Roman predecessors, and continued to do so until long after Elizabeth's time, and because the subject-matter of our walk will rarely emigrate beyond them.

At first there were but three gates in the City walls, Aldgate or Oldgate, leading into the eastern parts, as Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, &c., Aldersgate, leading to the northern parts, and Ledgate or Ludgate, leading to the western roads, and to which gate the Roman military road came direct from the Tower. The other military road of the Romans was

Old Street; but the highway which leads from Aldersgate to Islington is supposed to have been made since the Conquest and about the time that the Carthusian monastery (the Charter House) was built by Sir Waller de Mancy. The walls were made of stone with layers of Roman brick, and parts of them are still in existence.

As the railways above and under ground seem likely to make a general terminus of the old City, and sweep away all records of the past, it may be as well to recall the course of the old walls as traced and described by Dr. Hughson:—

'The walls commenced at the Tower of London, eastwardly, and passed between Poor Jury Lane and the Vineyard to Aldgate, in which extent between Wall's Court and Black Horse Alley was a bastion, and another opposite Weeden's



BASTION OF LONDON WALL, CRIPPLEGATE, IN ITS PRESENT STATE.
(From a Sketch by Percy Justyne.)

Rents, a distance of eighty-two perches. From Aldgate, the wall formed a curve between Shoemaker Row, Bevis Marks, Camomile Street, VOL. IX.—NO. XLIX.

and Houndsditch, fenced with three bastions, one opposite Harrow Alley, a second opposite Bowle Court, and a third between Hand Alley and

Castle Yard, and abutted at Bishopsgate, a distance of eighty-six perches.

Thence taking a westerly direction through Bishopsgate Churchyard, it continued its course behind Wormwood Street and All-hallows Church, the back of Bethlehem Hospital, where part of it is still standing, till it reached Moor-gate, at the end of Coleman Street: continuing in a straight direction, it abutted at Cripplegate, at the distance of one hundred and sixty-two perches. Hence it continued westernly, along the back of Hart Street and the back of Cripplegate Churchyard, where, opposite Lamb's Chapel Court, was another bastion. From this place the wall took a southerly direction, between Castle Street and Monkwell Street, in which small distance were no less than three bastions at the back of Barber Surgeons' Hall: we pursue its course at the back of Noble Street, till we come to Dolphin Court, opposite Oat Lane, where another bastion was erected; it then again proceeded westernly to Aldersgate, at the distance from Cripplegate of seventy-five perches. Keeping along the back of St. Botolph's Churchyard, it continued by the back of Christ's Hospital and the New Compter, where it again formed a curve to the south of Newgate, in which space were two bastions. The distance from Aldersgate to Newgate sixty-six perches. Keeping at the back of the present prison, the wall passed the ends of the College of Physicians, Warwick Square, the Oxford Arms Inn, Stationers' Hall, and the London Coffee-house, Ludgate Hill, where it abutted at Ludgate, the distance being forty-two perches. From Ludgate it continued by Cock Court to New Bridge Street, where remains of it are at present very perceptible, whence it proceeded along the Fleet Ditch to the east side of Chatham Square and to the Thames, at the distance of one hundred and thirty perches, making up a total of two miles and six hundred and eight feet in circuit. The City gates were pulled down with the bars, except Temple Bar, in 1760.

Two miles to the westward was

the Royal Palace of Westminster, with bastions and breastworks, united to the City by the houses and river-gardens of the nobility and by the village of Charing, the Strand, and Fleet Street. To the east was Lollesworth (now Spital-fields), where a Roman burial-place was discovered in 1576, and away northward was the great Middlesex forest (until Henry III.'s reign), 'full of stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls, and between that and London Wall was an open country with rivulets, brooks, and pools, cornfields, pastures, and delightful meadows, with many a mill whose clack was grateful to the ear.' We shall come again to these pleasant fields, to 'loose a shaft,' or play at football by-and-by. The bucks and bores are still in those parts—the stags went east, Capel Court way during the railway mania; but we don't know where the wild bulls are, unless—but possibly you may have heard that Irish insinuation before.

London received its first charter from William the Conqueror, and the original is still preserved in the City. The charter is written in English, in a beautiful Saxon character, on [a slip of parchment six inches long and one inch broad. It is a good example of English shorthand, and is as follows:—

'William the King greeteth William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the Burgeesses within London, friendly. And I acquaint you that I *will* that ye be all there law worthy as ye were in King Edward's days. And I *will* that every child be his father's heir after his father's days. And I will not suffer that any man do you wrong. God preserve you.'

This charter of Three Points is one of the first granted to London; but it was not until Henry I.'s time that a real charter, one of any money value, existed. Henry granted Middlesex to the City, to farm at 300*l.* per annum (which must have puzzled some of the cockney magnates, knowing what we do of cockney farming now-a-days), and to the citizens a free passage and exemption from tolls and customs

all over England. It was something, then, you see, to be a Cockney.

Henry's charter gave the City its Corporation, confirmed by King John, 'for a consideration,' and he directed that the Mayor and Common Councilmen should be elected annually. London existed without aldermen till 1242, when some of the twenty-six wards received their names from their first aldermen. The present ward of Farringdon was bought by William Faryngdon, and remained in his family for upwards of eighty years: it was held by the tenure of presenting at Easter a gillyflower, then a great rarity.

Portoken Ward implies, a soke or franchise at the gate.

Aldgate takes its name from the eastern gate of the City.

Lime Street, from (Stow says) making lime there, but another Dryasdust thinks it was named from the Saxon Lim—*dirty*—so the residents may take their choice.

Bishopsgate, from the gate constructed by Bishop Erkenwald, or more probably by Bishop William, the Norman, who had architectural proclivities.

Langbourne, from a brook which anciently ran through Fenchurch Street.

Billingsgate is said by some to be derived from King Belin—a sea king, engaged in the fish trade; we suppose, but nobody seems to know much about him. Dr. Hughson says if we look into Junius's Etymologicum Anglicanum we shall find under the word *BELE*—'Scotis est signum igne datum è nave prætoriâ,'—i.e., being translated, 'among the Scots, the Bele is a signal by fire, given from ships' cabins, and that Beling's gate was 'where ships made signal by fire.' What do you think? None of the ladies of the locality whom we have consulted can make up their minds upon the subject.

Candlewick ward took its name from the candlewrights in wax and tallow who resided there.

Walbrook was from a brook which passed through the City wall and emptied itself in the Thames at Dowgate: like the Fleet it is now a sewer.

Dowgate, from its descent to the river. The *trajectus* or ferry was at Dowgate.

The Vintry was where 'the merchants of Bourdeaux craned their wines out of vessels and made sale of them.' In the reign of Henry II., Fitzstephen writes, 'there was a common cookery or cook's row,' in the Vintry, the cooks selling only meat and the vintner selling only wine.

Cordwainers' ward is from the Cordovan curriers and shoemakers who dwelt in Soper Lane.

Cheap ward from Chepe, a market.

Cripplegate, from St. Giles, the abbot, who was a physician, and wrote a treatise on Palsy. Several religious foundations for lepers were dedicated to this saint, who was somewhat irreverently called 'Hopping Giles.' And—

Bread Street, from the bread market formerly held there.

It is as impossible to think of London aldermen apart from turtle, as to separate Christmas-time from plum-pudding; but turtle came into England before aldermen; for their fossils, three feet long—we mean the turtles—have been found in Tilgate Forest. Edward III. (1328) granted another charter, and Charles II. (1680) confirmed all existing charters, but seized them in 1682, under a writ of *quo warranto*, because the citizens petitioned against the prerogation of Parliament—a thing we never heard of citizens or west-enders doing now-a-days. James II. returned all the charters, however, in 1690, and George II. confirmed them.

The first Lord Mayor of London was elected in 1189. His name was Henry Fitzalwhyn, and he occupied the civic chair twenty-four years, thus beating Dick Whittington (who did all the story-books say he did, despite the modern antiquaries) by twenty-one years.*

* Sir Richard Whittington, citizen and mercer, served the office of Lord Mayor three times—the last in 1419. He founded his college dedicated to the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary in 1424, and his almshouses at Highgate in 1429, near the spot where he heard Bow Bells call him back to wealth and greatness.

The Lord Mayor is King of the City, and, within his own domain, takes precedence of the Prince of Wales. His court consists of a Recorder, Chamberlain, Common Serjeant, Comptroller, City Remembrancer, Town Clerk, Sword-bearer, Macebearer—the funny men who look out of the windows of the Lord Mayor's state coach, like peeping Toms—and other officers. The city regalia is very curious, and consists of the mace (sometimes called the sceptre), and four swords of state—their bright blades long since, we fancy, converted into carving-knives. There is the *Common sword*, to go to the Sessions and Courts of Aldermen and Common Council; the *Pearl sword* for evening parties; the *Sunday sword*, and the *Black sword*, once used on Good Friday and all fast-days, on the 30th of January, and the anniversary of the Fire of London, when the Lord Mayor *ought* to go to St. Paul's, but does not. When the mace was repaired some few years ago, the metal of the crown was found to be an alloy not used in art manufacture since the time of the Conquest—so said Rundell and Bridge.

When the late Sir P——L——was Lord Mayor, an old friend called at the Mansion House and reminded him of the following circumstance. Sir P—— had been one of those fortunate youths who come to London with half a crown in their pockets, and make, very properly, large fortunes. Half-a-crown seems to be the necessary capital for that purpose. When Sir P—— was only plain P., he was concerned in some private theatricals, and played the Lord Mayor in Richard the Third. Being of 'frugal mind,' he dressed his lordship in an old duffel dressing-gown and a coachman's wig, little thinking he should ever enact Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

The oldest object in London is 'London Stone,' formerly placed in the centre of the City, and is now imbedded in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, to be out of the way of further mutilation or displacement. It formerly stood on the opposite side of the way (1742), and when

Wren, after the great fire, dug about it, he discovered the remains of a very considerable monument.

Camden supposed London Stone to be similar to the Milliarium in the Forum at Rome, and the English Milestone, whence the British high-roads radiated all over the island, and the distances were measured before the erection of the Standard in Cornhill. It was a landmark in the time of Athelstane, who reigned from 925 to 941, and had a remarkably short way with thieves, if they were over twelve years of age,—in point of fact, he hanged them: he lived in Addle Street, close by.

And now, striking our walking-sticks on London Stone, in imitation of Jack Cade—

'Now is Mortimer lord of this city'—

let us walk eastward and visit London Bridge, not as it is now-a-days with its quadruple rows of vehicles and its mud-bespattered policemen—poor fellows! placed there no doubt in penance for some weakness incidental to policemen nature, but on the original bridge of timber, due to the pious legacy of a ferryman's daughter.

The ferryman who plied where Dowgate now stands, died and left his stock and goodwill to his daughter Mary. She finding no 'jolly young waterman,' we presume, to her liking, took to building, and erected 'am house of sisters' in Southwark, giving thereto the profits of the said 'ferry.' But in course of time the house of sisters being converted into a 'college of priests'—the process of transmutation is not explained—'the priests builded a bridge of timber (to save themselves the labour of ferrying, we suppose), until, by the aid of the citizens and others, one was builded of stone.' Here is a capital theme for some budding poet,—fine old ferryman—silver Thames—blighted Mary (must have been blighted to have builded a house of *sisters*), and though it may be difficult to adduce proofs of the truth of this legend, it is really as good as real.

The timber bridge, mentioned in the charter of the Conqueror to Westminster Abbey, was partly

burned in 1136 (by a fire which began at London Stone), and afterwards repaired.

The first stone bridge was begun in Henry II.'s time, and completed in King John's. The architect was Peter of Cole church, St. Mary's, Conyhoop Lane (now Grocers' Alley), in the Poultry; and St. Mary's was the chapel where Thomas à Becket was baptized. The bridge consisted of twenty arches, supported on nineteen piers; the road was 926 feet in length, 40 feet wide, and 60 feet in height from the river. The building was paid for principally by a tax upon wool; hence the saying that London Bridge had been built upon woolpacks.

Over the central pier was a chapel dedicated to à Becket; and so anxious were the ministering priests to observe *fast* days, that they made a fish-pond in their particular starling of the bridge, and which was discovered in 1832.

About fifty years after its commencement, the bridge contained 'innumerable people dwelling upon it'; so many indeed that, when the bridge took fire at both ends in 1212, 3000 persons are said to have perished, including those who were sunk in the vessels when attempting to assist those on the bridge—but we fancy we must make large allowance for the mediæval penny-a-liner's arithmetic in this statement.

The eleventh arch, Southwark end, was a drawbridge (for the passage of large vessels), and connected with a tower, on which were placed the heads of persons executed for high treason, until the erection of a singular edifice, called 'Non-suche House,' made in Holland, and brought over in pieces. The heads were removed in 1577 to the Tower, called afterwards 'Traitors' Gate, at the Southwark end of the bridge.

Although the old bridge remained unchanged in a great part until its demolition in 1832, yet it must have been modified and rebuilt considerably, owing to its rude treatment by fire and storm. In 1212 we have said it caught fire at both ends. In 1281, five of the arches were carried away by ice or a swell of the river.

The Great Stone Gate, Southwark end, fell down in 1437, and in 1633 a fire broke out 'in the house of one Briggs,' by the carelessness 'of a maid-servant placing hot coals under a pair of stairs.' So our very greatest grandmothers were not exempt from domestic plagues any more than we are. Then the great fire in 1666 burnt across the bridge until it came to a vacant place. Again, in 1725, another careless servant set it on fire. It is not said that it was a *maid-servant* this time, so I will give the sex the benefit of the doubt, and say *man-servant*; and that was the last.

Among the illustrious traitors whose heads have 'grinned horrible' from those bridge towers, were the Patriot Wallace, in 1305; old Northumberland, father of the gallant Hotspur (1408), Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, both beheaded for denying Henry VIII.'s supremacy (1535). Fisher was first executed, and 'his head was retained,' says Hall, his biographer, 'to be shown to Anna Boleyn' (poor lady). The next day, 'the head being parboiled was pried upon a pole, and set on high on London Bridge; but after it had stood up the space of fourteen days, it could not be perceived to waste or consume, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well for (from) his cheeks being beautified by a comely red.'

In consequence of this strange sight, the traffic of the bridge was stopped by gazers, and the executioner being commanded to throw down the head during the night into the river, Sir Thomas More's was set up in its place. But the miracle continued, and Sir Thomas More's head, when subsequently bought by his daughter Margaret, was found 'to have retained its lively favour and his grey hair turned to a reddish or yellow colour.'

These ghastly expositions continued until the breaking out of the civil war in Charles I.'s time, and after the Restoration the heads of some of the regicides were set upon London Bridge; so there were blots

and blurs on the face of Merrye England. We question if she were ever more comely than at present.

And many a brave sight had the old bridge seen since the citizens of London presented Richard II. and his good Queen Anne, on their way from Richmond, 'with two fair white steeds trapped in cloth of gold, pailed of red and white, and hanged full of silver bells,' and so they had music wherever they went. Four years after Richard had a new queen, Isabella of France, and passed over the bridge again, on his way to keep state in the Tower. In less than four years more Richard was dethroned and murdered.

Henry V. on his return from Agincourt crossed this civic highway. Doubtless a gross fat man, one Falstaff, fat as butter, was in the crowd, crying aloud—

'My king, my love, I speak to thee my heart,'

to the admiration of Justice Shallow and the exemplary Pistol,—admiration that may have been a little damped by the king's ungentelemanly observation—

'My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.'

About nine years later Henry's funeral procession on its way from conquered France passed over. 'His effigy, made of boiled leather nigh to the semblance of him as could be devised, robed and jewelled, with royal sceptre, a ball of gold, covered with red silk beaten with gold, laid on a chariot, and drawn by four great horses.' So Madame Tussaud is only a plagiarist after all.

Here, in 1831, had Wat Tyler forced a passage over; and in 1430 the commonalty of London threw open the bridge gates to Jack Cade, he who was to make 'it felony to drink small beer.'

'Here gentle Sir David Lindsay, in 1390, did battle in single combat with Lord Wells for England, to prove the comparative valour of the two nations. Lord Wells was unhorsed and hurt sorely, and Sir David embraced him tenderly, to show that they fought 'with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory.' But the days of chivalry

are gone—quite gone, passed away with Sir Thomas de Sayers. Sir Richard Mayne has thrown down the truncheon, and the lists are broken through.

Henry VI. (1445) and the she-wolf of France, Margaret of Anjou, was received here by 'Mayor and Aldermen, and pageant of Peace and Plenty, and Noah's ship.' Margaret in her days of sorrow again passed over to her prison in the Tower. Falconbridge, in a last attempt for Henry, was driven over London Bridge into Southwark, the houses to the drawbridge all in flames. In a month his royal master was murdered in the Tower.

Katherine of Arragon came over in great state to her marriage with Prince Arthur; and Wolsey, the worst enemy Katherine had, took his departure hence for France.

Needle-making is a considerable article of commerce, and the first made in England were manufactured by a negro from Spain, living in Cheapside, in Mary's time. He died without imparting the secret of tempering them, and the art was not recovered until 1560, in the reign of Elizabeth, when one Elias Growse, a German, taught the English how to make needles.

The persons on the bridge (according to Pennant) who occupied shops were pin and needlemakers, and haberdashers of small wares; but other traders found patronage; for in the fire occasioned by Mr. Briggs's maid-servant there were burnt out twenty-seven other traders, and the curate and clerk of St. Magnus. 'The Blue Boar' was luckily empty, as that was roasted also with another house.

In the 16th century the booksellers mustered in strong force on the bridge, and some of their signs—such as the 'Sugar Loaf,' the 'Angel,' 'Lion,' 'Bear,' 'Black Boy,'—are found on the titlepages of works of that time. 'In those days,' says a writer in Knight's 'London,' 'a shopkeeper's sign was the most ponderous and substantive of realities, projecting or swinging over his door, and all the Sugar Loaves, Angels, Lions, Bears, Bibles, Black Boys and Breeches, dangling

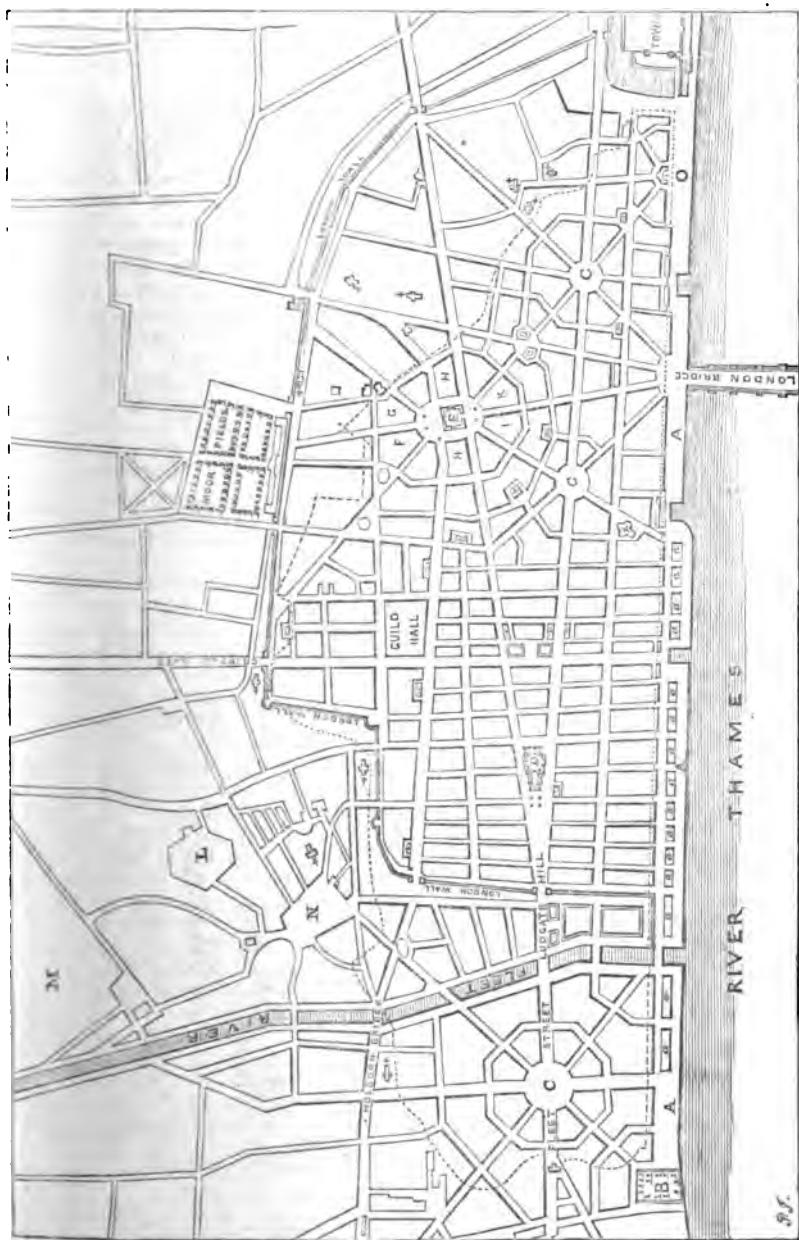
and creaking away, must have made wild work enough among them, on London Bridge especially, when the wind was at all high.' The waters roaring below must have added not a little to both the noise and the terror of the thoroughfare, and made a hurly-burly, enough to have wakened the seven sleepers. Yet we are all creatures of habit, more or less; for it is related of a Mr. Yeldwyn, who lived in Chapel House on the bridge (and who found there, by-the-by, Peter of Conyhoop's monument under a staircase, in 1737), he (Mr. Y.) being ordered into the country for change of air, could not sleep for want of the roaring lullaby of the river beneath him. Something like the lady whose husband being a sleeper of a noisy character—perhaps a native of the Essex village called Great Snoring—could never close her eyes during his absence unless a coffee-mill was turned at her bedside.

There are few records of persons living on London Bridge. But Holbein lived there; and Walpole relates an anecdote of the father of the Lord Treasurer who, passing over, was caught in a shower, and stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, found there a picture by Holbein, who had lived in the house. The Lord Treasurer gave 100*l.* for the picture; but it was unfortunately destroyed in the fire of London, which happened before it could be sent home. Another individual who has escaped oblivion is Lord Mayor Osborne. He was apprenticed to Sir W. Hewitt, the wealthy clockmaker (in Elizabeth's time); a careless maid-servant—a maid-servant this time—dropped Sir William's child into the river. Osborne 'took a header' into the Thames and rescued the mediæval Colleen Bawn. The father rewarded him with his daughter's hand when she grew up, and also with an ample dowry. Hewitt was Lord Mayor in 1559, and Osborne in 1582. Before the end of the next century Osborne's grandson was Duke of Leeds.

It may not be out of place to mention that the present London Bridge is built of granite, and cost



BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK. (From an old Print.)



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S PLAN FOR REBUILDING LONDON. (AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.)

A A Grand Terrace or Embankment. G Excise. H H Goldsmiths and Money-changers. I Bank. K Mint. L Charterhouse. M Clerkenwell.
 N Smithfield. O Custom-house.
 P Post Office. Q Halls of the City Companies. R Temple Gardens. S St. Paul's. T Royal Exchange.
 U Clerkenwell.

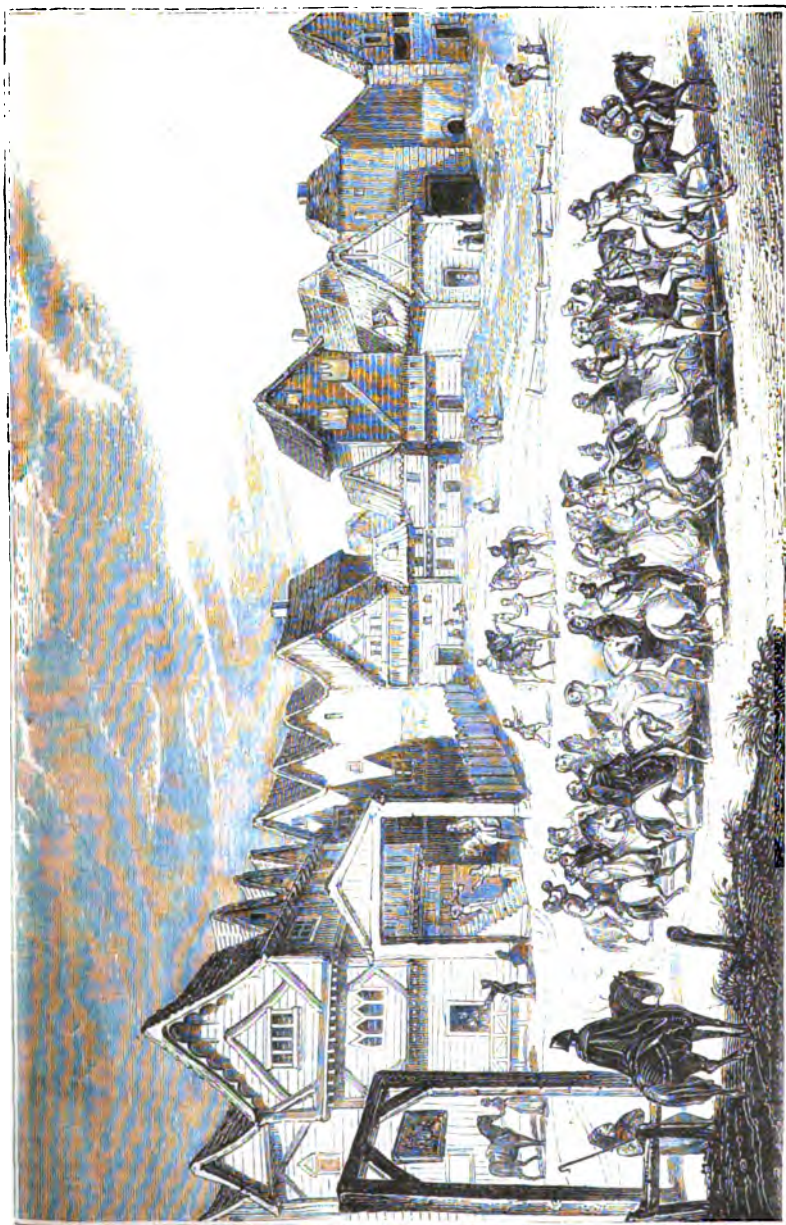
nearly two millions of money. The lamp-posts are from cannon taken in the Peninsular war; and it has been calculated that 20,000 carriages pass over in one day—not fewer than 107,000 pedestrians.

It is but a step from the bridge-foot where William Ryder, in the year 1564, chanced to see a pair of knitted worsted stockings in the lodging of an Italian merchant, and, borrowing them, caused the first worsted stockings to be made in England. Close by is High Street, Southwark, or, as it is commonly called the Borough. There is little in the name to attract, associated as it now is with hop-waggon, omnibuses, carts, and street cabs. It has, however, many interesting connections with the past, the outward memorials of which are fast fading away. It is associated with the names of Gower, Chaucer, and Shakespeare, which must excuse me for leading you for a few minutes out of the old city walls to the church of St. Mary Overy, which derives its name from the ferryman's daughter, before introduced to you. It was the custom to enter in the canon books the names of those who benefited the church, and so Mary is here canonised, whilst *Over the Rhy*—the Saxon for over the river—is easily converted into Overy, and hence the name of the beautiful church which stands on the right-hand side of the bridge as you enter Southwark. Gower—'moral Gower,' as Chaucer calls the eldest English poet—did much to beautify it, and his tomb has been carefully preserved in grateful remembrance of his benefactions. He was married here to one Alice Gwundolf, by William of Wykeham, but no trace is left of her tomb, although she was buried here. Gower, in the later years of his life, was blind, and he pathetically laments that he is compelled 'to suffer life' deprived of sight, probably regretting most his inability to see any longer the beautiful edifice he had helped to adorn. It is a pleasant reflection to think that his memory still adds a glory to the little church, and contributed largely at a recent date to its preservation.

The tender Fletcher and the vigorous Massinger lie here. Shakspearean dust also mingles with that of its graveyard, for here rests Edmund, the youngest of the great poet's brothers. The interior of the church is very beautiful and interesting from its monuments. Clink Street, where Shakspeare lived (1609), is near at hand; as was also the Falcon Tavern, where Ben Jonson, Burbage, and the players at the Globe may have made merry with 'Sweet Will.' The only letter to Shakspeare now known to exist was addressed to him while living here in Southwark. Its date is October 25, 1598, and is from Richard Quinney to his loving and good friend and country man, Mr. W. Shakspeare, and of course—what are good friends made for?—it requests the loan of 20*l*. The money, no doubt, was repaid, as Richard Quinney's son Thomas married Judith, the youngest of Shakspeare's daughters.

Time was when Southwark was the great rendezvous for pilgrims on their way to A Becket's shrine at Canterbury, and who met here to form parties for mutual security and company. The road to Canterbury, lined with hedgerows, passed over an arched bridge, called Locksbridge (discovered in 1847); and this road may be still traced in some of the narrow lanes of Kent.

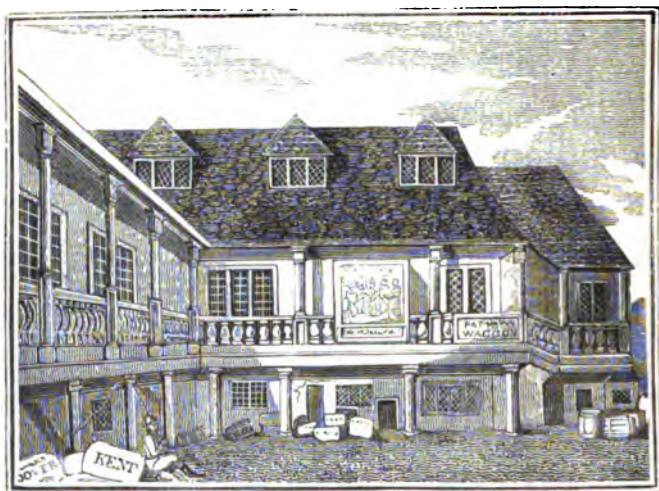
'In Southwark,' says Stow, 'be many fair inns for receipt of travellers,' the remains of which are fast disappearing, together with the *long waggons* for passengers and commodities. The 'Tumble-down Dick,' a caricature of Richard Cromwell's downfall, was once a sign in High Street; and there are here and there portions of those old inns, with their external galleries and sloping roofs. But we must not linger too long in old Southwark, but pass at once to the Tabard. Chaucer's Tabard is now called the Talbot; why the sign of the inn was changed is uncertain, but it was since 1597. Within the last thirty years there was the following inscription over the gateway: 'This is the Inn where Sir Jeffery Chaucer and the 29 Pilgrims lay



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS AND THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK.

in their journey to Canterbury, 1383.' (There are thirty-one pilgrims by-the-by, including Chaucer and the three priests.) The immortal

verse of the old poet will only preserve this inn, we fear, to the next generation, for it is so little regarded that the pilgrims' room (traced out



THE TABARD INN, HIGH STREET, SOUTHWARK. 1826.

by Mr. Saunders in 1841) is now a railway booking-office, and it is difficult for the most determined dreamer to people the Talbot yard with the pilgrim troop that Chaucer sent to Canterbury. There is the old sign of the Tabard, or 'Herald's coat,' over the booking-office, but so defaced and uncared for, that it might be a fancy sketch of Chaos.

Chaucer, when he retired from active life, wrote his 'Canterbury Tales' and some of his early poems at Woodstock—Rosamond's Woodstock,—

'Within a lodge out of the way,
Beside a well in a forest.'

Chaucer's Dreams.

When Caxton, a mercer of London, set up his printing-press, to the west of the Sanctuary of Westminster, nearly his first work was Chaucer's 'Canterbury Pilgrimage.' The first edition was very imperfect, and Caxton subsequently reprinted it with great care, and made a handsome apology to the author, like a printer with some manners in him. They are not all so polite. Tom Moore tells of an author who

could never get any redress for having a lovely poem about 'Freshly blown Roses' sent out to the world misprinted into 'Freshly blown Noses.'

Let us now take boat at London Bridge, with the honest ghost of William Fitzstephen, who died in 1191, and hear it tell of the 'large river of the Thames; well stored with fish, and covered with boats and barges and graceful swans. Think of that—fish and swans at London Bridge! Yet time was when our ancestors, tired of bowls, could step down to Queenhithe or the Temple, and have an afternoon's angling. Henry III. first carried the refuse of his royal kitchen into the Thames; and if he and those who drove the fish from the Thames are aground with Charon on the Styx, I for one will not lend them a tow. Our ancient spirit will also tell how bold Londoners at Easter-tide 'did run at the water quintain, regardless of a ducking or the laughter of the crowd.' Or we will take barge with moral Gower when he went to meet Richard II. on the 'Silent Highway' (as the river was

called), to receive the royal command that 'some new thinge he should book,' and which resulted in 'The Confessio Amantis.' The old poet's fitting monument is, as we have seen, by the river side, in his own church of St. Mary Overy. Or shall we go aboard the Duke of

Norfolk's barge, in 1428, when it fell upon the piles and overwhelmed, which was (says the old chronicler) 'the cause of spilling many a gentleman and others, the more the ruth was. 'But they were saved through help of them above the brigg with casting down of ropes.'



CAXTON'S HOUSE IN THE ALMONRY, WESTMINSTER.

This was at a time when, if ropes were arranged for noblemen or gentlemen, it was generally little to their advantage.

Such was once the danger of the Thames; and we can remember when it required a cool head and bold heart to shoot old London Bridge with safety. The vile uses to which our noble river has been so needlessly and recklessly condemned have deprived London of one of its greatest beauties, and destroyed what was once the source of pleasure and employment to thousands. Let us hope that the embankments

which were begun by the Romans, and are now in progress, may be completed before the advent of that New Zealander, who has become in our time almost a resident in this country.

The 'Silent Highway' will never again, we fear, be thronged with royal pageants, as when Henry II. and afterwards when Queen Elizabeth came from Greenwich, 'with her barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk, "and attended as, no doubt, Anna Boleyn was subsequently," with trumpets, and shawms, and other divers in-

struments, all the way playing and making great melody.'

'Whilst from the barge

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
On the adjacent wharfs.'

You may almost see the perfume

that hits the sense from the Thames now-a-days. Or when great Elizabeth showed her state upon the Thames, and Raleigh saw her from his prison window, 'and brake into a great distemper, and sware that



QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN. (From a rare Print by Hollar after Holbein.)

his enemies had brought her thither to break his gall with Tantalus' torment.'

We wonder if the vain, good old queen believed him, as he survived the sight many years?

'The Devil's Own,' as the gentlemen of the Inns of Court delight to designate themselves, were gay water-dogs in the old time, and presented a sumptuous masque at court, on the marriage of James the First's daughter, Elizabeth (1613) to the Palatine, going thither by water. The old river once used the lawyers very rudely, and rose so high at Westminster, that the learned in the law had to be taken out of the Hall in boats. That was in 1235. Such a visitation would have had small terror for such a lawyer as the late Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who once heard a Chancery

injunction case while swimming in the Thames—made a wet order, and dived out of court.

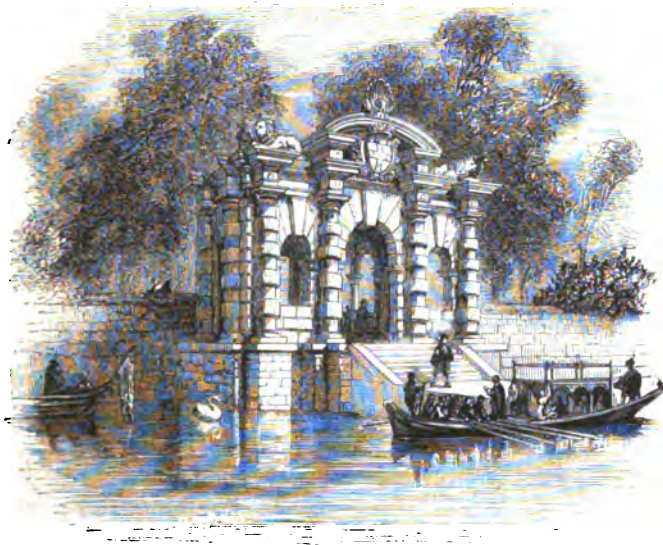
It must have been a pleasant voyage from London Bridge to Whitehall, when the banks of the beautiful 'silver streaming Thames' (as Spenser calls it), were studded with noble dwellings of some of our proudest and richest nobility, their broad and tasteful gardens reaching to the river. Alas! those of the Temple alone remain to us. From the garden water-gates and other landing-places (York Gate is alone left), went to and fro throughout the day private barges and 2000 public wherries bearing freights of beautiful women and gallant men, scarcely scaring in their course the flocks of swans sailing upon the river. No doubt Shakspeare from his house in Clink Street, or from

the windows of the Globe Theatre saw the Thames thus beautified ; and so the Swan of Avon remembers the Swan of Thames, when York describes the struggle of his followers at the battle of Wakefield :

'As I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against a tide
And spend its strength with the o'ermatching
waves.'

When Charles I. was created,

Prince of Wales he came from Barnes Elms to Whitehall in great state ; and when Henrietta Maria arrived in London nine years later, it is recorded that the king and queen in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall. 'The Whitehall to which the daughter of Henri Quatre was conveyed,' says Charles Knight, 'had another tale to tell in some



YORK GATE.

twenty-three years, and the long tragedy of the fated race of Stuart almost reaches its catastrophe when, in a cold winter night of 1688, the wife of James II. takes a common boat at Whitehall to fly with her child to a place of safety. A few weeks later, and the doomed king steps into a barge surrounded with Dutch guards, amidst the triumph of his enemies, the pity of the good men who blamed his obstinacy and his rashness. 'I saw him take barge,' says Evelyn—'a sad sight.' Yes, and not the only sad sight seen on the bosom of that bright river ; for how many a victim of tyranny and

slave of ambition has passed over it on his way to dusky death !

The old river has also had its solemn shows of funeral pomp, as when the remains of Anne of Austria and Queen Elizabeth were brought by water to Whitehall, and in our day the body of the heroic Nelson from Greenwich for interment in St. Paul's.

The watermen of London were, in the olden time, as musical as most other Englishmen, and the old city chronicler, Fabian, tells us that John Norman, mayor of London in 1454, was the first of all mayors who broke the old, ancient, and con-

tinued custom of riding to Westminster. John Norman was rowed thither by water, for which the watermen made of him a 'roundel' or song to his great praise, the which began—

'Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leman.'

The feeling of the honest watermen was better than their poetry, which, by-the-by, was at one time not very remarkable for its intelligibility. The waterman's ancient chorus was—

'Heave how! rumblow!'

whatever that may have signified. We have seen the last of the city water pageants, we fear; and we feel with our most valued friend Charles Knight, 'that the water show of the Lord Mayor's day had a fine antique grandeur about it that told us that London and what belongs to London were not of yesterday.'

It is somewhat curious that so little change should have been made in the names of the various landing-places by the river 400 and more years ago. Old Swan Stairs was called Old Swan Stairs, and we had, as now, Temple Stairs, Queenhithe, Essex Stairs, York Stairs, Broken Wharf, Paul's Wharf, and others.* There was no other bridge than London Bridge over the Thames until 1750, when Westminster Bridge was finished. Blackfriars was opened in 1770. Dr. Johnson wrote in favour of the unsuccessful competitor, and was not far wrong in attacking the other, whose bridge has but lasted a hundred years, and has passed away. And beautiful Waterloo was begun in 1811 and finished in 1817. The

* It has been otherwise with streets; as Mr. Cunningham, in his admirable 'Hand-book of London,' gives a long list of changes. We transcribe a few of the strangest transformations. Candlewick Street has been transmogrified into Cannon Street; St. Olaves, into Tooley Street; Sheremoniers Lane, into Sermon Lane; Snore Hill, into Snow Hill; Dermond's Place, into Deadman's; Strype Court, into Tripe Court; Knightenguild Lane, into Nightingale Lane; Hammes and Guynes, into Hangman's Gains; Blanch Apleton, into Blind Chapel Court. And many others too numerous to mention here.

conservancy of the Thames is vested in the Lord Mayors of London, Richard II. having sold it to the City for 1500 marks, thereby constituting the Lord Mayor admiral of the Above-bridge Navy, as the penny boats are called.

Before we land, let us take a peep at Queenhithe, so named because it belonged to Queen Eleanor, the mother of King John. This royal lady was particularly objectionable to the citizens of London, and they once pelted her with mud and stones as her barge passed under London Bridge, calling out, 'Drown the witch!' a reputation the lady deserved if Peele's chronicle play of Edward I. be trustworthy, and wherein it is said that Queen Eleanor sank at Charing Cross and rose again at Queenhithe. When Eleanor was accused by Edward of her crimes, 'she wished the ground might open wide, and therein she might sink,' if she were guilty.

'With that at Charing Cross she sunk into the ground alive,
And after rose with life again in London at Queenhive.'

So no doubt there was an underground railway or something like it in Edward's time.

Until 1464 Greenhithe continued to be the favoured landing-place, and all fish sold elsewhere was ordered to be seized. Old Fish Street and Old Fish Street Hill proclaim the site of the ancient fish-markets. Billingsgate, however, by advantage of situation, and possibly by power of tongue, in 1669 ultimately prevailed, and obtained the preference. When the use of fish was an obligation of the church, as well as part of the domestic economy of the times, many enactments were necessary, and so we find the sale of fish carefully regulated. Economy in its use is frequently insisted upon. Tusser, in his 'Husbandry,' advises—'Spend herring first and salt fish last, for salt fish is good when Lent is past.' The Fishmongers' Company soon rose into great wealth and importance, and was, as it is now, we believe, second to none.

LONDON SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

PROPOSALS.



UT of all the probable marriages, actual marriages, and breaches of promise of marriage talked of, it is curious how seldom any accurate information respecting offers of marriage reaches the ears of society. Is it, that in such a delicate matter each one is afraid to pass the story on to his neighbour, lest he should be supposed, however innocent, to be personally implicated? Selden tells us that of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage least concerns other people, yet, of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people; perhaps mankind tacitly covenants not to meddle with the proposal by way of compensation for the eagerness with which they canvass the marriage. At any rate it is a merciful condescension on their part. We will accept it gratefully, for it

is an insult to society to suppose that it is not well informed on proposals as a general rule, and could make things very uncomfortable for lovers, if it chose. A proposal on this view is to the engagement, what the honeymoon is to wedded life, the halting but necessary prelude which, by general consent, nobody listens to, before the full notes of the performer challenge attention.

It may be doubted, however, whether the fact that men are not so talkative on this as on other subjects may not arise from an uneasy consciousness that in their own case they rather made fools of themselves. We do not for a moment mean that they repent of their choice; if we did, it is to be hoped that no indignant wife would read a word further. But, speaking generally, proposals come suddenly. Most men have arranged their proposal long before, in their own minds, and rehearsed it often, till there shall be no chance of any blunder at the critical moment. It shall be done, they determine, at such and such a time, in this manner rather than in that, *en grand tenue* or in a shooting-coat; there shall be no dropping on one or both knees as was usual in the last century, when our grandmothers were expected to faint as soon as their languishing 'swain' (such was the term then in vogue) took out his pocket-handkerchief as a preliminary. The playwrights have effectually ruined this expedient; therefore a more natural occasion must be sought, which shall be, when the lady comes in from walking, say, or when she is riding. Some men even settle with themselves whether they shall take one of her hands, or

whether it is better to seize both, in the transports of their declaration, and other little niceties of this kind, which those who have been in such a situation may be left to imagine for themselves. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred this little scheme most egregiously fails. Chloris does not go out, as we expected, or bashfulness overpowered her Strephon, and the irrevocable moment slipped by. On the other hand, Ianthe sings one morning with such exquisite taste, all bystanders being out of the way, that her enraptured hearer proposes on the spot. A tear, an accident, a family affliction in the same way often precipitates the proposal, and the luckless planner is afterwards so disgusted at his own simplicity in devising such complicated means for so easy an end, that he is certain not to mention his experiences even to his dearest friend. Ungallant, too, though the suggestion be, there may be added to this, in his thoughts, a spice of the feeling hinted at in the proverbs, 'A burnt child dreads the fire,' 'Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' These considerations will somewhat lessen our wonder that the world knows so little of its proposals. We trust that in divulging them we are not vexing any of our sex, or rashly giving the other one new arms to use against our unhappy selves. It may be taken as an axiom, therefore, that just as the experience of all the deepest thinkers, from Plato onwards, confirms the old notion of love being involuntary, 'at first sight,' as we say, so a proposal generally comes upon both parties to it unexpectedly. Some might suppose that the nobler sex herein were in evil case, that a dread domestic power impelled them onwards to their fate, independently of their volition. And this seems true to a certain extent; but the bachelor has safeguards at hand, if he has also enemies. Thus, the first step towards his foes, the 'overtures,' as they are euphemistically termed, is always in his own power. The initiative is his. He need not wade into the fair-flowing river unless he chooses; but if he

does, let him not complain if all at once he finds himself out of his depth. Again, he can write his proposal, if it seems good to him. This saves a world of trouble to bashful or fainthearted men, but it has many drawbacks. A story is told of a senior wrangler who dropped in to a lonely parsonage, during a walking tour, fell in love with the host's daughter, and wrote his proposal to her. He wished her 'good-bye,' like an ordinary mortal, and when her father bade him farewell at the little station to which they had driven, he handed him the note, and requested him to deliver it on his return. The father consented, and put it in his pocket. For a year the mathematician heard nothing from his bride elect. Then, judging that this passed even the ordinary habit of women to procrastinate, he made a point, on his tour during the vacation, once more to call at the parsonage. He was received as before, and not quite so warmly by the young lady as he anticipated. Her father, on being asked, did not know that the note was of much importance, and had forgotten to deliver it. The driving-coat was examined. There was the letter still in its pocket. Then, again, servants and post-mistresses have an ugly trick of reading letters. Secrecy, too, is often rendered difficult even during the necessary deliberation of the lady, if the letter arrives at breakfast-time in a family circle. Except in extreme cases, proposals in writing are not to be recommended. They savour of cowardice. Better far stand up and meet your fate like a man. If we were empowered by the Court of Love to ascertain the feelings of the ladies on this point, there is no doubt but that, to a woman, they would prefer the rough-and-ready wooer who dashes straight into the proposal at once, flounders about a little, but finally passes the rubicon successfully, and on the other side awaits the decision of lips that ever smile on the brave. A man who proposes by letter deserves to lose his suit. It is far better to ask by word of mouth,

'Excipiet blandas comita illa preces.'

Another golden rule for those about to make a proposal is, Keep your own counsel; but if you must have an adviser, never consult a woman, unless your oracle sit on a tripod far removed from every mundane influence. The mortification of a refusal has an additional sting lent it, if it has to be afterwards communicated to the Mentor. Men who feel most, take their loss in silence. The brow may be smooth while the heart is a heap of ashes; (Lesbia laughs, but it is so sometimes)—and the stricken affections love to suffer and writhe in unseen agony, as an animal seeks to die in the thickest covert. Videus (to tell a case in point, which is so business-like, it could only have happened to a widower) called at Florinda's house, and was shown into the drawing-room. An aged aunt alone was at home, and to her he revealed the object of his coming—to make an offer of marriage to her niece. Soon Florinda entered, looking more charming than usual, and Videus made his proposal. 'I am very sorry,' said the lady, 'but Velox has been beforehand, and has just asked me the same question. You are half an hour too late.' Knowing what aunts generally are, this one would have been more than mortal had she been reticent. Within a week the discomfiture of Videus was known through the county.

Some grave lovers are for making the proposal, in the first instance, to the parents—parent we should say, for *Paterfamilias* is always too glad to pass these things over to his wife. Doubtless it is a pleasing course for her self-importance when this procedure is observed; but in a case of such delicacy, premising that we speak with diffidence, it seems to us more important first to secure the consent of the principal. And this plan is more to the taste of the young lady in question, for then she has the pleasant task of enlightening her mother on the mystery when and how she likes, and can approach her with Agag-like gait, should such, unhappily, be needed. Our plan, we must confess, has invariably been on this principle, and we have seen no reason to regret it

hitherto. Win the consent of the daughter, and she may safely be left to secure that of her parents. At all events (pardon such domestic Fenianism!) marriage is feasible as a *dernier ressort* without the mother's consent, but manifestly impossible if you have not the daughter's. This consideration appears to settle the vexed question of priority of proposals.

As was hinted above, society at large is very soon as well acquainted with the fact of the proposal having been made, as if the marriage-broker of Bokhara, or his western relative, the Bazvalan of Brittany,* had been intrusted with the negotiation: but for all that, a reasonable reticence should be observed by the lovers as to the manner in which it is made. That is their secret. It is generally the gentleman's fault if this be divulged; which may ensue from his choosing a wrong time and place for the ceremony; from the natural impulsiveness of his kind, as distinguished from the ready tact of women; or simply from the trifling fact that he speaks too loud. Thus a friend who was leaving the drawing-room one day, in great glee as being an engaged man, was met by the servant in the passage with the remark, 'I suppose, sir, you will not have to ring at the bell any more now.' It may be, however, that she was innocent of listening at the door, as men in such a situation are apt to show their joy. Mercator, a portly Manchester man, having secured the hand of Sophia, rushed wildly into the dining-room, where her two married sisters were discreetly sitting, and having seized and embraced them both, exclaiming, 'My dear sisters! Sophy is mine!' then, and then only, perceived that he had seriously alarmed Buttons, who was putting coal on the fire.

Amongst proposals are the matter-of-fact proposal; as when an honest agriculturist says, 'I doesn't like beating about the bush; Nancy, will 'ee be my owld dumman?—do 'ee now!' Or as actually happened in the case of a man who taught at a girls' school,

* See Vambéry, and Tom Taylor's 'Ballads of Brittany,' p. 165.

and had had all the romance taken out of him by hard work, 'You stitch very nicely; would you like to darn my stockings?' Readers will be glad to hear that he was accepted, and, after marriage, went back quietly from church to finish his lesson! Then there is the business-like proposal, often too familiarly exemplified in royal alliances, or noble marriages, where a title is balanced against wealth. We remember an amusing instance of it in a Cumberland clergyman, who made his proposal, and then slowly added, by way of clenching it, 'I would have you consider before you say no, first, whether you ever had a proposal made to you before; secondly, whether it is likely you will ever again have one made to you.' The lady appreciated the argument, and married him. It is a precedent, however, only to be recommended for general adoption in the case of ladies 'of a certain age.' We may exemplify the jocular proposal by the story of the man who, when dancing 'Pop goes the weasel,' at the time when that tune was so popular, asked his partner, 'Will you pop through life with me?' Indeed, a ball-room would furnish many stories of proposals, for in no place are they more commonly made; contrary to the received notion, that hollow lanes or secluded groves are the places best suited to asking the all-important question. Those who choose such localities as these to propose in, are the persons who fancy that marriage means love in a cottage; and the honeymoon, to sit like babes in the wood, or Mr. Millais's damsels, hand-in-hand in an apple orchard. A jocular proposal often serves to feel the way for a real one, or to cover the discomfiture of a refusal. Occasionally it only ministers to the vanity of the proposer, as when a man who simply means flirting proposes, and, on being tremblingly accepted, says, 'Ah, you saucy puss! you would not have said yes if I had been in earnest.' Such fellows, however, are generally careful that their victim has no brother. It is as well to answer their overtures in a similar

strain, or to give an evasive reply—such, for instance, as has actually been said, 'I can't make tea!'

As for the sentimental proposal, we must beg to be excused entering upon it: that is the business of the novel-writer rather than the essayist. Take up the next three-volume novel you find with some such title as 'Hearts and Loves,' or 'The Maid of Rosemount,' and at least two instances of it will be discovered in each volume. So little is known, as a general rule, about proposals, and sensible people are so diffident in the matter, that they gladly fly to novels to see how the thing is done, just as silly people have recourse to a letter-writer to get ideas for love-letters. In a novel, as on the stage, no proposal is taking which is not dramatic; thereby showing how untrustworthy novels are, as a rule, in depicting the events of ordinary life. In real life, nothing is so uncommon as a romantic proposal. Even those who, with the most high-flown notions of courtship, intend their proposal to be a marvel of romance, are generally egregiously disappointed at the result. The most enterprising cavalier of this kind we have known, found himself compelled, by the force of circumstances, to turn carpet-knight and propose to his lady-love on the hearth-rug; so close at all times is the prosaic to the sentimental. A man of this turn of mind may be well matched with a fashionable young lady's idea of a lover.

*Miss Racket.**—'I want somebody that will sit by one at an opera, and dance with one at a ball, and call for one's carriage, and hand one out, and—'

Sir Dudley Dorimant.—'Lord, child, how much you expect of a lover! Where could you get such antiquated ideas? I trust you are less *exigéant* upon the subject of husbands!'

Perhaps, after a ball-room, the hunting-field might be termed the most usual place for proposals. In both cases there is a whirl and an abandon apt to carry away the

* From Miss Berry's 'Fashionable Friends.'

sternest resolves of bachelors. A man who has made up his mind to 'crane' at no fences, finds his nerves in fitting order to face even a proposal. No time is more dangerous for lovers than the evening ride home through the quiet woodland ways, after a day when they have been witched with noble horsemanship. What more tempting to a Die Vernon than to be promised a regular stud and three days' hunting a week! With a fine appreciation of a state of bliss being a life of hunting, did our Northern forefathers relate that the daily occupation of the blest in their Walhalla was to hunt the gigantic wild boar, Sarhimner, who was served up afterwards for the feast, and obligingly came to life again next morning for another day's sport.

The Basques have a sarcastic proverb, 'The marriage-day is the morrow of good times;' it is the day of proposal which admits the 'palmer in Love's eye' to the full enjoyment of the engaged man's rights. They have a ludicrous side (which luckily the neophyte never sees for himself), as in the room which must be given up to the happy pair to do their love-making in; the cares bestowed that the usual worries of a household do not disturb them; the atmosphere of roses and zephyrs which is so assiduously created for their delectation. Perhaps to the over-sensitive lover, engaged life has also something that at its best estate is jarring and ominous. Thus, one of our most amusing novelists speaks of him as being a victim, with an uneasy consciousness that all the *petits soins* showered so thickly upon him during this period are but the fillets and ribbons necessary for his graceful decoration preliminary to the marriage-day—the day of the great sacrifice. The cynic or the jester may decry the pleasures of an engagement; but we should ill repay the confidence of our readers, did we not hasten to assure them, from the plenitude of our experience, that engaged life is a very blissful period. It is the May of life, all flowers and sunshine, far removed from the winter of bachelor-

dom, but with many an intimation of the long even days of wedlock's summer. We will conclude with a last rule for those who are anxious on the subject of our paper. Doubtless a stray sentence in it may have offended the finer tastes of the fair sex; in this, our last advice to their admirers, there is no fear but what once more we shall win their smiles;—all who are thinking of proposing cannot do better than propose at once! Remember the noble motto of the gallant Montrose:—

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all!'

What a mercy that the privileges of an incognito surround us! Were it not for these, we should be crowned by a grateful country, carried in a triumphal procession by the daughters of England. There are so many adverse influences at work at present,—clubs, rifle-corps, walking tours, pipes, and metaphysics; so much to divert the sterner sex from their duty to women,—that it becomes our bounden task to stem the torrent. Now we shall sleep with an honest heart. Having opened the stores of our experience, we have effectually gladdened womankind, and, in the face of the obstinate resistance the youth of this nineteenth century make against engagements, avowed our unhesitating conviction, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, that nothing demands so much promptness as a proposal, and no state is more happy than engaged life—except a MARRIED ONE. After this philanthropic declaration, when the halo of an immortality far brighter than that which adorns the names of Jenner and Howard might be ours, it requires much self-denial to stand in the way of the thanks the many damsels, soon to be wives, would gladly accord us. When we spoke, however, of a sacrifice being demanded from the married man, far be it from us to shrink from it. Literature is a hard stepmother. Future devotees must twine their garlands merely round the initials,
M. G. W.

WOMAN'S VOCATION.

M EUGÈNE PELLETTAN, Protestant philosopher or philosophical Protestant, and deputy for Paris, has commenced a trilogy, 'La Famille,'—The Family—to be composed of three treatises, The Mother, The Father, and The Child. In the first of these, 'La Mère' (the only one published at the date of this writing), he traces with a bold and rapid pen—occasionally somewhat à la Michelet—the social position which Woman has occupied from the earliest times to the present day, accompanied by his own ideas of what woman is capable and what is her due. In spite of the tendency which besets his eloquence to run up to seed as declamation, it is impossible to read his book without being persuaded often of his good sense, always of his good heart. His object is to put woman in her proper place, by elevating and cultivating her best faculties. He wishes to see her an intelligent queen, instead of a subservient companion or a sensual slave. He does not, however (although a radical reformer), advocate what is called 'The Emancipation of Woman' by certain revolutionary dames. He does not join the modern female insurrection, which would confound the petticoat with the pantaloons, sharing between them the right to legislate, to administer justice, to go a-soldiering, and Heaven knows what else besides. On the contrary, he pleads for discipline in the household, and that in the interest of woman herself.

There has lately, he says, been a great deal of talk respecting the equality of the man and the woman, and even of the woman's superiority over the man. We are all acquainted with Tousselet's masterpiece, the 'Passional Physiology of Birds; or, the Theory of the Gervalcon,' in which he tries hard to establish the female's pre-eminence over the male, in every species of species, humanity included, notwithstanding its default of plumage.

But the equality of men and women is a question which it is

absurd to discuss, because it is insoluble. If the Creator had made of man and woman one single and identical being, according to Plato's dream, there would exist between them a perfect equality, and the world would be wearied out of its life. But the Creator made man and woman two, and not one; two in body and two in mind; and, at the same time, He ordained them to live together. It is precisely the diversities of men and women which constitute the attraction they have for each other and the pleasure they experience in each other's society. Change the woman into a man, and you murder love; there remains nothing but friendship, and you have destroyed the romance of life.

The question, therefore, consists in seeking Woman's special vocation in the collaboration of the common household, and in elevating her in the direction of her destiny. And by Woman is meant not the hardworking serf whose intellect is merely in the way of formation, but Woman in her complete development and in full possession of all her faculties. Now, to put the man and the woman each in their places, it suffices to perform the comparative anatomy of their mental powers. With man, the judicial faculties predominate; with woman, the sensitive. Man reasons, woman feels; he generalises, she analyses; he discovers, she observes.

Providence has created man and woman at the same time like and unlike; like, for the maintenance, through the agency of both, of the unity and consequently the equality of the human race; and unlike, for the accomplishment, by their differences of organization, of the different tasks required by the complications of society.

It is thus that, amongst the male sex itself, Providence has weighed out the different portions of imagination and intelligence with a different balance; that she has inscribed on the forehead of one the stamp of 'artist,' and on that of another the title of 'savant.' But,

poet or engineer, each marches side by side with the other; for each, without distinction, renders service to society. In fact, what general measure could be invoked to set art over science, or science above manufacturing industry?

What is true between men and men, is also true between men and women. One assuredly differs from the other in the intellectual chemistry of the soul, as much as in the geometrical curves of the body; but this diversity of nature implies, for either of the parties concerned, nothing more than a diversity of functions. It is the principle of the division of labour. Let Man, who has the tougher sinews, expose himself to wind and sunshine. Let Woman, whose frame is less robust, keep house and poetise it by her presence. Thus, with unity of destiny and diversity of duties, we have man and woman in their mysterious harmony.

Such is the formula which everybody accepts in principle, as if it were a commonplace axiom. The only discussion is touching its application. Is it necessary to define Woman's vocation on earth? It will be readily admitted that the young girl's vocation is, to please; the wife's, to love; the mother's, to rear and educate her child. The thing is soon said; there is not an iota to alter. But, if you please, what instruction is given to Woman, in order that she may obey the commands of her destiny at each several stage of her existence?

The only portion of the programme conscientiously executed, is the first. The young girl is taught to please; although nature has almost made the task superfluous. In fact, she has endowed the youthful maiden, in her voice, her step, her smile—in a word, in the rhythm of her entire person—with a ferocity of beauty which is more terrible than the tooth or the claw of the panther to seize on man and lay him prostrate with a look.

The girl, then, is taught, with special care, what are called ornamental accomplishments. The expression suffices to betray the thought. She learns to play the

piano, to sing a ballad, to sketch in water-colours, to dance with grace, to curtsy with intelligence, to bestow a half-smile—for married women only have the right to give a whole smile—to hold her right shoulder on a level with her left, and to wear her beauty with coquettish reserve. As to the rest of her education, it is a supplemental addition made by her instructors simply for the sake of quieting their conscience. They do not object to teach her a little grammar, a little history, a little arithmetic, a little foreign language, for form's sake, as a matter of routine; so that, on leaving her boarding-school or her convent, she may be able to spell almost correctly, and to repeat by heart the table of Pythagoras.

In this way, a girl is brought up for the preface to marriage rather than for marriage itself; she is armed for a privateering cruise; she is furnished with letters of marque to capture a husband; but the capture once completed, the marriage-contract once signed, the marriage once concluded, and the bridal veil once locked in the closet, the young wife may as well bury, in the very same drawer, her whole small stock of accomplishments; she may as well disarm. For if, unfortunately, she should be tempted to resume her arts of pleasing, where and on whom is she to exercise them? Alas! of all her small ephemeral science, henceforward useless or dangerous, all that remains for her is to draw occasionally a wailing note from her piano, to accompany the weariness of her reveries.

We ought therefore to reform, or rather to complete a girl's instruction, educating her not for a single moment—the short interval before her marriage—but for all the rest of her existence. A wife ought to be considered as something different to a man's walking doll, dressed in the latest fashion and buried under a stack of silk or satin. She ought to be treated as a woman endowed with a soul, which soul has to be raised to its real dignity.

The mention of Woman's soul will provoke the smile of idiotic

exquisites who lounge about the Bois de Boulogne, and who regard the word 'soul,' of what kind soever, as an insult pointedly addressed to themselves. But if France has fallen into a loose way of living, if character is lowered more and more, if egotism encroaches on the present while scepticism destroys the future in the bud, it cannot be denied—M. Pelletan holds—that it is partly owing to Woman's futile education, to her frivolous mind, to her greed after finery, to her profound indifference to any kind of heroism, whether of action or of thought. One half of humanity cannot sink without the other half's sinking also; such as women are, such will the men be. It is the law of equilibrium.

Ninon de l'Enclos one day said, 'Women should never accept any but clever men as their lovers; for the longest portion of the comedy of the human heart is the interval between the acts; and we must be able to prevent its becoming monotonous.' What Ninon de l'Enclos, in her cavalier style, said of love, is still more applicable to marriage.

Suppose a young graduate, just come from the university, who has gone through the intellectual initiation, at the same time literary and scientific, which is indispensable to a good education. Thought and study will henceforth become his principal occupation and his highest dignity; since it is knowledge which fixes a man's place in society, and which introduces him to the only possible aristocracy—the aristocracy of intelligence. This man will one day marry; and, if the girl he marries has passed by the tree of knowledge without gathering a single fruit, if she has learnt nothing, if her only acquirement is to dance a cotillon, what will be the result of such disproportionate education? The result will be that, in the long *tête-à-tête* of married life, the husband will not have a word to say to his wife, and the wife will not have a word to reply to him.

It is not the person, still less is it the marriage-portion, which constitutes the union; but it is the soul, and still more than that, the soul

alone, which is the object and the vehicle of permanent love. The fire on the hymeneal altar can be kept alive only by a perpetual interchange of thought and sympathy. The more the husband's soul radiates into the soul of the wife, and the more the soul of the wife is capable of returning the radiation, the more will their thoughts flow in unison, the more complete will be their mutual love, and the stronger their pledge of mutual happiness.

But when the husband can only offer the confidence of the heart, retaining within his own breast the confidence of the intellect; when he is obliged to stifle what he feels to be the better part of himself, and what causes him to be honoured in the world, he then lives at his own fireside in a state of separation, if not of person at least of mind, and matrimony has nothing better to offer him than bed and board in common.

To increase, therefore, the intimacy of married life, it is requisite to bestow on the girl an education which shall draw her nearer to her husband, and put her in intellectual communion with him. Upon the programme of her studies might be inscribed not only grammar, music, and arithmetic, but also history; because history is a supplemental wisdom which supplies each of us with four thousand years of experience; moreover, natural history, in order that a woman may be at home with nature, and that her thoughts may be enlarged in proportion to the vastness of creation; after that, hygiene, the mother's first science, for she has to watch incessantly over the health of her child; finally, philosophy—

Ah, yes! There is no denying that philosophy, in a woman, is sure to make her a laughing-stock; and yet, look at the contradiction. It is expected that Woman should have a religion; if she had not, the boldest dragoon would not dare to ask her hand. Nevertheless, what are the subjects on which religion gives us information? They are the godhead, the world, the soul, immortality; all metaphysical subjects, nay, belonging to the sub-

limest metaphysics. Woman is obliged to study and know all that, under pain of anathema; but if, by chance, she cast a stealthy glance into the domain of philosophy, she is politely told to mind her pots and pans, and perhaps even accused of intellectual over-indulgence.

But what is it that philosophy treats of? Exactly the very same things as religion; of the Deity, the world, the mental faculties, a future life. If Woman is capable of comprehending those questions when religion resolves them, why should she cease to be able to comprehend them when it is philosophy which takes them in hand? Is she capable, or is she incapable? You must take your choice between the two. If you decide on her incapacity for philosophy, you must put her under the same ban with respect to religion.

But, we are told, if philosophy fulfil the same task with religion, religion alone is quite sufficient; what is the use of calling in the aid of superfluous science? The very same use, ought to be the reply, of leaving that science open to men. If religion teach man to believe, philosophy teaches him to think. Woman also requires to be able to think; for at every moment of her life she has to make the choice between good and evil, consequently between truth and falsehood.

But that sort of woman, people remark, is a blue-stocking; and then they laugh. Well, a blue-stocking, if you will. Really, the world's logic is admirable! It requires a woman to educate her child, and it will not allow her to educate herself. She must teach, therefore, what she does not know. In that case, what will she teach?

And what, then, is a mother, except her child's nurse in perpetuity? Is the mere bringing him into the world, and suckling him for a twelvemonth, all she has to do? No, no; she has to feed him with the milk of the soul, to form his mind, to open his intellect, to tell him the first word of everything, to inspire him with a thirst for knowledge. Such is the task, the glory, of Woman; and for this blessed

mission she requires, we may suppose, as complete an education as if she had to manage a factory or command a squadron.

But the bad opinion Man entertains of Woman is too old to trace to its origin. Woman, under the name of Pandora, the root of all evil, opened the box out of which escaped fever, discord, famine, and other scourges of the earth. Brahma, said the law of Manou, implanted in Woman the passion for finery, gluttony, falsehood, sloth, &c. There is not a vice, great or small, which failed to come to the rendezvous. A woman, adds the text, is capable of luring a sage away from the right path; no virtue can resist her power. She has the mouth of the lotus, but the heart of sharpened steel; she loves no one, except herself; and for a mere caprice, will kill, or get killed, husband, son, brother, and brother-in-law.

When the Creator made women, says the poet Simonides, he gave them at the outset a body only; but when he afterwards bestowed a soul upon them, he made the soul of the first woman with a portion of sow, the soul of the second with a mixture of fox, the soul of the third with a particle of dog, the soul of the fourth with a clod of earth, that of the fifth with the froth of the sea, that of the sixth with an ass's ear, that of the seventh with the tail of a cat, that of the eighth with the mane of a mare, that of the ninth with a monkey's grin, and lastly, the soul of the tenth with the honey of the bee. There is, therefore, only one woman in ten who finds favour in Simonides' eyes.

Arabia even has thought proper to join in the concert. A prophet one day fell in with Satan, driving before him three heavily-laden asses.

'You have turned merchant, then?' he said to the fiend.

'Yes, my lord; and I cannot supply all my customers.'

'What is your trade?'

'A capital trade, my lord. You see the first donkey. He is laden with injustices.'

'And to whom do you sell those wares?'

'To sultans. As to the second, he has as much envy on his back as he can carry.'

'Who buys that?'

'Learned men. The third has a heavy load of cheating.'

'And where does that go to?'

'The merchants buy it up. Finally, the fourth, the strongest of all, carries a complete assortment of seductions, rages, perfidies, deceits, and wickednesses.'

'And where can you get rid of such a cargo?'

'Amongst the women,' the demon promptly replied.

And thus it has ever been. The oppressor calumniates his victim, to justify his oppression and to redeem his injustice by insult. China, with all its ancient civilization, treats women with the utmost contempt. Thus: The husband is the heaven of the wife.—If a woman have a husband after her heart, it is for her life; if not after her heart, it is for life also.—A man must be a great fool to be afraid of his wife; but a wife must be a thousand times more foolish, not to be afraid of her husband.—A woman never praises without slandering.—You may hear what your wife says, but not believe it.—The happiest mother of daughters, is she who has only boys: with plenty more of similar refined and generous sentiments.

When the Code Napoléon was fabricated, Napoleon himself, with his eagle glance, discovered that women had no moustaches. Women, consequently, are incompetent to command a regiment of cavalry; and, for still stronger reasons, to take a share in the regulation of the household. While they were discussing, at the Council of State, the difficult question of the mutual rights and duties of married people, Napoleon thought proper to interfere; and he laid down the slightly Asiatic theory that the husband only had rights, while the woman had nothing but duties.

'A husband,' he said, 'ought to have an absolute control over his wife's actions. He has the right to say to her, "Madame, you shall not leave the house; madame, you shall not go to the play; madame, you

shall not visit nor receive such and such persons." That is to say, 'Madame, you belong to me, body and soul!'

Napoleon, in fact, transferred the discipline of the guard-room to the family home. At a later period, at St. Helena, after he had time for reflection, he seemed to regret polygamy. With the views of a conqueror accustomed to consume a considerable quantity of human wares on the field of battle, he did not take the trouble to conceal his notion that the perfection of marriage consisted in producing the greatest possible amount of the raw material of war.

You have not, however, done all, when you have inscribed in a code man's right divine to domineer over woman: you have to carry out the code in practice. But the application sometimes gives the lie to the principle. There is many a gifted, not to say portioned woman, who thinks to herself, 'Since, in every household there must be one who commands and another who obeys, let us see which it is to be.'

So she speaks out boldly, and says, 'I will!' She says it in right of her portion; she says it in right of her family, drawn up in battle array behind her portion; or it may be, in right of her beauty and the terror that beauty exercises. This imperious dame avenges on her husband's person the wrongs of every other married woman. She makes him her clerk, her fetcher and carrier. She sends him at every hour of the day to her milliner, her dressmaker; and if she dared to carry out the principle of authority to its extreme, she would make him try on her skirt or her top. She insists on his accompanying her to mass, and on his carrying her clasped missal under his arm; but, above all, no complaint or observation; she does not choose to be answered; otherwise, she pouts, she weeps, she has an attack, and after the attack an illness.

When all of a sudden, in the course of the day, she is inspired with a wish to visit some friend of her childhood, the husband, in order to be received back into favour, is

obliged to take their offspring out for a walk, carrying in melancholy style the hoop and the skipping-rope slung on his arm. What objection can he possibly make? Isn't a father the best of nursemaids?

In the evening, at least, he hopes to enjoy in peace the reward he has earned, in the delights of intimacy. After dinner, at ease in his dressing-gown, before the crackling chimney-fire, half-asleep in his arm-chair, he digests his meal in ecstatic comfort. It is raining or snowing out of doors. The angry phantom of December is making the weathercocks spin. But Madame has a new dress to show off; and that very day is precisely the Governor of the Bank's reception. Without a minute's delay, the husband has to quit the careless posture and the conjugal slipper, to proceed to the lugubrious operations of shaving, putting on the white cravat and the varnished boot, and going and fetching a *voiture de place*, under the buckler of an umbrella. When he has found it—and it is often unfindable—and when he has brought it to the house-door in triumph, he stows into the box on wheels the sixty mètres of gauze indispensable to the circumference of a crinoline, and he tries to find somewhere a corner big enough to admit his microscopic self.

He rolls along through the sombre mist, still more sombre himself, beside his mute wife, wiping from time to time the bedimmed glass of the window, to discover how far they have got on their way. As soon as he sees land appear, namely, a façade lighted by gas, he gives the signal to stop. He then gloriously enters a brilliantly-illuminated saloon, hanging on the arm of his wife, who makes, as she walks, the noise of the rising tide. There he remains standing, hat in hand, holding his head up, as if at a review. From hour to hour he exchanges a word with some dignitary of the Bourse touching the Three per Cents or the Grand Central. At one in the morning, his wife condescends to relieve him from standing sentinel, and to lead him back to the family fold. For the honour of the

beard, however, be it stated that the husband thus held in leading-strings sometimes breaks loose by playing his wife a *coup de tête*, or headstrong trick, and even occasionally a *coup d'état*. Notwithstanding which untoward events, matrimony is none the less recommendable.

The bachelor is wanting in one virtue, or at least in one occasion of virtue. He returns home in the evening, and finds at his fireside neither a wife to teach him kindness, nor a fair little head, just fresh from heaven, to teach him candour. He has nobody about him to love or assist. He knows not the joy of devotedness; he cannot even serve his apprenticeship to it. He lives alone, always alone, himself his only object. He scarcely fills on earth the place of his shoe-soles, and he thinks he lives! Life knows him not; let him gang his gate.

Man, unprovided with a family, is only the beginning of a man; to give him the finishing touch, he must acquire the graces and the tenderness which are only to be acquired from the hearts of a mother, a sister, a wife, a daughter. A man with a family, says Bacon, has given a pledge against himself to fortune. Yes, doubtless, in despotism times, he offers a greater hold to tyranny, which can strike him as many blows as he has children. The bachelor, on the contrary, is not attached to the soil by a single root. When Sejanus has noted him on his tablets, he can strike his tent and cross the frontier. He is no more retained by fear than by favour; he has no son to settle in life.

Bacon, nevertheless, has made a mistake. He ought rather to have said, A man with a family has taken a hostage against destiny. What does it matter to him if despotism deprive the citizen of a citizen's rights, and if Cæsar, like the lion, reign in a desert? He may drive the people from public places, but he cannot drive the parent from his home. It is still possible, by one's own fireside, to testify to one's self and find happiness there; as far, at least, as one has the right to be happy, while liberty wears widow's

weeds, in what was once a country, but is now only a prison. And every time the family-man puts a crown aside to save his family from want, he at the same time helps to raise his native land above servitude. Independence of position is a guarantee for independence of character. Despotism must have a mendicant people. When the people no longer hold out its hand, the despot ceases to reign.

The mother also labours in her turn; maternity is a ceaseless work. By education, she has to develop the man who is hidden in the infant; and, to educate him, she exhausts the whole diplomacy of tenderness. She was the first to suspect the theory of attractive labour. She has the art of employing her idle child, with the air of amusing him all the while. She teaches him to do good by doing it herself, and to love by setting him the example. If the pupil, by-and-by, become a light in his generation, his mother has a right to half the merit. Nor is her devotedness a capital sunk without interest. Her virtuous conduct returns to her and envelopes her with fresh beauty. Mother and affectionate wife at once, she bears, like the orange-tree, flowers and fruit together. On approaching her, you feel a change working within you, and a desire to become better and holier.

Only let gymnastics form part of a girl's education, and humanity will have acquired a renovated vigour; Woman will have recovered the equilibrium between her muscular and her nervous systems. Instead of an involuntary sibyl incessantly fastened to her tripod, who wills and acts solely by electrical discharges, you will have a soul exercising a voluntary choice of action, and compelling its body to conform to its own will. Woman surely has the right to enjoy good health, because she is obliged to be healthy for two—namely, for her own sake and for her child's.

Do you want to know the secret of Asia's decline? You will doubtless find it in the double stifling which results from climate and despotism; but you will still more

surely discover it in the compulsory repose of the harem, which condemns Woman to mould and stagnate in an aromatic dungeon reeking with the vapours of narguilé. It is therefore Man's own interest to draw forth Woman from a listless life of indoor pleasure—the dinner, the ball, the concert, the evening party—to force her, from time to time, into the open air; to train her to walk, to swim, and to ride.

But she has not only to educate her bodily powers, she has also her heart to send to school, and to develop its sympathy, its faculty of feeling. When the sympathetic sentiment is beautiful or grand, it amounts to love, to admiration, and elevates the person who feels it to the higher regions of the human soul. For a woman to attain all the merit of which she is capable, it is good that she love and admire nature—that she be able to read the poetry of nature at sight. A woman who does not care to look out of window to admire a sunset, has one spiritual gift the less; she is wanting in the sense of the infinite.

It seems, on the other hand, that she may venture to admire a picture without doing the slightest wrong. If art raise her views of every created thing, so much the better. She may understand music, and even perform it, without throwing society into confusion. What danger is there in conversing with her piano in St. Cecilia's ethereal language, provided she do not abuse the dreamy sounds to rock her imagination into rhythmical somnambulism, unconscious of herself, and with no reaction of thought? The same may be said of poetry. Poetry is nothing else than a revenge which the soul takes on commonplace reality—an agreeable method of soaring to the skies on lyrical wings. After such an ascent, a woman will set little store by a bit of ribbon or a scrap of silk, stuck on to extort a fool's compliment or entrap an imbecile.

In any case, Woman must be allowed to occupy her mind with reasonable employment. Poor or rich, we ought all of us to work, were it only for work's sake. Work

possesses in itself, independent of all ideas of profit, a secret moralising influence; it prevents human nature from falling into the fermentation of reverie.

In former times, before the invasion of machinery, a young woman, even a patrician, even a princess, found in her house a complete series of work, which preserved her from the dangers of an idle imagination. She spun, or she embroidered.

She embroiders still, because embroidery represents the aristocracy of the needle. But, during the rest of her time, what does she do to escape ennui?

Urge her, then—M. Pelletan concludes—body and soul, to intellectual pursuits which will divert her mind from thoughts that are not convenient. They, at least, will never cost her a moment's repentance or remorse.

E. S. D.

A STRING FROM ST. VALENTINE'S LYRE.

IT is a characteristic pettiness of our age that we are given to the burlesque of greatness. Of old the traditions and the observances of St. Valentine's day were without persiflage and without ridicule. There might be much gaiety, but there was little flippant or insolent insincerity. The anonymous letters that formerly graced the festival were the bashful announcers of a respectful attachment. The most distinguished of our earlier poets have left traces of the loyalty they professed and paid to the patron saint of Lova. From the works of Chaucer and Lydgate, of Shakespeare, Drayton, and many others, we might cull instances of respectful reference or of tender inspiration.

But the earliest poet to whom the literature of St. Valentine was indebted for any great system or number of contributions was Charles, Duke of Orleans, grandson of Charles V. of France, father of Louis XII., and uncle of Francis I., who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in the year 1415. He was detained in captivity, chiefly in the Tower of London, for twenty-five years, during which he cultivated both the English and the French muse with elegance and success. He was ransomed in 1440 by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, for the sum of three hundred thousand crowns; and died six years after. It is pleasant to know that if Charles, Duke of Orleans, had the thankless blessing of a twenty-five years' imprisonment, he

had a set-off in the bliss of being thrice married. Surely there was no half-heartedness in his devotion to the cause of St. Valentine.

The origin of some sixty poems of the valentine order of which he was the author—the antiquity of the French of which makes it scarcely worth while to quote any of them—is thus set forth in an edition of his '*Poésies*,' published at Paris in 1809:—'*Le 14 Janvier*' (should not this be *Fevrier*?) '*Valentine de Milan*' (mother of our princely author) '*célébrait la fête de St. Valentin, son patron; en réunissant à sa cour les chevaliers et les dames les plus aimables. Elle tenait une cour d'amour, où chaque chevalier était tenu de choisir une dame, de la servir, la chanter pendant une année, avec la liberté de lui être fidèle plus long-temps.*' It is due to her son Charles, who took so kindly to the maternal project, and was so gallant with his pen, to show that he was no carpet knight; and that, if he was taken captive at Agincourt, it was from no want of personal bravery on his part. There is a fitness in establishing this point by the testimony of Michael Drayton, with whom the French duke had, as we shall see immediately, very pronounced *Valentine* affinities. The stanzas below are extracted from Drayton's poem on the '*Battle of Agincourt*.'

* Yet while thus nobly they hold up the Chase
Upon the French, and had so high a hand,
The Duke of Burbon, to make good his place,
Inforced his troops (with much ado) to stand

To whom the Earl of Suffolk makes space,
Bringing a fresh and yet unfought-with band
Of vallant billmen; Oxford with success
Up with his troops doth with the other
press.

When in comes Orleans, quite thrust off be-
fore

By those rude crowds that from the English
ran,

Encouraging stout Bourbon's troops the more

T' affront the foe that instantly began;

Fain would the Duke, if possible, restore

(Doing as much as could be done by man)

Their honour lost by this their late defeat,

And caused only by their base retreat.'

The same Drayton, famous in our literature for many noble works at present little read—amongst others the 'Polyolbion,' and 'England's Heroical Epistles,' in the latter of which the reader may detect a genuine Ovidean *souppon*—has left, to the delight or the neglect of future ages, the following graceful poem 'To his Valentine':—

' Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird deth choose a mate;
This day's St. Valentine's.
For that good Bishop's sake
Get up and let me see,
What beauty it shall be
That fortune us assigns.

' But lo, in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies
In yonder climbing tower
Gilt by the glittering rise.
O Jove! that in a shower,
That once that thunderer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprise.

' Her canopy I'll draw
With spangled plumes bedight;
No mortal ever saw
So ravishing a sight,
That it the gods might awe,
And powerfully transpierce
The globy universe
Out-shooting every light.

' My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dy'd like the dawning day
As polished Ivory sleek.
And in her ear I'll say:—
"O thou bright morning star,
'Tis I that come so far
My Valentine to seek.

' "Each little bird this tide
Doth chase her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year.
As Nature is their guide,
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

" The sparrow, swan, the dove,
Though Venus' birds they be,
Yet are they not for love
So absolute as we.

For reason us doth move,

They but by billing woo;

Then try what we can do,

To whom all sense is free.

" Which have we more than they
By liveller organs sway'd;
Our happiness each way
More by our sense obey'd.
Our passions to display
This season us doth fit;
Then let us follow it
As nature us doth lead.

" One kiss in two let's break
Confounded with the touch;
But half-words let us speak,
Our lips employed so much;
Until we both grow weak;
With sweetness of thy breath
O smother me to death,
Long let our joys be such.

" Let's laugh at them that chuse
Their Valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use
Whom idly they have got;
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend,
We thus this moon may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not!"

Dr. Donne, dean of St. Paul's, churchman and dignitary as he was in later life, wrote, in his sowing-time of the wild variety of a useful cereal, an 'Epithalamium on Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the Lady Elizabeth being married on St. Valentine's Day.' The first two stanzas of this poem may perhaps be counted decent enough to be quoted here; many of the others are a trifle more questionable than the most doubtful inuendo of Sir John Suckling's 'Ballad on a Wedding.' But indeed it is only the first stanza of this 'Epithalamium' that properly belongs to us, as being adapted to St. Valentine, and throwing some light upon popular sentiments and ceremonies. A modern poet, in treating so magnificent a subject as a state alliance, would probably endeavour to make his muse step grandly in time to political accompaniments; but Donne was diverted from this by his inveterate proneness to speculate on physiological probabilities. Thus sings the embryo dean:—

Hail, bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers,
And other birds are thy parishioners:

Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird, with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.

This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old
Valentine.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves;
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two phoenixes.

Thou mak'st a taper see
What the Sun never saw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)

Did not contain, one bed contains through thee
Two phoenixes whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests;
Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
Young phoenixes, and yet the old shall live:
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day,
O Valentine!

Turning from Dr. Donne, and suppressing his ribaldry, which no loyal reader of 'London Society' can desire to see exposed, we come upon a choice expression of Valentine tenderness and chivalry, left us by Phineas Fletcher, the author of 'The Purple Island,' an erudite and philosophical poem in which physiology is used for quite other purposes than in Donne's 'Epithalamium.'

Allowing for the quaintness and conceit of the anagram, qualities which were incidental to Fletcher's age, it would be difficult to find anything more tender and true than these few lines addressed

'TO MY ONLY CHOSEN VALENTINE AND WIFE.

Anagram. { Maystress Elizabeth Vincent.
Is my Breast's chaste Valentine.
Think not (fair love) that chance my hand directed
To make my choice my chance; blind chance and hands
Could never see what most my mind effected;
But Heaven (that ever with chaste true love stands)
Lent eyes to see what most my eyes respected;
Then do not thou resist what Heaven commands;

But yield thee his, who must be ever thine;
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine;
Thy name for ever is, my breast's chaste Valentine.'

One may often spend a considerable time in threshing the straw of Herrick's 'Hesperides' before he comes to a kernel of corn; and the four lines which follow, and for which that jovial priest is answerable, are inserted chiefly because it does not seem kind entirely to pass over the claims of so very fecund a contributor to our fragmentary erotic poetry. Herrick thus sings

'TO HIS VALENTINE ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

'Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine.'

The popular notion of birds choosing their mates on St. Valentine's day—to which Herrick alludes, and the details of which selection were given more than a hundred years after by Cowper—as well as that other popular idea that the first single person of the opposite sex met by any other on the morning of St. Valentine's day was the destined wife or the destined husband of the person meeting him or her, are presented together by the poet Gray, who puts such words as these into the mouth of a country dame:—

'Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away:
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do),
Thence first I spied—and the first awain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be'

In February, 1784, was published 'The New English Valentine Writer, or the High Road to Love; for both Sexes, containing a complete Set of Valentines, Proper for almost every TRADE in Town or Country, with their Answers. Likewise a variety of pleasing Verses calculated to crown with Mirth and Good Humour, the happy Day which is called ST. VALENTINE, which the Young of both Sexes may read without blushing, and those of riper Years find much Pleasure and

Entertainment. To which is added several New Songs in Honour of the Day, never before printed. Written by Mr. Turner, of the County of Norfolk; Mr. Williams, of the City of Oxford; Mr. Manley, of the County of Middlesex; Miss Rose, of the City of Canterbury; Miss Lovejoy, of the City of York; Miss Gray, of the City of Bristol.' This book, as may be surmised from the writers giving their names—if indeed the artistic distribution of these do not suggest the idea of *noms de plume*—is thoroughly genial and harmless; and when we consider how very obnoxious a volume the Valentines of to-day devoted to professional courtship or expressions of scorn and antipathy would make if gathered within cover, we are inclined, in the interest of popular good taste, to wish that it might be re-edited. Here are two or three specimens:—

THE FARMER TO ———

'If plough and cart
Can please your heart
With milking cows and swine,
Come here to me
And you shall see
I've plenty, Valentine.
Good corn, my fields
In plenty yields;
My barns are filled with store,

Fine sheep in pens,
And cocks and hens,
Are clucking round my door.
For pudding and beef
Provision chief,
And up the chimney, bacon;
Sweet Valentine
If you'll be mine!
You'll never be mistaken.'

ANSWER OF ——— TO THE FARMER.

'Your plough and cart
Have won my heart,
Pray who could better wish?
With corn in store,
Fowls at the door,
And milk, a well-filled dish.
Let others' fate
Be high and great,
A farmer's wife be mine;
I'll milk the cows,
And mind the house,
And feed the grunting swine.
In summer's day
I'll help make hay
While hot the sun does shine;
Then come to me
And let's agree
About it, Valentine.'

THE FISHMONGER TO ———

'Thou art a dish
Of dainty fish,
Better than noles or whiting;
Your eyes are bright
As sprats by night,
Like smelts, your breath's delighting.
You've slipt, I feel,
Just like my eel,
Quite through this heart of mine;
No flounder that
Is caught so flat
As I, your Valentine.
A shrimp am I
Till you comply,
Then dab me pray no more;
I'm full of spawn
As any prawn,
Pray what would you have more?'

ANSWER OF ——— TO THE FISHMONGER.

'Good Mr. Fish,
You're not the dish
That's suited to my mind;
'Tis a plain case,
I'm not a plaice
Nor yet a trout, you'll find.
A gudgeon you
Are in my view,
Which easily I draw;
Should you be mine,
Sweet Valentine,
Beware of lobster's claw.
So take your dish
Of dainty fish
And cast your net elsewhere;
But I despise
Your sprat-like eyes,
So fare you well, my dear!'

JOE, THE SANDMAN, TO OYSTER NAN, WITH A KNIFE.

'As I am crying round my sand;
And you, my Valentine, at hand,
To open oysters, on my life,
I've sent my Nan a pretty knife.
Oh! let your rosy fingers take
And keep it safe for Joey's sake;
Each oyster then you'll ope with ease,
And every customer you'll please.'

ANSWER, WITH A JACKASS.

'My Joey is to me so kind,
It makes me almost quite sand-blind;
And to help out your raw-flanked team,
I've hit upon a noble scheme:
To aid, as through the streets you pass,
I've sent my sandman Joe, an ass;
It cost just half a crown of mine,
So now farewell, my Valentine!'

Another Valentine, taken from 'The New Mirror of Love,' published at Glasgow in 1832, has some little pretension, apart from that arising from a fair amount of talent, to dramatic interest, on the score of cataloguing the favourite

pieces that had the run of the boards about the time of its issue. It runs thus; being addressed to 'A Lady fond of Plays':—

- 'Not "The Poor Gentleman" am I,
Nor even "The Heir-at-Law;"
- "Who wants a Guinea?" you may cry,
I scorn "The Prize" to draw.
- "A Bold Stroke for a Wife" appears,
"The Stratagem" is mine;
- "The Honeymoon" shall last for years,
Then be my Valentine.
- 'To "Matrimony" then agree,
For no "Deaf Lover" I,
"The Constant Couple" we shall be,
"The Rivals" I'll defy.
- "Frightened to Death" I'll be, if thou
A "Lover's Vows" decline;
But let's be "Man and Wife," for now
I am thy Valentine.'

In the March number of 'London Society' for last year, there appeared an article entitled 'Drawing-Room Poetry — Filigree Philosophy,' in which the life and the poetical remains of Winthrop Mackworth Praed were genially discussed and exhibited in specimen. But, as if to leave a gleanings for our present

purpose, the author of that paper did not expose the contents of a little cabinet labelled 'Poems written in Early Youth,' and in one small compartment of which was grouped a small number of Valentines. Here, and now we say no further word of this gifted and lamented author, we simply use, with pleasure and gratitude, one of his Valentines as a tail-piece. It is entitled 'The Dove':—

THE DOVE.

'Tell me, little darling Dove,
Whence and whither dost thou rove?

'I am in haste; a brother tied
This doggerel greeting to my side:
"May every good my sister bless—
Life, virtue, health, and happiness;
Not vulgar mirth, but modest sense;
Not mines of gold, but competence;
With these her bark may peaceful glide,
Uninjured, down life's swelling tide.
May soft Content's all-healing power
Stand ready for each suffering hour,
Enhance the good the fates bestow,
And mitigate the pangs of woe.
Each year may an adoring crew
New Valentines around her strew;
Be every page and every line
As ardent, as sincere, as mine!"'

A. H. G.



A VALENTINE IN THE BREEZES.

SOFTLY, swiftly blow, ye breezes, gloriously fresh and free,
 Down to where the western beaches meet the kisses of the sea ;
 Sweep o'er woodland, hill, and meadow, all along the river side,
 Where the peaceful rushes quiver to the music of the tide,
 Down to where, without the harbour, roar the breakers in their play,
 Bursting o'er the wall of granite in a shower of stinging spray ;
 Where the lofty cliffs in whiteness underneath the sunlight shine,
 Softly, swiftly blow, ye breezes, from my lips a Valentine !

Tell to one, ye rushing breezes, one as good and true as fair—
 Whisper while ye softly lift the braids of darkly golden hair,
 That the Valentine ye bear her is the offer of a heart
 From whose depth the winsome beauty of her face will never part ;
 From whose inmost life the blessing of her sweetness never flies,
 In whose memory there glitters all the glory of her eyes—
 All the gleaming of the silky chestnut tresses as they twine
 In the breeze that carries westward this my earnest Valentine.

More than beauty too. Oh ! tell her of the hope whose purple bloom
 Rainbow-like is brightly arching over ev'ry hour of gloom,
 Of the gentle winning kindness and the simple spotless truth
 That are gems of rarest water in the coronet of youth,
 And are *hers*. Oh ! tell her, breezes, how their magic falls on me
 As the silver moonbeams glimmer soft across a stormy sea !
 Tell her that her gifts and graces all in harmony combine,
 And their glamour is upon me as I send the Valentine !

Softly, swiftly blow, ye breezes, typical—oh ! such my prayer !—
 Of the softness of life's breezes unto one as sweet as fair,
 As your music murmurs lowly through the budding violet leaves,
 So may life's melodious cadence—free from aught that chafes or grieves—
 Mark the epochs of existence in a changeless chord of joy,
 Too well-earned to be imperilled, too unworldly for alloy—
 For the Queen of Hearts whose tresses all of silky golden shine,
 As she wanders on the morning that shall bring my Valentine !

Softly, swiftly sweep, ye breezes, gloriously fresh and free,
 Down to where the sands are stretching far, beside the sapphire sea ;
 Tell the story I have whispered, tell it in its earnest power,
 Tell it as a truth whose meaning never changes for an hour ;
 Tell of love unutterable—love unchangeable as mine,
 Tell the old, old happy story, told so oft in prose and rhyme—
 Whisper to the heart so tender-true—the gentle heart that's mine—
 Every prayer, and hope, and blessing summed in this my Valentine.

W. R.

BRADBURY'S VISITOR.

A Legend of St. Valentine's Eve.

MARRIED indeed! Married! And, just to impress on his own mind the enormity of the thing, he said it again, 'Married! Well I'm sure! what next?'

The speaker was Mr. Benjamin Bradbury, the eminent building-contractor; and the above observation was made by Mr. Bradbury when comfortably seated before his writing-desk, in his private sanctum, at about twelve o'clock on the evening of the thirteenth of February, in the year—I'm not quite sure about the year, but you'll be kind enough to notice particularly that it was the thirteenth of February,—Mr. Bradbury had been looking over his private accounts, and calculating how many thousands the last twelve months had added to his fortune. The result was fully satisfactory; but he was evidently not entirely at his ease. The fact is, Mr. Bradbury had that morning received a proposal for the hand of his only daughter, the child of his first wife, and, to make the matter worse, from a rascal without a penny. (Not that Frank Wilson was a rascal, or penniless in reality; on the contrary, he was an honourable young fellow, with a small but increasing income; but Mr. Bradbury had large ideas, and that was his way of putting it.)

He could hardly believe his own ears when the young man made his audacious proposal. Young Wilson, a fellow with a paltry four hundred a year, had sat in that very room and proposed himself as a husband for Mr. Bradbury's only child, who would, after his death, come into a fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds! and had, moreover, assured him that the young lady herself was just as anxious for the union—indeed, that they had long loved each other very dearly. Mr. Bradbury, being a millionaire, with a constant eye to the main chance, disapproved of love-matches on principle, and of course had said, 'Certainly not,' in the sternest pos-

sible manner, and dismissed the unhappy suitor in much discouragement. Nevertheless, he could not get the audacious proposition out of his head. So now, having closed his ledger, and not feeling disposed to go to bed, Mr. Bradbury determined that he would put his desk to rights. This was a work he had always been intending to do 'tomorrow evening' for the last twenty years, but somehow he had never done so, and it was in a state of rare confusion. Letters and memoranda, old and new, interspersed with odds and ends of all kinds, were huddled together without order or arrangement. By way of making a beginning, Bradbury pulled out of one corner a bundle of old letters, and untied a faded green ribbon with which they were bound; and as he did so, with the one subject still uppermost in his mind, he made the exclamation above mentioned. It was not addressed to any one, seeing that there was nobody there; and therefore Mr. Bradbury naturally felt surprised when a silvery voice replied—

'Married, Mr. Bradbury?—certainly: and why not?'

At the same moment there was a flutter among the old letters in Bradbury's hand; and, from an envelope somewhat larger than the rest, emerged a lady of most dazzling appearance. She was decidedly diminutive, being of only about six inches stature, but of admirable symmetry. She wore a garment of gossamer texture, the skirts of which, distended in the most approved ballet fashion, were looped up with ruby hearts, connected with true-lovers' knots in white satin ribbon, and her wreath was of similar material. This angelic being tripped lightly from the open envelope to Mr. Bradbury's table; and there, after a coquettish dance round, seated herself on the closed lid of a big inkstand, and arranged the folds of her drapery with feminine exactness.

'Why shouldn't they be married, my dear sir?'

Bradbury's first feeling, after he had once recovered from the shock of his visitor's unexpected appearance, was a dread lest Mrs. B— (who was a person of rigid propriety, and a fine flow of language) should come in unawares, and find him in the company of a lady with such exceedingly short petticoats. But on reflection, remembering that his wife had been in bed for at least an hour and a half, and was probably sound asleep, he took courage.

'Why not, ma'am?' said Mr. Bradbury, passing his fingers through his stubby hair—'why not? Because—because—it's ridiculous!'

'But why is it ridiculous, Mr. Bradbury?—that's the point.'

'Of course it's ridiculous. Kate's too young, for one thing. Why, it's only the other day since the child came home from school; and she won't be twenty-one for four months yet.'

'Youth is a fault that mends itself. She'll soon get over that. What's the next reason, sir, if you please?'

'The next reason is that young Wilson has no money, or next to none: and a very good reason it is.'

'So it is, decidedly. How much has he got?'

'About four hundred a year from his business, and a hundred of private property, according to what he told me this morning.'

'Very good, Mr. Bradbury. What is the next reason?'

'Next, indeed! I think that's quite enough, without anything else.'

'You have no personal objection to him, then. He is not dissipated, or anything of that sort?'

'On the contrary, I believe he is a steady, hard-working young fellow. No; I have nothing against him in that way.'

'Very good,' said the visitor. 'Now, Benjamin Bradbury, listen to me. I've known you ever since you were a boy.'

'You've known me!—what?' ex-

claimed Mr. Bradbury, in amazement.

'Ever' since you were a boy: yes, and a good many people older than you.'

'You've known me ever since I was a boy! Why, you're not more than—'

Here Mr. Bradbury stopped short, not feeling sure whether sixteen or six would be nearest the mark.

'Don't interrupt, sir: we'll say ever since you were a young man, if it suits you better; and to prove it, I'll show you your portrait, as you were then.'

As she spoke, she touched with her wand an old case which was lying on the table, and which enclosed a miniature.

'Open it.'

Bradbury took the case with a slight inward chuckle, knowing, as he thought, that the portrait was that of a deceased uncle of his wife. However, on opening it, he found, to his astonishment, that Mrs. B—'s uncle had disappeared, and had given place to a life-like representation of himself, forty-five years younger. Few would have recognized the wrinkled, grizzled Bradbury of to-day, in the curly-haired young fellow, full of life and merri-ment, which the portrait represented; but Bradbury did.

'Bless my soul!' said he, 'so it is! 'Pon my word, I wasn't a bad-looking fellow in those days.'

And Bradbury pulled up his shirt-collar, and put his fingers through his hair, with a sort of paternal pride, in his younger self.

'Yes, Benjamin Bradbury, you were a better-looking man in those days, as you say—and a better-hearted man, in the bargain, I fancy. If you had but one loaf, in those days, you would give away half to any one that needed it more.'

'So I would,' said Bradbury. 'What a donkey I must have been! But I know better now.'

'No, you don't, Benjamin Bradbury; you don't know better now: you have got hard and selfish, and you keep all you can get, and let the needy go without; but you don't

know better. Do people like you better now than they did then, think you?"

"Dare say they don't; but I don't much mind that."

"You were poor, and now you are rich; but are you any happier now than then? Look at the portrait again."

Bradbury looked at the image of his former self; and as he gazed, long-forgotten memories thronged into his mind—memories of generous impulses, eagerly acted upon; of deeds of boyish disinterestedness done by the curly-haired lad before him—deeds that the man was far too prudent to do. And with a queer choking sensation in his throat, Bradbury answered—

"No; on the whole, I think—I suppose—I was happier then."

"Happier!—to be sure you were," said the sprite. "No man can violate the laws of his being, and encase himself in the hard panoply of self, without paying a heavy penalty. The sympathetic thrill awakened in the breast by the knowledge of another's happiness, created by our means, is a higher pleasure than any your gold procures for you now: and that pleasure you have not known for years, Benjamin Bradbury."

"Come, come!" said Bradbury, "you don't mean to persuade me that money isn't worth having."

"I did not say it was not," said the sprite. "Money is good as a means, but not as an end. It is good because it will purchase many pleasures; and, best of all, the precious pleasure of conferring happiness on others. But you, and men like you, grovel in the earth so long, that at length you labour only to gather a heap of mould, and forget all about the flowers."

"Well," said Bradbury, reflectively, "I don't know. I rather think there's something in what you say, though."

"Well, then, to come to the point; here is an opportunity of treating yourself to a great pleasure, by conferring much happiness on two people who deserve it. You must consent to this marriage."

"That I'll be—I mean to say, I've

fully made up my mind that I won't do anything of the sort."

"You will consent, I assure you. You have told me your objections; and by means of those very objections I intend to convince you. Benjamin Bradbury, how old were you when you married? and what was your wife's fortune?"

Bradbury thought of the second Mrs. B——, upstairs, and fancied he saw a loophole.

"I was fifty-three, I believe; and she brought me thirty-five thousand pounds."

"Bradbury!" and the bright eyes of the sylphide were fixed on him with a threatening glance—"Bradbury, you're prevaricating! When you married your first wife, Kate's mother, you were three-and-twenty; a light-hearted lad like that portrait; and she was a good little girl, with a bright, loving face for her only dowry. And you, sir, what was your income then?"

"Twenty-eight shillings a week," said Bradbury, penitently.

"Not princely, Mr. Bradbury; but you made it enough, didn't you?"

"Ay, that we did," said Bradbury, "and were as happy as the day is long."

"You're condemning yourself, you see," said the sprite. "This young couple are older than you and your wife were then, and have a good deal more to keep house upon: and you know yourself they love each other dearly."

"Love a fiddlestick!" said Bradbury; "all boy and girl nonsense."

"You're quite above that sort of thing yourself, sir, I suppose?"

"I should rather think I was," said Bradbury.

"Very good," said the lady, "very good. Now, do you think you would know your own handwriting?"

And she looked searchingly at Mr. Bradbury, with her head on one side, and a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, like an Old Bailey barrister who is getting a witness into a fix, and intends to be down upon him tremendously in a minute.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to take any one of that bundle of

letters, and tell me what you think of it.

Bradbury did as he was ordered. The first paper he laid his hand upon had been enclosed in the envelope from which the sprite had emerged. It was yellow with age, and sadly frayed at the edges. He opened it, and recognised it as a valentine sent in years long past to his dead first wife, in the happy days of their courtship. A strange sensation fluttered at Bradbury's heart, and a mist seemed to come before his eyes, as he read the long-forgotten lines. They were his own, and exhibited faults in plenty both in metre and phraseology, but they breathed a warmth and life to which his heart had long been a stranger. And Bradbury thought of one to whom those lines, rough and irregular as they were, had been the perfection of poetry; who had read them over and over again with unfading pleasure, till, like the frayed edges of the paper they were written upon, the gentle life had worn away, and he had been left alone. Alone! deprived of her whose sweet presence had cherished all loving thoughts and tender sympathies; who by her gentle influence had prevented the cares of business and the toilsome struggle for success from effacing all noble aspirations and generous sympathies from his once warm heart. And Bradbury remembered now, when she had gone, the good influence had slowly faded away, and had left him worldly and avaricious, with the last best relic of his former self, his love for *her* child, degenerating into a vain ambition to see her well dowered with the gold which he had made his god. And then came a bitter thought of his second marriage; a marriage made for money only, and of which cool indifference was the most pleasant phase. And with a sharp pain at his heart, Bradbury covered his face with his hands.

'You do not scoff at love now,' said the sprite. 'The tears which steal through your fingers show that there is yet some life in your frozen heart. Weep on, Benjamin Bradbury. Every one of those

tears is worth a thousand of your golden coins. Learn this — you knew it once, learn it again, and cherish the truth in your heart for ever:—that every man who walks this earth is, by the bond of common humanity, linked to every other. Our Master, when he created man, ordained that none should live for himself alone. Each one is linked, by cords invisible, to friends, to kinsfolk, to humanity at large; and along these electric wires our sweetest pleasures come. If man, in his blindness, snap the cords, those dearest pleasures shall come to him no more. The various relations and dependencies of humanity are to each one as the boughs of the parent tree. They derive their strength and sap from him, but they render as much as they receive. While his branches wave around him, each leaf shall catch a breath of the cool breeze, a ray of the golden sunshine, or a drop of the freshening rain; and every genial influence thus received shall send a thrill of pleasure to his heart. But let him once in his selfishness lop off the branches which derived their life from him, and he shall be like the trunk blasted by the lightning. The sun may shine, and the rain may fall, and the fresh breeze may sweep over him, but he is sensitive to their sweet influences no longer; he shall remain cold and dead at heart for ever. Benjamin Bradbury, for the last half of your life, such have you been. You have tried to shake off all loving human sympathies; and you have well-nigh succeeded. And what has your life been? Have you once known, in all your later life, a thrill of pleasure equal to that produced in the old days by the gift of a penny in real loving charity? Have you ever had the happiness of receiving a poor man's blessing? Have you ever had the pleasure of seeing, in your own home circle, or among those you call your friends, faces gladden or eyes grow brighter at your presence? You know that you have not. You know that in your heart of hearts you would be glad this moment to exchange half your wealth for one week of the old

lighthearted feeling, the pleasant inward warmth which you had in those boyish days. Is it not so ?

'It is! indeed it is.'

'If such is really your feeling, the realisation of your wish is in your own power. You cannot be young again in body, but you can be young at heart, and regain much, very much of the feeling of those old happy days. But the act must be your own, and you may make a beginning now. You were generous then; you must be generous now. Would you condemn your child to a loveless life, and sell her for gold to an existence such as your own second union has been ?

'Heaven forbid!'

'I am sure you would not. Now think over this young man's proposal in a generous spirit. You know full well that though it is not what the slang of the world calls a "brilliant match," it has every chance of being a happy one. But we will try it by a severe test. If your child's mother were living, what would her counsel be, think you ?

'I think—I believe she would be in favour of it.'

'And you know whether she would have approved lightly. Frank Wilson is faithful, loving, honest. What would you have more? His fortune is small, but it only rests with you to make it larger.'

'Egad! and so I will,' said Bradbury, brightening up. 'I'll give the young couple five hundred a year, and he shall have a share in my business, if he likes.'

'That's right, and like a good fellow, Bradbury. I was sure you'd

consent. And now how do you feel ?

'Fifty per cent. jollier already,' said Bradbury. 'I feel like a young man again, and quite delighted at the idea of making my dear little Kitty happy. My dear lady, you have no idea how this matter has weighed on my mind all day. I'm really excessively obliged to you for settling it so nicely.'

'To be sure you are,' said the visitor. 'And now don't you want to know to whom you are indebted, you ungrateful man ?

'Pon my honour, I quite forgot that we weren't old friends,' said Bradbury. 'But I should like to know uncommonly.'

'This is my password,' said the lady, giving a smart postman's rap on the table with her wand. 'Now perhaps you can guess.'

'Never was good at guessing,' said Bradbury. 'Give it up.'

'Why, I'm Saint Valentine, you old stupid,' said the lady. 'Mind you don't forget what I've told you.' And she vanished without even wishing him 'good-night.'

So Frank and Kate were married, and lived happy ever afterwards, as might naturally have been expected. Old Bradbury has immensely improved, but he hasn't finished setting his desk to rights yet. Every St. Valentine's eve he shuts himself up in his room, and reads over that packet of old letters, but he has never had another visit from St. Valentine. Probably her time is pretty fully occupied, for I rather fancy there are a good many flinty-hearted fathers about.

A. J. L.



THE CLARET SONG.

THE autumn clouds are gathering,
 The day grows dull and drear,
 No sunbeam gilds the streamlet,
 The forest leaves are sere.
 My blood is creeping chilly,
 My pulse is flagging low,
 So fill me up, my own love,
 A glass of good Bordeaux.

Each grief that racks the bosom
 Shall sink before its spell :
 A truce to piercing sorrow,
 To burdening care farewell !
 There is a joy that palls not,
 Nor yet subdued by woe
 Is he for whom there sparkles
 A glass of good Bordeaux.

Your Port's a full-fed trader,
 Moselle's a lisping maid,
 A dowager is Sherry,
 Champagne a roystering blade ;
 And Burgundy's a cleric,
 Grave, middle-aged, and slow—
 The gentleman of wines is
 A glass of good Bordeaux.

In each light purple bubble
 A thousand visions throng ;
 I see the vineyard redden,
 I hear the vintage song :
 The skies of France are o'er me,
 The blue Garonne below,
 For fancy finds no friend like
 A glass of good Bordeaux.

And from that sunny south land
 Its thoughts the bright wine brings,
 Of days when Gascon vineyards
 Were ruled by English kings ;
 Of knights who fought and conquered
 Five hundred years ago,
 And quaffed with sable Edward
 A glass of good Bordeaux.

Well ! gone are pride and pageant
 As we must fleet away :
 We've still the wine remaining,
 We've still the passing day.
 The thought you'll say's a trite one,
 A wise one 'tis I know ;
 So pledge to me, my own love,
 A glass of good Bordeaux.

KING SMITH.

THE TWO VALENTINES



FEBRUARY is not a cheerful month, nay, to my thinking, it is quite the dreariest of all the year. Whatever wintry charms there may have been in frost and snow and ice, have begun to pall by this time, and spring leaves and blossoms are never, to all appearance, so far off, as in that bleak and desolate month.

I have heard people speak, with apparent enjoyment, of the lusty pleasures of winter, of the exhilarating effects of keen frost, of biting, boisterous winds. I have remembered certain days of my own and Ellinor's throughout one dark winter, and I have bowed my head shuddering, and prayed heaven in its mercy to succour the poor.

For my sister and I have known

poverty; not born, nor bred to it, we were yet scarcely women grown, when we found ourselves alone in the world with poverty for our inheritance, and I, indeed, with nothing between me and starvation save Ellinor's courage, energy, and patience. I am not going to write a record of our lives in those days, it would only be that of hundreds of others, as well born, as tenderly nurtured as ourselves—no, only a little incident that grew out of our poverty, and that was destined to bind those days by a curious link to the ones that were to come.

We had tried many methods by which to earn daily bread, and clothes to cover us; (what one of the many women who have had to labour for the same, but can recall

the dreary catalogue? The work began in hope to end in disappointment, the supply ever exceeding the demand), and dark and bitter February found us endeavouring to keep the wolf from the door by the manufacture of the pretty, fanciful, foolish trifles which it is the fashion of the rich and happy to dispense on the day of St. Valentine.

Ellinor had a fine taste, and drew very prettily, and between us we had managed to please highly the kindhearted shopkeeper who first offered to employ us in making valentines; but, alas! the demand was exhausted sooner than our taste and invention, and when our last order was executed we had so much material remaining that we resolved to exercise our taste and skill to the uttermost in the manufacture of some real *chefs-d'œuvre*, a sight of which should gain us orders elsewhere, or at least command a sale for themselves.

How well I can recall, to this day, the making of those half-dozen valentines. We had really made money by our previous ventures in this line, and were young and hopeful enough to be easily elated by a little good fortune. We laughed and talked over our work, as if poverty had bade us farewell for ever, and once a gleam of pale sunshine breaking through the wintry grey sky, my little linnnet stirred nimbly in its cage, and uttered a shrill twitter. Ellinor looked up to it with a wistful kind of smile on her face.

'Poor birdie!' said she. 'I dare say that little bit of sunshine is making it think of pairing time, and a downy nest in some pretty green hedge. Poor little town-bred bird, such things are not for you!'

'There!' said I, having put the finishing touch at the instant to one of our best efforts, and laying it down before her,—'there, Nell! would you not like some one to send you just such a valentine as that, my dear? For my part, I think I should consider the sender irresistible.'

Ellinor looked, admired, and laid it carefully away beside the other completed ones.

'Valentines are not for us, any more than the green hedgerow and the little nest are for Charlie,' she answered softly.

'No,' I said with a sigh, yet glancing at Ellinor's fair face the while, and thinking how some one a hundred times less good and pretty would most likely blush and smile over the appropriated compliments in the foolish verses embellishing that very valentine.

It was a bitterly cold morning, with frequent showers of sleety rain, when we both set forth, our valentines carefully packed in a box, to try and dispose of the delicate wares, in such shops as seemed to us likely to invest in them. We were hopeful as we entered the first, not utterly damped as we departed unsuccessful, and by the time we entered, I think, the sixth, despairing, but resolved not to give in while a chance remained.

It was a fashionable West-end shop, as I remember, and the warm mellow atmosphere, as we entered, penetrated our damp garments with a grateful sense of comfort. Two gentlemen stood at the handsome counter, inspecting the valentines that the smartly-dressed, smiling young lady behind it was exhibiting to them, the younger of the two with a curious kind of dissatisfied eagerness in his boyish face, the other with a good-natured assumption of interest in what his friend evidently had at heart.

I noticed all this while Ellinor was displaying our poor little wares to the other young lady, equally well dressed, but not quite so smiling, who came forward to us as we entered, and I was still looking, and our valentines still strewed the counter, while the young lady had departed to ask instructions as to buying, from the master of the shop, when the elder of the two gentlemen turned suddenly round and saw the contents of our box, spread out.

'Hallo!' said he, 'why here are a lot more. Tom, come, I think you will be hard to please, if some of these are not up to the mark,'—and he pulled them all towards him, before Ellinor or the young lady behind

the counter could interfere if they wished.

'Why, these "forget-me-nots" and silver Cupids are the most killing things we have seen yet; perfectly irresistible, by Jove! And this pretty wreath of holly berries that lifts up, and shows a tiny looking-glass underneath,—there's a neat compliment for you! perfections of every kind set forth in the

verses, you know. "Look in the glass and you behold 'em all." Why, Tom, you couldn't hope to beat that!'

He ended with a laugh that matched his kind frank face, and which, like that, seemed to draw one towards him as it were, and then glanced at Ellinor, who was colouring a little.

'Did you make these pretty



things?' he said, speaking very gently. 'By George! what taste you must have: you must let me have this one of the holly berries. I have never seen anything so pretty.'

He dropped his voice and looked again at Ellinor. I was the youngest, yet I saw the compliment, which she never dreamed of appropriating.

'The thing is for sale, sir,' she said simply, and putting it into its

cover laid it on the counter before him. With some awkwardness, and a rising colour in his own face now, he took out a sovereign and handed it to her. We wanted money, yes, sorely, Heaven knows, and yet a sudden impulse which I could scarcely resist, made me almost dash forward and snatch the money from her hand. Not noticing that, or my face, into which a burning colour had flown, Ellinor turned to-

wards the young lady and asked her to oblige her with change in silver.

'No, indeed,' the gentleman called out hastily, 'there is no need of change. The valentine is worth more than that trifle—yes—indeed I insist—' and he would not hear anything to the contrary, though Ellinor looked distressed and even haughty. He took up the other valentines, praised and admired them, and there was something so winning in his face and manner, that Ellinor, though always somewhat shy and reserved, talked and even smiled in answer to him. Meanwhile the well-dressed young lady behind the counter looked on with much loftiness, not to say disdain, which was not abated when the other young gentleman finally fixed upon the forget-me-nots and Cupids, which his friend had pronounced so killing, and the price of which Ellinor said was five shillings. I don't know whether the elder one by this time had become aware of the irregular nature of the proceedings, or whether he was enlightened as to the same by the aspect of the young lady, but certainly, with a smile and bow towards Ellinor, he turned away, and, after purchasing some trifle or other, he and his friend left the shop.

Very short indeed was the young lady's tone, when she said 'that they had no intention at present of increasing their stock of valentines,' and very supercilious the look with which she eyed Ellinor's fair, delicate face, as my sister was restoring the unsold valentines to their box once more. Dear Nell! so pretty, and so unconscious! if the handsome and kind young gentleman had been an ugly old woman, he would have been quite as interesting in her eyes, provided he had bought the valentines.

She sighed a kind of relieved sigh, when we were once more in the street.

'There, Tibbie, we have done almost a day's work in the last ten minutes, and seem to have earned the right to go home and warm ourselves. You are very wet, my child;

come, we can afford to do no more to-day.'

'Oh! Ellinor, I wish you had not taken his money,' I burst out. 'I would rather have been cold and wet.'

She looked at me wondering.

'Not take whose money?—what, the gentleman's who bought the valentine? My dear child, and why?'

'Oh, Nell! we are ladies; yes, as much as he is a gentleman. Nell, it was different selling our things to the shopkeeper.'

'You foolish child! it was different, certainly, inasmuch as we were three times as well paid by the one as the other,' answered Ellen, calmly; 'and as for not liking to take his money, let us hope he has plenty to spare, and will always bestow the superfluity where it is as much needed as he did to-day.'

We said no more, for I was a little ashamed of my involuntary outburst; and our liberal customer was never named again between us. Indeed we had other things to think of; for, taking cold on this very day, I shortly afterwards fell into a lingering fever, and my poor sister's powers were taxed to the uttermost to keep us both from starving. How early she worked; how late, how patiently, how uncomplainingly, must surely be recorded in heaven, as one grateful heart will remember it on earth while life lasts; and yet, after a few weeks, we had but a shilling left in the world, and scarce a prospect of gaining another.

Some months before this, Ellinor had written to our sole relative in the world—an uncle in Australia; and about this time we had fallen into the habit of watching for the postman when he entered our street, in the faintest, forlorn hope possible that there might come an answer to it. On this morning, when Nell had given me my scanty breakfast, and made me as comfortable as the miserable circumstances permitted, she sat down near the window to take her own poor meal, and watch as usual for the postman. The watercress woman, the boy with the rolls, the organ that always came

at nine o'clock,—all made their usual appearance and departed; but no postman caused the narrow little street to resound with his thunderous raps; and at last Ellinor rose.

'He must have passed before I sat down, I suppose, she said, cheerfully; 'never mind, Tibbie darling, we still have the letter to hope for. What, Mrs. Smith! really a letter for us at last!' she called out, darting towards our landlady, who opened the door at the instant, with a letter held in her apron, to prevent its contact with her soapy finger and thumb. 'Why, how could I have missed seeing the postman?'

'Lor, Miss! posty won't be here for ever so long yet: always is an hour late on this foolish Valentine's day, a-keeping people out o' their lawful letters, all along o' that tomfoolery as I calls it. However, p'raps this letter, which didn't come by post, as I understand my little Polly, may be a valentine, and then you won't be obliged to me for calling it tomfoolery.'

'Not come by post?' said Ellinor, in a very disappointed voice, as she took the letter and looked at the superscription and the seal, as people will do, to discover what they could come at so much more readily by opening the envelope.

'Open it, Nell dear,' said I, with the fretfulness of fever and weakness; and she came and sat down on the bed beside me as she did so. A thin bit of paper fluttered out of the envelope, and lay unheeded by us both, as Ellinor unfolded the enclosure and revealed a valentine—yes, a real valentine, glistening with frosted silver snowdrops and blue forget-me-nots.

'Oh, Nell! a real valentine!—and for you! Who could have sent it?'

'It must be a mistake,' said Ellinor, turning to the superscription on the envelope. 'But no: name and address in full, and perfectly correct.'

'Who could have sent it?' repeated I.

'Who, indeed?' replied Ellinor, soberly. 'What a pity that snow-

drops and forget-me-nots are not good for eating. Stay! here is something else—roses now, I suppose.'

And she took up the folded piece of paper that lay unheeded on the bed. In an instant the colour flashed into her face, the tears into her patient eyes.

'Oh, Tibbie! my darling, my child! Five pounds!—a bank-note for five pounds!'

'Five pounds, Ellinor!—nonsense!'

'Yes, yes; a real note!—look!' she cried. 'Oh, my darling, you will get well now! you shall have all I have never been able to give you. Oh, may God bless the sender of such a precious valentine!'

The dawn of another day of St. Valentine,—dark, raw, and gloomy. Out of doors the scene is wretched enough. The trees, in the London square opposite, are dripping with dank moisture; and the London street is slippery with the same. Inside it is different. A cosy breakfast-room, luxuriantly appointed, the fire dancing brightly in the polished grate, and the whole atmosphere scented by the breath of the exotics, that comes floating in from the open conservatory adjacent. Two ladies are its occupants, one of whom is busy at the breakfast-table, while the other stands at a window, looking out.

'Why, Nell, one would think you expected a valentine.'

My sister did not answer; and looking merrily towards her, I saw so vivid a colour stealing into her fair pale face, as made me instantly silent in wonder.

'What were you and Captain Mildmay talking about so long in the dark yesterday evening?' I asked presently.

'About valentines,' answered Ellinor, quietly. 'Yes, Tibbie, I was telling him of the time we earned our bread by making them.'

'Oh, Nell! I called out, aghast. But my sister's noble face rebuked my paltry pride into silence.

'It seemed to me only right,' she went on.

'And did he—do you think he

had ever recognized us for the poor girls he bought the valentines of that day?" I faltered.

'I don't know—if so, he did not confess it: but I think it very unlikely. It was natural we should recollect him: not likely that he should associate the idea of two forlorn-looking creatures with the

nieces of the rich Australian merchant, whom he saw living in luxury. No: I dare say he has long forgotten us as he first saw us; though I have always thought, Tibbie, in my own soul, that he sent that precious valentine that saved you, my darling, after the fever.'

'Oh, Nell!—and you never told



me before! Well, and what did he say?"

'Last night?—very little. I thought it only honest to tell him; it seemed to me right; but perhaps it has lost us a friend, Tibbie; I don't know.'

Her voice shook a little, and she

turned her face so that I could not see it. Just then the postman's knock made the house resound; and, as if the noise had galvanized her into motion, Ellinor darted out into the hall. I don't know what she expected, or what I did; but I followed her, and leant over her

shoulder as she opened the box, with her little hands trembling, so that the letters as she lifted them fluttered in her grasp. There were several—I don't in the least remember what the others were, all my attention being concentrated on the one that Ellinor selected as if by instinct—a valentine, yes, her own wreath of holly berries, whose ruddy glow seemed somehow to be reflected in the colour flushing my sister's happy face.

As I looked at it, I presumed that the token carried its message, in words not exactly patent to my understanding: and I know that, though Ellinor has been years married to Fred Mildmay, she still keeps her two valentines among her most sacred treasures. The silver snowdrops and the bright holly berries must be tarnished now; but to Ellinor they will always be fresh in the remembrance of the faithful love which has blessed her life and made it beautiful.

'Nell was my fate, you see,' said Fred, as we all stood together in the happy firelight on the evening of that day of St. Valentine. 'I could not forget her face after I had once

seen it; and when I found out where you lived, and sent that—that first valentine, you know, I was thinking how to follow it up, when, behold! I was introduced to my fate one night, as the niece of the Australian millionaire. And so you didn't think I remembered you, Nell? Well, I'll own I was too flabbergasted to be quite sure, till you spoke. As to the holly wreath, I always meant to keep it till I was in earnest, you know, and I told Ellinor so last night.'

'Oh, indeed!' said I, as the little history of the morning lay revealed before me.

'Come, come,' said Uncle John, entering at the instant, 'what are you all doing moping in the dark?'

'Talking about our valentines, uncle,' responded I, demurely.

'Tomfoolery!' growled my uncle, in the very words of Mrs. Smith. Ellinor and Fred glanced at one another archly, and then Fred said,

'But, nevertheless, I hope you'll drink a glass to St. Valentine after dinner, sir, and own that some foolishness is worth all the world's wisdom.'

J. R. M.



MISDIRECTED ATTENTIONS.

WHAT a number of people there are on this earth,
 Who their energies waste upon objects unfruitful—
 Who, designed for a certain *métier* at their birth,
 Have heads of careers, that their talents won't suit, full !
 Such misplaced ambition is common enough,
 With ease one a score of its instances mentions ;
 I know hundreds—to give the amount in the rough—
 Who are victims of such 'misdirected attentions.'

There is C., who was born to sell ribbons and lace,
 But insists upon proving he's meant for an actor ;
 There's F., who the bagman's profession should grace,
 But sets up as an author and poetry-factor.
 There's G., who's aggrieved that he's not an R.A.,
 When he ought to be sitting a carpenter's bench on ;
 Each was made for his work—each turned coldly away,
 To pay somewhere else 'misdirected attention.'

There is B. at bad sermons in cassock and bands,
 Whom Nature designed for another John Kemble ;
 There is P. writing rubbish the public demands, a
 Who might set the great 'Boz' for his laurels a-tremble.
 There is S. painting cits, men who're great at the Bank,
 (They consider their sittings are vast condescensions) ;
 And S. might with Raffaele or Guido claim rank,
 If he had not indulged 'misdirected attentions.'

But these 'misdirected attentions' are not
 The ones which our artist elects to illustrate ;
 His two snobs a smaller ambition have got—
 And one which the ladies seem likely to frustrate.
 Just freed from their counters or tall office-stools,
 Such killing young dogs, in their own comprehensions,
 They have paid, like a couple of underbred fools,
 This pair of fair girls 'misdirected attentions.'

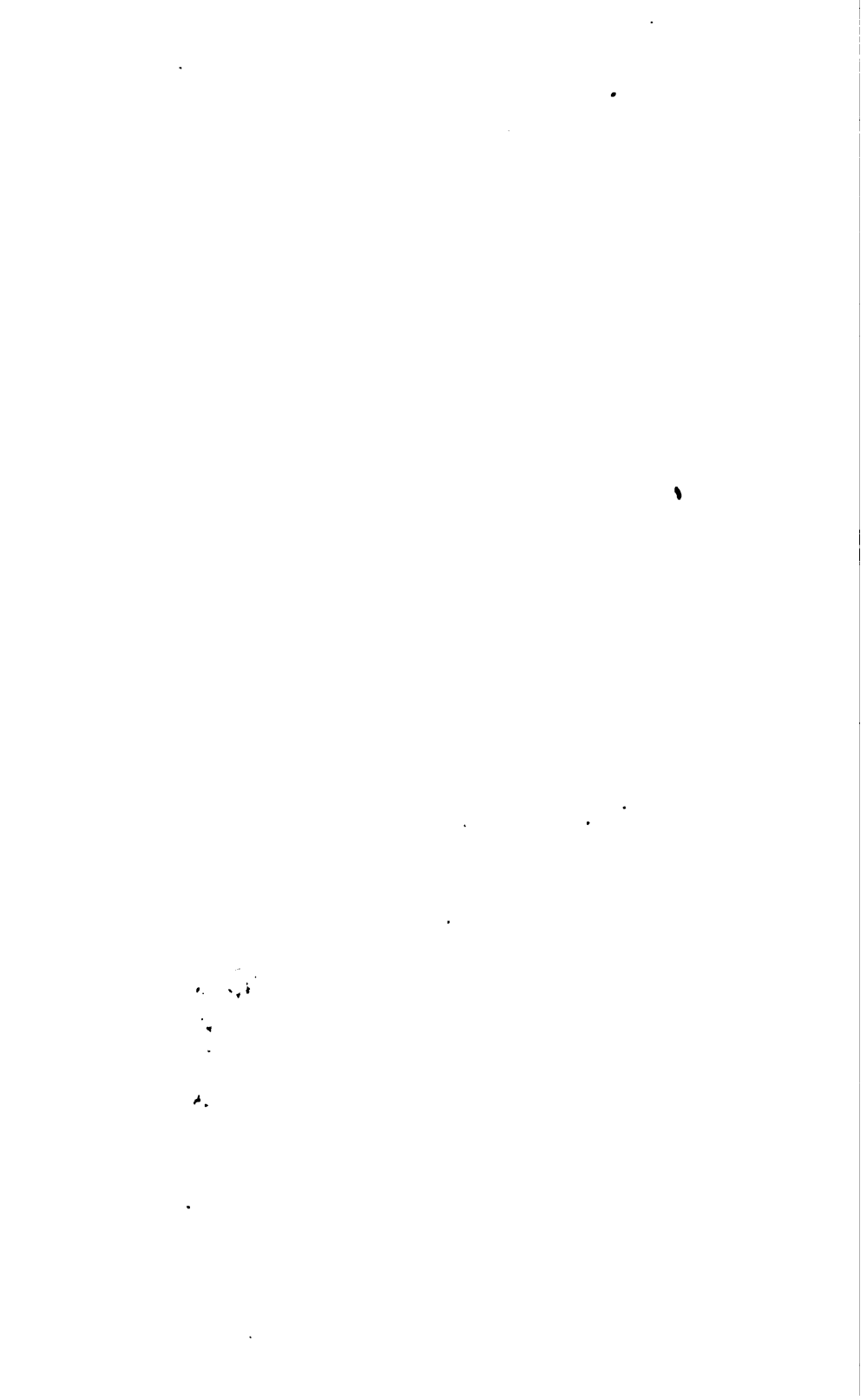
But Bessie and Laura hie homeward with speed—
 And loud at the door of the mansion they thunder ;
 While the two young Adonises feel that indeed
 They've committed a most unmistakable blunder !—
 And that is not all—they their folly condemn,
 But are also assailed, by most dire apprehensions,
 That John and the porter perchance may pay them
 What they scarcely could call 'misdirected attentions.'



Drawn by M. J. Crauford.]

MISDIRECTED ATTENTIONS.

[See Page 125.]



THE BEST MAN.

HAPPENING this year to be detained in London some time after the close of the season, and being driven—from the circumstance of receiving no invitations to dinner elsewhere—to resort pretty constantly to my club, I became at once a marked man among certain acquaintances of mine, who, with a mingled air of conceit and bashfulness, informed me that they were about to be made happy, and, as I was still in town, would I make a sacrifice to friendship, and witness their sacrifice to Hymen? Almost all their intimate friends and contemporaries were either married, or had left town, and 'Blank, old fellow! I always depended upon you, you know, to see me turned off.' Excuses were useless, as I had made it generally known that I was a fixture for a month in London without having anything particular to do, but being lazy, and not quite able to make up my mind where to go. Lazy indeed! I never was so hard worked in my life.

I had not taken the precaution of assuming a hurried eve-of-departure appearance, which I hold to be the only safeguard against such assaults, and was absolutely, during the first fortnight of the month of August, victimized to the extent of seven weddings. After the third or fourth, I began rather to like it, and, except that I usually felt towards the afternoon like a confectioner's apprentice new in the business (who is allowed to eat as many sweets as he likes, in order ultimately to secure his distaste for them), and had a vague impression that I ought to propose somebody's health each day at lunch, I survived my exertions tolerably well. And they were stupendous. To say nothing of being introduced, as a rule, for the first time, to seven brides, fifty bridesmaids, and three hundred wedding guests, there was the anxiety of choosing seven presents, all suitable to the tastes and requirements of their respective recipients. Entirely unable of myself to form a correct judgment in such matters, I

consulted all the disinterested friends who still lingered in town. Some recommended a fish-slice and fork; but that seemed a gift likely to be thought of and bestowed by others, and I had before my eyes a frightful example of presenting duplicates in the case of a young curate, living in a tiny cottage, who had, on an interesting occasion, nine moderator lamps thrust upon him and his pretty little wife, the use of the smallest of which rendered their dining and largest room so intolerably hot, even in mid-winter, that it had to be extinguished, with ignominy, in the presence and at the request of the friendly donor, in compliment of whom it had for the first time been illuminated. One rash man said, 'Go to Howell and James's, and you will see a great variety of appropriate articles.' Being a person of a modest and retiring disposition, this I at once declined; for I remember some years ago, in August, having recklessly plunged into the millinery department of that famous establishment, having been received by what appeared to me about thirty young ladies, and having fled ingloriously. No man, unless of iron nerve, or accompanied by his wife, can venture in among so many attractions with due regard to his heart and pocket, unless, indeed, he is himself a principal in a matrimonial arrangement and has parted with the present control of both. Ultimately I made up my mind, and ordered seven almost precisely similar gifts of an astonished shopman, to whom I must have appeared as about to open a small retail business, and to be wildly laying in stock, and who made no reduction whatever in consideration of the number purchased, but regarded me with obvious suspicion and, I thought, slightly contemptuous pity. What I bought, though each gift of course gave unlimited satisfaction, no power shall induce me (without a considerable pecuniary recompense) to divulge. Not the result of three sleepless nights and a

week of torturing suspense is not so lightly to be parted with; and if the secret were to become even partially known my only chance would be emigration, or retirement to some remote village in the Highlands of Scotland; for if my name and address were once known, should I not be besieged by all I ever knew who had any thoughts of being about to be married? should I not be advertising myself almost as much as *Heal's Bedding*? Well, that great anxiety over, my next thought was white waistcoats. Invitations had poured in so rapidly, and had been so rapidly accepted in the heedlessness of despair, that there was little time to order new; besides, August is not the month for investing in summer raiment, and my tailor was on the Rhine. The present style of coat, it is true, allows of the exhibition of but little of that garment, and indeed was taken no little advantage of in very hot weather in dispensing with it altogether; but at a wedding-breakfast in the dog-days, when wedged in between two mountains of gauze and lace, it is agreeable to throw back the coat, and expose the manly chest decorated by a spotless vest; besides, in speaking, a white waistcoat is indispensable. Nothing assists one better through emotional periods, nothing gives a greater look of general benevolence and good-fellowship. Well, by bribery and corruption, by threats and intimidation, or a combination of all four, I induced my washerwoman to become my friend; and, though I confess to an occasional feeling of dampness, and limpness about the chest, yet I contrived always to appear with a centre garment of undeniable whiteness. The speeches it fell to my share to make, after the first or second trial, became quite easy, for one could say the same thing over again any number of times, on different occasions, with the utmost complacency.

At five of the wedding festivals I was 'best man;' and I flatter myself I sustained that important office with becoming dignity. I liked the post very well after the important ceremony was concluded,

because I was entitled to a good seat at the breakfast, and the privilege of returning thanks for the bridesmaids; but during the actual ceremony the best man's position is often the reverse of enviable. If he discovers what to do with his own hat, he is at least generally at a loss what to do with the bridegroom's (that gentleman himself being usually by the time the actual event is coming off reduced to a state of amiable imbecility); then he has a prayer-book thrust into his hand by some well-meaning but indiscreet individual, and with that and one if not two hats, the bridegroom's gloves, and possibly the wedding-ring, looks as if he were the victim of some conjuring trick, and requiring instead of giving assistance. Then the bridesmaids crowding in on all sides of the happy pair, seem intent on shutting him out of all share of the performance; and only by the most determined exertion have I saved myself from being swept altogether into a side aisle, by the combined efforts of twelve charming young ladies all struggling to obtain a good place in a narrow chancel. Though in the after-breakfast speech I compared myself on that occasion to a peony in a garden of roses, or a bit of burrage in a nosegay of forget-me-nots (the bridesmaids' bonnets being decorated with that flower), yet while the service was going on I had considerable difficulty not only in seeing but in being seen, and remember that one of the bridegroom's gloves was carried out of my hand, on my way to the vestry, and hopelessly lost.

In the vestry, the 'best man' is subjected to a severe trial, as he feels he ought to be of use, and yet is quite at a loss what to do. The bridegroom has got out of the passively imbecile into the actively silly state, and the bride is surrounded by pathetic and gushing relatives, who, in company with privileged bridesmaids, lavish their affections upon her in the most tantalizing manner. Then, on most occasions, scope is afforded for interesting agitation and heavy maternal benediction, and facility in fainting is

quite at a premium. Fully sensible of the dignity of your office, you stand prepared, when called upon, to append your signature to that of the senior bridesmaid, and to conduct that responsible individual subsequently out of church.

After church comes the time when opportunity is afforded for the best man especially to distinguish himself; and, indeed, among those not deeply interested in recent proceedings, he is, for his little hour, a man of mark. The bridegroom, who has been tolerated all day, and only just tolerated, sinks now into a sort of smiling dummy—shakes hands fervently with almost entire strangers, makes vague and uncertain remarks about things in general, and is especially vague in returning thanks to the toast of 'The Health of the Bride and Bridegroom,' which he probably replies to the total exclusion of the bride; but nobody seems to mind him—there is a general understanding among the guests that the bridegroom is a thing to be tolerated, and is a necessary but quite unimportant part of the ceremony, the sole interest of which centres in the bride. At this crisis, the best man has scope for being entertaining; he taking up a prominent position as something more than a theoretical supporter of matrimony, is viewed with not unfavourable eyes by at least some of the bridesmaids. His speech, too, considering there is no necessity of an appeal to the feelings, should be the most effective and least embarrassed of any. Then, as the man the bridegroom delights to honour, he has the privilege of the especial notice of the bride, and all sorts of opportunities of saying pretty and appropriate things. Even, too, when all necessary speeches have been made, and the happy pair have departed with the best wishes of all, and an old shoe as a parting gift, the duties of the best man can hardly be considered at an end. If he be wise he will take his departure from the scene of late festivity,

now grown suddenly desolate, and never, if he can return to town or go elsewhere, remain the rest of the day a guest of the bride's family. Once, and only once, was I victim to this delusion, and never shall I forget the hideous attempt at mirth and cheerfulness that prevailed—bridesmaids utterly knocked up by unwonted excitement and unusual early rising—mamma retiring prematurely with nervous headache—male relatives awfully bored, and wanting to talk over events quietly together—oh! how glad I was when our very badly-dressed dinner was over, and I could with decency say 'Good-night.' All this, of course, is supposing there is no subsequent ball, or dinner party, which would naturally detain the greater portion of the wedding guests.

But such entertainments are seldom lively; and the comparison of a wedding to a ship-launch still holds good—great excitement, and interest, and then a sudden void. Spectators, stand and gaze and shout your applause, and good wishes to that great plunge into life, but don't linger long by the empty dock—put on your hats like wise men, and walk away! If the 'best man' take such advice, still it seems incumbent upon him to extend, if in his power, the rights of hospitality to some friend of the bride or bridegroom who is uncertain as to evening engagements; and, besides, he feels himself hardly in a mood for a melancholy meal at a deserted club, but inclined for the society of some one who can sympathise with his unusual frame of mind.

A quiet *tête-à-tête* dinner, and a visit to some theatre, seems a fitting conclusion to a day of harmless dissipation; and perhaps, after all, as probably every bridesmaid he has met that morning looks forward to being some day a bride, so the 'best man' contemplates a time when he will go out of office for life, and leave to younger men the post he has so often been selected to fill.



FACES IN THE FIRE

BY AN 'OLD FOGGY.'

WHILE the shadows flit changefully round the room,
 On the embers I idly gaze;
 They seem to picture, like ghosts from the tomb,
 The fancies of bygone days!
 Ah, strange the scenes that my memory thrill,
 As they throng on me, gentle or wild!
 And the faces that please the old man still
 Are the same that charm'd the child.

And though my childhood so far off seems,
 Like a tune one has long forgot,
 Some faint sweet shape in the land of dreams,
 That has been and that now is not;
 Yet often, then, its hopes and fears,
 Each object of past desire,
 Bring back to me all its joys and tears,—
 Sweet pictures seen in the fire!

The gentle love of a mother fair,
 Who watch'd o'er her infant joy;
 And faces dear—I can see them there—
 Who have lov'd the wayward boy!
 And next a scene, where a mother stands,
 I view, by my fancy led,
 With eyes tear-dimm'd, and tight-clasp'd hands,
 Who weeps for a father dead.

Once more again, I seem to stray
 By the classic Isis' wave,
 Unawed, an undergraduate gay,
 By the Don, sedate and grave.
 The forms are many that crowd on me
 As I sit by the fire alone;
 Or grave, or gay, or sad to see,
 But all are for ever gone!

Again, I see the fair young face
 Who dazzled my youthful prime;
 The sunshine bright of my bygone days,—
 A face that has known not Time.
 And yet once more, in her sunny glance,
 My old, old self grows bright,
 As I thread the maze of the joyous dance
 With heart and footsteps light!

But now the fire burns pale and wan,
 And the light is lost in gloom,
 And I stand, an older and sadder man,
 Alone in a darkened room!
 Alone! alone! on a dear, dead brow
 My speechless lips are press'd!
 'Tis hard to think, as I see it now,
 That the wisdom of Heaven is best!



Drawn by Florence Claston.]

FACES IN THE FIRE.

[See Page 132.]

Again let the firelight merrily shine,
Let the blaze be bright and free;
I see her again, sweet child of mine!
My Kate, you are fair to see!
Methinks I can hear the deep, rich bells,
As they sing their song of pride!
Ay, proudly their music floats and swells,
For they ring my child a bride!

And next two cherub forms are near,
With tresses of floating gold,
And half in mirth, and half in fear,
They gaze at their grandsire old.
Gaze on, bright eyes! but they soon depart,
And the feeble flames expire;
My darlings, you gladden the old man's heart
With your faces, seen in the fire!

T. H. S. E.

'SHE IS DEAD.'

WORDS that lay censure to sleep and blame
Lightly and slightly I named her name,
Asking, with nothing of thought or care,
Asking, for form's sake, her 'how' and 'where.'

'She is dead!' came the answer grave and slow;
It stopped in a moment the ebb and flow
Of a mood, half mirthful and half severe,
That had questioned and had not cared to hear.

Why so pitiful of the dead? —
Their smiles are smiled, but their tears are shed;
Out of the sunshine is out of the rain,
They rest from life's toil and its soil and pain.

Is life so dear that the keenest woe
We can know of dreams, or dreams we know,
Is just to be shrouded, and coffined, and laid
Under the turf in the death-dark shade?

I know not! but since we pity the dead,
Are tenderly moved when the word is said,
In our little pity from little love
May we see a shadow from that Above?

E.



THE OPERATIONS OF LAWRENCE REEVE.

A Tale of Money-making on the Stock Exchange.

CHAPTER III.

FACILIS EST ASCENSUS.

SPITE of all vantages and advantages, however, Reeve found it almost as difficult a matter to set about breaking the news of his good fortune, as he would have found it to break the news of bad fortune, had he by ill-luck lost five hundred pounds instead of gaining them. He hardly knew how to approach the subject. To say that he had been casually presented with the money by a stranger whom he had met in Fleet Street, and whom he had obliged with a light for his cigar, would, he knew, seem little more preposterous to that good lady, his wife, than it would seem to her to say that he had bought certain property—certain airy nothings, rather—one day for fifty pounds, and sold them as it were the next for five hundred and fifty; and he had much doubt of his ability to make her really credit such an astounding fact. He decided that the best plan would be to begin by showing her the money. It was in crisp Bank of England notes—fifteen of them, of a hundred pounds a-piece. Mrs. Reeve had perhaps never seen so much money at one time in her life before. One may live a good while, and even be worth a good many thousands of our own, without ever seeing fifteen hundred pounds in tangible shape before us. But she bore the sight quite philosophically, and was not in the least overcome by it. Perhaps if it had been in gold it might have impressed her more seriously.

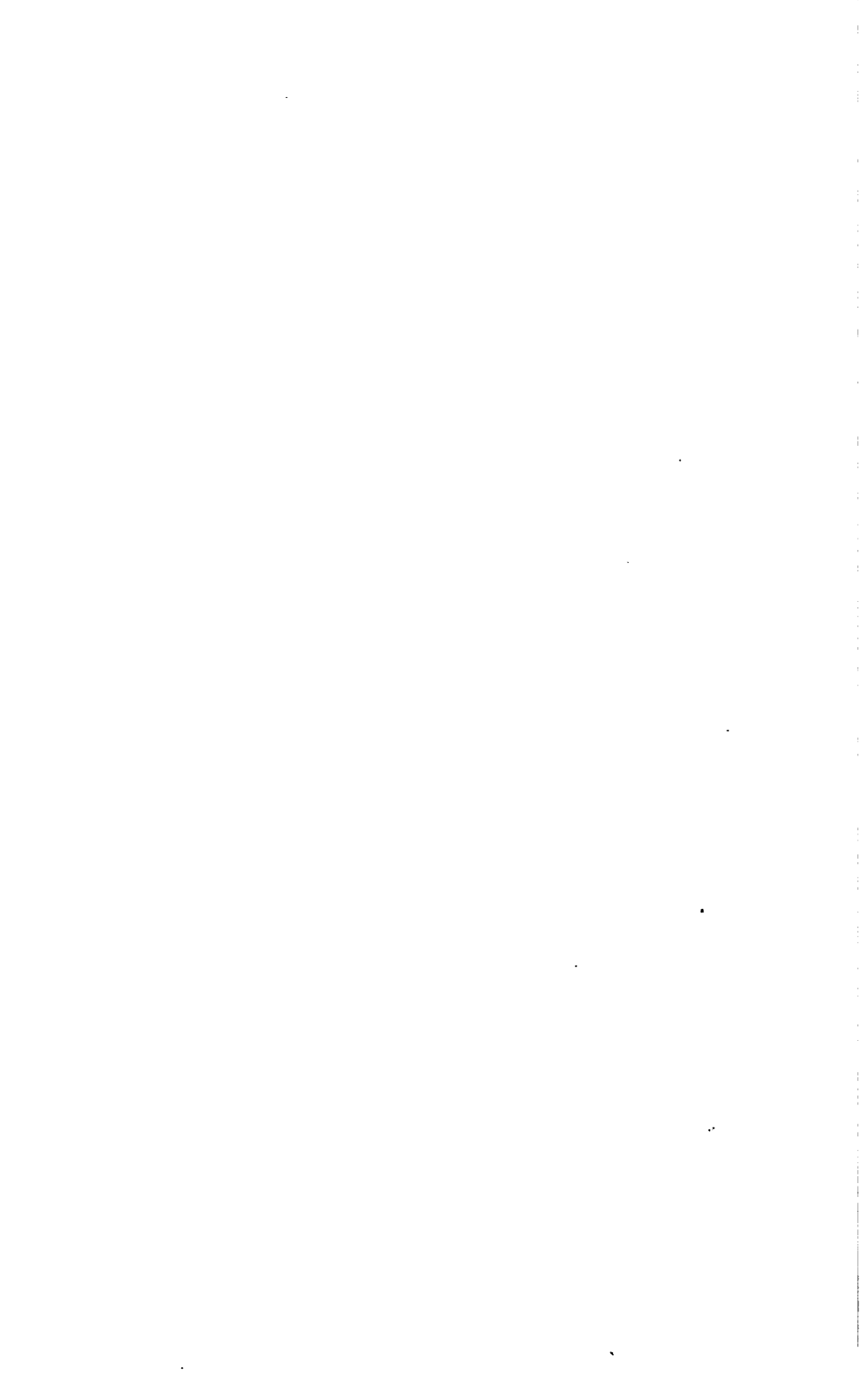
‘And so you have been selling all the stock, Lawrence,’ she said, gravely, ‘and are meaning to put it into some of those swindling companies; is not that it?’ Now the subject of shares, or of the sale of stock, had never been mentioned between them; but Mrs. Reeve had known, without being told, ever since the night of the prospectuses, that something of this kind was being done.

‘You are quite wrong, my dear,’ he replied; ‘I have not been selling out all the stock, and I hope I am not going to intrust it to any swindling company.’

And then he explained to her, as lucidly as he could, what was the real state of affairs; and that, there being some trifle over the fifteen hundred due to him on the balance of his account, he had invested this trifle in a new watch and chain for her, and in some feminine tackle or other for the girls; and that he would take it as an especial favour if she would oblige him with a kiss, and inform him if she did not think it a most extraordinary stroke of good luck.

‘Good luck, indeed!’ she said; ‘but I doubt it is fairy money, and will never do us any good. You will never value it as if you had worked for it; and some fine morning we shall wake up and find we have merely dreamed about it. Besides,’ she added, more seriously, ‘if you have gained it, I suppose some one else has lost it: and there is, perhaps, greater trouble in somebody else’s home about it, than there is joy in ours.’

Then Reeve, with the pleased, benignant manner of superior intelligence, explained still further that his wife was wrong again; that he had it on broker’s authority that this money had *not* been lost by anybody; that the man who first bought the shares had immediately sold them again at a very little loss; the next buyer, in his turn, had sold at a further loss; and soon, till through a succession of buyers and sellers, it was probable that the shares had found their present level without inflicting on any one a damage at all corresponding with the benefit derived by himself. In fact, he made it out to his own satisfaction, that this most agreeable windfall was nobody’s money; and Mrs.





Drawn by T. Morten.]

MRS. REEVE HAS HER DOUBTS.

[See "The Operations of Lawrence Reeve," Chapter III.]



Reeve, in the end—feeling sure of nothing but her own dense ignorance of the matter—half believed him.

She felt, as she had said, that it surely could not be the same sort of money as people got in return for work. She recalled legends that told how gold easily won had, on being put away, by-and-by been found to have changed into dry leaves; and she smiled as she caught herself fancying these crisp bank-notes of her husband's similarly metamorphosed, and guessing thoughtfully what kind of leaves they would be—rose-leaves, or oak, or willow.

But at the same time she was very willing to persuade herself, in a vague sort of way, that it might be money sent them by a special overruling Providence, out of other men's great abundance, to supply their greater need, or (the good woman thought it in all humility), perchance to reward their greater merit; and if so, it could only have been sent to be applied to one especial use. It had been sent that it might serve as the wedding-portion of their eldest daughter, who was to be married very soon.

To secure, therefore, that it should be so applied became Mrs. Reeve's especial object. 'It will come in very useful; just when we want it,' she said. 'You could perhaps hardly have spared five hundred pounds to give to Kate this autumn without it; but it will be just the thing.'

Then she went on a little faster, seeing that her husband was about to reply, and doubting, from the expression of his face, that he was not going quite to fall in with her views.

'It will be such a nice start for them; and William, I do think, is one who will take care of his wife's money, whether you tie it up or not. And you can put back the other thousand pounds into the funds, and we shall have just as much interest coming in as before.'

'But, Carry, if I use the money a month or two longer, I may easily enough double it.'

Reeve, who had been content to work a whole year for four hundred pounds, had learnt now how easy it

was to make much more than that in much less time, without work at all, and of course he was anxious to apply his newly-acquired knowledge as quickly and as often as possible.

'Or as easily lose it,' his wife replied. 'Let us be content with the good we have got, and go on as before.'

Lawrence Reeve, however, was otherwise minded, and, though mild enough in his rule, still would be ruler, loving his own way and his own opinion. He was willing and glad to promise that Kate should have the money; for he loved his children, and it was his dearest object in life to do well to them. But she must not have it just then. It must be planted out to grow. And so the end of it was that, after long debate, Reeve went off to bed without having made any promise to put back the money into the funds, and, indeed, with a contrary resolution in his own mind.

It does not at all come within the plan of this history to furnish a debtor and creditor statement of Lawrence Reeve's cash account, from week to week, during this eventful period of his life. From of old it has been well known how great are the facilities for going down hill. But in Reeve's case he thought for a while that the natural laws of gravitation had been at least suspended, if not reversed in his favour, and that he was to find ascent as easy as others found descent. To make a long story short, let us say that, instead of putting back his fifteen hundred pounds into the funds, he speculated, that is, operated with it again; bought with it bank shares, gas shares, insurance shares, railway shares, finance shares, and what not. And as it happened that he had taken the tide of fortune at the flood, his affairs prospered marvellously. When he first entered on his new and exciting career, those weeks had just set in when all manner of new companies were being launched at the rate of about a dozen a week, when the shares of all of them went to a premium as a matter of course, and when as yet the Stock Exchange

had at laid down the law which forbids dealings in new shares before allotment. Reeve, in the simplicity of his heart, imagined he had found out a royal mine of wealth which was unknown to others, and which he alone was to be privileged to work. East and west, and north and south, did he send his applications for allotments; and from all quarters came the gracious responses. He sold at once, and realized his premiums, and entered again into ever new schemes. He began to think premium-jumping by no means a contemptible trade. Harper and Morris had few better customers, or few whom they were more glad to see. Woodhead and he became quite intimate; so friendly, indeed, that he took him home with him once or twice, where Mrs. Reeve, not much liking the man, it is true, but yet looking on him as in some way connected with the flood of good fortune which had so happily set in upon them, was gracious to him, and allowed her girls to play him their most brilliant pieces and sing him their most enchanting songs. Reeve asked him once if it was he who sent him all those prospectuses of new companies, which

every post now brought to 'Lawrence Reeve, Esq.,' at Hammer-smith; and if so, why he sent three or four copies of each. Woodhead said, 'Oh, no,' he had got his name into the Shareholders' Directory, that was all; and there were three or four brokers who made a point of sending a copy of each new thing to every man in the list. In one way or other, either through Woodhead or by other channels of experience, Reeve came to be very knowing in all the craft and slang of share-dealing. He knew all about 'bulls and bears,' and 'rigging the market.' He knew when settling-day came round, as well as he knew when Sunday came round. He even acquired that supernaturally horrid lingo—unknown probably to Lucien Bonaparte, or to Professor Max Müller himself—in which the fraternity of stockbrokers transmit their secret messages. Thus, when Mrs. Reeve picked up a telegram which ran mysteriously thus—

'Sheep trot dove, and muff duck.
Ghost, fiend, and bob twist.'

he was able to explain, without any embarrassment, that, being translated, it read as follows:—

Sheep	trot	dove,	and	muff	duck.
Dealers will sell	Caledonian stock	at a hundred,	and	South Eastern	at seventy-five.
Ghost,	fiend,	and	bob	twist.	
Midland,	North Western,	and	Taff Vale	are firm.	

And of course, whatever opinion she might have of the delicacy and elegance of a new language of which this was a specimen, no doubt she felt that she must not rashly or superciliously disdain that which the Solons of the Stock Exchange had selected as their medium of expression. Nay even we ourselves, who called it but now a 'horrid lingo,' should perhaps withdraw the words, and rather take it that money-making, far from being the sordid pursuit which romance-writers so often call it, is a pursuit so spiritual that the language of every-day life, and the taste of every-day gentlemen, have been found inadequate to

rise high enough for its requirements, and thus the high-priests who minister about the temple of Mammon have of necessity fallen back upon an arbitrary and austere simplicity, where there is no danger of meretricious refinement leading astray. At any rate, be this as it may, Reeve was able to satisfy his wife that this telegram contained neither treason nor indecency; and it soon became known—not to her only, but to many others of Reeve's acquaintance—that he had acquired the art as well as the language of those who heap up wealth. He knew better than most men how to sell the thing he had not got, and

afterwards buy it at a reduction in time to deliver. He knew quite as well how to buy the thing he did not want, and sell it at a profit before he was forced to take it. And these are the two golden rules of money-making. He who knows them, and fails to become rich, fails by his own supineness; and he who attempts to become rich by share-dealing, without some knowledge of them, is pretty sure to burn his fingers.

Reeve, as we said, knew, or seemed to know, these golden secrets; and on his knowledge he grew rich. That is, he attained to what he, with his moderate ideas, thought riches; and the man who thinks himself rich is rich, even though his income be less than the income-tax of him who is athirst for more. To particularize (and the writer owns to a certain unctuous satisfaction in the mere mention of good round sums of money, in which he hopes the reader sympathizes), at midsummer he had been worth just bare two thousand pounds. It was as yet only September, and he now reckoned himself worth good ten thousand in 'securities'—at least 'securities' was the name given to them on the Exchange,—which were daily increasing in value. He had quite made up his mind as to the course which he intended to pursue. He should continue to operate as he had been operating up to Christmas, and then gradually wind up the whole of his share transactions, and invest the proceeds in some sound stock which would bring him in five or six per cent. Perhaps if any safe foreign loan should happen to be in the market just then, he might take up some portion of it, and so realize a still higher rate of interest. He thought, at any rate, that he was not too sanguine in hoping that, at the end of the year, he might have realized enough to bring him in, with careful investment, a thousand a year. The old days, in which he had been disposed to envy Tom Edwards his successes, seemed to have retired into the remote distance of ancient history. He could hear now of any small stroke of luck which came in that gentleman's way with the most perfect equa-

nimity and pleasure. Indeed he could not but let Edwards understand once or twice that he thought him as yet but in the day of small and feeble things; that there were even better ways of making money than by Turkish Bonds, and that he really ought to come out of those little peddling tracks. To speak the truth, he began to find that the old ways were rather narrower than he had thought them; and at the same time he began to fancy, not without regret, that the old yoke was rather less easy than of yore.

He was a conscientious man. He knew that to do well for another requires even more concentration of will, and singleness of purpose, than to do well for oneself; and he doubted that he was not doing his duty as well by Dowson Brothers as he had been proud to think he did it of old. Not that Walker Dowson had, by word or sign, given him any hint that *he* thought so; but Reeve felt that he was not entering into the spirit of the thing as he had been used to do, and that he regarded the fluctuations of indigo and sugar with a languor and indifference that he had not known in former years, and with which he in no way now regarded the daily share lists. He had debated the matter with himself, and had come to the conclusion that, as he had now made enough money to live upon, it would be well for him to resign his clerkship as soon as Kate was married. But he had not yet sent in his resignation, nor told his wife of his intention to do so. We none of us can give up the trusty staff that has served us so long and well, without some pang of regret, even though the reason be that we are so much stronger as to be able to walk without a staff at all; nay, we may even think that, however strong we are, it may still be prudent to carry our staff, just to keep off the dogs or the wolf. And this he felt sure would be his wife's view when the subject came on for debate in the domestic parliament.

Mrs. Reeve had changed less than he had changed. She had begun to find more new dresses for herself and the girls at her disposal than

she had been used to: but she was still content to wear her old silks and winseys; and, indeed, wore them so persistently as to excite her husband's remonstrances. So, too, the girls might wear their new jewellery, but she must shine, she said, with her own light or not shine at all at her time of day. She was glad and thankful for the good fortune which had so marvellously set in upon them, but it was with rather a timid than an exulting gladness. Only because of the brightened prospects of her children did she seem really to rejoice visibly. A month before the time fixed for Kate's wedding, Reeve gave his wife, with a profusion which three months earlier would have seemed mad extravagance, a cheque for a hundred pounds, in order that their girl might leave them with no stint of festive doings or niggardly outfit. And when the wedding took place, which it did in October, with all happy auspices, she kissed her daughter through her tears, glad, most of all, that the promised five hundred pounds which she had seen planted out with many fears, really had grown into a thousand, which sum was fast settled on Kate for her life in the trusted funds. So that come what might, this much at least was safe for her.

She did not half like Reeve's plan of giving up the Hammersmith house to go into a larger and more expensive one at Kensington; but he had talked her into it, and the notice had been given at Michaelmas to leave at Christmas. But when the subject of resigning the clerkship in Mincing Lane came up, and it was proposed that they should live on their means, then she held her own. Reeve used all the arguments he had without success. He made out a list of all the shares which he held in the new companies and showed her what high premiums they were worth. He showed her certificates which impressed her with the notion of immense wealth. 'This is to certify,' she read, 'that Lawrence Reeve, Esq., of Hammersmith, Gentleman, is the proprietor of the two hundred shares of fifty pounds each, num-

bered respectively from — to — in the General Dry Goods Insurance Company.'

'Why that alone is ten thousand pounds, Lawrence,' she said.

'Oh, no: they are only ten pounds a share paid,' he explained.

In like manner he explained to her how deeply he was interested in 'Cooke, Taylor, and Co., Limited,' in the 'Tilbury Shipbuilding Company,' in this bank and that finance company; in a dock here and an insurance office there; how he had been asked to take a seat at such and such a board, and had serious thoughts of really becoming a director of some of the companies he was concerned in. In short, he said enough to make simple, honest Mrs. Reeve believe that they really were beyond the need of the income coming from the clerkship; but even after admitting her belief, she held fast to her desire and gained her own way, inducing Lawrence to promise that he would hold his place another six months, if, as she said, it were for no other reason than just that they might settle down into new modes of life more slowly and gradually than they could if he gave it up at once.

CHAPTER IV.

ABHORRED 'DIE.'

We shall begin this chapter, after the fashion of graver writers, with an apologue.

In the beginning of the last century a certain gentleman, being about to retire from business and leave that part of the country in which he then resided, advertised his effects for sale. They were 'a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works; likewise several castles, very delightfully situated, as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country-seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them.' From which the reader who went no further, inferred, very naturally, that whatever the gentleman's business might have been, he had done pretty well at it. But to the reader who turned over the first leaf of the sale catalogue, there dawned

a new light. On looking through the inventory of minor effects he saw that along with the above-named important properties there were to be sold, 'A coach, very finely gilt, and little used, with a couple of dragons; a sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the tenth larger than ordinary, but a little damaged; a dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and in good condition; three bottles and a half of lightning; one shower of snow in the whitest of French paper; two showers of a browner kind; a rainbow, a little faded; a new moon, something decayed; a setting sun; a bowl, suitable for making thunder; a cradle; a rack; a cartwheel; a gibbet; an altar; a helmet; a tub, and a jointed baby.' The curious may read the auctioneer's bill at greater length in the 'Tatler' of that day. But probably, without turning up that lively periodical, a near guess will easily be made as to the nature of the business from which the proprietor was retiring. And if any suspicion were aroused of the value, as realisable assets, of the palaces and estates which had been so curiously furnished, such suspicion will easily be allowed to have been in a measure excusable.

Lawrence Reeve, as we said, was not a reading man, but he was not quite indifferent to the pleasure of books; and since Kate's marriage, and the consequent contraction of the family circle, he had rather liked that they who were left should sit and while away an evening hour sometimes with a book. He loved to hear the pleasant voice of his remaining daughter, Anna, and left her to choose her own volumes. It happened that one evening she picked up the 'Tatler' and read out of it this fanciful inventory which we have summarised above. They had a merry laugh over it; and Reeve, happy in that ignorance which is often so much more blissful than knowledge, did not find, as he might have found, a ghostly moral in it; nor suspected as yet that any lapse of time or change of fortune could bring round a day when those precious securities whose

value he had so lately reckoned up complacently to his wife might seem as intangible, and as incapable of realisation as the stately palaces, groves, and fountains of the ex-manager of Drury Lane.

It was autumn. And autumn, we know, is the time for the gathering in of the fruit which a bountiful Providence sends us, and in which the good fruit, if left to hang too long, is apt to drop rotten to the ground. That autumn was a time in which fruit was more abundant than it had been almost within the memory of living man. Many had so much that they grew careless of it, and left it to hang till it dropped: Lawrence Reeve did so with his. He omitted to gather his fruit when it was fully ripe, and was foolish enough to let it hang till it rotted and dropped.

Too many have cause to remember the closing months of 1864 and the new turn which affairs took in October. Reeve could talk from the first as well as others about 'the glut of new companies,' about the market being overdone, about the panic which must set in by-and-by if the public did not behave more circumspectly, about this Company's shares going to a discount, and that Company being in a fair way to a forced winding up. But with these tottering and shaky concerns he had luckily nothing to do. All that he was interested in was sound and conducted on good commercial principles. He had been in one or two that had proved unsound, but then he had got out of them in time, and he congratulated himself accordingly on his sound judgment. The worst of it was that when the public once became suspicious they confounded the good with the bad, and the former suffered for the fault of the latter. Thus he had resolved to sell his two hundred shares in the General Dry Goods Insurance Company, which were at two pounds a share premium. They were, he knew, worth more than that; but a call was about to be made of five pounds a share, and in prospect of other calls he thought he could not quite spare the money. But on giving orders for the sale he

found that the call had sent them down to par, and that he could barely get back his own money. He decided, therefore, not to sell till they should recover; and when, instead of recovering, he found that within two days more they had gone to two pounds a share discount he was quite nettled. His mind was made up that nobody should have his shares at a discount. The public would come to their senses by-and-by, and be glad to buy at a premium. Meantime he would pay the call and wait.

Unluckily, however, the Dry Goods Insurance Directors were not singular in their need of money. Most of the new companies which had been started about the same time were now making their first calls, and Reeve having bought more than he ever intended to hold, found that he must perforce sell something. He sold, therefore, those which were best, and held those which were just then not looking quite so well until they should have time to come round a little. But even on those which he sold he barely realised his own money, so perversely stingy and incredulous had people become. In particular, there was one concern—The Finance Bank of Westminster. Now he knew, on the very best authority, that the dividend which would be declared by this Company at the end of the year would be twenty per cent. per annum, and yet he had had to let his shares go at some little discount, and was proportionately out of pocket by the transaction. What did the public want? If twenty per cent. would not satisfy them what were we coming to? At any rate he had now sold enough of one thing or other to give him a reserve of three or four thousand pounds to work upon. He would hold the remainder of his investments, and use this reserve to pay the calls, would bide his time through whatever bad weather might be ahead, would wait till dividend time came round in the spring, and then he knew well enough that prosperous balance-sheets would send all up to higher premiums than ever, and he could

realise happily and again have peace of mind. Yes, he did indeed find himself putting this forward as a consideration. He had of late begun to admit that somehow, with all his success, he had not the quiet, solid enjoyment of old days. His old office life had been a humdrum, plodding one before he entered on these new paths, but it had given him moderate contentment and an easy mind. Of late he had found himself living always in a state of nervous, feverish excitement, which success only increased. He sold something at a profit of a hundred pounds, and he found that by waiting a week longer he might have cleared two hundred instead of one. He bought to sell again, and did sell again at a profit; but it worried him to observe that he might have made a greater profit by buying a day later or selling a day sooner. He found, in short, if he would have confessed it, less real satisfaction in five hundred pounds made in a week by a lucky 'operation,' than he had found in fifty pounds saved thoughtfully and carefully out of his old income. His newspaper, which he had been wont to read and enjoy at his leisure, chewing the cud of pleasant fancy and speculation on home and foreign affairs, contained nothing now but the share-list. He had been wont to follow with keen and almost breathless interest every movement on either side in that great and terrible struggle going on beyond the seas. He now read so little of it that he hardly knew to which sides the respective generals belonged. He had been accustomed to study the utterances and policy of the Emperor as he might study a difficult position on the chessboard. And now he found to his shame that there had been a long imperial speech to the Chambers which he had quite overlooked and which was already a week old. Turn to what part of the paper he would he always found himself wandering back again in a minute to the share-list, reading for the twentieth time in a day those quotations in it in which he was interested, and always thinking of them whether he looked at them or

not. And this, he could not help feeling, was an unhealthy state of mind, and one out of which the sooner he got the better. Therefore as we said, his mind was made up that he would, with all safe despatch, wind up his affairs; put the finishing strokes to the operations he had been carrying on; dismiss share-lists and shares from his mind; and leave bulls, bears, and brokers to worry each other at their own sweet wills, as is their nature to.

Only, this waiting through the winter, and seeing markets fall week after week, was very trying to the nerves and the temper. Day after day quotations were down, down, and lower down. He knew that the quotations were only nominal, and that successive falls were registered without any transaction having taken place. He knew that his scrip was intrinsically as valuable now that so much of it stood at a heavy discount, as it was when it commanded a thumping premium. But, somehow, a deep-rooted suspicion of the new companies seemed to have possessed the public; and the panic which had been so long predicted was becoming painfully apparent amongst the more timid shareholders. To realize now, would be simply to sacrifice the greater part of his gains; and the idea was horrible. On the other hand, if the recovery in the value of stocks should not be so complete, or even not be so rapid as he had calculated, he might, when the second calls began to be made, find himself very awkwardly fixed. When shares are held by the hundred, or two hundred, a call of five pounds a share soon tells on the balance at the bank. And these very calls, which he had been taking such pains to provide for, might have the effect of sending prices down still further, so that matters might be worse after the half-yearly meetings than now. There was one other way out of the dilemma, and perhaps it might be the best way. If there was one thing on which brokers were more firmly agreed than another, it was on the principle that it is a safe thing to buy after a fall, because there is

generally a reaction. Now he had been reserving his money for future calls. If, instead of waiting for such calls, he bought new shares at a discount, he might, when they went back to par, sell, and so realize his profit without paying the calls at all, or incurring the risk of a further fall when they should be made; and that the shares now at a discount would speedily go back to par, or to something higher, there could be no reasonable doubt, for the Dry Goods Insurance Co., and the Tilbury Shipbuilding Co., were not as other companies were. He had gone thoroughly into their affairs, and knew that they were doing a large, safe, and profitable business, which in a little while would tell its own tale. This, therefore, was what he would do. He would take advantage of the present low markets; would double his stake in these concerns; and as soon as they went back to par he would sell all his holding, and so realize that profit he had hoped to get out of premiums.

And this—to shorten a long story—was what Lawrence Reeve did. Troubled at seeing his shares at a discount, he bought new ones at that discount, and waited for the rise which would bring them back to their normal value.

He waited and watched, watched and waited; now with patience, now with impatience; now hopefully, now despondingly, according as the share-lists slightly rose or slightly fell. But somehow the decisive jump that was to put all things right did not come. Both Dry Goods shares and Shipbuilding shares not only got no better, but even got worse. Nay, it was the same with five out of the six other companies in which he had invested. Look where he would down the long column of the share-list, every figure had appended to it the hateful 'dis,' abhorred of men.

And was not Dis another name for Pluto?—and was not Pluto god of hell, as well as of riches? Reeve's classical studies had not been profound, and perhaps they never suggested anything of this kind to him; but sometimes he did have a

passing fear that his pursuit of riches was going to bring him at last to the very devil. Now, at last, he began to understand the real meaning of that word 'Panic,' which he had of late been rather apt to use contemptuously. He began to understand with what eagerness a man may run to realize a loss of five hundred, and rejoice if he succeeds, if only he has once thoroughly persuaded himself that by so doing he escapes a loss of a thousand. He began to debate in his own mind whether he had not better bear the ills he had, rather than wait for what *might* prove larger ills. He debated whether he had not better resign himself to the loss of what he had so lately gained, lest by-and-by he should lose not only that, but his old savings with it. And in the silent sessions of that debate, arguing with sickness of heart, making delusive calculations only to rub them out again, conjuring up hopes that he knew were visionary,—the days and the nights passed very wearily.

There is an affectation, common to not a few, of making light of such troubles [of other people's] as arise merely out of the loss of money. But probably, if we spoke the truth, many of us would confess that some of the weariest hours we have ever spent, have been those in which we sorrowed over pecuniary losses. He is a dear friend whose loss is mourned by a struggling man more bitterly than the loss of a thousand pounds. And yet the lost friend may have been truly loved, and the survivor not be of sordid mind. For the friend that is gone will be remembered with a placid, calm regret; but the money that is gone will be remembered in all our daily wants, with a continually recurring vexation, and an unceasing blame of our own folly, or improvidence, or misfortune.

Reeve thought those pangs which he felt in making up his mind to resign himself to his losses, the bitterest of any pangs he had ever groaned under. *Cor ne edito* was a wise old maxim; but Reeve consumed his own heart with grief, and consumed little of anything else. He could not eat, he could not sleep, he could not transact his daily business for haunting thoughts of ruin and bankruptcy. He reckoned up all the shares he held, and found that, if he sold at current prices, he should come out with barely his old savings; and already notices of calls to a heavy amount had been given by two or three companies whose shares were going down every day.

There was a sum of a hundred and twenty pounds, which Reeve ought to have paid for a new piano and drawing-room furniture, got on moving into his larger house; but he had felt himself so tightly pressed by 'calls' that he had, much against his liking, been forced to give a two-months' bill for the amount, and now the two months were more than half gone, and he must prepare to meet it.

Christmas had come and gone again, and the new year was fairly in possession. Reeve had never spent a Christmas with so much outward show of prosperity. They had had a large gathering of their friends in their new house, and he had been politely congratulated on the flourishing aspect of his affairs, and politely envied. The good old Christmas cheer had been more abundant,—the good old Christmas games more jovial than ever; and the master of the house had all the while never spent a Christmas so ill at ease. He had a guest too many in his house. Black Care stood behind his chair, and waited on him sedulously.



A VALENTINE OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

(In an old Album, dated 1583.)

WHEN Slumber first uncloudes my brain,
 And thoughte is free,
 And Sense refreshed renews her reigne,—
 I thinke of Thee.

When nexte in prayer to God above
 I bende my knee,
 Then when I pray for those I love,—
 I pray for Thee.;

And when the duties of the day
 Demande of mee
 To rise and journey on life's way,—
 I work for Thee.

Or if perchance I sing some lay,
 Whate'er it bee;
 All that the idle verses say,—
 They say of Thee.

For if an eye whose liquid lighte
 Gleams like the sea,
 They sing, or tresses browne and brighte,—
 They sing of Thee.

And if a wearie mood, or sad,
 Possesses mee,
 One thought can all times make mee glad,—
 The thoughte of Thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
 Full wearily,
 In sweet repose I lay my head,—
 I dream of Thee.

In short, one only wish I have,
 To live for Thee;
 Or gladly if one pang 'twould save,—
 I'd die for Thee.

A REMEMBERED SPRING.

O H, how sweet when the woods were green,
 With my own white maid
 When I sat in the shade,
 And the sunlight, streaming the boughs between,
 Poured its largesse of gold down yon forest glade,
 O'er which the larches lean!

Ah! how sad, now the boughs are bare,
 And the breezes moan,
 As I sit here alone,
 And picture the ghost of her golden hair,
 When the sun of winter has feebly thrown
 A pale and sickly glare!

Still we meet in the city's street—
 She, as his bride,
 By the rich lord's side,
 And I—who die for her dear deceit,
 Yet love,—and must love her, whate'er betide,
 Till my heart shall cease to beat!

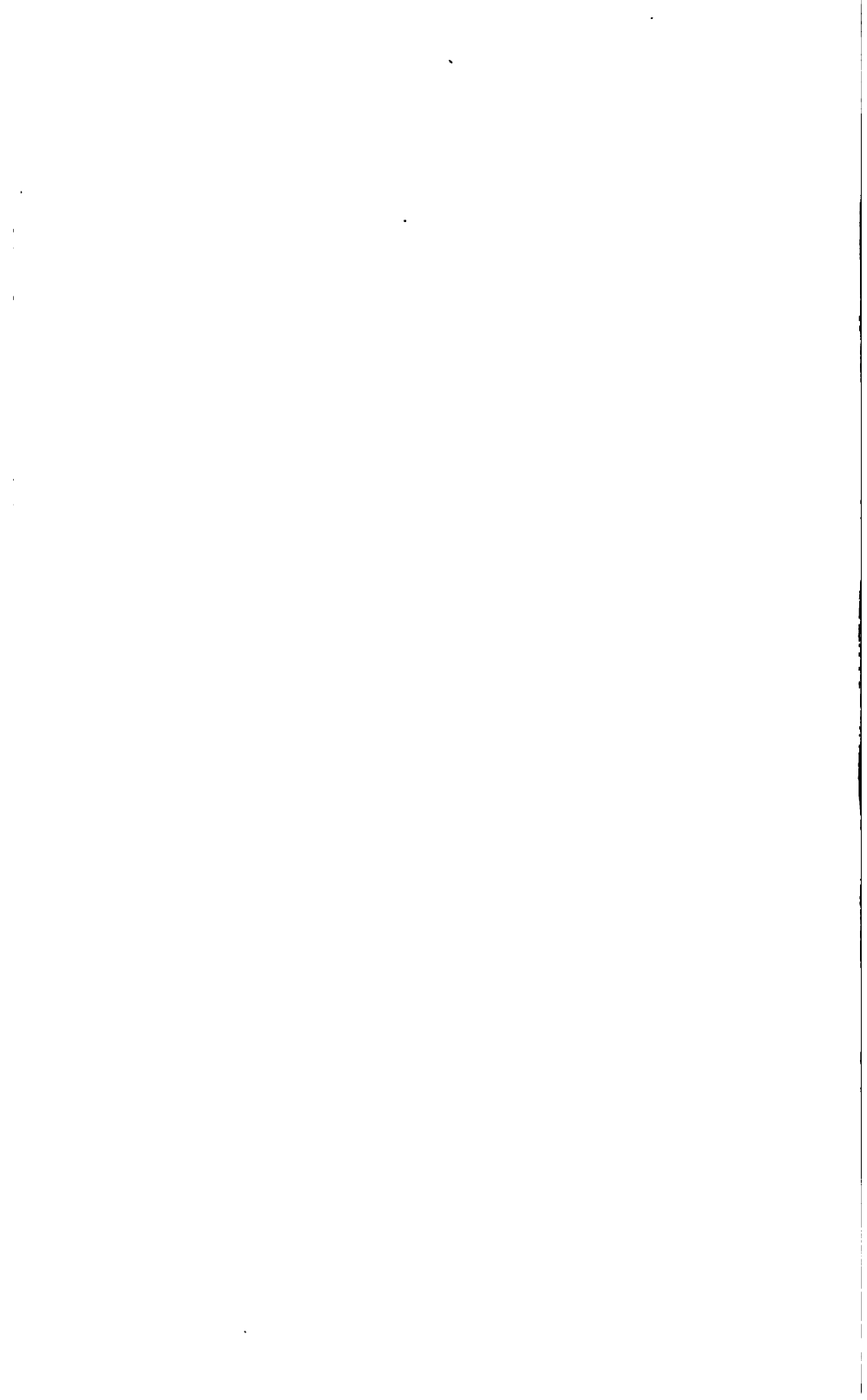
I can pass by with my grief hid well ;—
 But, ah, my hound
 To her feet will bound :—
 She caressed him once, and how should he tell
 That between us there lies a gulf profound,
 Lit up by flames of hell ?

Yet a word might bridge it, as well I know,
 For her lord is old,
 And cruel, and cold ;
 But to hear it spoken would injure so
 Her image, which still in my heart I hold,
 That that word must never flow !

So, strangers still, in the street we meet ;
 But I envy each day
 My dog—who may,
 Without reproof, kiss the glancing feet,
 At which the wreck of my heart I lay—
 For still I love you, sweet !

T. H.

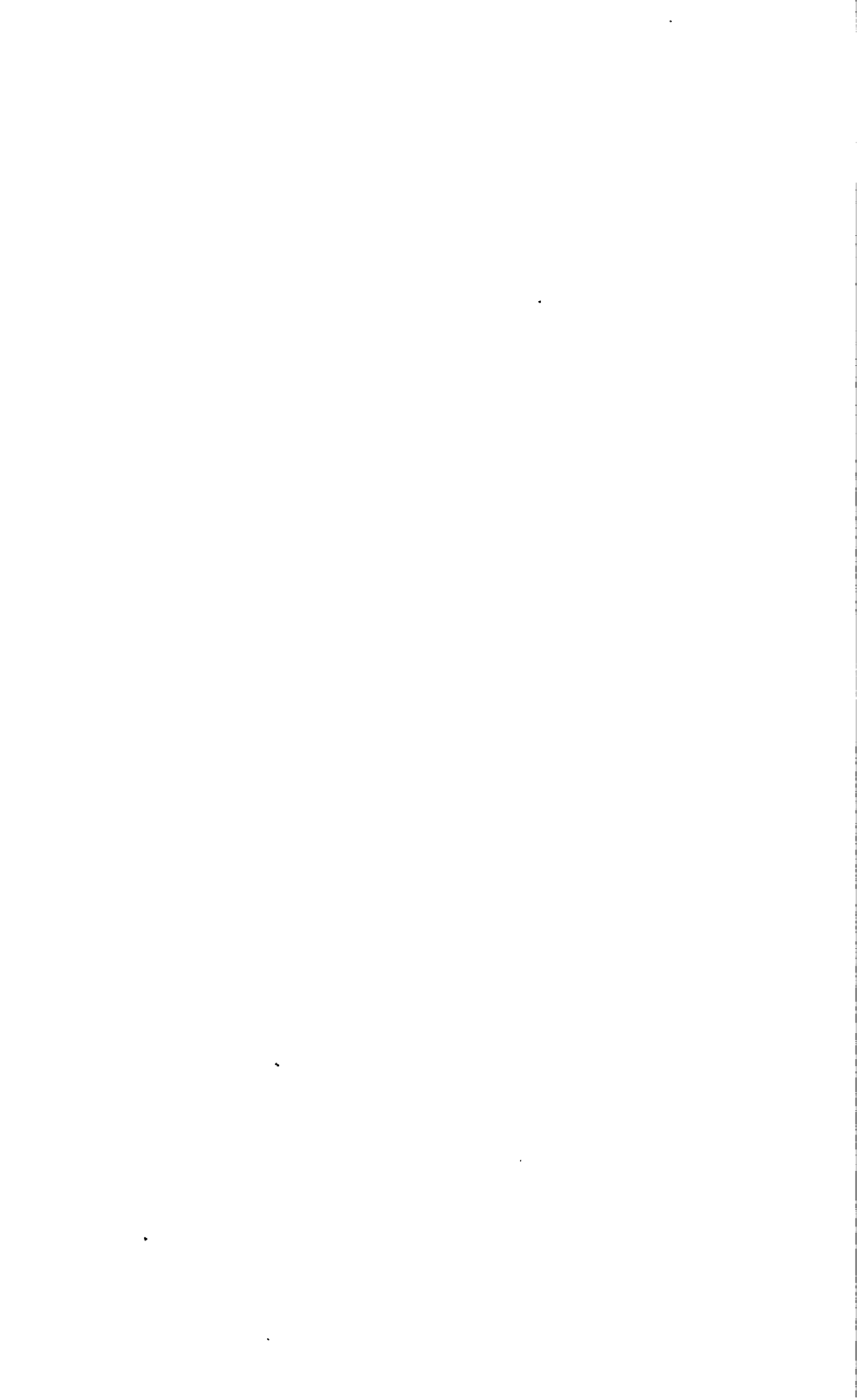






A REMEMBERED SPRING.

[See Page 144.]



CAMP LIFE OF A MAGISTRATE IN INDIA.

MY DEAR JONES,—

YOU have asked me to give you a description of a magistrate's life in India, in what are called the non-regulation provinces; and you tell me to eschew Hindostanee words and epithets, as you do not understand them. I will endeavour to do as you ask, but you must of course bear with an occasional strange-sounding word when I am unable to find an equivalent in English.

Our year out here is mainly divided into two seasons, that of the hot and that of the cold weather; and in the Punjab and North-West provinces the former may be put at seven months and the latter at five. The seven hot months include the rainy season, and extend from the 15th March to the 15th October, as nearly as possible: this will perhaps surprise you, as in England rain is ordinarily connected with a certain amount of cold. In India, however, this is but very partially the case; for although it is true that we pant for the rain and welcome it at first, after months of parching, glistening heat, yet the relief afforded is but passing, as, except while the flood is actually descending, the change is only like that between exchanging an oven for a boiler. The five cold months are delightful, and approach nearly to a mild English winter and a hot spring.

In the hot weather we are all glad to be in our respective stations, with good roofs over our heads; but in the cold season every man's desire is to be in camp. I am so fond of camp life myself, that I shall first introduce you to it, and will hereafter tell you how we get through the hot weather.

Camp life of course implies life in tents; but as in India our tents are peculiar (and, we flatter ourselves, superior to those you are accustomed to see at Aldershot, and the like), it will be well to describe them.

The form of tent, then, chiefly used, as on the whole the most con-

venient, is what we call a Single Pole Tent: it varies in size from 14 feet square to 24 and even 27 feet, and it is divided in the centre by a curtain hung from the apex and roof of the tent in two pieces, meeting and overlapping in the centre, at the pole, and capable of being tied up in festoons at the two opposite sides when it is desirable to use the whole space as one room. The pole is about 18 or 20 feet high, and the walls of the tent, consisting of screens made of cloth, four or five folds thick, stretched on a series of light but strong bamboos 64 feet high, support the roof, which slopes evenly from the apex on all four sides, and the whole structure is secured by ropes at short distances apart, tied to pegs driven firmly into the ground. The roof of the tent and the sides or walls are twofold; that is to say, there are two distinct sets of walls, four feet apart, by which means a closed verandah is secured all round the tent, giving great warmth, and entire security against leakage in the event of storms. The inner cloth of the tent is lined with chintz, generally of a buff colour, with fleur-de-lis, or some such simple pattern stamped on it in chocolate or blue.

Each officer in camp has two of these tents pitched each day, one to eat and sit in, and one to sleep and dress in; and to manage this a third tent becomes necessary, which is sent on over night when a march is contemplated. Besides these tents, a 'Shemiana' is almost always to be found in a magistrate's camp. This consists of a large square canopy, supported on eight or twelve high poles round the edges, with a clear space underneath, screened to the height of 6 or 7 feet, by walls of the nature described above, but with a space of 6 or 8 feet between their top and the canopy, allowing a free circulation of air. This is used for reception of large bodies of natives, for holding court in, and for the general purposes of an office.

Besides all these, which I may call personal comforts and requirements in the shape of tents, are various small ridge-pole tents for servants, stables, cooking-room, and so forth, and for the police-guard, which accompanies every civil officer, for the protection of Government tents, records, treasure-chest, etc.

I will now suppose the camp pitched, the spot chosen being a grove of luxuriant mango trees; for, as it is only towards the end of October yet, the sun has a good deal of power in the middle of the day, and their shade is very grateful, not only to the little fair-haired children generally to be found in camp with their father and mother, but also to the suitors, witnesses, and those whom business or etiquette brings to the camp.

It is six o'clock in the morning, and the sun has just risen, making the dew sparkle on the grass, green and fresh from the past two or three months' rain, and there is a wholesome freshness in the air that brings colour to the cheek of the early riser.

The native groom is walking a horse up and down in front of the tent, ready bridled and saddled, and the butler (or table servant) is making his master a cup of tea and a round of toast, to keep the cold out of his stomach. The various servants are grouped together round a fire, which the camel drivers have kept up all night (for the nights are cold now), and are discussing the propriety of getting into their winter clothes as soon as possible. Meantime, the Sahib (master) makes his appearance, booted and spurred, and takes his tea and toast with appetite and despatch, for he has promised this morning to see the extent of damage done by the flooding of a neighbouring river in the rains, and by which, it has been represented, several villages have been wiped off the face of the earth. It is six miles to the river, and he will have to spend a couple of hours there at least, and cannot therefore afford to lose much time. He knows, too, that if he is early in the marshes near the river he will probably come across several flocks of wild geese taking their breakfasts

there. It is this that accounts for the fact of Jowahir Sing, his orderly, having started in the same direction at grey dawn, with a long mischievous-looking gun and sundry bags of shot and cartridges. Well, it does not take the horseman long to cover the six miles this morning, for both horse and rider seem inspirited by the sniff of the coming cold weather they are enjoying. At the outskirts of each village he passes, a little band of grey-bearded men, wrapped in blankets, meet the magistrate and salute him, presenting in token of their fealty a rupee, which is touched in recognition of the spirit in which it is offered, and then repocketed by the owners. These grey-beards are the head men of villages, and they profess unbounded joy at the sight of the face of the magistrate of the district, and assure him of their confidence, that now he has brought his steps to their door, all will be well; the crops, at the very lowest estimate, will be doubled now, and they will have just the right amount of sun and rain to bring them to perfection. These assurances are received with a nod and a smile, but they do not impress our friend as much as they did when he first heard them ten years ago. He then reminds the men that he has come to see how their lands have suffered from the action of the river, and how he heard their village had been ruined; whereon they take him to the river bank and point out certain fields, two or three acres in extent perhaps, which have been cut away by the flood. He in turn, however, points out that an equal amount has been thrown up a little lower down, and therefore declines to put them on his list, as sufferers from what is called Diluvion. The next two villages really have a grievance, as sand has been thrown up by the river, a foot in depth, over several hundred acres. Here is a case for suspension of the Government demand, and probably remission of revenue; so a note is made, and a party proceeds next day to survey the spoiled land, that the case may be reported.

As for the last three miles our

friend has been walking, and it is past eight o'clock, it is high time to think of returning; but while his foot is in the stirrup, with a view to mounting his horse, he sees his friends the geese on their road back from breakfast, almost in the act of passing over his head. He has just time to get at his gun and rap at the two last of the flock, which dips a little as the shot gets up amongst them, and then sails on again in the same beautifully regular order, only minus one of their number, who has by this time reached the earth with a 'thud' peculiarly gratifying to a sportsman's ear, and which renders the bird insensible to the fact that Jowahir Sing has passed a knife round its throat, and that it has been transferred to his wallet on its way to the stewpan. A little after nine o'clock the horse is again in the hands of the groom, and his master may be heard splashing away in his tub, as he prepares himself for breakfast. At breakfast the post-bag arrives, and this is the great event of the day, as letters and papers are particularly relished in camp (where society is not to be had), and the advent of the orderly with them is hailed with welcome. The private letters and newspapers are opened and discussed at once, and the mass of thick oblong public service covers, with their printed addresses, are put aside for graver consideration during office-hours. Breakfast over, and the matutinal cigar finished, let us follow the magistrate to his Shemiana (you know what that is, for I described it above), while his wife retires to the sitting tent to arrange the flowers that are sent out from the home garden (with the daily basket of vegetables), and to write her letters, take her accounts, and attend to her household duties.

On entering his office he finds his establishment of native clerks, neatly and cleanly dressed, seated on the carpet, opening and arranging the vernacular papers and documents that have been received by post; he leaves them to their work for the present, while he turns his attention to his English correspondence. Each letter, after perusal,

has suitable orders endorsed on the back, and (with a rough copy of the reply, if reply is needed) is sent in to the assistant magistrate at the head-quarters of the district, who has them registered, docketed, and filed, or carries out such other instructions as have been endorsed on each.

This morning the first letter is from the Civil Paymaster, who makes a retrenchment from the last month's 'Pay Abstract,' for want of the proper vouchers. The next is from the Judicial Commissioner, circulating for general information and guidance certain rulings of his own, in the matter of inheritance, by Mahomedan and Hindoo widows respectively, of their deceased husbands' estates, and the spirit of which is to be acted up to in the Civil Courts.

(I must here explain that the magistrate of a district in the non-regulation provinces, termed a Deputy-Commissioner, is not only a magistrate, but a civil judge and collector of revenue also.)

The next letter is from the Commissioner of the Division, desiring that an estimate may be made, and drawings submitted at once, for the construction of a masonry bridge over a certain ravine subject to flooding in the rainy season, and by which traffic is obstructed between a neighbouring town and the head-quarter station of the district; and directing the magistrate to report as early as possible as to the best site for the same.

Next come instructions from the Financial Commissioner, respecting the preparation of the Budget for the ensuing year, and urging its punctual despatch by a certain date, to admit of the several district and divisional estimates and returns being checked and collated in his office for transmission to the Supreme Government at the appointed time.

The next is from the Inspector-General of Prisons, sanctioning the expenditure of a certain sum on a new ward in the jail, to accommodate civil debtors; and inquiring also, whether the winter clothing has been served out to the prisoners yet.

The next is from an officer commanding a regiment of British Infantry on their way up country, begging that supplies for the regiment and camp-followers may be prepared at such and such encamping grounds, on such and such dates; and complaining that at the last stage the eggs for the officers' mess were not fresh.

There are others from the Department of Account, from the Head of the Police, and many others, but I need not describe any more.

Having read all these documents, and passed the various requisite orders on each of them, the magistrate is prepared to receive the Tuhseeldar (who is a native magistrate and collector within a certain subdivision of the district, and one of the chief native officials subordinate to the magistrate). This gentleman, who rides a very fat and very high stepping horse, with gorgeous-coloured trappings, and who is arrayed in a purple silk robe with a fur collar and cuffs, and the tightest possible pair of trowsers, also of purple silk, with gilt embroidered shoes, is admitted, and receives the distinction of a chair. After the ordinary salutations have been exchanged, and the Tuhseeldar has learnt when, and to what spot, the camp is to move, that he may arrange for supplies, he is invited to give the news of his subdivision, which is, perhaps, six or eight hundred square miles in extent.

He then tells of the prosperous state of the young crops; the damage done here and there by the flooding of the river; the balance of the revenue, if any, still unrealised, and the cause of the delay in realising it; the popularity or the reverse of the school lately established in the town in which his head-quarters are situated; the prevalence of thefts and burglaries in a particular quarter; and the fact of epidemic small-pox having broken out in his neighbourhood.

Advice and instructions having been administered, he is dismissed, and the magistrate turns to his file of pending cases to ascertain what judicial work demands his attention to-day.

He finds, perhaps, three suits on the civil side have to come before him for trial, the amount in litigation being in excess of that limit within which his assistants have jurisdiction; but, as the parties are not all present, he first hears his reports.

These reports are of all sorts, and come from the Head-quarter Station, each of the out-lying stations, each Tuhseeldar, each police port, and from many other points. They relate to the collection of revenue, the amount of judicial work done by each subordinate magistrate, the state of the local funds, the progress of roads, bridges, tree-planting, the outturn of cotton, of silk, of flax, etc., the income and management of ferries and of distilleries, the lease of drug contracts (as that of opium), applications from subordinates for leave of absence, and petitions sent through the post on all conceivable subjects.

These are all severally disposed of, and the first of the suits on the civil side entered upon, and, if admitting of judgment, decided: failing this it is advanced a stage, and a day for further hearing of evidence, or for reference to arbitrators, perhaps, is fixed on. The next case is an intricate one, and after long and painstaking examination of plaintiff and defendant, the various issues, whether of law or fact, are eliminated and recorded, and summonses to the witnesses of either side are issued. You must understand that every line of the depositions of the parties and their witnesses is recorded by the judge in his own hand-writing, and owing to the prevarication of the parties (in obedience, I suppose, to the principle of 'Tell a lie and stick to it') it is often a long and tedious process to elicit distinct issues.

The next case is readily disposed of, it being only in its first stage, and the parties having come to an understanding out of court.

The police from the nearest station have by this time appeared with a string of prisoners: they are a gang of cattle stealers, and the police have been after them for some weeks. They have caught them

at last, and consider they have evidence at command that will convict them. The counts under which the prisoners are charged are four-fold, and our friend finds evening closing in before he has got through the evidence: he is obliged, therefore, to remand the prisoners, for they have five miles to walk back to the police station again, and put his record by till next day.

Petitions are now taken, and at the word a rush is made towards the entrance of the tent, and a hundred eager hands outstretched, each grasping his petition: these are received and handed to the clerk whose duty it is to read them. They are read aloud, and each man comes forward to the front of the table to hear his own petition.

To give you an idea of the variety of these documents would only weary you, I fear: that they weary the official who has to pass orders on them, very often, I know. Still he gives them all attention in turn, and does the best he can for each. Some are referred to the assistants at the station, some to the superintendent of police, some are brought on the magistrate's own file, and some are disposed of on the spot.

The Vakeel, or agent of a Rajah, living within a few miles, is now announced. He bears a letter on paper spotted with gold leaf and enclosed in a silken envelope, requesting an audience, and pointing out that he has only just heard of the magistrate's arrival in his neighbourhood, and that he can hardly contain himself till he hears when he may hope to kiss his feet. To this a suitable reply is sent, and the audience appointed for the next morning at ten o'clock, which will bring the Rajah about two o'clock in the afternoon.

By this time the sun has nearly set, and both master and subordinates are beginning to tire. The court is therefore closed, and either a ride with his wife, or a stroll to the nearest bit of likely-looking scrub with his gun, seems no more than our friend is fairly entitled to after his six or seven hours of steady work.

At dinner time, to my mind, a tent with well-ordered table, and

well lit, presents a very snug appearance. In the winter, a fire in an open-fronted stove adds greatly to its attraction; and with an arm-chair on each side of it, and an amusing book or the day's paper to beguile the time, I assure you very happy, pleasant evenings are spent. Then is the time to discuss the next day's plans, to reread the home letters, and talk over their writers and the scenes they depict.

If a march (that is to say, a move of the camp) is contemplated for the following day, the spare tent, the cook-room tent, and the office Shemiana are sent on, together with the greater part of the servants, as soon as dinner is over, and the tent used for sitting in is struck and sent on also as soon as its occupants have retired to rest.

In this way, on reaching the new ground in the morning, the magistrate finds his office arranged, his writing materials at hand, and his breakfast ready: and his camp rapidly assumes the appearance of that left only an hour or two before.

The march is generally made on horseback, except the first two or three miles, which many prefer to walk, the children and ladies travelling in palankeens, borne by men, unless they, too, like to ride.

Roads are eschewed, and as you can ride straight across country, he who is fond of sport will probably let loose his greyhounds or whatever dogs he has, and sometimes a fox, and often a hare gives a run on the way. It is by this gipsy sort of life, giving opportunity for plenty of exercise, that the magistrate is enabled to make some sort of stand against the wearing effects of the hot season, and the monotonous routine of a sedentary life for the greater part of the year.

I think I have now given you sufficient outline of camp life in the cold weather to enable you to judge of its charm, and form some idea of the multifarious duties which magistrates have to perform.

I must defer my account of our hot-weather existence to a future opportunity.

I am, my dear Jones,

Yours ever,

OLIM SOCIUS.

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES.*

WHEN the idealist turns his attention to the human senses, those inlets that admit the various emanations of the outer world to the sensorium, he gives them but a secondary place in his regard. To him they are not an end but a means, vehicles of thought, or rather of the rude materials whence thought is ultimately elaborated. No doubt as one kind of vehicle, or one mode of transit may be better than another in forwarding his ideas to that mysterious laboratory of the mind, he may occasionally prefer their passage through and conveyance to that of another. One kind of sensations may come to him better through the eye than through the ear, as Horace tells us; and another may come handier by touch than by smell; but he does not prepare them in the outer world and send them on, he takes them just as they do come, and passes them through an alembic of his own to distil his mental essences. An artist of another kind takes his stand in the outer world, and combines his essences for the solace and gratification of the senses themselves. All the various sounds of nature are combined harmoniously to soothe the ear, her colours blent to please the eye; the food that must be taken is so prepared as to give its passing contribution of pleasure to the palate, and among the nicest, keenest, and most delicate of our sensual gratifications must be reckoned those agreeable feelings impressed upon the olfactory by odoriferous emanations. As, therefore, all the gifts and bounties of nature in their elemental condition are meant for our good, so each artist in his several sphere who combines and arranges them, so as to bestow and express their best influences upon man, is, to that extent, his benefactor. A work has just now appeared, written by a practical operator in that department of chemistry that concerns itself in the development, analysis, and combination of the various aromas latent in the animal and

vegetable world, a perusal of which will afford as much pleasure to the cultivated mind as any of the essences detailed in it may give to the olfactory sense. It is professedly an illustration of the art of perfumery; but the great body of the work, as indeed the author confesses, is more a history of perfumery from the earliest times to the present day, consisting altogether of twelve chapters: nine of them are taken up in tracing the history of odoriferous compounds through the various nations of the Egyptians, Jews, Asiatics, Greeks, Romans, Orientals, and Moderns. The work, however, more properly divides itself into four grand sections; the first containing a short analysis of the physiology of odours; then the principal feature of the work, their history; thirdly, a short description of the various modes in use for extracting the essences of plants and flowers, and concluding with a summary of the principal fragrant materials used in our manufactures.

Among other beneficial influences arising from the contact of sweet odours upon the nervous system, and thence transmitted to the brain, the writer alleges a mental and even a moral benefit to accrue. To make this assertion good, however, would open up too large a field of metaphysical speculation. One may say, in general, that it is not the mere reception of any of the soothing influences, either of nature or art, that necessarily inspires the feeling of gratitude any more than the act of bestowing alms naturally evokes it in the recipient. It is, perhaps, therefore more strictly a poetical than a spiritual influence the author paints in opening his volume, when he says, beautifully enough:—

‘Who has not felt revived and cheered by the balmy fragrance of the luxuriant garden or the flowery meadow? Who has not experienced the delightful sensation caused by inhaling a fresh breeze loaded with the spoils of the flowery tribe, that

* By Eugene Kimmel.

sweet south so beautifully described by Shakespeare, as—

'Breathing o'er a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.'

An indescribable emotion then invades the whole being: the soul becomes melted in sweet rapture, and silently offers up the homage of its gratitude to the Creator for the blessings showered upon us, whilst the tongue slowly murmurs with Thomson:—

'Soft roll your manse herbs and fruits and flowers;
In mingled clouds to them whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes, and whose pencil paints.'

There is, however, less doubt about its power over some of the faculties of the mind, especially the memory, in recalling long past scenes and emotions.

'Jean Jaques Rousseau, Zimmerman, and other authors say that the sense of smell is the sense of imagination. There is no doubt that pleasant perfumes exercise a cheering influence on the mind, and easily become associated with our remembrances. Sounds and scents share alike the property of refreshing the memory and recalling vividly before us the scenes of our past life, an effect which Thomas Moore beautifully illustrates in his 'Lalla Rookh':—

'The young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flower as by a spell,
The Elcazar and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,
Sees called up round her by those magic scents,
The well, the camel, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'en its sorrows back again.'

Tennyson expresses the same feeling in his dream of 'Fair Woman':—

'The smell of violets hidden in the green
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.'

The art of the perfumer is like that of other arts, an endeavour to copy Nature. 'He strives to imitate the fragrance of all flowers which are rebellious to his skill, and refuse to yield up their essence. Is he not, then, entitled to claim the name of Artist, if he approaches, even faintly, the perfections of his charming models?'

In effecting a classification of all the various odours in the art of perfumery, a wonderful example of the power of habit or tracing of a special faculty is given. The late lamented Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, wrote a work on 'Colour Blindness,' proving that many people have eyes but see not, or only see without being able to distinguish between the various tints and hues by which nature is so richly adorned. Our author, as may be inferred from his motto,* seems to think the same thing as to some of our noses, or if we have that useful organ physically appended, it might to all the intents and purposes of perfumery have been as well dispensed with. But it is a good thing that Nature ever makes compensation for any such defect in one individual by its superabundance of possession in another. It is said of Coleridge, the poet, that when passing through the streets of Cologne, he endeavoured to reckon up all the different kinds of smell pervading that town, and found, or said he found, them to amount to seventy-two in number. Surely, if he possessed a nasal talent so acute as this he was more naturally intended for a perfumer than a poet. Admitting, however, some poetic license in this enumeration, no doubt a perfumer's nose by constant practice must have its perceptions wonderfully quickened; and as a practical man, our author's new classification, even though running counter to some of the fathers in botany, must be admitted to be good authority.

'Linnaeus, the father of modern botanical science, divided them into seven classes, three of which only were pleasant odours—the aromatic, the fragrant, and the ambrosial; but however good his general divisions may have been, this classification was far from correct, for he placed carnation with laurel leaves and saffron with jasmine, than which nothing can be more dissimilar. Fourcroy divided them into five series, and De Haller into three. All these were, however, more

* 'Non cuique datum est habere nasum.'

theoretical than practical; and none classified odours by their resemblance to each other. I have attempted to make a new classification, comprising only pleasant odours, by adopting the principle that, as there are primary colours from which all secondary shades are composed, there are also primary odours with perfect types, and that all other aromas are connected more or less with them.'

It was a very common opinion among some of the ancient doctors, as Creton, Hippocrates, and others, that perfumes had a medicinal effect in curing certain diseases, especially those of a nervous kind. Pliny even ascribes therapeutic properties to various aromatic substances. Our modern doctors, on this, as on so many other points, disagree; some maintaining the curative power of certain medicated perfumes, others denying any such influence. Our author denies both sides of the question in the abstract, but rather, if anything, inclines to the opinion that in 'moderation,' they are beneficial.

Another popular fallacy he demolishes regarding flowers in a sleeping-room, which many will, no doubt, be pleased to hear.

'It is true that flowers, if left in a sleeping apartment all night, will sometimes cause headache and sickness; but this proceeds, not from the diffusion of their aroma, but from the carbonic acid they evolve during the night. If a perfume extracted from these flowers were left open in the same circumstances, no evil effect would arise from it. All that can be said is, that some delicate people may be affected by certain odours; but the same person to whom a musky scent would give a headache might derive much relief from a perfume with a citrine basis. Imagination has, besides, a great deal to do with the supposed noxious effects of perfumes. Dr. Cloquet, who may be deemed an authority on this subject, of which he made a special study, says in his able "Treatise on Olfaction," "We must not forget that there are many effeminate people to be found in the world who imagine that perfumes

are injurious to them, but their example cannot be adduced as a proof of the bad effects of odours. Thus Dr. Thomas Capellini relates the story of a lady who fancied she could not bear the smell of a rose, and fainted on receiving the visit of a friend who carried one, and yet the fatal flower was only artificial."

In the historical parts of this work, extending over nine of its longest chapters, there is doubtless much that is far from new. The reader whose classical studies have extended any considerable way into the history of those early nations, must be familiar with most of what is there detailed; but to the non-classical, and to ladies generally, whose educational readings may not have tended in that direction, the representation there given of ancient manners and customs, interspersed with many pleasing anecdotes well fitted in, and the whole so richly redolent of perfume, must have a peculiar charm. The writer's own account of it is, that it is a piece of mosaic work, and we are bound to add that it is well put together, and the colours harmoniously blent. One sometimes wonders on reading some parts of it, how its author, who has achieved some fame as an operative perfumer and inventor of new compounds, can have found time to travel away so far from his laboratory collecting so much of the lore of antiquity as adheres to his artistic details. The style, too, is that of a practised pen, light and perspicuous; and to say it is readable is not enough, it is most interesting. We learn from these descriptive illustrations, confirmed by the records of ancient writers and the numerous implements found intact in the tombs, that perfumes were extensively consumed in Egypt, and applied to three distinct purposes—offerings to the gods, embalming the dead, and uses in private life.

'It was, however, in their grand religious processions that they made the most luxurious display of perfumes. In one of those, described as having taken place under one of the Ptolemies, marched one hun-

dred and twenty children bearing incense, myrrh, and saffron in golden basins, followed by a number of camels, some carrying three hundred pounds weight of frankincense, and others a similar quantity of crocus, cassia, cinnamon, orris, and other precious aromatics.'

The Egyptian belief in the transmigration of souls is thought to be one of the reasons for the very great care they took in embalming the bodies of their dead; that after having concluded their long journey, the souls might find their original envelopes in a tolerable state of preservation. Looking upon any one of those shrivelled relics stretched out in mournful state in the British Museum, our mind naturally recurs to the lines—

'And thou hast walked' about—how strange a story!—

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.'

But we are here also reminded of the account given by Herodotus regarding the mode and operation by which the mummy was made up. 'They first extracted the brains through the nostrils by means of a curved iron probe, and filled the head with drugs. Then making an incision in the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone, they drew out the intestines, and inserted into the cavity powdered myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted. After sewing up the body, they kept it in natron for seventy days, and then wrapped it up entirely with bands of fine linen smeared with gum, and laid it in a wooden case made in the shape of a man, which they placed upright against the wall.

'The taste for perfumes and cosmetics went on increasing in Egypt until the time of Cleopatra, when it may be said to have reached its climax. This luxurious queen made a lavish use of aromatics, and it was one of the means of seduction she brought into play at her first interview with Mark Antony on the banks of the Cydnus, which is so

beautifully described by Shakespeare.'

The Jews, from their long captivity in Egypt, brought back with them into their own country a knowledge of perfumery. Long before that time, however, they had probably discovered the aromatic properties of some of their native gums, and prompted by that natural instinct to which I have already alluded, they had offered those fragrant treasures on the altars raised to their God. Thus we find Noah, on issuing from the Ark, expressing his gratitude to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation by a sacrifice of burnt offerings composed of every clean beast and every clean fowl. It is true that Genesis does not mention incense as having formed part of the holocaust; but the very words that follow—'and the Lord smelled a sweet savour,' may lead us to assume that such was the case.

The purification of women, as ordained by law, caused also a great consumption of aromatics. It lasted a whole year, the first six months being accomplished with oil of myrrh, and the rest with other sweet odours. Perfumes were also one of the means of seduction resorted to by Judith when she went forth to seek Holofernes in his tent and liberate her people from his oppression. But the most complete description of the various aromatics used by the Jews is to be found in the Song of Solomon, in which the frequent mention of perfumes made in it shows that they must have been well known and appreciated at the Jewish Court. The common account given of the death of Sardanapalus is perhaps the most striking instance among the Assyrians of their passion for perfumes. This account is, however, disputed by some historians, but the fact of his passion for cosmetics and perfumes is well enough known; and even the account of Dures and other historians given of the manner of his death, agrees with it. They say that 'Arbaces, one of his generals, having gone to visit Sardanapalus, found him painted with vermilion and clad in female garb. He was

just in the act of pencilling his eyebrows when Arbaces entered, and the general was so indignant at the effeminacy of the monarch that he stabbed him on the spot. The Persians borrowed from the Medes their taste for perfumes and cosmetics. Such was their predilection for perfumes that they usually wore on their heads crowns made of myrrh and a sweet-smelling plant called labyzus. In the palaces of monarchs and individuals of rank aromatics were constantly burning in richly-wrought vessels, a custom of which we find an illustration in the sculptures of Persepolis.'

The greatest admirer of perfumes among ancient Asiatic monarchs seems to have been Antiochus Epiphanes, or the Illustrious, king of Syria. At all his feasts, games, and processions, perfumes held the first place.

'The king was once bathing in the public baths when some private person, attracted by the fragrant odour which he shed around, accosted him, saying, "You are a happy man, O king; you smell in a most costly manner." Antiochus, being much pleased with the remark, replied, "I will give you as much as you can desire of this perfume." The king then ordered a large ewer of thick unguent to be poured over his head, and a multitude of poor people soon collected around him to gather what was spilled. This caused the king infinite amusement, but it made the place so greasy that he slipped and fell on his back in a most undignified manner, which put an end to his merriment.'

Among the Greeks, who had that peculiar taste for immortalizing and worshipping everything that was pleasing and grateful to the senses, it is not to be wondered at that they ascribed a divine origin to perfumes. In other cases they invested the attributes of their deities with odorous attractions. The apparition of a goddess is never mentioned without speaking of the ambrosial fragrance which she shed around her; and as they revelled in nectar and ambrosia—a kind of food unknown to mortals—so had they also

specially reserved for their use some of the most delicious perfumes. At all the religious festivals of the Greeks we know that aromatics were consumed in large quantities, and no Mahometan Paradise can surpass their Elysium. There they were to find a golden aty, with emerald ramparts, ivory pavement, and cinnamon gates. Around the walls flowed a river of perfumes one hundred cubits in width, and deep enough to swim in. From this river rose an odoriferous mist, which enveloped the whole place and shed a refreshing and fragrant dew. There were to be besides in this fortunate city three hundred and sixty-five fountains of honey and five hundred of the sweetest essence. A portion of this heavenly fragrance was also sometimes dispensed on earth to some *protégé*, as a mark of great favour. 'Thus when Penelope prepares to receive her suitors, Eurynome advises her to dispel her grief and diffuse "the grace of unction over her cheeks," but the virtuous matron refused. Pallas, however, visits her during her slumbers, and sheds over her some wonderful perfume, which was probably called in those times "the Venus bouquet." 'Phaon, the Lesbian pilot, having once conveyed in his vessel to Cyprus a mysterious passenger, whom he discovers to be Venus, receives from the goddess, as a parting gift, a divine essence, which changes his coarse face into the most beautiful features. Poor Sappho, who sees him after his transformation, becomes smitten with his charms, but finding her love unrequited, is driven to seek a watery grave.' This miracle, says our author, beats all the vaunted achievements of modern perfumery, even including the 'patent enamelling process, which if applied to gentlemen, would not, I am afraid, attract many Sapphos. Perfumers' shops in Greece were the resort of loungers, as modern cafés are in the south of Europe. 'Even the tattered cynic, Diogenes, did not disdain to enter them now and then, leaving his tub at the door; but with a praiseworthy spirit of economy, he always applied the ointments he

bought to his feet; for, as he justly observed to the young sparks, who mocked him for his eccentricity, "When you anoint your head with perfume it flies away into the air, and the birds only get the benefit of it; whilst I rub it only on my lower limbs it envelopes my whole body, and gratefully ascends to my nose." What young Grecian belle, whose radiant beauty might be marred by some disfiguring spot or speckle, could fail to believe in the curative power of sweet odours on hearing of an effect like this on one of her countrywomen? 'Mito, a fair young maiden, the daughter of an humble artisan, was in the habit of depositing every morning garlands of fresh flowers in the temple of Venus, her poverty preventing her from indulging in richer offerings. Her splendid beauty was once nearly destroyed by a tumour which grew on her chin; but she saw in a dream the goddess, who told her to apply to it some of the roses from her altar. She did so, and recovered her charms so completely that she eventually sat on the Persian throne as the favourite wife of Cyrus.'

Our ladies of the present day would no doubt rebel against any such arbitrary edict as would compel them to wear their garments in one particular manner, or according to a certain legal cut. More arbitrary than the law of fashion, however, it could not be; and were the former to override the latter sometimes in this respect, as in the case of those enormous amplitudes now so prevalent in female attire, it may be a question whether it would not be for the better. Such was the case, at least, at Athens. 'The cares and duties of the toilette were deemed of such importance, that a tribunal was instituted to decide on all matters of dress. And a woman whose *péplon* or mantle was not of correct cut, or whose head dress was neglected, was liable to a fine which varied according to the offence, and sometimes reached the high sum of a thousand drachmæ.'

The Romans, in the art of perfumery, as in almost every other art but that of war, were the copyists of

the Greeks. It was long, indeed, before the effeminating and luxurious fashions of the latter made progress among them, and when they did, it was more in the decline of their power than in their rising greatness. Nevertheless, among the upper classes and the refined, their use was largely resorted to. In their baths and dining chambers the richest and most costly perfumes were abundant. Three kinds were principally used—solid unguents, liquid unguents, and powdered perfumes. One of those most in favour with the Romans was saffron; they had not only their apartments and banqueting halls strewn with this plant, but they also composed with it unguents and essences, which were highly prized. 'Some of the latter were often made to flow in small streams at their entertainments, or to descend in odorous dews over the public from the velarium forming the roof of the amphitheatre.' In addition to their liquid essences and unguents, they also made use of an immense variety of cosmetics for improving and preserving the complexion. These, according to Pliny, who describes their preparation, were certain kinds of pastes or poultices, that were kept on the fire all night, and part of the day; some, indeed, only removed them for the purpose of going out, alluded to by Juvenal, in one of his Satires, where he says, 'A Roman husband seldom sees his wife's face at home, but when she sallies forth.' Another device, besides poulticing, was tried by Poppæa, the wife of Nero, 'who used to bathe in asses' milk every day, and when she was exiled from Rome, obtained permission to take with her fifty asses to enable her to continue her favourite ablutions.' Our author devotes some pages of his work at the end of each chapter, on the Roman and Greek periods, detailing the different modes in use of dressing the hair then prevalent, which may possibly have an interest to some, but seems rather apart from the general object of his work. It does not appear, however, amidst all their elaborations for that purpose, that they had

reached our climax in hairdressing by machinery.

Among the Orientals, in all times of their history, a taste for perfumes has prevailed, and at the present day all classes seek to gratify it to their utmost according to their means. 'It is cultivated among ladies, who, caring little or nothing for mental acquirements, and debarred from the pleasures of society, are driven to resort to such sensual enjoyments as their secluded life will afford. They love to be in an atmosphere redolent with fragrant odours, that keep them in a state of dreamy languor, which is for them the nearest approach to happiness. Many are the cosmetics brought into use to enhance their charms, and numerous are the slaves who lend their assistance to perform that important task, some correcting with a whitening paste the over-warm tint of the skin, some replacing with an artificial bloom the faded roses of the complexion.' A deduction is here made by Mr. Rimmel, which is perhaps rather ambiguous, and certainly seems to be opposed to most common notions of beautifying the person by artificial means. After describing the 'red-tipped fingers' and 'darkened eyelids' of these fair creatures, he says: 'And it may fairly be presumed that the constant cares which they bestow upon themselves have the effect of increasing and preserving their beauty.' We had thought that all such face adornments spoiled the natural complexion, and it is perhaps hardly what the author means, for an extract is given from the traveller Sonnini, that more alludes to the benefits of 'bathing' and 'cleanliness,' which are doubtless good beauty preservers, than to any other superficial device. The answer given by Beau Brummel to the person who asked him what perfume he used for his linen, showed a good appreciation of Nature's own cosmetics, in the general make-up of his appointments—'Country air and country washing,' said the Beau. These Oriental dames, or any other ladies desirous of arresting the ravages

of time, and preserving their charms, would also perhaps find this as good a recipe for that purpose as any other artificial cosmetic. 'Good airing' was indeed an especial requisite in many things with Brummel. He never went out in the morning until the day was well aired.

It is a very common but true analogy that is so often drawn between the infancy of man and the infancy of a nation. In both, the faculties are 'undirected and unexpanded'; in the former from their own natural imperfection, and in the latter from the want of suitable objects for their development. The olfactories of children are not nice in their discrimination, and those of any untutored people show equally fantastic preferences, and would perhaps select some of the most rancid smells to the finest productions in the perfumer's laboratory. Such was the case in the early stages of our own history in this country. 'The Druids knew, however, and highly prized the numerous aromatic plants indigenous to the soil. Druidesses crowned their brows with verberna, and composed with fragrant herbs mysterious balms which cured the heroes' wounds, and enhanced the charms of the fair.' The Roman conquest introduced the graceful costumes and elaborate cosmetics of Italy, and the provinces soon rivalled the metropolis in elegance and refinement. Barbarism, however, again supervened, and 'perfumes did not come into general use in England until the reign of Elizabeth. In the fifteenth year of her reign, the Earl of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things, and that year the Queen had a pair of perfumed gloves. She took such pleasure in these gloves, that she was pictured with them upon her hands, and for many years afterwards it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume. On another occasion, when visiting the University of Cambridge, she was presented with a pair of perfumed gloves, and was so delighted with

them that she put them on at once. She also usually carried with her a pomander, which was a ball composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other perfumes, and with the gift of a 'faire gyrdle of pomander,' which was a series of pomanders strung together and worn round the neck. These pomanders were supposed to be preservatives from infection.

The manufacture for extracting the aroma of flowers and plants is carried on chiefly in the south of France, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Algeria, India—in fact, wherever the climate gives to flowers and plants that intensity of odour necessary for a profitable extraction.

The proposal to cultivate flowers in England for perfumery purposes has ever been found impracticable. 'However beautiful in form and colour they may be, they do not possess the intensity of odour necessary for extraction, and the greater part of those used in France for perfumery would only grow here in hot-houses. The only flower which could be had in abundance would be the rose, but the smell of it is faint compared with that of the Southern rose; and the rosewater made in this country can never equal the French in strength. If we add to this the shortness of the flowering season, and the high price of land and labour, we may arrive at the conclusion that such a speculation would be as bad as that of attempting to make wine from English grapes. The only perfumery ingredients in which England really excels are lavender and peppermint; but that is owing to the very cause which would militate against the success of other flowers in this country, for our moist and moderate climate gives those two plants the mildness of fragrance for which they are prized, whilst in France and other warm countries they grow strong and rank.'

The four processes in use for extracting the aroma from fragrant substances are, distillation, expression, maceration, and absorption. Grasse, Cannes, and Nice, all in the south of France, are the principal towns where the maceration and absorption processes are carried on,

and above a hundred houses are engaged in these operations, and in the distillation of essential oils, giving employment during the flower season to 10,000 people. The manufacture of scents, soaps, cosmetics, and other toilet requisites is carried on chiefly in London and Paris, which may be called the headquarters of perfumery, and the emporium for all other parts of the world. The products of Germany, Russia, Spain, and the United States are mostly counterparts of the London and Paris manufacturers.

The principal manufactures of toilet-soap are in London, where there are about sixty into which female labour has been introduced for nearly twenty years. The English toilet-soaps are the very best that are made. The French come next, and those of Germany are the worst.

In concluding his chapter on the commerce of perfumes, Mr. Rimmel offers a few words of advice to ladies on the choice of their perfumes and cosmetics, which, coming from so competent an authority, cannot but be thankfully received. 'The selection of a perfume is entirely a matter of taste; and I should no more presume to dictate to a lady which scent she should choose than I would to an epicure what wine he is to drink; yet I may say to the nervous, use simple extracts of flowers, which can never hurt you, in preference to compounds which generally contain musk and other ingredients likely to affect the head. Above all, avoid strong, coarse perfumes, and remember, that if a woman's temper may be told from her handwriting, her good taste and good breeding may as easily be ascertained by the perfume she uses. Whilst a lady charms us with the delicate ethereal fragrance she sheds around her, aspiring vulgarity will as surely betray itself by a *mouchoir* redolent of common perfumes.

'Hair preparations are like medicines, and must be varied according to the consumer. For some, pomatum is preferable; for others, oil; whilst some again require neither, and should use hair-washes or lotions. A mixture of lime-juice

and glycerine has lately been introduced, and has met with great success, for it clears the hair from pellicles, the usual cause of premature baldness. For all these things, however, personal experience is the best guide.

'Soap is an article of large consumption, and some people cannot afford to pay much for it; yet I would say avoid *very cheap* soaps, which irritate the skin, owing to the excess of alkali which they contain. Good soaps are now manufactured at a very moderate price by the principal London perfumers, and ought to satisfy the most economical. White, yellow, and brown are the best colours to select.

'Tooth-powders are preferable to tooth-pastes. The latter may be pleasanter to use, but the former are certainly more beneficial.

'Lotions for the complexion require, of all other cosmetics, to be carefully prepared. Some are composed with mineral poisons, which render them dangerous to use, although they may be effectual in curing certain skin diseases. There ought to be always a distinction made between those intended for healthy skins and those that are to be used for cutaneous imperfections; besides, the latter may be easily removed without having recourse to any violent remedies.

'Paints for the face I cannot conscientiously recommend. Rouge is innocuous in itself, being made of cochineal and safflower; but whites are often made of deadly poisons, such as cost poor Zelgar his life a few months since. The best white ought to be made of mother-of-pearl, but it is not often so prepared. To professional people, who cannot dispense with these, I must only recommend great care in their selection, but to others I would say, cold water, fresh air, and exercise are the best recipes for health and beauty, for no borrowed charms can equal those of

"A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted."

'The materials of perfumery may be divided according to their nature into twelve series,—animal, floral, herbal, andropogon, citrine, spicy,

ligneous, radical, seminal, balmy or resinous, fruity, and artificial.

'The animal series comprises only three substances—musk, civet, and ambergris. Musk is a secretion found in a pocket or pod under the belly of the musk-deer, a ruminant which inhabits the higher mountain ranges of China, Thibet, and Tonquin: the male alone yields the celebrated perfume, the best coming from Tonquin. The odour of musk is also to be found, though in a less degree, in the musk-ox, the muskrat, and musk-duck. A musky fragrance likewise occurs in some vegetables, as the well-known yellow-flowered musk-plant, but its intensity is not sufficient for extraction.

'Civet is the glandular secretion of an animal of the feline tribe, found in Africa and India.

'Ambergris is now ascertained to be generated by the large-headed spermaceti whale, and is the result of a diseased state of the animal, which either throws up the morbid substance, or dies of the malady and is eaten up by other fishes. In either case it becomes loose, and is picked up floating on the sea or worked ashore.

'The floral series includes all flowers available for perfumery purposes—hitherto limited to eight—jasmine, rose, orange, tuberose, cassia, violet, jonquil, and narcissus. Of all these the rose is queen—the queen of flowers—but to the perfumer deriving its principal charm from the delicious fragrance with which Nature has endowed it. He obtains from it an essential oil, a distilled water, a perfumed oil, and a pomade. Even its withered leaves are rendered available to form the ground of sachet powder, for they retain their scent for a considerable time.

'The violet is one of the most charming odours in nature. It is a scent which pleases all, even the most delicate and nervous; and it is no wonder that it should be in such universal request.

'Lavender was extensively used by the Romans in their baths, whence its name, from *lavare*, 'to wash.' It is a nice *clean* scent and an old and

deserving favourite. The best lavender is grown at Mitcham in Surrey, and at Hitchin in Hertfordshire. Mr. James Bridges, the largest English distiller of lavender and peppermint, has three gigantic stills in operation at Mitcham, each able to contain about one thousand gallons.'

The 'Book of Perfumes' is a work that owes its existence to the Society of Arts and the Great Exhibition. Mr. Rimmel was called upon by the former to prepare a paper on the Art of Perfumery, its History and Commercial Development; and to qualify himself for the task, he says he had to devour a huge pile of big books, in order to see how the ancients ministered to the gratification of the olfactory senses. Then two years later being called upon by the jury at the Exhibition to draw up the official report of the

perfumery class, he thus gained so complete an insight into the world of sweet smells that he was induced to publish in the 'Englishwoman's Magazine' a series of articles on the subject. Hence the nucleus of the work. That it has grown to its present size, and contains so much that is readable, interesting, and instructive, is a boon to the public; and while every person of taste or smell must greatly enjoy a perusal of it, not without much fresh information on many subjects, it ought to be an especial favourite with the ladies. It is got up in drawing-room style, containing above 250 illustrations by Bourdelan, Thomas, and other good artists; and as it now lies before the writer of these remarks, exhales from every page the richest aromas of the author's own exquisite invention—the odorous *millefleurs*.

MY AUNT'S AIRING.

IF stars, as people tell us, rule
Our births—and some peculiar planet
Makes this a sage, and that a fool—
Makes this a swan, and that a gannet—
Makes this as lifeless as a log,
That mad as quicksilver delirious:—
One thing I'm sure of. My Aunt Blogg
Was born beneath the star of Sirius.

Or else in early days she had
A swain, to whom her faith was plighted,
Who went completely to the bad,
And left her an existence blighted.
And hence these pets of old Aunt Blogg's
In baskets, kennels, slips, and leashes;—
Because his going to the dogs
Had made her fond of all the species.

I married young—'twas p'raps unwise.
I've children—the two youngest twins are,
And, save that they've their mother's eyes,
As like their father as two pins are.
With two too blest by Fortune coy,
I have a dread of coming trouble,—
Far from intoxicate with joy,
Although I see my blessings double!

For godmamma, I asked their aunt
To superintend their youthful morals;
She says that she's too poor, and can't
Afford to buy them spoons or corals.

My Aunt's Airing.

Yet she's eight hundred pounds a year—
 Or rather more—suppose we say nine—
 But spends it all, or very near,
 Upon her precious fancies canine.

And what would bring the children up
 (They'll be uneducated noodles)
 She'll squander for a spaniel pup,
 Or spend upon her pugs and poodles.
 Her dogs in velvet pile she laps;
 My children lie on common ticken;
 They feed upon the homeliest paps:—
 I've seen her curs devouring chicken!

She crams with all the daintiest things
 Her miserable, wheezing mongrels—
 With sweetbreads, kidneys, liver-wings,
 And toothsome turkey-bones that one grills.
 But for her natural human ties
 She does not care a single button.
 Picture her pets regaled on pies
 While I am dining off cold mutton!

I see her daily in the park—
 She's careful of her health, confound her!
 She makes each walk a course of bark,
 For all her yelping pets surround her.
 A footman with tremendous calves,
 With gold-laced hat and powdered noddle—
 The old cat ne'er does things by halves!—
 Bears those that are too fat to waddle.

She has a pug, two 'heavenly Skyes,'
 A Pomeranian, a bull-terrier,
 A snow-white bull-dog with pink eyes,
 Six spaniels, say,—the more the merrier.
 A turnspit very like a frog,
 A pointer, setter, and retriever—
 And almost weekly of some dog
 The London dog-stealers bereave her!

* * * *

Her four-legged favourites to my mind
 For life than her by far are fitter;
 They don't neglect or hate their kind,—
 Each shows affection for its litter.
 She'll reap as she has sown her seed,
 For in her coffin when they nail her,
 The dogs, my babes were starved to feed,
 Will never miss her or bewail her.

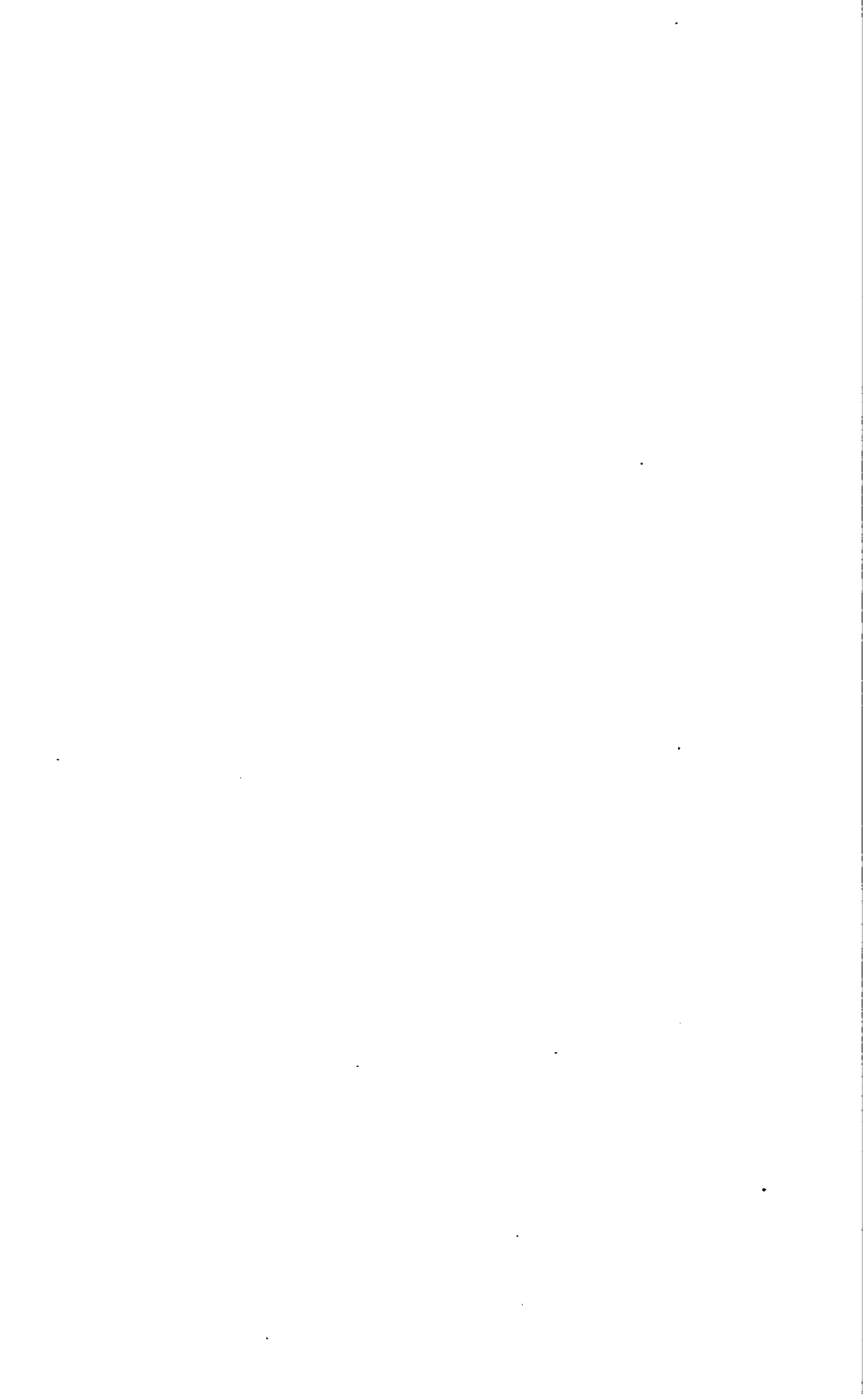






Drawn by Harrison Weir.]

MY AUNT'S AIRING.



HISTORICAL NOTES ON OUR NATIONAL CARD GAME.

By CAVENDISH,

AUTHOR OF THE 'LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF WHIST.'

CHAPTER II.

HOYLE is also spoken of in his professional capacity in 'The Gentleman's Magazine' for February, 1755, in a letter from a fashionable physician, showing how he got into repute by making it a part of his art to learn the accomplishments of the day. He says 'Hoyle tutored me in several games at cards, and under the name of guarding me from being cheated, insensibly gave me a taste for sharpening.'

There can be no doubt but that the 'Short Treatise' was originally composed for the use of pupils, it being lent to them in manuscript, just as, now-a-days, grinders lend notes to men they are coaching. In the table of contents it is stated that the treatise was disposed of in manuscript the previous winter. The immediate cause of its appearance in book form was probably fear of piracy; perhaps in consequence of piracy that had actually taken place. The first edition contains a curious advertisement, which explains in a roundabout way the state of affairs. We extract such portions as bear on the point before us.

'As some people in particular may be anxious to know, and the public in general may be glad to be informed by what means the following treatise came to be ushered into the world in this manner, we think they cannot be better informed than by making public the following letter from a gentleman at Bath to a friend of his. * * * "The game of whist is that which I take most delight in, and till of late fancied myself all along a pretty good master of it. But to my vexation, it is not long since I lost a considerable sum of money one night at it, and yet I could not perceive that the cards run extraordinary cross against me, so that I could not but conclude that I was beat by superior skill. This put me upon

inquiring into the cause, for I was very far from imputing my misfortune to unfair play; and at last I found there was a treatise on the game of whist, lately dispersed among a few hands, at a guinea price. [This probably refers to the manuscript. The price of the printed book was but a shilling or two.] How to come at one of these books I knew not, but at length I wrote to an acquaintance of mine in London to purchase it for me by all means, which he accordingly did, with no small difficulty. As soon as I had perused it, I found I had heretofore been but a bungler at this game; and being thoroughly sensible of the advantage which those that are possessed of this book have over the innocent player, I * * * applied to a stationer, who offered to make me a present of half a hundred of them, provided I would allow him to print a few more for his own use. This I readily complied with, especially in consideration of the imposition [!] and hardship the public lay under; first, by not being able to get the said book under a guinea, and then by its being reserved only in a few hands that might make a bad use of it."

In the succeeding editions, published with Hoyle's name, this advertisement is withdrawn, and the author makes the following address to the reader:—"The author of the following treatise has thought proper to give the public notice that he has reduced the price of it, that it may not be worth any person's while to purchase the pirated editions which have already been obtruded on the world; as likewise all those piratical editions are extremely incorrect; and that he will not undertake to explain any case but in such copies as have been set forth by himself, or that are authoriz'd as revis'd and corrected under

his own hand.' Then follows this advertisement:—'This work having been entered at Stationers' Hall according to Act of Parliament, whoever shall presume to print or vend a pirate [*sic*] edition shall be prosecuted according to law.' And in later editions we find, 'Whoever pirates either of these works will be sued. The proprietor has already obtained an injunction against nine persons for pirating or selling pirated editions of them.'

Fresh editions were frequently called for, and matters remained much in this state until the year 1760, when the laws of the game were revised, and the revision (nearly all Hoyle) was agreed to by the members of White's and Saunders' chocolate houses, then the head-quarters of the card playing world. How fashion changes! White's, the oldest club in London, stands where it did, and can boast a list of members second to none in rank and wealth. But cardplaying has died out there. A pack of cards is seldom opened; and when opened, very trifling stakes are played for.

The laws, as adopted by White's and Saunders' chocolate houses, are given by Hoyle in his later editions, and these laws, commonly called Hoyle's, remained the only recognised authority until the year before last. After the lapse of a hundred and four years the two great play clubs of London, the Arlington and the Portland, revised the old code and added the traditional laws. The new club laws have been generally welcomed; they may now be taken to be the laws of whist.

In addition to whist, Hoyle also wrote treatises on quadrille, piquet, chess, backgammon, and brag, and an 'Essay towards making the doctrine of chances easy to those who understand vulgar arithmetick only,' dedicated to the Earl of Egmont.

Hoyle died in Wellbank (query Welbeck) Street, Cavendish Square, on Tuesday, Aug. 29, 1769, at the advanced age of ninety-seven. The papers of the day notice his death, and state that he was well known in the polite world, and that he lived to see his treatise on whist pass

through no less than thirteen editions; probably more, for we possess a sixteenth edition, which though without date appears to have been published during his lifetime.

The subsequent history of whist is so well known that it may be dismissed in a few words. Quadrille gradually went out; whist as gradually came in; till at last it obtained undisputed possession of our card rooms. All that has happened since Hoyle wrote is, that the principles of the game have become more thoroughly developed and consequently the style of play has altered somewhat; and from being ten-up, the points have been reduced to five.

First, as regards the change from long whist to short. According to the received version, short whist was at first a mere accident. It is said on the authority of Mr. Hoare, of Bath, who was one of the party, that about eighty years back Lord Peterborough lost one night a large stake at whist, and his friends, in order to give him a chance of recouping himself, offered to cut the game in half. The new game was found to be so lively, that these gentlemen had no difficulty in inducing their club associates to try it. Hence it became general in the clubs, was carried all over the country, and the supremacy of short whist became an acknowledged fact. 'J.O.' in his treatise (1864), says: 'The old game is dead, and the modern in full vigour, in spite of at least one very glaring defect—the undue value of honours, which are pure luck, as compared with that of the tricks, which greatly depend on skill. Short whist bears marks of its hasty and accidental origin. If the change had been carefully considered, the honours would have been cut in half as well as the points. Two by honours would have counted one point; four by honours would have counted two. Had this been so the game would be perfect.'

The style of play has varied considerably since Hoyle's day, and we constantly hear of different schools of players; but we suspect that many of those who talk of this or that school attach a very dim idea

to their words. The distinctions between the various styles of game that have prevailed during the last thirty years are excellently summed up by 'J.C.' in his treatise. He observes, in substance, that whist, as he remembers it thirty years ago, was played by men whose early education had been at long whist. They were on the whole very accurate and careful players, but they were wanting in dash and brilliancy, and sinned, according to 'J.C.,' in playing what we now call a backward game. 'J.C.' only remembers one man, the celebrated Major Aubrey, of that school, who refused strict adherence to the over careful system to which his companions were slaves.

Whist, however, that is, short whist, travelled, and the great Paris whist players were not content to imitate our system. They struck out a path for themselves, and though the old school looked with horror on 'the French game,' the new school were found to be winning players.

It is not easy to define exactly the difference between the rival schools. The main point of difference is this; the old player would run no risks; his first care was to see the game saved; if he could make certain of saving it he would not speculate on winning it. The modern player would do almost the reverse. He was always on the look out to win the game, and failing in that he would play to save it. In 'My Novel' there is depicted, with the touch of a master, the state of mind of the players of the two schools. Short whist had been introduced at Squire Hazeldean's. Captain Barnabas, who played at Graham's with honour and profit, and who there, no doubt, imbibed his new-fangled style of play, is partner with Parson Dale. The parson plays a capital rubber: he is one of the old school, careful to a degree. The captain happens at a doubtful point to lead a trump (we stop to say that, whatever our opinion may be worth, we should have done the same), and he loses the game. He is soundly rated by the parson for his trump lead, and

the scene which ensues is—well, we will not spoil it by condensation—those who feel interest in the subject can easily hunt up the chapter.

We quite think with 'J.C.' that the game of bold attack is to be preferred to that of cautious defence; and that for example, with anything like a fair chance of winning the game, it is right to run some risk—how much is a question of judgment—and to seize the opportunity which may not occur again. At the same time, we feel that just now there is a dangerous tendency among players to attempt too forward a game, and we therefore strenuously insist on 'J.C.'s' rule, to which we beg respectfully to give our adherence:—'I recommend a middle course, leaning, however, more nearly to the new than to the old doctrine.'

One mischief of forward play is that it tempts players to persist in playing a strong game, even after the attack has failed. The forward player must be always ready to change his tactics. He will probably have lost something by his early attack; but, if he plays with judgment, he will have taken a chance well worth the price he has paid for it.

We look forward to the formation of yet another school, which we may designate the 'scientific school' of play. We fancy that the great principles of whist are now more generally comprehended than they used to be by the majority of players. The rising school, we think, has recognised the fact that whist is a science: and that if a man would become a sound player he must be content to think over his game and to study it, as is the case with other sciences. The amount of book-work necessary for this purpose is not great; there are several thoughtful treatises on the game which include its main principles within a hundred and fifty pages. And to make a fair average player much practice is not required. To make a master of the science, we must of course add to theoretical knowledge, the power of accurate observation and of acute perception; and these can

only be obtained by frequent encounters at the table.

To explain what we mean by 'scientific' play we must take an example. Refinements creep in by degrees. Thus the rule with respect to returned leads was formerly unknown to the best players, and it is nowhere laid down by Hoyle. Broadly stated it is this: In returning your partner's lead if you have but two of the suit remaining in your hand, return the best; if more than two the worst. When this rule of play was first promulgated it could have had but a select band of adherents: now-a-days it is considered the A B C of whist. Again, the system of leading king from ace, king (now established), was protested against by Mathews, and was but slowly adopted. These are examples of the improvements which 'science' gradually introduces and

adds to the game. A point is started, and eventually settled by the combined experience of good players, when it becomes a part of the established game. Kindred questions are as yet unsettled, but in course of time the answers will take their place. Thus a gradual improvement in the game may be expected. The whist of our great-grandchildren will probably be no more like ours than ours is like that of Hoyle. At all events we believe it will come to be the exception rather than as it has been the rule, to meet players who are ignorant of the first rudiments of their game. We expect that every one who calls himself a whist player will, at least, master the common principles of play. And when this happens the foundation will be well laid upon which the scientific school must be built.

THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

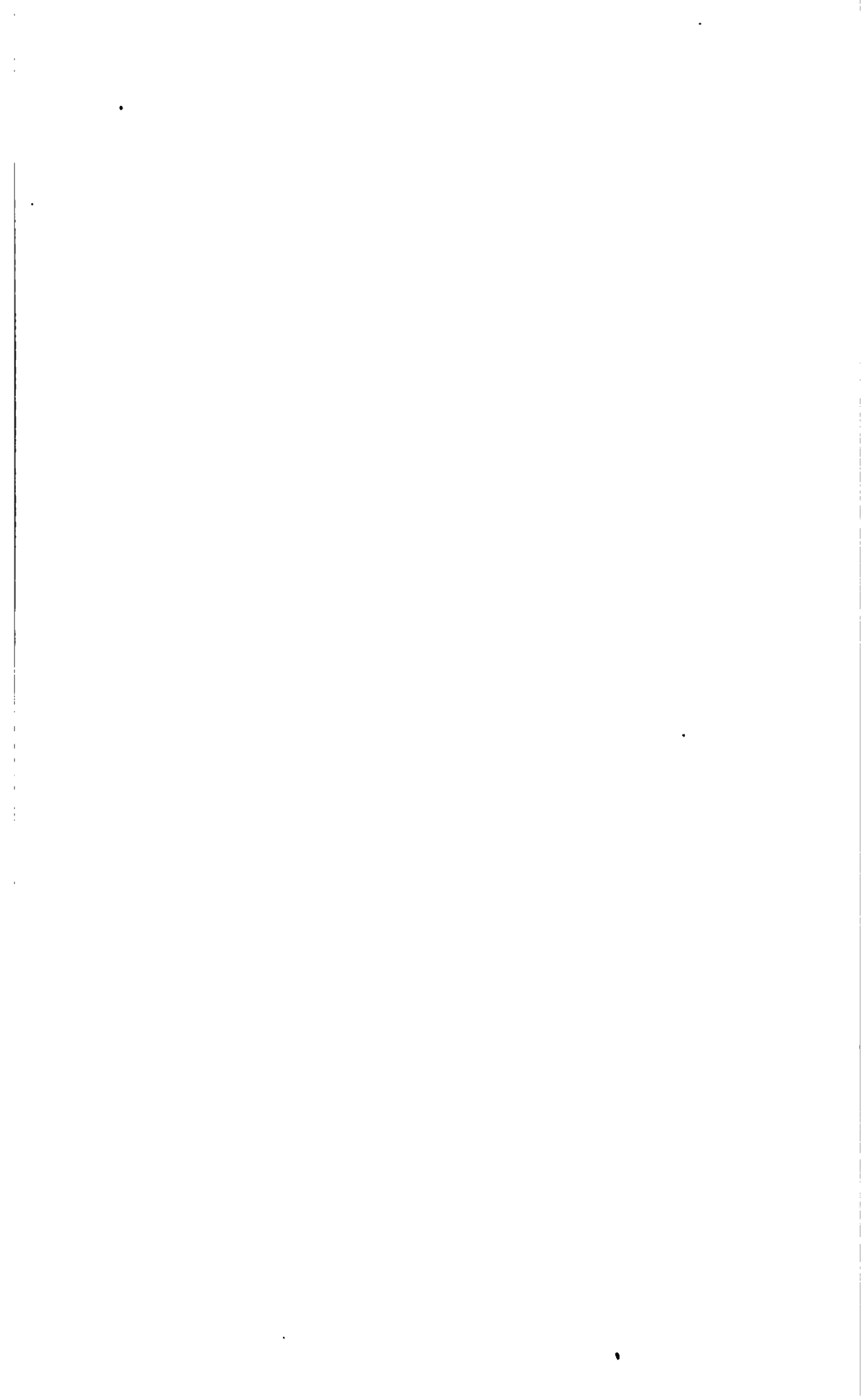
THE PEELS OF MANCHESTER.

ABOUT the year 1600, a William Peele went, with his father, three brothers, and their families, from Craven in Yorkshire to the Lancashire town of Blackburn. Blackburn and its neighbourhood, a couple of centuries before, had been the property of some old De Peles, and from them, doubtless, William Peele was descended; but his offspring took no pains to work out the pedigree, priding themselves, when they were most rich and influential, in the fact that the modern founder of their house was neither knight nor squire, but one of the sturdy class of English yeomen. He settled in a farmhouse, known, by reason of its low situation, as Hole or Hoyle, and there, early in the seventeenth century, was born a grandson, Robert Peele, who abandoned the farm to take a house in the centre of Blackburn, and begin business as a maker of woollen cloths. Blackburn even then had some repute as a manu-

facturing town. Blackburn greys were rough unfinished woollen goods, generally sent to London to be worked up and prepared for sale. Robert Peele set himself to improve the workmanship of these goods, and the rough, home-made tools with which he in some sort anticipated the inventions of the next century were for a long time preserved as curiosities in the family. He was an industrious, enterprising man, famous for his business-like charity and hospitable disposition. He made a good deal of money for his times. To each of several daughters he left a sum of nine score pounds, and his eldest son, Robert, who succeeded to his business, was rich enough to buy the little estate known as the Crosse—henceforth Peel's Fold—near Blackburn. This Robert's son William, however, had not health to carry him prosperously through life. Shutting himself up in the Fold, he became a farmer, like his great-



ROBERT PEEL, THE FIRST BARONET.



grandfather and namesake, and was willing that his children should follow his example.

His eldest son Robert was not so minded. Born at Peel's Fold in 1723, and fairly educated at Blackburn Grammar School, an old foundation of Queen Elizabeth's, he was at first a simple farmer. But with the farm he inherited the rough wooden blocks with which his grandfather and great-grandfather, sixty and a hundred years before, had stamped patterns on woollen cloths, and they set him thinking. He had a natural aptitude for mechanics and chemistry, and he used both in some inventions of which the secret was so well kept that we cannot tell what they were. In 1744, moreover, he married Elizabeth Haworth, whose brother, after an apprenticeship to some calico-printers in London, had lately returned to Blackburn, full of projects for the improvement of the work and its transference to Lancashire. The brothers-in-law clubbed together and began to make for themselves a business as calico-printers. But they had not funds enough for their enterprise: so they sought and obtained the co-operation of William Yates, who had made or inherited a little fortune as keeper of the Black Bull Inn, in Blackburn. Hence the firm of Haworth, Peel, and Yates, established soon after the year 1750, with a factory at Blackburn and a warehouse in Manchester.

Manchester, though the centre of Lancashire manufactures then as now, was a small town a hundred years ago. In 1757 there were in it and Salford hardly 20,000 inhabitants, one twenty-fourth of the present population, and its trade consisted then, as in the time of good old Humphrey Cheetham, in the manufacture by hand of the coarse woollen articles known as Manchester cottons, besides fustians and all sorts of miscellaneous articles, from pins and needles to millers' sacks and women's bodices. The leading merchants, working hard and living frugally, were pedlars and small tradesmen in comparison with the cotton lords of

our times: 'An eminent manufacturer of that age,' said Dr. Aikin, speaking of the generation of old Robert Peel, 'used to be in his warehouse, before six in the morning, accompanied by his children and apprentices. At seven they all came in to breakfast, which consisted of one large dish of water-pottage, made of oatmeal, water, and a little salt, boiled thick and poured into a dish. At the side was a pan or basin of milk, and the master and apprentices, each with a wooden spoon in his hand, without loss of time, dipped into the same dish, and thence into the milkpan; and as soon as it was finished they all returned to their work.' And Mr. Walker, in his 'Original,' describes 'one of the principal merchants of Manchester, who was born at the commencement of the last century, and who realised sufficient fortune to keep a carriage when not half a dozen were kept in the house by persons connected with business. He sent the manufactures of the place into Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and the intervening counties, and principally took in exchange feathers from Lincolnshire and malt from Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire. All his commodities were conveyed on pack-horses, and he was from home the greater part of every year, performing his journeys leisurely on horseback. His balances were received in guineas, and were carried with him in his saddle-bags. He was exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to great labour and fatigue, and to constant danger. In Lincolnshire he travelled chiefly along bridle-ways, through fields where frequent gibbets warned him of his peril, and where flocks of wild-fowl continually darkened the air. Business carried on in this manner required a combination of personal attention, carriage, and physical strength, not to be hoped for in a deputy; and a merchant then led a much more severe and irksome life than a bagman afterwards, and still more than a commercial traveller of the present day.'

Cotton manufacture, soon to be-



MANCHESTER IN 1728.

come the staple of Manchester commerce, began in the smaller towns of the neighbourhood. Calico-printing, first introduced into England by refugees, consequent on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was, for a long time, confined to London and other towns on the Thames. For a century every sort of opposition was raised to its development by the manufacturers of woollen and silken goods, who imagined that the new commodities would ruin their own trades. They encouraged riots in the streets of London and in country towns, and they procured the passing of arbitrary laws in parliament. In 1712, an excise duty of threepence was set on every square yard of calico made in England; in 1714, the duty was raised to sixpence; and in 1721 cotton goods were absolutely forbidden, a penalty of 5*l.* being appointed to every wearer of them, while every seller was made liable, for each offence, to a fine of 20*l.* None of these laws was effectual, and gradually a better feeling spread through the country. In 1736 the manufacture of calicoes was permitted, with a cotton woof, provided the warp was linen, and in 1774

the manufacture and sale of every kind of 'painted, stained, and dyed stuffs, made wholly of cotton,' were made lawful. Many years before that they had come to be freely practised both in London and in the north, the first calico manufacturers of Lancashire being Robert Peel and his brother-in-law.

The details of their work would be worth knowing, could we only get at them. But, according to the fashion of those times, none knew them, even in their own day. Peel and Haworth kept their secrets as nearly as possible to themselves, intrusting them only to a few tried agents, bound to privacy by oath. The trustiest of all was a skilled mechanic closeted in Haworth's private house, who carried on both his experiments and his finishing processes unknown to any one else.

In Peel's private house experiments, though of a homelier sort, were also carried on. On one occasion, we are told, the manufacturer himself was working in his kitchen, designing patterns and planning how best to print them off, when his little daughter Anne ran off to the herb garden and brought back a sprig of parsley. With a child's



PEEL'S BIRTHPLACE, BLACKBURN.

eloquence she pointed out its beauty and begged him to use it as a

pattern. The hint was promptly taken. A pewter dinner-plate was

at once taken down from the dresser, and father and daughter between them roughly sketched a figure of the leaf, which served for a first experiment. It was soon copied and improved upon. Nancy's pattern, as it was known in the family, became a favourite among calico-buyers, and because of it the father obtained the nickname, throughout Lancashire, of Parsley Peel.

From those humble beginnings an active and profitable business was soon developed. Living generally at a house which he had bought in Fish Lane, Blackburn, and having his chief factory at Brookside, a village two miles off, Parsley Peel worked on for twenty years or more. His partners Haworth and Yates, as it seems, soon left him to found a separate and larger manufactory at Bury, halfway between Blackburn and Manchester; but there was always close friendship, as well as some sort of business connexion, between the houses. In 1779 he also had to leave Blackburn. In that year the long-growing dissatisfaction of the handloom weavers, especially provoked by Hargreaves's invention of the spinning-jenny, broke out in open rioting. Nearly all the machinery in Blackburn was destroyed, and among the rest Peel's works at Brookside.

Thereupon he travelled south. With part of his old savings he built three large mills at Burton-upon-Trent, two on the river's side and one a little distance off. The canal supplying it with water by itself cost him 9,000*l*. Here, as at Blackburn, said his grandson, Sir Lawrence Peel, whose volume of biographical reminiscences is the most authentic source of information about these old Peels, 'all the works which he erected or caused to be made were of a solid and enduring kind. He understood thoroughly every branch of the cotton trade. He instructed his sons himself. He loved to impress on their minds the great national importance of this rising manufacture. He was a reflecting man, who looked ahead; a plainspoken, simple-minded man, not illiterate, nor vulgar, either in language, manners, or mind, but

possessing no refinement in his tastes, free from affectation, and with no desire to imitate the manners or mode of life of a class above his own. His sons resembled him, and a strong likeness pervaded the whole family. They were, without one exception, hardworking, industrious, plain, frugal, unostentatious men of business, reserved and shy, nourishing a sort of defensive pride and hating all parade, shrinking perhaps too much from public service and public notice, and it may be too much devoted to the joys of a private station.' 'My father,' said the most enterprising and successful of these sons, 'moved in a confined sphere. He possessed in an eminent degree a mechanical genius and a good heart. He had many sons, and placed them all in situations that might be useful to each other. The cotton trade was preferred as best calculated to secure this object; and by habits of industry, and imparting to his offspring an intimate knowledge of the various branches of the cotton manufacture, he lived to see his children connected together in business, and, by their successful exertions, become, without one exception, opulent and happy. My father may be truly said to have been the founder of our family; but he so accurately appreciated the importance of commercial wealth, in a national point of view, that he was often heard to say that the gains of the individual were small, compared with the national gains arising from trade.'

Everything we know about the good old man goes to prove the accuracy of that charming portrait. He was a shy and absent man; always looking down as he walked, and therefore known as 'the philosopher' by the Burton people among whom he lived for some ten years. 'He wore a burly Johnsonian wig. Like Johnson, he was dressed in dark clothes of ample cut. He leaned, as he walked, upon a tall gold-headed cane, and as he was a very handsome man he looked a figure stately enough for a mediæval burgomaster.' It was his maxim, through life, that 'a man, barring accidents, might be whatever he chose.'

Robert Peel, the elder, was fifty-six when he settled in Burton. After a residence there of some ten or twelve years he seems to have left the thriving business in the hands of his sons, and to have gone to end his days in Manchester, with or near his only daughter, the Nancy of the parsley pattern, now a clergyman's wife. There he died in September, 1795, at the age of seventy-two. His wife lived six months longer. 'She had wished to survive him,' we are told. 'One evening near the close of their lives, as they were seated by their fireside, surrounded by some of their descendants, conversing with the calmness of age upon death, the old lady said to her husband, "Robert, I hope I may live a few months after thee." "Why?" asked her husband. "Robert," she replied, "thou hast always been a good kind husband to me: thou hast been a man well thought of, and I should like to stay by thee to the last and keep thee all right."' The loving wife had her wish. She died in March, 1796, and was buried by her husband's side in St. John's church, Manchester.

Six sons, all cotton-spinners and calico-printers, survived them. Of these Robert, the third, was the cleverest and the best man of business. He was born at the Fish Lane house in Blackburn in 1750, and there he lived for about twenty years. When a lad of fourteen, it has been said, he avowed his intention of extending the fame of his family far beyond the limits set by his unambitious father; and at the age of eighteen, telling his father that in Blackburn they were too thick upon the ground, he begged for a sum of 500*l.* with which to go out and build his own fortune in the world. That request was not acceded to. But soon afterwards, in 1769 or 1770, a place was found for the young man in the establishment of Haworth and Yates in Bury, now almost a part of Manchester, but then a separate village, nine miles off, with about two thousand inhabitants.

In Bury young Robert Peel

lodged with his partner Mr. Yates, paying for his board, it was said, eight shillings a week. There is a tradition, not very credible, that Yates, finding the eight shillings inadequate payment for the trouble and expense he was put to, soon demanded another shilling, and that thereupon so serious a quarrel arose that the whole connexion was likely to be broken off, until at last a compromise was made and eight and sixpence a week was agreed upon. Be that as it may, Robert Peel passed many years in William Yates's house and found it a pleasant home. Its youngest inmate was Yates's daughter Ellen, a merry pretty little girl. She was young Peel's plaything and playfellow when he went home after a hard day's work, and often, we are told, he used to take her on his knee and play at love-making. 'Nelly, thou bonny little dear,' he used to say, 'wilt thou be my wife?' 'Yes,' was her constant answer. 'Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly,' he replied as constantly; 'I'll wed thee and none else.' He kept his word. Pretty Nelly went to school and in due time came back, as handsome a young woman as was to be found in England. She was somewhat too gay for the hardworking cotton-spinner, but she was willing to do her best towards making herself a good wife for him, and she succeeded altogether. They were married in 1786, when she was eighteen, he six-and-thirty; and for seventeen years she was his best friend and helper. She wrote his letters, criticised his plans; and, what perhaps was most serviceable of all, entertained his friends for him. She died in 1803, partly, it was thought, through the excessive toil involved in the gaieties of the London season, much welcomer to her, even though they were killing her, than to her busy husband. 'Ah, if Robert hadn't made our Nelly a lady,' old Yates used to say, 'she might ha' been living yet!'

Long before that, at least a dozen years before his marriage even, Robert had become a partner in the Bury house of business. About that time his uncle Haworth re-

tired, and Yates, though senior partner, was glad to leave the chief management in the hands of the younger and more active man. 'The will of our Robert is law here,' he used to say when any complaint was made against the strict rule or the frequent innovations adopted by his partner. Young Peel was fond of hard work, and he expected all under him to be good workmen. Living near to the works, he used, whenever there was threatening of bad weather, to get up in the middle of the night and make personal inspection of the bleaching-grounds, to see that everything was as far as possible protected from harm. And regularly once a week he sat up all night with his pattern drawer, in order, without an hour's delay, to examine the patterns brought by the London coach, which arrived soon after midnight. For many years after his first settlement in Bury, the London calico-printers were thought superior to all others, and the greatest house in Lancashire was content to follow their lead. As soon as he could Robert Peel reversed this state of things, and before the close of the eighteenth century all the printing done in London was less in quantity than that produced under his sole supervision in the works at Bury. 'The principal of these works,' said Dr. Aikin in 1795, 'are situated on the side of the Irwell, from which they have large reservoirs of water. The articles here made and printed are chiefly the finest kinds of the cotton manufacture, and they are in high request both at Manchester and London. The printing is performed both by wooden blocks and by copper rollers, and the execution and colours are some of the very best of the Lancashire fabric. The premises occupy a large portion of ground, and cottages have been built for the accommodation of the workmen, which form streets and give the appearance of a village. Ingenious artists are employed in drawing patterns and cutting and engraving them on wood and copper, and many women and children in mixing and pencilling the colours, and so forth. The company has

several other extensive works in the neighbourhood, as well on the Irwell as on the Rock. Some of them are confined to the carding, slubbing, and spinning of cotton; others to washing the cottons with water-wheels which go round with great velocity, but can be stopped in an instant for taking out and putting in the goods. Boiling and bleaching the goods are performed at other works. In short, the extensiveness of the whole concern is such as to find constant employment for most of the inhabitants of Bury and its neighbourhood, of both sexes and all ages, and, notwithstanding their great number, they have never wanted work in the most unfavourable times. The peculiar healthiness of the people may be imputed partly to the judicious and humane regulations put in force by Mr. Peel.' He was exceedingly attentive, as we are told by another contemporary, to the personal comfort of his workmen, and to the education and healthy bringing up of their children. The whole town of Bury became a sort of appendage to his factories, and, in consequence of his wonderful prosperity, its population steadily advanced, from being about 2,000 in 1773, to upwards of 15,000 in 1831. Peel also erected other works in other parts of England, the most important being those at Tamworth. Altogether, it was said in 1803, he had 15,000 persons in his employ, and in a single year he paid more than 40,000*l.* to the excise office by way of duty on his printed goods.

Robert Peel deserved to prosper. 'He was an ambitious man,' it has been said by his nephew; 'he loved money; but he loved it principally as an instrument of power. He was the very reverse of a selfish man. He possessed a genial, generous nature; he loved young people, and loved to see all around him happy. He was eager to diffuse happiness; he was at all times bountiful and munificent in his gifts. As his possessions were great, it was his duty to give largely; but still, even so viewed, his was a bountiful hand. He dealt with money as one who, if he knew its

value, with how much toil and anxiety it had been won by him, felt also that God has impressed wealth with a trust, and that the trustee must pass his accounts. He gave much, and by preference he gave in secret. He gave also with delicacy of manner, and the nice feelings of a gentleman. His was no narrow or one-sided beneficence. He knew no distinction of politics or creed when a man needed help. He was a moral and religious man. He was grave in exterior, yet a humorous man, with a quiet relish of fun. He had small respect for a man of idle life—for any one, in short, who was not useful; and neither fashion nor rank, without good service of some sort, won any allegiance from him. He was the true child of commerce. The productive industry of England, its value and its power—these were his abiding themes.

It was chiefly with the design of forwarding that industry that he entered Parliament, as member for Tamworth, in 1790, to hold his seat in seven successive houses, for thirty years in all. An honest Tory, Pitt was his ideal statesman. He supported him in nearly all his measures throughout twelve years. So heartily did he approve of his protracted war with France, that in 1797 he subscribed 10,000*l.* to a voluntary fund in its aid; and in 1798 he raised, chiefly among his own workmen, six companies of Bury Royal Volunteers. In 1799, at Pitt's request, he made a famous speech in support of the proposed union with Ireland, which is said to have exerted a marked influence upon the people of both nations, showing as it did what great advantages would result to both from the breaking down of jealousies and the establishment of one strong government and one code of laws. In April, 1802, he supported the Bank Restriction Act, in a speech which went so far as to advocate a permanent inconvertible paper currency; and in May, 1803, when many of Pitt's friends were deserting him, he stood forward as his eloquent champion. 'No other minister,' he said, after more general defence of his policy, 'has ever

understood so well the commercial interests of his country; no one before him has seen so clearly that the true sources of the greatness of England lie in its productive industry. I believe that to the measures of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer I owe the liberty of delivering my sentiments in this House, and that to him I owe the possession of that wealth and rise in the world which my industry has acquired. And I do not speak solely of myself; the same may be said of every individual whose industry has succeeded under his protection. He has been the benefactor of his country. He has neglected no one's interest but his own.'

Slavery was almost the only question on which Sir Robert Peel—he had been made a baronet on the 29th of November, 1800—disagreed with Pitt. 'The Africans,' he maintained, 'were not sufficiently matured by civilization to understand or enjoy the rights of freemen; and to give them liberty, without first training them to use it, would be like putting a deadly weapon in the hands of a madman.' Perhaps he was right in that. At any rate he showed his good sense and real charity by urging the prior claims of the slaves abounding in England, and most of all in his own county of Lancashire. In 1802 he carried through Parliament a Bill 'to ameliorate the condition of the apprentices in the cotton and woollen trades.' Finding that insufficient, he introduced a fresh bill in 1815, intended to forbid the employment in factories of children under ten years of age, or the employment for more than ten hours a-day of children between ten and sixteen years old. The bill failed, as did another which he brought forward in the following year, urging the same measures on behalf of the children, and also proposing to limit the hours of adult labour. In 1816 there was some stir throughout the country on the occasion of fourteen poor children being burnt to death while at nightwork in a factory. Therefore Sir Robert Peel made one more philanthropic effort—somewhat less philanthropic, however, than before,

as there seemed no chance of his original proposal being adopted by Parliament. 'He now,' he said, 'recommended that children employed in cotton factories should, from nine to sixteen, be under the protection of Parliament, and before nine that they should not be admitted; that they should be employed eleven hours, which, with one hour and a-half for meals, made twelve hours and a half. It was his intention, if possible, to prevent the recurrence of such a misfortune as that which had recently taken place. He knew that the iniquitous practice of working children at a time when their masters were in bed too often prevailed. He was ashamed to own that he had himself been concerned when that proceeding had been suffered; but he hoped the House would interfere and prevent it for the future. It was his wish to have no nightwork at all in factories.'

Peel's wishes were not realized in his lifetime; in many other matters of commercial legislation, however, his voice had weight in the House. In 1808 he opposed Sheridan's bill for limiting the number of apprentices to be taken by calico-printers, as well as Rose's proposal for fixing a minimum of the wages to be paid to cotton-spinners. He also resisted various measures for enhancing or interfering with the price of food. The only basis of national prosperity was in free-trade. Any meddling with the market-price, either of labour or of the necessaries of life, he maintained, was objectionable; any scheme for unduly favouring the working classes would only increase their troubles by inducing capitalists to withdraw their money from trade.

Sir Robert Peel's plans for helping trade were not always wise. During the great commercial depression of 1811 he induced Parliament to sanction the issue of exchequer bills to the extent of 3,000,000*l.* to merchants and manufacturers who could give suitable guarantee for the employment of the money within reasonable time. That was an infringement of the principles of free-trade, and did not work well. Then, in 1813, he produced a very objec-

tionable scheme for reducing taxation by applying part of the sinking-fund to the current expenses of the nation.

A better financier and statesman was his eldest son Robert. This son was born in 1788. We are told how the father, twice disappointed by the birth of daughters, when he heard that at last a son was born to him, fell on his knees and vowed that he would give up his child to the service of his country. The vow was well kept. All the home-training and all the schooling was planned with a view to his education as an orator, a statesman, and a patriot. Wonderfully significant was Lord Byron's account of his schoolfellow at Harrow:—'Peel was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove. We were on good terms; but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior: as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal: as a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school, he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.' The boy who was never in scrapes, and who always knew his lessons, must have been rather a tame fellow. But young Peel's brains were well worked. He entered Parliament in 1809, when he was only one-and-twenty; and in 1812 he was Secretary of State for Ireland,—'a raw youth,' as O'Connell complained, 'squeezed out of the workings of I know not what factory, and not past the foppery of perfumed handkerchiefs and thin shoes.' O'Connell had some ground for his dislike. But Peel satisfied his party, and did his work honestly, following his father's training by making it one of his great objects to foster the trade of Ireland, and to place its merchants and manufacturers on a par with their neighbours in England.

In two of the measures for which Robert Peel the younger was afterwards famous he was anticipated by his father. In 1813 the first Sir Robert opposed the tax on cotton; and in 1815, when the Corn Laws were introduced by Mr. Frederick Robinson, afterwards Earl of Ripon, he steadfastly resisted them. It was an error, he said, to suppose that the interests of the landholder and the manufacturer were conflicting or incompatible; they were one and the same; the success or ruin of the one class must tend to the success or ruin of the other. The whole community was enriched by the sale of manufactures; all needed to be fed alike by agricultural produce. That was the argument, also, of the second Sir Robert Peel, twenty-seven years later.

On one remarkable occasion father and son were at variance. In the spring of 1819 the young man was elected chairman of the Currency Committee, appointed to devise a way of helping both the Bank of England and the country out of difficulties attributed to the old Bank Restriction Act of 1797. By that Act the Bank was allowed to refuse payment in cash for its notes, and there was, in consequence, a large issue of paper money, with no equivalent of bullion in the strong boxes of the Bank. This measure the first Sir Robert had supported in 1802, on the plea that it was a great boon to the trading community, and that, instead of its abrogation, the thing most needed was a clearer and more absolute system of inconvertible paper currency. Other financiers thought differently. It was complained that this paper money had already deteriorated, and would deteriorate more and more, and that trade was seriously damaged by the inequality between the paper pound and the gold pound; and to this view young Peel, thinking as it seems with his father when he entered the Committee, was converted in the course of its deliberations. Therefore, on the 24th of May, he introduced the Currency Bill, known henceforth as Sir Robert Peel's Act of 1819, the

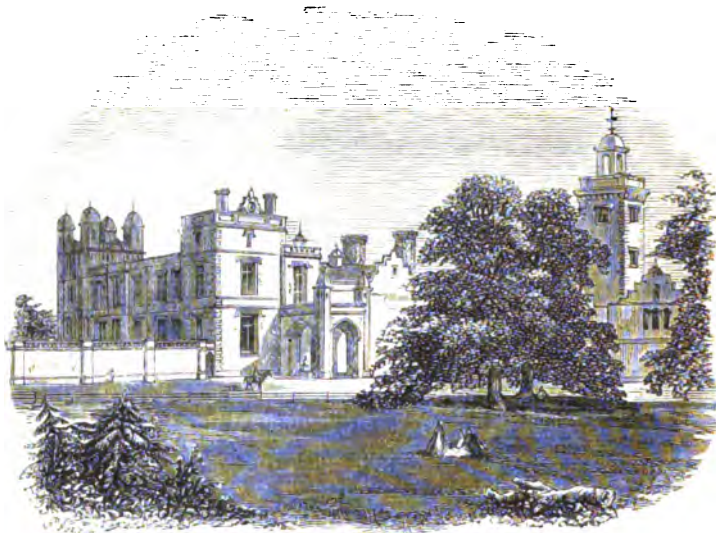
parent of Peel's more famous Bank Charter Act of 1844. Before that, at the first sitting of the House, his father presented a petition of many leading merchants of London, praying for the rejection of the bill. 'To-night,' he said in so doing, 'I shall have to oppose a very near and dear relation; but, while it is my own sentiment that I have a duty to perform, I respect those who do theirs, and who consider that duty to be paramount to all other considerations. I have mentioned the name of Mr. Pitt. My own impression is certainly a strong one in favour of that great man. I have always thought him the first man in the country. I well remember, when the relation I have alluded to was a child, I observed to some friends that the man who discharged his duty to his country in the manner Mr. Pitt had done, was the man of all the world the most to be admired and the most to be imitated; and I thought at that moment that, if my life and that of my dear relation should be spared, I would one day present him to his country, to follow in the same path. It is very natural that such should be my wish; and I will only say further of him that, though he is deviating from the proper path in this instance, his head and heart are in the right place, and I think they will soon recall him to the right way.'

Those sentences are very noteworthy. They clearly reflect the admirable character of the first Sir Robert Peel. They called forth some equally characteristic sentences from his son. 'Many difficulties,' said Mr. Peel, in the clever speech with which he introduced and carried through his bill, 'presented themselves to me in discussing this question. Among them is one which it pains me to observe; I mean, the necessity I am under of opposing myself to an authority to which I have always bowed from my youth up, and to which I hope I shall always continue to bow with deference. My excuse now is, that I have a great public duty imposed upon me, and that, whatever may

be my private feelings, from that duty I must not shrink.'

That was the last episode of note in Sir Robert's parliamentary career. He resigned his seat next year, the seventieth of his life.

Some time before he had left all commercial affairs to the management of his sons. Henceforth he lived quietly, in the enjoyment of a princely fortune, at Drayton Park. Many instances are given of the



DRAYTON PARK.

way in which, both now and in all the earlier years, he used his wealth. Hating all idle show, and caring little for gay society, he sought the company of honest friends, and strove to have everything about him and belonging to him as genuine, good, and thorough in its character as possible. If he did not always succeed in this, the fault was in his defective education and the narrowing influences of a youth devoted to commercial pursuits. Of picture-collecting he was especially fond, and he made it a rule never to buy without first seeking counsel of his good friend Wilkie. Once, we are told, the rule was broken; and the painter was taken, after dinner, to admire a choice relic of one of the old masters lately bought by Sir Robert. Honest David looked with some astonishment, and then with an amused face by no means agreeable to the connoisseur. 'Well, sir, what do you think of it?' he asked. 'It is not for me,' answered

Wilkie, 'to find fault with the painting or to condemn your taste in selecting it: but do you see those initials?' pointing to a small D. W. in the corner. The picture was one of Wilkie's own; and Sir Robert had been played upon by the dealer of whom he had bought it. 'Well,' he said, when he understood his blunder, 'I see I have been deceived; but I have never before been cheated so much to my own satisfaction.'

Sir Robert Peel did not spend all his spare money in picture-buying. He was a governor of Christ's Hospital and president of the House of Recovery in Manchester; to which and many other benevolent institutions he gave freely. To the Society for Benefiting the Condition of the Poor, he made, in 1801, a donation of 1,000*l.*, and he was a constant friend and benefactor to the poor of Bury and Tamworth. He built and endowed a chapel at Fazeley in Staffordshire, and by his

will, besides many other charitable bequests, 6,000*l.* were left for the establishment of a free school in the same village. Many anecdotes are preserved of his charitable work in individual cases.

We are told of an instance in which a large cotton house in Manchester had, by immense speculations, brought itself almost to bankruptcy. Sir Robert Peel, hearing of it, and knowing the house was honourable, secretly advanced, without security, upwards of 14,000*l.*, and so enabled it to ride over its difficulties.

On another occasion he heard of the failure of a house, in which two young men, sons of a merchant with whom he had had dealings, had lost not only their own wealth, but also the portions, 5,000*l.* apiece, of their three sisters. To each of these sisters he sent, with all possible delicacy, a cheque for 1,000*l.*, and he used his influence to procure for their brothers respectable employment in which they might retrieve their positions.

Then there was a clergyman, of whom old Sir Robert had learned to think so highly that he voluntarily sought and obtained from the Chancellor the promise of a vacant living. Before it could be granted, however, there were ministerial changes, and the living found its way to other hands. Sir Robert Peel straightway bought a presentation of equal value and handed it to his friend.

Other stories, giving like evidence of a generous disposition, are on record; but we are told, and we can well believe, that Sir Robert Peel loved best to do his charities in secret. He also deemed it best to give freely of his wealth in his lifetime, instead of hoarding it up for ostentatious benevolence after death. Yet he was one of the richest men in England when he died. Drayton Manor and other large estates in Staffordshire and Warwickshire descended to his eldest son, on whom he had settled 9,000*l.* a year from the time of his entering Parliament, when he was one-and-twenty. To each of his five younger sons a sum of 135,000*l.* was left; and his three surviving

daughters were enriched to the extent of 53,000*l.* apiece.

Living in happy retirement, the good old man had the gratification of seeing the steady and honourable advancement of the son whom he had done his best to make a second Pitt. A staunch Tory, save on some questions of free-trade, he could not sympathise with that son's gradual change of politics, and he was especially grieved, it was said, at his handling of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill in 1829. But he was an honest and independent man himself, and he not only tolerated but honoured the honesty and independence of others, whether his own kindred or strangers, even when they differed most from him.

On his seventy-eighth birthday, in 1828, Sir Robert Peel was able to assemble fifty children and grandchildren at Drayton. To each of them he gave a silver medal in memory of the occasion. He died on the 3rd of May, 1830. 'A few days before his death,' we learn from another nephew, 'feeling himself more than usually alert, he invited three of his nephews to dine with him. At dinner he asked if the champagne was good, and, being told that it was, he drank a glass of it. The wine raised his spirits, and he conversed with much animation about past times. After dinner they played at whist; and after a rubber or two Mr. Willoch—one of the nephews—'perceiving that his uncle's hand shook a little as he dealt the cards, offered to deal for him. "No, no, Robert," he said; "if I cannot deal my own cards, it is time to give up the game;" and with this characteristic speech he broke up the rubber.' His game of life, a singularly noble and attractive one, was over.

Of his great son's after life we have not to speak. The principles implanted in him by his merchant father were his guides to the last, and in many of his legislative measures, in his Bank Charter Act, and in his anti-Corn Law opposition most of all, he exercised very notable influence on mercantile history; but he was in no sense himself a merchant. In the world of com-

merce the Peels most to be remembered, the men to be honoured as the greatest of all the promoters of Manchester trade and of the trade that has enriched all the towns

round Manchester, are Robert Peel, the beginner of calico-printing in Blackburn, and Robert Peel, the master of the factory-village at Bury.

H. R. F. B.

UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

BY MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER II.

WE will shoot the bridge with better fortune, let us hope, than attended our friend the Duke of Norfolk, and land at Tower Stairs, pausing for a few moments on Tower Hill. Yonder is the old Tower of London, a long history in itself, standing just *without* the old city wall, and therefore not within the scope of our present purpose.

On Tower Hill Lady Raleigh lodged during part of the time her husband was a prisoner in the grim old fortress. Here their son Carew was born. William Penn—over whose Quaker body there has been fierce battle since Lord Macaulay sought to demolish him—first saw the light in a court adjoining London Wall, on the east side of Tower Hill.* Otway the poet died at the Bull Inn, not exactly of want, but in scarcely a less painful manner—from eagerness to allay his want, when suddenly supplied. Felton, who stabbed the Duke of Buckingham, bought his knife (now in possession of Lord Denbigh) for one shilling on Tower Hill. Henry III. was the first king who caged wild beasts there—they were three leopards—and were succeeded by the lions, which, everybody knows, were washed in the moat. The lions were named after the reigning kings, and it was long a vulgar belief, that when the king died the lion named after the king died also.

Before the Tower lost its palatial character numerous were the royal processions from it to the Abbey

Church of Westminster. Here is a brief narrative of Richard II. 'The young king rode forth clothed in white, with a multitude of nobles, knights, and esquires, the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and all the city glory. The streets were hung with floating draperies, garlands depended from shop signs, barriers were placed at the side of the streets (we question if they were not always there as a protection to pedestrians), and rows of citizens sat or stood within them.' In Cheapside was stationed a castle with four towers, 'from which,' says Hollinshed, 'on two sides the wine ran forth abundantly; and at the top stood a golden angel holding a crown, so that when the king came near he bowed down and presented it to him. In each of the towers was a beautiful virgin of stature and age like the king, and apparelled in white vesture. The angel blew into the king's face leaves of gold and flowers of gold counterfeit. On Richard's near approach, the damsel took cups of gold, filled them with wine from flowing spouts, and presented them to the king and chief nobles, and so they went amid the shouts of the people and the noise of music.'

The part of king in these displays must have been what is theatrically called a 'heavy one,' for Richard was so fatigued by his performance, that he had to be put to bed as soon as it was over.

Henry VII.'s queen, Elizabeth, we are told, on her way to be crowned wore a white curtal robe of golden damask (evidently a polka jacket), and her fair, yellow hair hanging

* William Pen, Esq., the famous Quaker Proprietor and Governor of Pensilvania, dy'd lately at Liege, after a long illness.—*Daily Post*, July 8, 1720.

down her back, with a caul or network of pipes over it (we lately returned to that fashion). As she passed by were children arrayed in angelic costume, and singing sweet songs. In our royal progresses now-a-days we substitute charity children, arrayed in anything but angelic costume, with a selection from Sternhold and Hopkins for sweet songs.

All other pageants were the same in character, only differing in detail.

There were one or two circumstances attending Mary's coronation procession that are worth recalling.

She rode in a chariot covered with cloth of gold, followed by another, in which was no less a personage than her father's divorced wife, *Ann of Cleves*!—a touching tribute to the departed Blue Beard. The circlet of gold she wore was so heavy that she was obliged to rest her head upon her hand; and the Princess Elizabeth, who bore this crown from the waterside to Westminster Abbey, complained to Noailles of its weight. 'Be patient,' said he, 'it will seem lighter when on your own head.' Five years only passed and Elizabeth was Queen Regnant, and all that wealth and ingenuity could devise to show how welcome was her accession, met her everywhere on her way from the Tower to Westminster. Stately pageants, sumptuous shows, effigies of the queen's ancestors, not excepting Henry VIII. and the beheaded Anna Boleyn (funny fellows our ancestors), were seen on stages at the ends of the streets, and Gog and Magog (out for the day), stationed at Temple Bar, presented an ode in Latin, fortunately not preserved. Flowers were cast upon her, and a sprig of rosemary, presented by a poor woman in Fleet Street, was, it is recorded, noticed in her coach when Elizabeth arrived at Westminster. (How such small graces touch the public heart!) Elizabeth was moved by all this loyalty. 'And be assured,' she said, 'I shall stand your good queen,' and she kept her word. The church bells were rung on the anniversary of Elizabeth's birthday as late as Charles II.'s time—a com-

pliment paid to no other sovereign as we remember.

In 1571 Elizabeth again visited the City in great state, coming from Somerset House, and by the sound of trumpet proclaimed the opening of the first Great Bourse, henceforward to be called the Royal Exchange, which Gresham had built on the site of the Old Tun Prison, and two little alleys called Swan and New St. Christopher. It was subsequently destroyed at the Great Fire of London, when the only statue left standing of the many it contained was that of the founder—Sir Thomas Gresham.

The last of these processions took place April 22, 1666, when Charles, having come from Whitehall to the Tower by water, created no less than eleven peers and sixty-eight knights of the garter. The citizens erected triumphant arches, and showed such demonstrations of joy, that he must have thought again, as he said on Restoration day, 'that it was all his own fault that he had stayed so long in exile.'

These gratuitous spectacles had their uses in making the workers among the people more tolerant of their burdens, becoming partakers, as it were, of the state and luxury of their masters.

Numbers of the old nobility had residences in the City, although the love of the country which still distinguishes the English aristocracy prevailed possibly in a stronger degree in the olden time. Besides, a journey to London was no joke. Let us look at the domestic life of a jovial bishop.

In 1265 Swinfield, Bishop of Hereford, had, it appears from his household roll, a palace at Hereford, a house at Worcester, and a house in London. He had many manor houses and farms and stables, kennels for hounds, and mews for hawks. He brewed, baked, and made his own candles. He kept a tailor to make garments for himself and family. When he moved about his domestic utensils, brass pots, and earthenware went with him, as also carts laden with meat and wine and Bosbury venison. The bishop rode a palfrey, and his chaplain,

house-steward, cook, farrier, palfreyman, and household officers, all well armed, attended on him. There were fifty-one horses in the troop. The bishop had spoons and forks of silver, though the finger and thumb did duty generally, and every man carried his own knife. The bishop and his retinue left Prestbury on the 20th of December, and arrived at his house in Old Fish Street on January 7th.

Before parting with this church noble, we may as well peep into his kitchen and pry into his domestic arrangements. 'He who leads a good life is sure to live well,' so his cellars are filled with wine—there are spices and foreign luxuries. Every variety of fish—sticks of eels, twenty-five on a stick—salmon, tench, minnows, lampreys, and salt fish; oysters, mackerel, and trout; gruel in abundance and soup; salted greens and other vegetables; salted beef, pork, and venison, all prepared in the country. Then sugar and saffron, fowls and brawn, bread and cheese. His Christmas dinner has cost above 100*l.* of our money. John, his farrier, has 6*s.* 8*d.* half yearly; John's man, 3*s.* 4*d.* The falconer, porter, and carters have 3*s.* 4*d.* also. The launder, the palfreyman, the butler have 2*s.* 6*d.* The messengers (distinguished in Countess Leicester's family) as *Sling-away*, *Bullett*, *Truebody*, and *Go a bit hasty*, have 2*s.* 6*d.* also. The younger domestics and pages have from 6*d.* to 2*s.* each.

When at home at the manor house, which was usually for the most part a hall, with one great chamber allotted to the lord of the house, the guests dined and drank their wine; and, as night ended, slept on the wooden floor of the hall, strewn with dry rushes in winter, and green fodder in summer, the servants sleeping in the kitchen away from the hall, or with the horses in the stable.

Feather beds were rarely used (1450) except by the wealthy, and frequently form an item in a will. In 1463 John Barel bequeaths to his niece 'the round table for her term of life;' and 'pottle pots,' quart pots, tongs, bellows, brass

pans, pewter dishes and platters, sheets and blankets, are frequently bequests, showing how deficient our ancestors were in household goods and chattels. The domestic servants of the middle classes were treated kindly, and no dignity was compromised by considering dependents as humble friends. In Henry VI. and Edward VI.'s time the Paston letters show us that the daughters of a household were kept in strict discipline, and even in matters of love and matrimony had the goodness to comply with their parents' desires. Females were generally well instructed, as we may judge from the many excellent letters left to us, and were also conversant with sewing, spinning, and housewifery. They read novels, but novels in large folios, which there was no slipping under the sofa-cushion when mamma or the family confessor came in.

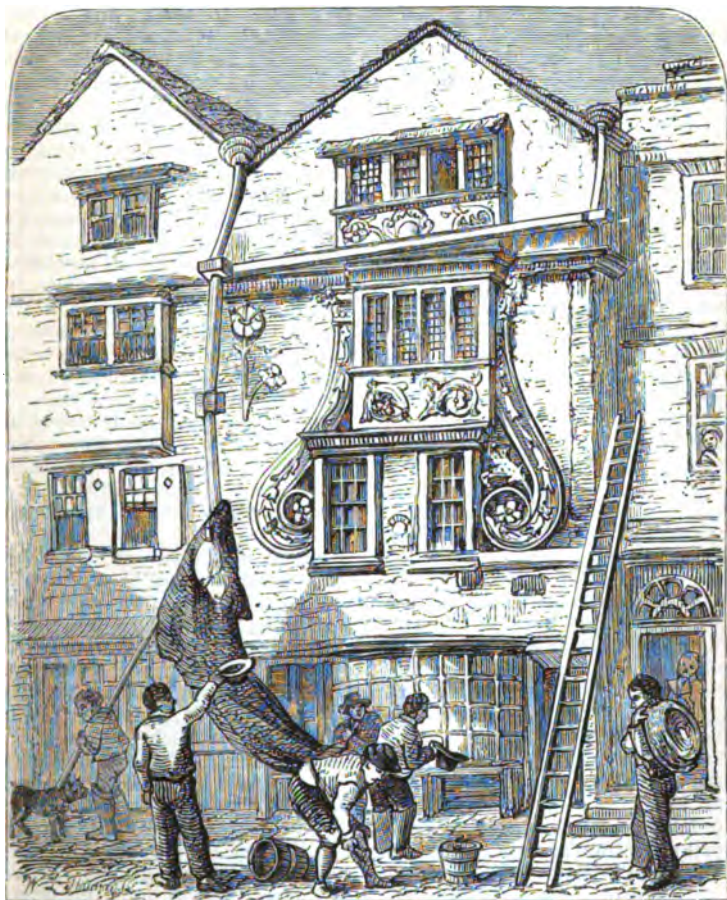
We have not space to be a Court-guide of the old time, but we must mention a few interesting old houses in the City.

Castle Baynard, from which the ward takes its name, was built by Baynard, a follower of the Conqueror, and subsequently became the property of Robert Fitzwater, whose daughter Matilda figures in history with King John and Magna Charta. Fitzwater fled to France to save himself and daughter from the machinations of John. He was afterwards permitted to return to England, and became the general of the revolted barons, under the title of the Marshal of the army of God and the Church. Fitzwater was the hereditary City Chatelain and Banner Bearer, and in time of war presented himself at the west door of St. Paul's saying to the Mayor, 'Sir Mayor, I am come to do my service which I owe the City;' whereupon the City gave him a horse worth twenty pounds, properly accoutred, and Fitzwater had twenty pounds for his day's expenses and the city banner, which he bore to Aldgate; and for every siege in which he should engage he had twenty pounds of the Commonalty of London. The only remains of this warlike demonstration is the City Marshal, with his cocked

hat and truncheon. At Castle Baynard Richard III. took on him the kingly title, and Henry VII. and his queen resided there; and, when it became the property of the Earl of Pembroke, those who had proclaimed Lady Jane Grey queen met there, and substituted the Lady Mary.

The Ward of Castle Baynard was thickly studded with the houses of the nobility; the attraction being the King's Great Wardrobe, built in the time of Edward III., and the secret letters and writings concerning the estate of the kingdom were kept there.

Baynard Castle was destroyed for



DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. Houses on the West Side of Little Moorfields.
(Drawn in May, 1810.)

the last time in the great fire of 1666. So Eastcheap was within easy distance of the West End of that day, and Prince Hal and his equally riotous brothers, Thomas and John, could make merry near their own lodgings with Mistress

Quickly and the roysterers at the Boar's Head. This celebrated hostel, preserved by Shakspeare to all time, stood on the site of William the Fourth's statue, and was given by John Folstoffs, one of the bravest generals under the fourth, fifth, and

sixth Harrys, to Magdalen College, Oxford. The Boar's Head was destroyed in the Great Fire, and afterwards rebuilt. When recently pulled down its stone sign was deposited in Guildhall library to be within scent of the civic revelries.

A subterranean passage leading from Baynard's Castle to a house formerly occupied by Fair Rosamond, was traced in Paul's Chain not very long ago.

A great old house in Dowgate, called the Erber, was inhabited by Warwick the King Maker until he fell at the battle of Barnet. Clarence, before his malmsey bath, resided here, and Richard III. before his removal to Crosby Hall. Cicely, Duchess of York, lived at St. Peter's Parva, Paul's Wharf.

Crosby Hall, with its fine open timber roof, still remains to us in part. It was built about 1466 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman, knighted by Edward IV., and buried in St. Helen's parish church. Crooked-back Richard lodged here when he entreated Lady Anne to leave him to perform her husband's funeral whilst she should 'presently repair to Crosby Place.' It subsequently became the residence of (1542) Anthony Bouvier, a rich Italian merchant, then of Alderman Bond, who added a turret to the Hall. It became a house for the reception of ambassadors, and was bought by Sir John Spencer, father-in-law of the first Earl of Northampton, and who kept his mayoralty there. In 1636 the East India Company held it. It became a Presbyterian meeting-house in 1672, then underwent partial demolition, and in 1831, what remained was carefully restored, and was well worthy the trouble and expense bestowed on its preservation.

A palace of stone stood near the east end of Cannon Street, and is said to have been the residence of the Black Prince. Winchester House and Gardens were in Broad Street, formerly the site of the Augustine Friars Church, and Tokenhouse Yard, near the Bank, occupies the site of the Earl of Arundel's house and gardens.

About a century later than Henry

II.'s time the nobility began to migrate westward, as the marshes of the Lea and the great fens of Finsbury were not particularly attractive. London *elegant*, if not London *proper*, has been moving westward ever since, occasionally stimulated by a prod from some silver-fork novelist.

Some few went northwards to Islington—'those fond of ducking' we presume; some to the vineyards, by the Old Bourne (now the sewer of Holborn), but the banks of the 'silver streaming Thames' had the greater attractions, and the palace of Westminster and the good things of the court were also in that direction. The bishops were among the earliest emigrants to Fleet Street and the Strand, and were soon followed by other nobility. We shall visit them in their new residences when we pass through Temple Bar.

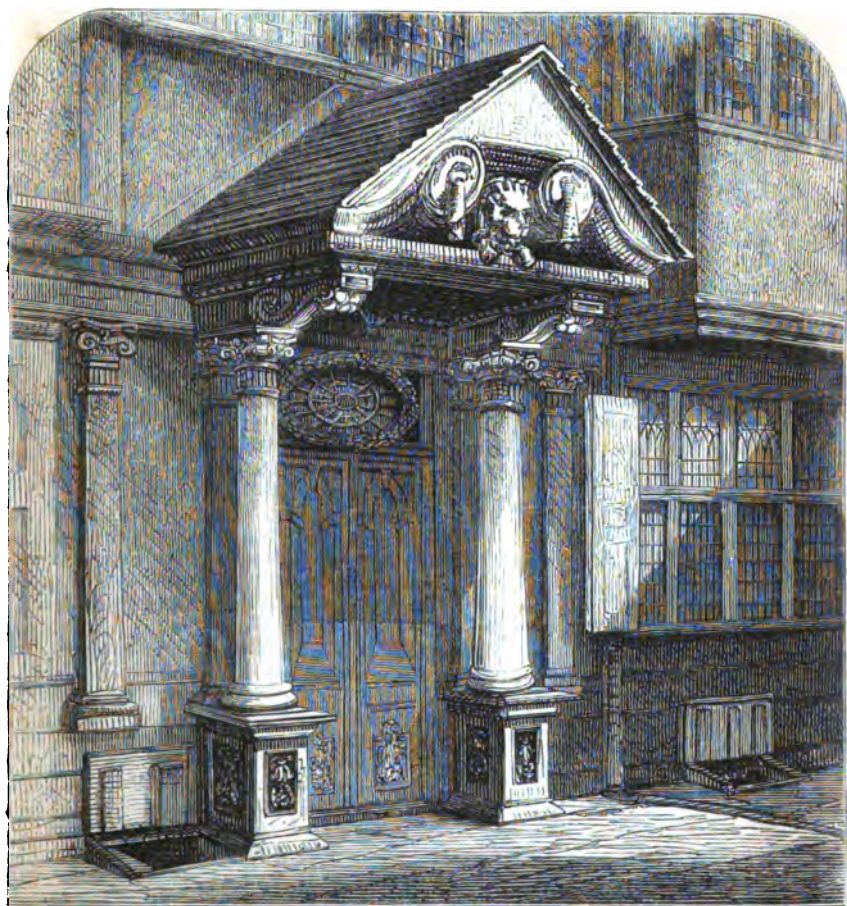
There was a scrivener's house in the old city, near to where the Compter formerly (1555) stood, and once known as the Spread Eagle in Bread Street. It was destroyed in the Great Fire. John Milton was born there, and nearly opposite, in Milk Street, Sir Thomas More first 'muled and peuked in his nurse's arms.'

Milton was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate; and his grave was said to be under the spot where the clerk's desk stood formerly. Certain parish ghouls, comprising the churchwardens, vestry clerk, or others, opened the supposed grave in August 1780, and discovered a leaden coffin resting on a wooden one, supposed to be that of Milton's father. The leaden coffin, when opened, disclosed a body in a shroud. The hair was six inches long, neatly combed and tied together. A part of this was cut off, and some of the teeth extracted, and then the remains were left to be exhibited by the sexton, for money, to the public. The remains, possibly, were those of Milton, although some conjectured they were those of a female, owing to the long hair.

Although Sir Christopher Wren did not believe that the first Old St. Paul's had been a Temple of

Diana (as asserted), it appears that in Edward I.'s reign, a great number of oxheads were dug up, and supposed to be the *débris* of the *Tauropolis*, celebrated in honour of *Casta Diva*. More bones were found when digging the foundation of a new chapel on the south side of St.

Paul's, and Selden has ingeniously suggested that London implied *Llan-dien*, or Temple of Diana, a more graceful derivation than Lud's town, from the old king buried on Ludgate Hill. We incline, however, to accept *Llyn-din*—the town on the lake—as the best derivation.



DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. View of the Porch of an Old House in Hanover Court, Grub Street.
(Drawn in July, 1809.)

It appears that the first Old St. Paul's was begun in the sixth century, and destroyed by fire in the reign of William the Conqueror.

In the same fire that destroyed the cathedral the castle known as the Palatine Tower had suffered, and the materials were placed at

the disposal of Bishop Maurice for the construction of a new church. For twenty years did the good bishop work, and then left the completion of his church to Richard de Beaumeis, who bestowed the entire revenues of his bishopric on the edifice. The wall which enclosed

the church extended to Paternoster Row and Ave-Maria Lane on one side, and to Old Change, Carter Lane, and Creed Lane on the other. To the west it was open to Ludgate. The money to complete the building was raised (1240) by Bishop Roger granting indulgences. The people paid up liberally, and the subterranean church of St. Faith was begun in 1256.

Pictures, shrines, books, ecclesiastical habits, all more or less adorned with gold and jewels, were contributed in profusion, and in after years the accumulated riches of gold, silver, and jewels, golden basins, silver phials, silver candlesticks, crosses, cups, chalices, &c., occupied in their enumeration twenty-eight pages of the last folio edition of Dugdale.

There is a record of a festival on the feast of the conversion of St. Paul in the 15th century, too long to quote, which describes a scene of magnificence almost unparalleled in church history. Gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, and pearls seemed to lose their value from their profusion. Fragrance diffused from silver censers up the nave, through the aisles, and so to the back of the high altar, which was covered with jewels and precious stones of all kinds, small shrines, rings, and silver girdles, the gifts of the pious. Among the rings was the sapphire stone given by Richard de Preston, citizen and grocer of London, for the cure of bad eyes—and if Richard believed that he was not the man to see through a millstone.

In Edward III.'s time the Flagellants visited St. Paul's, scourging their naked shoulders and chanting hymns. One is not surprised to hear that they made no proselytes, and returned much sorer, if not wiser, than they came.

In St. Paul's, King John acknowledged the Pope's supremacy, and Richard II.'s body, after his murder at Pomfret, was there exposed, and visited by 20,000 persons in three days.

There were monuments to many names, great in our country's annals, in Old St. Paul's.

The most ancient were those of

two kings, Sebba and Ethelred, the latter celebrated for Invasion Tariffs with the Danes, of whom he seems to have been a great encourager. He gradually increased the payment for a good Danish massacre and pillage, from 10,000 pounds of silver to 40,000 pounds. However, when Ethelred heard of Canute's arrival, he collapsed into bankruptcy, never sought for protection, but gave it up altogether, and died.

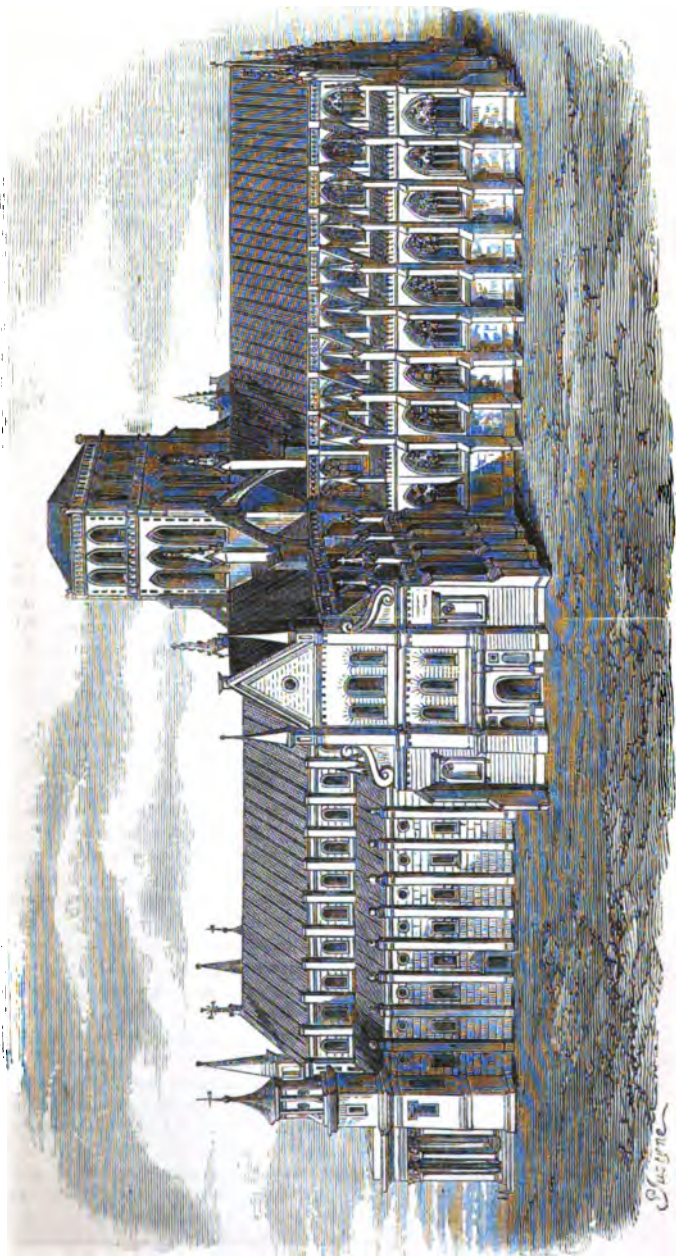
John of Gaunt was buried in Old St. Paul's, his tilting spear, ducal cap, and shield being over him. It was here, in 1337, that he stood in good stead Wickliffe, the Reformer, when cited before his superiors. Wickliffe died Dec. 31, 1384, in his sixtieth year, from a paralytic attack, which saved him from martyrdom; and it hurt him not that the Bishop of Lincoln, by order of the Council of Constance, nearly sixty years afterwards, disinterred and burnt his bones, and cast the dust into the river Swift. From Wickliffe's rectory of Lutterworth seeds were to be borne upon the wind to bear fruit in other centuries.

Bishop Corbet, the founder of St. Paul's School, Sir Christopher Hatton (the dancing Chancellor), Sir Francis Walsingham, his son-in-law, Sir Philip Sidney, Donne the poet, and Vandyck had all monuments in Old St. Paul's.

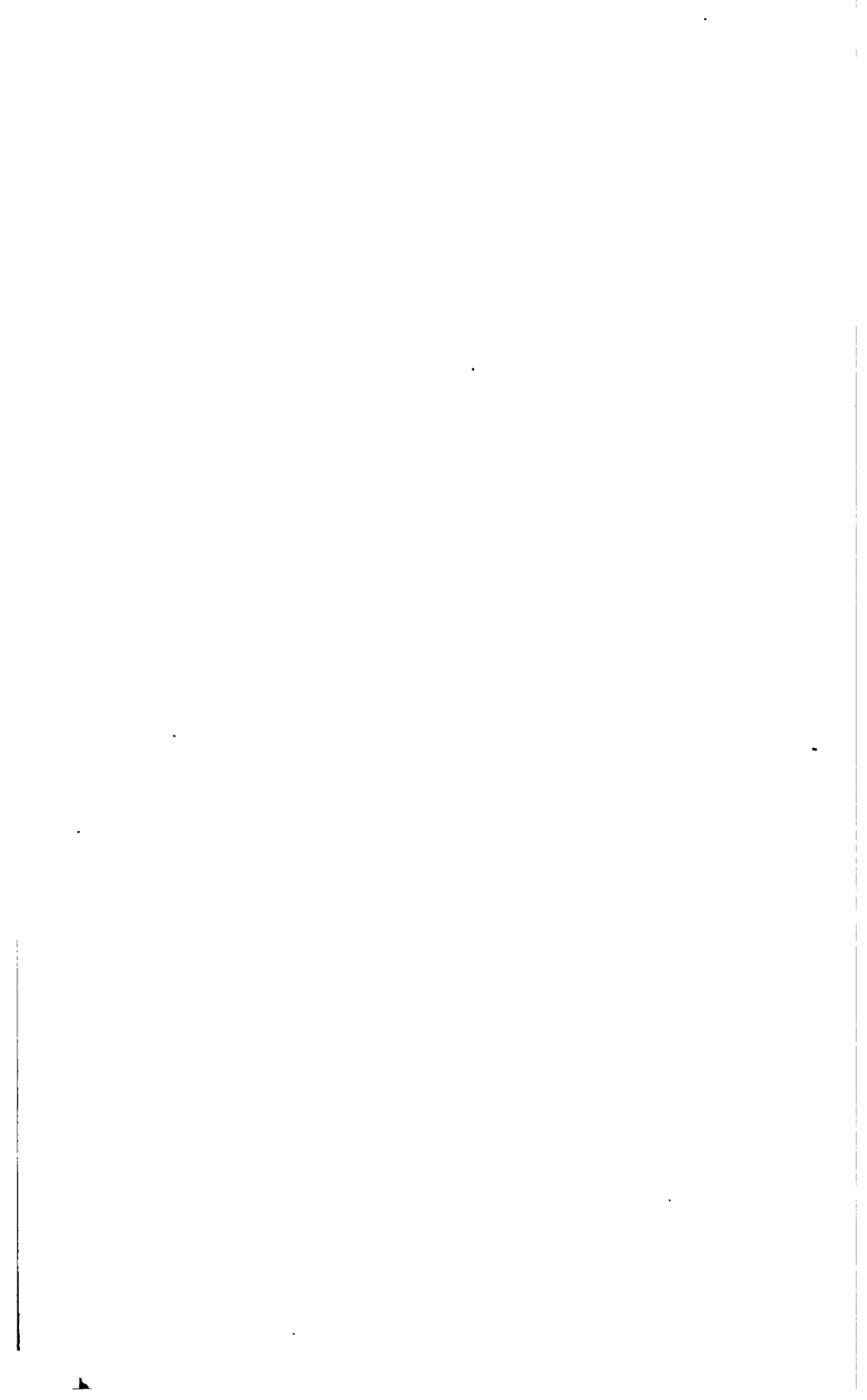
A custom connected with the old cathedral was the election of the Boy Bishop on St. Nicholas Day (December 6th). This mock dignitary had the greatest authority until December 28th, and was attended and robed as a regular bishop, and if he died within the period named was buried as one. According to Hall 'they were led from house to house blessing the people, who stood *girning* in the way, to expect that ridiculous business.'

The nunneries had for their mock dignitary a little girl. The custom was put down by Henry VIII. and revived by Mary, but the Boy Bishop made his final bow in Elizabeth's reign.

The presentation of the banner of St. Paul's to Robert Fitzwater, the Castellan of the City, has been mentioned, and the tolling of the bell of



THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE OF LONDON.



St. Paul's warned the people to assemble together. That bell was never heard by the Jews of London without dismay, as its booming was too often the signal for the plunder of their race; and when De Mountford, in 1264, marshalled the Londoners to march against Henry III., his troops massacred five hundred men and women and children of the unhappy people, and filled their patriotic pockets from the Jews' coffers.

Pardon Church Haugh, a chapel founded in the reign of Stephen, and the story of its founder Gilbert à Becket, father to Thomas à Becket, is known perhaps to many. Doubtless you remember how he, following the fortunes of his lord, was taken prisoner in Palestine and thrown into a dungeon. How the Emir's daughter beheld the captive, pitied first and then loved him, and how, when he had returned by her means to England, her love would not let her rest, but with two words—'Gilbert,' 'London'—to guide her, she travelled east and she travelled west, until she found the one she sought in Old London City. How the loving infidel was baptized at St. Paul's and became the mother of a sainted archbishop! Gilbert, it seems, was also a martyr during life to a very bad temper and a hair shirt. He once excommunicated a man for docking his reverence's horse's tail—being very particular to a hair it seems. Before printing enabled the truth of most matters to be disseminated, one Lord Bateman appropriated the pretty legend we have just narrated, and pretended that he was the beloved of the Emir's daughter: he was an impostor, and his proud young porter was a myth, let our friend George Cruikshank draw what he will.

In 1535, Coverdale had completed his translation of the Bible, and Henry ordered divers bishops to peruse it. They said there were many errors in it, but no heresies. 'Then in God's name,' said the king, 'let it go forth among my people;' and the minister Cromwell ordered a copy of the Bible to be chained to a pillar or desk in every parish church. From that day to this, the

Book has never been closed in England.

Bonner, then Bishop of London, caused six Bibles to be set up in St. Paul's, and they soon found readers and commentators, to Bonner's great annoyance. He was angry in vain! Edward VI. struck off fifty-four officiating priests of St. Paul's, and six years later—oh heavy day!—he stripped the church of all its valuables—recollect, twenty-eight pages folio contained their enumeration—and left only two or three chalices and basins, and a silver pot!

The centre aisle, adorned only by the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp (usually called Duke Humphrey's, until the discovery of the true place of sepulture of the duke at St. Albans), was named Paul's Walk—the resort of the idle, the profligate, and dissolute. The penniless loungers there were said to dine with Duke Humphrey, 'his grace without meat.' In Paul's Walk, Falstaff bought Bardolph, and there, according to Decker, 'you might find in one and the same rank, yea, foot by foot and elbow by elbow, the knight, the gull, the gallant, the upstart, the gentleman, the clown, the captain, the applesquire, the lawyer, the usurer, the citizen, the bankrupt, the scholar, the beggar, the doctor, the idiot, the ruffian, the cheater, the puritan, the cut-throat, the high men, the low men, the true men, and the thief. Thus whilst devotion knelt at her prayers profanation walked under her nose in contempt of religion.'

One of the Law Hostels or Inns was in Dowgate, and another in Paternoster Row, and hence originated, it is supposed, the custom of the serjeants-at-law and their 'apprentices' (the word is Dugdale's not ours) sitting in Paul's Walk each at his own pillar, hearing his client's cause and taking note thereof on his knee. A vestige of this custom continued till Charles II.'s time, when a lawyer called to the degree of the coif went to St. Paul's to choose his peculiar pillar, and from the collection of rogues just enumerated they must have been capital criminal lawyers, if practice make perfect.

The boys of St. Paul's were accounted good actors, and Pennant says were famous in mysteries, holiday plays, and even regular dramas, and often performed before our monarchs. We should consider most of the mysteries blasphemous now-a-days, though the whole Scripture history was performed some six years ago at Boulogne. We should feel the introduction of comic demons, bandying coarse jests, repartee, and practical jokes, provoking roars of laughter, as a sensation drama rather out of place. We have, it is true, distant approximation to funny men in the pulpit amongst us still, but then they are counterbalanced by preachers in theatres.

Outside the church various public proceedings took place. The first lottery in 1659 was drawn before the western door; it included 10,000 lots at ten shillings each; the prizes were to have been plate, but I am sorry to record were never forthcoming. The drawing continued day and night from the 11th of January to May 6th, and the profits were applied to the repair of the havens of England.

In St. Paul's Churchyard—at the west end of the cathedral—nearly on the spot where Queen Anne's statue stands, Digby, White, and Bates were executed for the Gunpowder Plot.

Old St. Paul's was 690 feet long, 130 feet broad. And the spire was 520 feet high, having a ball large enough to hold 10 bushels of corn. It had a cross on the top, making the entire height 534 feet; the space of ground occupied was somewhat over 3 acres.

In 1600, Bankes' horse Morocco, a middle-sized bay English gelding, went to the top of St. Paul's, 'to please,' says Decker, 'a number of asses below.' This was the horse shod with silver, which Bankes took subsequently to Rome, and which was unlucky enough to be burned there, with his master, for supposed witchcraft. Who were the asses then?

The tall steeple was destroyed in Elizabeth's time, 1561, and the whole building was consumed in the Great

Fire of 1666. The first stone of the present edifice was laid June 21, 1675, and was completed in 1710, at a total cost of 1,511,220*l*.

Queen Anne, if we believe the scandal of the time, did not originate the Teetotal Society, for Dampier, an under tutor at Eton has sung—

• When Brandy Nan became our queen,
'Twas all a drunken story;']

but I have no doubt that statement was a libel, as the Duchess of Marlborough, no friend to the queen, has denied the allegation.

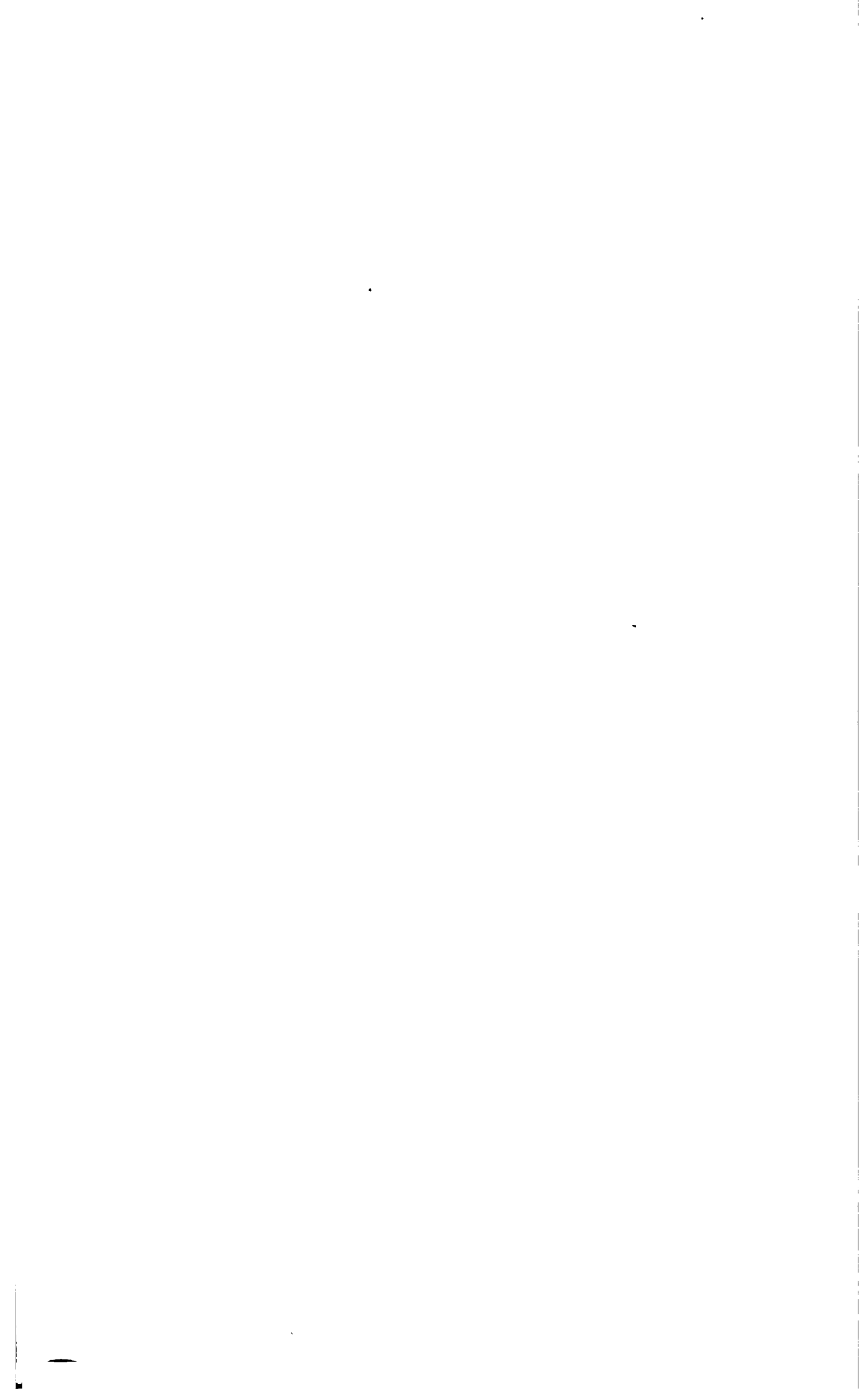
In the corner of the Churchyard was a public-house, called 'Tobit's dog,' and the statue of Queen Anne stands, as you may have seen, offering a stone pumpkin to the gentlemen on the knife-boards of the passing omnibuses. It is necessary that you should remember this fact and the libel, and that her Majesty built a number of churches in London, to understand the point of the lines we are about to quote:—

• Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find
Between the darling passions of her mind,
A brandy shop before,—a church behind.
Why here, like Tantalus, in torment placed
Near those strong waters which she cannot
taste?
Though by her proffered globe you may perceive
That for a dram she would the whole world
give.'

We are now at Cornhill. It is the memory of a May morning in the olden time. Bells are ringing merrily, and the citizens of all classes are returning from the neighbouring woods and groves of Highgate and Hampstead (now miniature Londons), all bearing garlands of wild flowers or green boughs wherewith to decorate the May-pole, which hath rested over the booths of the traders since last year, and is now drawn forth by a yoke of forty oxen to be set up at St. Andrews Undershaft. The lord and lady of the May, not the grimy, shovel-beating mummers of our time, but two of the likeliest youngsters in the ward of Cheap, are installed in the bowers of greenery, decorated also with scarfs, ribbons, and other braveries. Dances, feasting, and merriment will succeed,



OLD CHEAPSIDE, WITH THE CROSS.



and lusty London 'Prentices play at sword and buckler, and fair and modest maidens dance the *hay* for garlands until the closing day warns in doors the Lady May and her maiden court, all of whose pretty faces had been washed in May-dew to make them beautiful. Old Pepys, it may be remembered, went to Woolwich with Jane and W. Hewer, to gather May-dew, which Mrs. Turner had taught was the only thing in the world to wash the face with. 'I am contented with it,' says the old diarist; and indeed it is a pretty fancy—much more efficacious, we will warrant, than Madame Rachel's enamelling plaster of Paris now-a-days.

Or perhaps we may witness what Hall chronicles he saw in his day: 'A king and queen keeping May-day holiday in the wood under Shooter's Hill, with a Robin Hood and a Maid Marian, and feasting with them in an arbour and a hall made of boughs,' eating an outlaw's breakfast of king's venison. Then to an open glade to see two hundred archers (all volunteers, of course) led by the Duke of Shoreditch, 'loose at once their arrows, which whistled by craft of head, making a noise both strange and great,' and then, no doubt, joining their fellows at Cornhill—for such were May-days in London until the coming of Evil May-day, as it is emphatically called. 'A great heart-burning,' says Stow, 'and a malicious grudge grew amongst the Englishmen of the City of London against strangers, because such numbers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise handicraft to the great hindrance and impoverishing of the king's liege people.' (We fancy to have heard some such reasoning in our own day.) Well, their feelings inflamed by John Lincoln a broker, and Dr. Bell a canon, 'there rose,' says Stow, 'a secret murmur, and no man could tell how it began, that on May-day next following, the City would slay all aliens, inasmuch that divers strangers fled out of the City.' The king and council, the Lord Mayor and his brethren, took instant steps to prevent this threat

being carried into execution; but an alderman imprudently interfered to 'put down' two apprentices playing at sword and buckler—the cry arose 'Prentices! 'Prentices! Clubs! Clubs! (the City war-cry), and the mischief was set on foot. Excited people rushed from all quarters. The prisoners were released, the doors and windows of the foreigners' houses were forced, the inmates beaten, and the goods destroyed. These excesses continued until three in the morning, when the Mayor, possibly assisted by the king's soldiers, captured three hundred men, and confined them in the Tower and elsewhere.

On the 4th of May they were tried at Guildhall, and on the 7th, John Lincoln and twelve of his associates were brought forth for execution. John Lincoln alone was hanged. 'Four hundred men and eleven women, poor younglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes one after another in their shirts, with halters round their necks, were pardoned by the king at Westminster. But the punishment for Evil May-day did not end here, for the Londoners were deprived of their annual sport, and the May-pole, after resting over the booths for thirty-two years, was taken down and sawn into pieces by some fanatics who had been excited thereto by the preaching of some one at Paul's Cross.' The May-pole, however, held up its head again in London, as we shall see by-and-by.

Cheapside, so named from Chepe, a market, was originally called Crown Fields, from the Crown Inn which stood there. The host was hung in Edward IV.'s time for saying his son was 'heir to the Crown.' The joke was not a very good one, and there would be work for the gallows in Fleet Street, we fancy, if Edward were king now-a-days.

Many a show of joy and sorrow has old Chepe witnessed. Magnificent tournaments, the streets strewn with sand to give the horses foothold; kings and queens witnessing the knightly sport from the gallery of old Bow Church, whose tower lanterns were once illuminated

nightly, as beacons to those who journeyed from the forest grounds of Hampstead and Highgate to old London City. Bow Bells were once rung every night at nine o'clock, and at that hour, no doubt, Dick Whittington heard their pleasant voices calling him to return and be thrice Lord Mayor of London.

Lord Say was beheaded in Chepe by order of Jack Cade, and Perkin Warbeck sat there in the stocks, and was then beheaded at Tyburn. At the Standard William Longbeard was beheaded by order of the first Lord Mayor of London, who played king at home when Richard I. was in the Holy Land. The people stole the gibbet, and preserved pieces of it as holy relics. Many others also suffered there, and Duke Humphrey's wife Eleanor, charged with sorcery, walked through Chepe in a sheet, with a taper in her hand, to Paul's Cross. Pageants and bonfires frequently amused the dwellers in the old street of markets; amongst them the mother of Herriok the poet, who tells us, in

'Golden Cheapside, the earth'
Of Julia Herrick gave me birth.'

Isaak Walton there followed his trade of sempster, and Sir Christopher Wren lived in Cheapside; as did also John Beyer, the original of Johnny Gilpin—that celebrated train-band captain who 'witch'd the world with civic horsemanship.*

We hinted that possibly the king's soldiers assisted the authorities in capturing the 'poor younglings and old false knaves' on Evil May-day, as unless the Marching Watch—Henry had not yet put down that costly institution—stood true to the civic throne, the City police were not likely to have been victorious. If the old limners have been faithful transmitters of the ancient 'Charley,' he appears to have been

* The gentleman who was so severely ridiculed for bad horsemanship, under the title of Johnny Gilpin, died a few days ago at Bath, and has left an unmarried daughter, with a fortune of 20,000*l.*—*The Postman*, Nov. 1790.

a most feeble old party, quite a temptation to Corinthian roysterers of the time. 'Before the time of Henry III. it was a common practice in this city that a hundred or more in company, young and old, would make nightly invasions upon houses of the wealthy, to the intent to rob them, and if they found any man stirring within the City within the night, that were not of their crew, they would presently murder him, insomuch that when night was come no man durst adventure to walk in the streets.' So there were *Mohawks* and *Tityre tus* in those days, as there was in later times—

'Who has not heard the scourer's midnight fame?

Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?—

says Gay. One hundred pounds were offered by royal proclamation in 1712 for apprehending any one of them.

The state of the police in London may be judged of by the following extract:—'The 11th of February, 1592,' says Gilbert Talbot, 'Lord Rytche, riding in the streets, a dagger was shot at him,' and it appears by the statutes of Henry IV. and Henry VIII., that beating, wounding, maiming, were common in the streets. During the civil wars, bloodshed in the public thoroughfares was very common. The Coventry Act—passed temp. Charles II.—consequent upon the slitting of the Earl of Coventry's nose in revenge for some offensive words spoken in Parliament, did little at the time to put a stop to open violence, and Lords Rochester, Mahon, Warwick, and many others distinguished themselves by attacking the watch and scouring the streets—running *amuck* like savages. The *Tryers*, the *Scowerers*, the *Sweaters*, the *Mohawks*, the *Tityre tus*, were formidable bodies of ruffians. Dryden, Shadwell, and Vanbrugh gave them too much encouragement on the stage, and Addison hardly condemns them. For further details, see Moser's 'Vestiges.'

LONDON SOCIETY.

MARCH, 1866.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

A Cambridge Episode.



HE senior wrangler of his year is certainly, for the time being, the greatest personage in the university. The proctors are, indeed, small in importance when compared with the gifted youth whose name appears first in the Mathematical Tripos; even the vice-chancellor himself is but a dim light when beheld by the side of that man whose profound knowledge has enabled him to excite the whole alumni of the university in mathematical science. There is a story on record which declares that a certain senior wrangler, upon going to a theatre in London fresh from his triumphs at Cambridge, imagined that the cheers which greeted her Majesty's entrance into her box were an ovation in his honour, and that, standing up on his seat, with his hand upon his heart, he bowed

his thanks to the loyal and enthusiastic audience. On the whole I do not think that this youth, whoever he might be, was altogether so deserving of ridicule as may at first appear. Certainly a great gun at his university, which was his little world, as ignorant as a child probably of the usages of society, he might well imagine that his fame had travelled as far as the metropolis, and that a display of enthusiasm in his honour was not more than his labour, industry, and talents deserved. But to my tale. For months previous to the episode I relate, rumour with her many tongues had been busy throughout Alma Mater as to who amongst the many excellent and promising mathematical scholars of the year 18— should be fortunate enough to bind the laurel wreath of the senior wranglership around his brows. The minds of those students who though not happy in a talent for figures themselves, still felt an interest in what was going on around them anent such subjects, had been perplexed and harassed by the respective claims of the various candidates for this distinguished honour, whose names arose one after another to the surface of that kettle of gossip which was perpetually boiling beside the Cam's turgid stream. Now it was a scholar of Trinity who was declared to be the coming man,—'The best mathematician, my dear fellow, which Trinity has ever seen,' you were confidently informed; rather a bold assertion considering the numbers of able men that large and venerable college has produced. Again, amongst a certain section a sizar of St. John's held the sway, but no Trinity man could be found to allow for one moment the merits of any individual belonging to the

ancient and perpetual rival of their college. Certainly if a ruggy, unwashed, and unkempt appearance, a pallid, unwholesome-looking countenance, and a general mouldy and seedy exterior are any indications of the brilliancy of the talent within, the individual pointed out to me as the Johnian favourite ought to have distanced all his competitors for this great university distinction. The names of one or two small college men, whose chances were considered to be pretty equally balanced, were also mentioned as those amongst which it was not unlikely that the senior wrangler might be found. Still nothing certain was known, and unlike the usual course of things in previous years, no one student had sufficiently—to use a sporting expression—‘the call of the others’ in the public favour, to warrant his college or his friends looking upon the result as at all sure. Indeed, a sporting undergraduate was heard to declare ‘that for the wrangler’s stakes he would take the field against the favourites for a pony.’ By which dark and oracular saying he was supposed to intimate, that he preferred the chances that some student as yet unknown to fame might carry off the prize, rather than those of the men whose names were before the public; and that he was ready to uphold his judgment to the extent of risking, not a small horse, as the dictionary tells us the word ‘pony’ means, but the sum of five-and-twenty golden sovereigns as the term signifies in the phraseology of the betting ring. Such, then, was the state of affairs with reference to the senior wranglership at the close of the October term in the year to which I allude.

‘I thought you would not like to dine all alone, sir,—particularly to-day,’ said old Tom, the porter, as I entered the hall of St. Dunstan’s College on Christmas-day, ‘so I just laid for you at the sizzars’ table; there is only Mr. Smith beside you in college, but I reckoned as how you might perhaps think that he was better than no company at all.’

‘All right, Tom,’ I replied, as I

crossed the hall to where a small table had been laid for two close to the stove, whose blazing fire burnt cheerful and bright, throwing a warm and comfortable glow over the otherwise gloomy and cold-looking refectory. ‘As you say, Mr. Smith is better than no company at all, though I doubt if we shall have much in common with one another.’

‘Not likely, sir,’ said Tom; ‘not likely that a gentleman like you would have much to say to a poor sizzar like Mr. Smith; but they do say he is mortal clever; I knows he reads mighty hard, and I should not a bit wonder if he is not high up amongst the wranglers.’

‘Indeed,’ I observed carelessly, for I felt but little interest in Mr. Smith or his concerns, though not from the reason which the porter seemed to imagine, but because just at that particular time I had plenty of food for my thoughts, in reflecting whether it was possible I could so make up for past idleness as to manage to scramble through the approaching examination for my degree, not indeed in the distinguished company of Mr. Smith, or any other of the great mathematical geniuses, but amidst the Browns, Jones, and Robinsons of the poll. ‘Well, here comes Mr. Smith, Tom, so let us have dinner,’ I exclaimed, as I saw a figure, habited in a long gown, and a cap which he wore far at the back of his head, the tassel of which hung streaming like a black cataract of silk down below, now enter the hall, and with a quick, hurried step approach the table at which I was standing.

A friend of mine once commenced a poem descriptive of the several groups to be seen between the hours of two and four in the afternoon on that well-known, well-worn university promenade, the King’s Parade. I do not think this poem has ever been given to the public, but as a fair description of the manner and appearance of my dinner companion I cannot forbear quoting just two stanzas from it:—

‘Here come two Dons,
That man’s from John’s,
Who goes at such a pace;

With head hung down,
And streaming gown,
As though he walked a race.
'On problem vast
His thoughts are cast,
I'll bet he'll solve it soon ;
How many feet
There are to eat
Of green cheese in the moon.'

Whether Mr. Smith had solved the problem, be what it might, upon which his mind was at that moment bent, I do not know; but the sight of me standing in front of the stove in that attitude in which Englishmen so much delight, recalled his thoughts from the moon, if they had travelled so far, to this world below, for he started slightly, and his pale face—for he had lifted his head from its stooping position—flushed with surprise at seeing an undergraduate who, he probably knew, was not remarkable either for learning or industry, actually about to dine in hall on Christmas-day. Seeing his look of astonishment, I said, perhaps with a slight degree of patronage in my tone, 'Old Tom tells me that you and I are two unfortunates left all alone in our glory in this gloomy old college, at this joyous and festive season.' I propose, therefore, if you have no objection, that we should dine together; for it would be truly unsociable if we were to sit down to our meal, each in solitary grandeur at our respective tables.

'Oh, certainly, I shall be most happy,' replied the sizar in a very sweet and gentle voice, as he made a step forward, and advanced to warm himself at the stove, where I had made room for him. It was my turn now to look astonished, for I had never expected tones almost as soft and gentle as a woman to proceed from any one possessing such an uncouth exterior; I looked, doubtless, as surprised as I felt, for Smith rubbed his hands nervously together as, stooping down, he held them to the fire. As he stood in this position, the light falling directly upon his face, showed me, spite of its paleness, and the lines telling of deep thought and hard study, if of nothing else, which it bore, was a very prepossessing one, for the brow was white and lofty, the features

regular, whilst a touching expression of tender, gentle melancholy pervaded the whole. But just at this moment dinner was placed upon the table, and I deferred the contemplation of Mr. Smith's countenance until I had in some measure appeased an appetite which an excellent constitution and the cold bracing weather had gifted me with. During our repast, Smith, though by no means anxious to lead the conversation, appeared ready enough to talk when spoken to, and the soft, sweet tones of his voice fell with such a peculiarly pleasant sound upon my ear that I did my best to draw him out, and encouraged him as much as possible to speak of himself and his studies. He told me that he was reading very hard, indeed he had done so ever since he came up to the university; that he was in great hopes of being able to obtain such a position in the honour tripos as would enable him to obtain a fellowship, and thus provide him with the means of supporting in comfort a widowed mother and invalid sister, who were now almost entirely dependent upon his exertions for the necessaries of life. At the mention of his mother and sister the student's pale, rather melancholy face was lighted up with such a bright, beaming smile, and he spoke with such deep feeling about them, that, thoughtless as I was at the time, I could not help being struck with admiration at the poor sizar's filial and brotherly devotion, and a qualm passed through my conscience when I considered that my own mother and sisters would be but badly off if they had to depend upon my exertions and industry for their support.

In return for such confidences as he bestowed upon me, I related to my new acquaintance the difficulties I was in with regard to the approaching examination for my degree, and I declared my firm conviction that, so hard to understand were certain subjects which I had to get up, that it would be perfectly impossible that I could succeed in passing safely through the much-dreaded ordeal.

Most good-naturedly my compa-

nion offered, if I liked, to endeavour to explain the, to me, obtuse sciences, a knowledge or ignorance of which would tend to decide my fate. He also told me that during the long vacations he had devoted his time to taking pupils, and that he had been very successful in clearing away the difficulties which surrounded those subjects which I so much dreaded and which I found so hard to understand. So impelled was I towards him by the sweet gentleness of his voice and manner, that, wishing to see more of one who had so irresistibly attracted me, I gladly accepted his offer, and, with many thanks, declared my readiness to avail myself of his assistance. After our meal was over I said, linking my arm in his, 'Come, my dear Smith, let us go up to my rooms and have a glass of wine; you can then explain to me some of those horrid subjects which I have to get up.' A return of his nervous, shy manner, which had in a great measure disappeared towards the latter part of our social dinner, seized upon Smith at my proposition, for, hurriedly withdrawing himself from my arm, he said—

'Oh no! thank you, I am much obliged, not now; I have very little time to spare, and wine would only make me sleepy, as I am unaccustomed to any stimulant stronger than tea.'

'Well,' I exclaimed, 'your offer of helping me is too good a one for me to lose sight of it, and I am a great deal too ignorant of those things which you have promised to explain to me not to seek your assistance; so if you will not come to my rooms, I will go with you to yours.'

At this proposal of mine Smith blushed scarlet, and looked most uncomfortable, whilst in an earnest, imploring voice, he said—

'Oh dear no! you must not come to my rooms—if I can help you I will come to you—but—' and he paused, as if reflecting for a moment, and then continued—'well, perhaps there is no time like the present, and a change from constant study and learning oneself to teaching another may refresh and do me good.'

'To be sure,' I said; 'nothing like a rest: When I am tired of grinding at Euclid, algebra, and such things, I get on a horse and have a good gallop, and you cannot think how much good it does me.'

Smith smiled at this remark of mine, whilst he replied—

'I do not think galloping on horseback would be much rest to me, as I should most likely tumble off, for I have never been on horseback in my life.'

I dare say I looked astonished; for any one to have reached the age of manhood, and never to have been on the outside of a horse, as our set used to call riding, was to my mind a wonder indeed. My companion merely said, in his gentle way, 'I have had too much dependent upon my exertions, since my poor father died, to enable me ever to indulge in so expensive an amusement as riding.'

I led the way to my rooms, and when there insisted upon my tutor, as Smith was now to be, taking some wine, for I felt sure a glass of such good port as I flattered myself mine was, would invigorate and do the pale student good. For the next few days, Smith came regularly to my rooms, after dinner in hall; and I had the satisfaction of thinking that the great benefits which his judicious explanations conferred upon me were in some slight measure returned by the good which the single glass of wine (for he would never take more) which I insisted upon his drinking, did him. The eventful day on which the examination for honours commenced at length arrived, and the sizar told me, as he came out of chapel in the morning, that whilst the examination lasted he should be obliged to relinquish his assistance to me. Of course I could not wish my kind instructor to imperil the result of his examination for my sake; but as I thanked him for his past kindness and efforts in my behalf, I said, 'I shall be very anxious, my dear fellow, to hear how you get on, so let me know if you possibly can.' For the next few days I saw nothing of my newly-found acquaintance. Many men

who were engaged in the schools then going on, and who had run down home for a few days at Christmas, had again returned to Cambridge; and the college hall, which a short time before, when Smith and I dined together, was so still and quiet, again assumed somewhat of its ordinary noise and bustle. The pale student evidently avoided me; and, without going to his rooms, from which I shrank in consequence of the dread he seemed to have of my doing so, I could not obtain an opportunity of speaking to him. At length I resolved to know how he was acquitting himself, though I was even obliged to violate his wishes, and seek him in the privacy of his own rooms to do so. It was a dreadfully cold night, the thermometer below zero, and the snow and sleet beating in my face, as I crossed the quad to the staircase where Smith's garrets (for the sizar's rooms in St. Dunstan's are worthy of no better appellation) were situated, ascending the creaking old rickety stairs, only lighted by the flickering light of the gas-lamp below. 'Bless me!' I exclaimed, as I broke my shin over a coal-box which some careless gyp had left upon the landing—'bless me, how dark it is up here! I suppose the authorities do not allow the sizar's the oil-lamps which burn on the other staircases.' After stumbling about in the dark, I at length reached the door of Smith's domicile, rapped, but, without waiting to be bidden to enter, opened it and went in. I was certainly shocked at the sight which met my gaze. The room was without carpet or curtains; the furniture consisted of only two chairs and an old table, at which, wrapped in an old, rusty, moth-eaten railway rug, looking paler and thinner than when I had last seen him, my friend was seated, studying by the light of the oil-lamp which he had taken from the staircase, thus accounting for the darkness and the breakage of my shin. Not one morsel of fire was in the grate; indeed it looked, as I found out afterwards was actually the case, as if it had had no fire in it for a long time, the poor sizar

begrudging himself the commonest necessities of life to enable him to send the proceeds of his well-earned scholarships to his widowed parent and ailing sister. Smith started to his feet as he recognised me; the bright flush which had suffused his face (on my proposing a few days before to accompany him to his rooms, again took possession of it, as he said, with a touch of annoyance in his tone, though still with the same soft and gentle voice, 'Oh! why did you come here, when I asked you not to do so?—this is not kind, when I do not want you.' I was conscious that my presence was an intrusion; but, as my motives were pure and honest interest in my new friend's welfare, I felt less awkward and confused than I might otherwise have done. 'My dear fellow,' I replied, 'believe me, I have no wish to intrude upon you; I was anxious to know how you got on in the examination, and, as you avoided me in public, I am therefore compelled to seek you in the privacy of your own rooms, if I would obtain any information concerning you.'

The sweet, gentle smile again stole over his face, as, looking at me as though, with his large, melancholy, yet deeply-sunken eyes, he would read my sincerity in my face, he said, 'It is very good of you to feel an interest in me. I have done even better than I expected, thank you; and if I can only manage to keep up during the next few days, I shall, I trust, have acquitted myself well; but I do not feel very well, and I have a dread which I cannot shake off, lest I should break down before my work is over.'

As he said this he placed his hand upon his brow, and sank his head upon the table.

'Cheer up, my dear fellow,' I said; 'you are a peg too low, as some of our men say. You want a short rest; just come over to my rooms and coach me a little; I sadly want it, and the change from one occupation to another will do you good.'

After a long resistance, as he saw he could not get rid of me on any

other terms, Smith consented, and I led him in triumph to my rooms, where I took care that he should get thoroughly warm; which he did with the assistance of a good fire, supper, and some brandy and water. When he became more himself, we read together for an hour or more, as I wished it to appear—as, indeed, was really the case—that I was the person under obligations, and not him. After our reading was over, taking his hand, I said—

‘Smith, you cannot think how much good your judicious explanations of these, to me so difficult subjects, have done me. I feel now, for the first time, that I shall get through the examination. You have saved me the expense of a private tutor, and most likely the great annoyance of a pluck; you must, therefore, allow me to repay you in some slight degree the favours you have conferred, by permitting me to supply you with lights and fire, until the result of the examination makes you independent of all future care and anxiety on behalf of your relatives.’

Tears started to the poor student’s eyes as I concluded, and, pressing my hand, he replied—

‘I feel that what you have said has been said only out of kindness, and, though you really owe me nothing, to refuse your offer would be false delicacy on my part. I accept it, therefore, thankfully as a loan, and I trust that I shall be able in a very short time to repay you.’

‘Never think of repaying me,’ I said. ‘You are busy, and of course cannot spare time to come to my rooms; I must therefore come to you; and certainly, though tolerably hardy,’ and I laughed, ‘I cannot sit as you do without fire, when the thermometer is below zero.’ With this remark we parted for the night.

No one who has not been present at the reading of the List—for by this term the declaration of the result of the examination, both for mathematical honours and the ordinary degrees used to be known—can form any idea of the poverty of the ceremony as it was conducted

some few years ago. Instead, as may be imagined would be the case on such an important occasion, the vice-chancellor, preceded by the polar bearers, as the esquire bedels were irreverently nicknamed by the undergraduates, and accompanied by the doctors in their scarlet gowns, and the proctors, followed by their bulldogs, as the attendant satellites on these functionaries are called, bearing the university statutes bound in crimson vellum and brass, and carried by a chain,—instead of these distinguished officials, proceeding in solemn state to the Senate House, there to read out in loud sonorous tones the result of the most important examination of the year, whilst the undergraduates stood around in breathless and respectful silence—one examiner, and one only, about eight p.m., hurried, list in hand, to the Senate House, and there, by the light of a wretched candle, which only helped to make the gloom more apparent, and barely served to illuminate the building sufficiently to enable him to read correctly, gave forth those weighty decisions, big with the fate of many of the eager and clamorous youths who flocked around.

To be present at this meagre and undignified ceremonial, if it deserved such a name, a few weeks after my evening with Smith, I pushed my way through the crowd of undergraduates who were congregated in front of the Senate House, waiting, with noisy impatience, for the doors to be open, and the list to be read out. The one examiner had not yet made his appearance, his delay being doubtless caused by the difficulty of deciding the fate of some luckless wight, who had managed matters with such nicety as to leave it a subject of considerable doubt in the minds of his examiners whether he had satisfied them or not, and, consequently, whether he should be permitted at that time to pass from an undergraduate to a full-blown bachelor of arts; the final chance being only decided in his favour—so university gossip declared—by the tossing up of a halfpenny found in the M. B. waistcoat of one of the moderators. The excitement which

had so long been simmering, with regard to the proud position of senior wrangler, now burst forth into full boil. Numberless were the reports in circulation relative to the event. Now it was that three men had been bracketed equal; now, that the merits of only two had been so evenly balanced as to render it impossible to decide in favour of either. Next, it was confidently asserted that the Trinity student was far ahead of all his competitors; again, a noisy Johnian declared that the candidate from his college, he knew for a fact, was the learned and fortunate individual. A don, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who recognised me amidst the crowd, told me confidentially that he had it from undoubted authority that a hitherto unknown and unexpected student from a small college had perfectly astonished the examiners by the excellence of his papers, which were far superior to any that had been sent in for some time, and that he, and he alone, whoever he might be, would be found the first man. My thoughts immediately reverted to my friend Smith; and wondering whether it were possible that he might be the individual alluded to, I anxiously asked my friend in authority if he knew either the name or college of the talented youth he had been telling me about. He was ignorant of both; so I had to wait for some time in breathless impatience for the reader of the list to appear, having promised my friend to let him know immediately the result of the examination, as he was unable to leave his bed, his delicate frame having succumbed to the intense strain which had been put upon it by his unremitting application and his self-sacrificing privations. At last the welcome sight of a well-known and learned examiner greeted our expecting gaze, and pell-mell, helter-skelter, we followed the bearer of the list into the dirty, ill-lighted Senate House. Being a person of small stature, the reader of this important document was mounted on a chair, and after having requested silence, and fumbled for some time with his papers, for which

I could have throttled him, so impatient and excited had I become, he commenced his task. As the sonorous voice of the little man pronounced the name, 'Smith, of St. Dunstan' as the first on the list of wranglers, a loud cheer broke forth from all the small college men. But I waited for no more; heedless of my own fate, or that of any of my friends, save my newly-made one, I left the Senate House, tore headlong into college, rushed up the steep, narrow, creaking stairs which led to the poor sizar's rooms, three steps at a time, burst open the door, and, breathless with excitement and the pace I had come, sank down on his bed, gasping out, 'My dear fellow, senior wrangler—senior wrangler!' Smith evidently at first could not imagine what I meant by my wild, disjointed, disconnected sentences, and thought I had taken leave of my senses; but at length, when the truth burst upon him that his labours had been rewarded by the proud position of senior wrangler, he swooned away, and it was with some difficulty, so inexperienced a hand as I was in such cases, I could bring him to himself again. At length, after having nearly drowned him, by pouring the contents of his wash-hand jug, full of icy-cold water, over him, bed and all, he revived, and his first words, on regaining his consciousness, were, 'Thank God! for my poor mother.'

Years rolled on: thanks to Smith's judicious instructions, I managed to obtain my degree; and then, having nothing but debts to retain me at Cambridge, I left that seat of learning, took orders, and had forgotten, amidst the cares of a small living (I mean small in a pecuniary sense) and a large family, all about senior wranglers, Smith, and university topics. Our venerable bishop had recently died, and a successor was appointed; but so little did the matter interest me, as I expected no promotion from his lordship, that, with the exception of his name being Smith, which must be allowed is not a very uncommon one, I was in the most utter ignorance of the antecedents of our new spiritual ruler. Our lately-appointed diocesan was

to hold his first visitation in my immediate neighbourhood, and, as in duty bound, I attended to pay my respects, and to hear what advice the head of the Church in the diocese of Churminster might have to impart. The church where the visitation was held was inconveniently crowded, which prevented my seeing the bishop on his entrance, or during the service; but the moment the charge commenced, I immediately recognised as familiar the sweet clear tones of his gentle but dignified voice. By dint of changing my position a little, I managed, though with some considerable effort, to obtain a view of the speaker, and to my astonishment, though not less to my delight, I saw in the person of my diocesan the poor sizar, senior wrangler, my old friend and dinner companion, Smith. His face, though much changed for the better by freedom from the harassing cares of poverty and too intense study and application, still retained its sweet, gentle, and rather melancholy expression. Upon my name being called, after service was over, I saw the bishop start, look at the list of the clergy before him, and then whisper something to his secretary, who stood by his side. This official, after the business of the visitation was concluded, took me

aside, and informed me that he had the bishop's orders to present me to him. I was ushered into the room where his lordship of Churminster was sitting; but recognising me at once, he immediately arose, and seizing me by both hands, whilst tears stood in his eyes, he exclaimed, 'I am so delighted to see you! I have long wished to know what had become of you, for I wanted so much again to thank you for your thoughtful kindness to the poor sizar of St. Dunstan's, who,' and he heaved a sigh, 'but for your warm fire and daily glass of wine would certainly have sunk under the fatigues and hardships he was compelled to endure.' I was very shortly after invited to the palace, and spent some delightful days in the new bishop's society, my old friend constantly reverting, with evident delight, to the cold bath to which I treated him whilst recovering from the swoon he had fallen into on hearing the joyful news that he was senior wrangler.

It is needless to say that such a man as my friend was not one to be forgetful of past kindnesses, and it was not long before I was promoted to a good living in the bishop's gift, and all because I once dined in hall on a Christmas-day.

APOLLO IN GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

FOR some months a fresh halo has been thrown around the sun. Apollo has come up from the shades, with almost more than his former brightness, to be the object of a new apotheosis. Without, for the moment, doing more than mention the illustrious head of the god which was brought last year to grace with its tender melancholy beauty the art treasures of the British Museum, we wish to notice the circumstance that Mr. Gladstone, in his capacity of Rector of the University of Edinburgh, performed the closing duties of his office in November last, by the delivery of a discourse of which Apollo

was at once the text, the type, and the centre. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not one of those who, with Mr. Grote, refuse to allow any interpretation of Greek mythological fable; who forbid a place to allegory in such a domain; and who admit neither that the deities of Greece stood on the one hand as symbols of moral truths, or, on the other, as representatives of the elemental powers of nature.

In this dissent from a dull materialism, we venture to express an opinion that Mr. Gladstone is in the right; and that, although there is room for differences as to the method to be observed, it is better

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THE "GIUSTINIANI" APOLLO.

[See Page 208.]



and truer to have an approximate, or even an inadequate interpretation, than no interpretation at all.

Mr. Gladstone devoted his parting words to the members of the University of Edinburgh, to an exposition of the place occupied by ancient Greece in the Providential order of the world. We are not called upon to test the soundness of his reasoning, nor to point out painfully the difficulties of a scientific defence of his theory; but we are bound to declare that his interpretation of the central meaning of Greek mythology is at least a striking and a noble one. Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that the worship of the human form, which was the almost exclusive worship familiar to the Greek religion, was a sort of prophecy of that incarnation of the Deity which, by the Christian world, came to be considered as an historical fact one winter midnight in the manger at Bethlehem. Separating into its elements the complex stream of primitive tradition, Mr. Gladstone recognises the element of which the Greeks were the peculiar depositaries and conservators, as that which he calls the humanistic. 'What I take to be indisputable,' he says, 'apart from all theorizing upon causes, is this fact—that the Hellenic mythology is charged throughout with the humanistic element in a manner clearly and broadly separating it from the other religions of the ancient world. It has anthropomorphism for the soul and centre of all that is distinctive in it; and that peculiar quality seems to enter, more or less, into the religion of other tribes nearly in proportion as they were related to the Hellenic race.' This anthropomorphism, we are invited to believe, is the perpetuation of that prophetic Gospel of the 'seed of the woman,' which was to be the source of deliverance and recovery from the fall of Adam.

But the following passage from the brilliant speech of the Chancellor is more peculiarly to our purpose. 'If I am asked to point out a link which especially associates the early Greek mythology

with the humanistic element of primitive tradition, I venture to name the character of Apollo as pre-eminently supplying such a link. He is born of Zeus, but he is not born of Heré. Through him the divine counsels are revealed to the world as the god of prophecy and of oracle. This lamp of knowledge burning in him establishes an affinity between him and the sun; but the anthropomorphic energy of the religion is jealous of the absorption of deity into mere native power. At what period the identification of Apollo with the sun took place in the Hellenic system, we cannot say; but this we know, that it had not taken place in the time of Homer, with whom Apollo and the sun are perfectly distinct individuals. To him is assigned the healing art, and the general office of deliverance. To him, again, who remains to the last the perfect model of masculine beauty in the human form, is assigned by tradition the conquest alike over death and over the might of rebellious spirits. In his hands we find functions of such rank and such range that we cannot understand how they could pass to him from Zeus, the supreme deity, until we remember that they are the very functions assigned by a more real and higher system to the Son of God, the true instructor, healer, deliverer, judge, and conqueror of death, in whom the power and majesty of the Godhead were put forth to the world. The character of this deity, whom Eusebius calls "the most venerable and the wisest" of the whole Olympian order, affords, in my opinion, the most complete and varied proof of the traditional relationship to which I now refer. Abundant evidence, however, of the same character might be adduced under many other heads.'

To adopt a less lofty level of speculation, we proceed to say that Apollo was, in the fundamental notion of his essence, a god of health and order, who was imagined as in antagonism to the forces of a hostile nature and world. So far as he was concerned with nature, he was

the god of the joyous spring-time, who drove away winter with all his tempests and terrors; and so far as he was in relation with human life, he was the deity who humbled the pride of the oppressor, and protected the good; he it was who was conceived as purifying by propitiatory sacrifices, soothing and tranquillizing the mind by means of music, and leading upwards to a higher order of things by the instrumentality of oracles and prophecies.

In the representations of Apollo of different eras, there were to be traced in the later, as compared with the earlier, the signs of growth and development, and of variety, whether of form or of idea. The conical pillar of the earlier times, which stood exposed in the street or the market-place, and which was called from the locality where it was set up, Apollo Agyieus, had for its office to keep in remembrance the tutelary and health-bringing power of the god. Whilst art was still but an infant, it found out a way of expressing the various phases of the idea of Apollo. The contrast offered by the lyre or the arms, with which his statues were severally furnished, effectively expressed a simple symbolism. For the lyre to the Greeks stood for repose and peacefulness of spirit. And even arms themselves might be made to do duty for the same ideas—the slackened, as distinguished from the bended bow; the open, as distinguished from the shut quiver. If an antique pillar-stone was accoutred with arms, something like what appeared in the Amyclæan Apollo, and examples of which were of frequent occurrence amongst ancient statues, then the leading idea was intended to be that of a terrible and avenging deity. If, on the other hand, a lyre was suspended from old wooden images, then the idea was of the same deity in a tranquillized and tranquillizing disposition. The climax of this disposition seemed to be reached in symbol, when in the hand of the Delian Apollo-Colossus, were seen the Graces with musical instruments—the lyre, the flute, and the syrinx.

'Apollo,' says Müller, 'was a favourite subject of the great artists who immediately preceded Phidias; one of whom, Onatas, represented the god as a boy ripening into a youth of majestic beauty. On the whole, however, Apollo was then formed more mature and manly than afterwards, with limbs stronger and broader, countenance rounder and shorter; the expression more serious and stern than amiable and attractive; for the most part undraped when he was not imagined as the Pythian Citharæodius. He is shown thus in numerous statues, on the reliefs of the members of the tripod, on coins, and in many vase-paintings. On these we find the elder form of the head of Apollo often very gracefully developed, but still the same on the whole down to the time of Philip—the laurel-wreath, and the hair parted at the crown, shaded to the side along the forehead, usually waving down the neck, sometimes, however, also taken up and pinned together.'

The same author, in a note appended to the chapter upon Apollo, which appears in his work on 'Ancient Art and its Remains,' singles out for especial commendation the particular head which was last year obtained for the nation at the dispersal of the Pourtales collection. And only the other evening, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, 'On Recent Additions to the Sculpture and Antiquities of the British Museum,' Mr. Vaux, the writer, classed this head—or bust, it is difficult to call it either with perfect propriety—amongst the very finest in our magnificent collection. Many of the readers of 'London Society' have already paid more than one visit to this, the 'Giustiniani Apollo;' and some of them will have noticed—what the engraving illustrating our subject will enable even those who have not seen the original to remark—that upon the features there sits the expression of a feeling or state of mind different to any of those we have just quoted from Müller as generally incident to the sculptured representations of the

god. What this expression is we shall point out in a few explanatory sentences by-and-by.

Only a few days after the importation of this valuable and costly (2,000*l.*) work of art, the 'Athenæum' concluded a short notice of it with a cruel expression of doubt. 'Is it really an Apollo?' But it did not allow any statement to appear as to the grounds on which the expressed hesitation to sanction the authenticity of the 'so-called Giustiniani Apollo' was founded. Certainly the hair seems, to modern eyes at least, to favour the idea of a feminine rather than a masculine arrangement. But a very slight acquaintance with the eccentricities of the *coiffure* would be sufficient to determine that such an objection could scarcely be a very formidable one. Besides in Greek art it should be remembered that the hair was characteristic and significant. Although thick and long hair had been usual in Greece from the Homeric ages, yet, alongside of the custom of so wearing it, had flourished another of wearing it cut short, chiefly, it is to be observed, amongst athletes and others of their persuasion. So that when, in sculpture, we meet with a head, the hair of which is represented as close-lying and slightly curled, we may presumably decide that the figure was intended to represent an athlete. If extraordinary strength and masculine power and development had to be represented, the short locks of the hair would assume a stiffer and more crisped form; on the contrary, a softer, more delicate, and more elegant figure would demand that the hair should be more open, curling down over the cheeks, and neck in long waved lines. 'A grand and lofty feeling of independence seems to have had as a symbol amongst the Greeks, hair which reared itself, as it were, from the middle of the forehead and fell down on both sides in large arches and waves. The artistic treatment of the hair, which in sculpture has often something conventional, resulted, in earlier times, from the general striving after regularity and elegance; and

afterwards, from the endeavour to produce, by the sharp separation of the masses, effects of light, similar to those observable in the natural hair.' (Müller's 'Ancient Art and its Remains.') The difficulty of the hair is, therefore, we infer, not an insuperable one; in fact, it is scarcely one at all.

But a more real difficulty which is very apt to challenge the spectator, is the painful and suffering expression on the features of the tutelary god of light and joy and beauty. Can the idea of pain and sadness be reconciled with the person and functions of so splendid a divinity as Phœbus Apollo? It can; and in this way:—

After Apollo had slain Python, he was compelled, according to Æschylus, to expiate the shedding of the monster's blood by a sojourn and servitude in the realms of Hades—a sojourn otherwise spoken of, very naturally, as a temporary death. This legend, as Plutarch and Ælian testify, early varied to the effect that Apollo, after slaying Python, fled from Delphi to Tempe, and there made expiation. The two assertions have a mythical harmony, as may be understood from the circumstance that the city of Pheræ, past or through which the way of the god, ὁδὸς Πυθιάς, to Tempe lay, was sacred to the subterranean deities.

Every eight years the combat of Apollo with Python was represented at Delphi by a boy who dramatically impersonated the god. When the conflict was over, the victorious youth set out by the sacred road to Tempe, in Northern Thessaly, in order to be purified there. The purification accomplished, he returned at the head of a *Theoria*, or sacrificial embassy, bearing in his hand a branch of laurel from the sacred valley.

Now if Apollo, undergoing a tedious and sombre journey, or serving, shorn of his beams, in the shades below, because the crying blood of Python must be satisfied— if Apollo, so circumstanced, was a subject proper for dramatic representation, may he not have been an equally fitting subject for the artist?

Further, and more particularly, may not the sculptor of the head lately added to the British Museum have chosen to represent the god either when undergoing the death, or servitude, or suspension of glory, in his own person; or else, when periodically, at the end of every eight years, renewing the pain and mortification of that time in the mimic commemorative expiation of the boy-combatant who personated him?

It is on the strength of a possible affirmative answer to this question that the following lines have been written. If the position taken in them be tenable—and we do not very well see how it can be assailed—the ‘so-called Giustiniani Apollo’ may be regarded as occupying a place in the Art department of the Greek mythology analogous to the place held in that of Christianity by such pictures as the ‘Ecce Homo’ of Guido or of Correggio.

It may save a note if, *à propos* of the second and third stanzas, it is here recalled to the reader’s memory, that, although Achilles, the son of Thetis, met his death at the hands of Paris, it was by the advice and direction of Apollo; and also, that Apollo had slain the sons of the too rash and conceited Niobé, who for sorrow wept herself away to a stone. These otherwise disconsolate mothers, in sympathy with a reverently silent sea and land, are represented by Callimachus, in his learned ‘Hymn to Apollo,’ as forgetting their injuries whenever the minstrels struck up in praise of the Far-Darter, and the ‘Io Pæan,’ was chanted.

If the reader will kindly place himself for a moment in the position of a devout worshipper of the god, he will fulfil the main condition to be observed in joining the invocation to which we have given the title of

APOLLO AT EXPIATION.

God of the golden quiver,
God of the golden bow,
God of the shaft of gold;
Joy of the Olympian hold,
Life of the world below,
Brightness of lake and river:

God of the smiling lips,
God of the beamy eye,
God of the radiant soul—
Say what unfathomed dole,
Say what high agony,
Say what divine eclipse
Shadows thy beauty, saddens thy mirth,
Hangs heaven with twilight, with midnight
the earth?

God of the quenchless fire,
For thee the festive throng
Thy flower-prankt shrines encrathes
With incense’ balmy breath;
For thee the swell of song
Joins with the sacred lyre:
Ocean is hushed and still,
Sighless the charmed breeze
‘Mongst leaves without a quiver;
Babbles no more the river;
No more the forest trees
Wall over plain and hill:
Thetis forgives thee; Niobé stands,
Nor drops a tear on her stony hands.

Rapt with the strain devout,
Nature for love of thee,
Slackens her tireless care;
Only doth Echo clear
Labour from sea to sea,
Tossing the Pæan about:
Io resounding ever
Up from the earth below,
Up to the Olympian hold:—
‘God of the shaft of gold,
God of the golden bow,
God of the golden quiver;
Io! let fly at the serpent curst,
Son of Latona, “a help from the first!”’

God of the healing hair,
God of the lengthened life;
God of the city and mart,
God of the laughing heart,
End now our care and strife,
Come with thy presence fair:
Lo! we are worthy of love,
Clean are our waiting minds,
Waiting a sight of thee:—
Come in thy beauty free,
Wafted on zephyr-winds
Soft from the regions above.
Io!—the Pæans die on our lips;
Phœbus Apollo, break thine eclipse!

Come, for the Python is slain—
Omen of ill is the word—
From the fumes of his breath
Poisoned in life and death,
Penance demands our lord;
Him, Night and Hades gain.
Ah! well may his visage gloom,
And well may his worshippers moan;
Till back in a torrent of light,
Till back in his beauty bright
He cometh, but not alone;
He comes with a hecatomb;
With fires theoric his altars glow,
And penance is lost in the joyous Io!

There is not much to be known
for certain as to the history of the
head of Apollo of which we have

been discoursing. But what we can tell, in few words, we will. And for this purpose we shall adapt the information supplied by Theodore Panofka in his '*Antiques du Cabinet Pourtales*,' published at Paris in 1834.

It cannot be doubted, according to Panofka, that this beautiful marble head formerly belonged to a statue of Apollo. From the bent position and *refoulement* of the neck, it is proper to infer that the figure was a sitting one. And the loss of the entire statue is the more to be regretted, that the work of the head is in a style which has become extremely rare amongst the monuments of Greek art. It is a blending of the severity of the artists of Ægina with the boldness and freedom of Phidias. In the hair there are involutions and other details which belong of right to sculpture in bronze. To assign an epoch to the production of such a work as this, is a task presenting too many difficulties when the head alone is extant. It is more easy to recognise the nobleness of the expression, the grandeur and the majesty of its traits, as well as the mechanical genius which stamps it with a character singular for its perfect greatness.

The hair still preserves an unmistakable trace of what was once a deep colouring; a fact which induces the supposition that a light and unending tint applied to the flesh parts has been effaced by the action of time. It was probably on account of his use of several colours in his work, that the sculptor gave such weight and emphasis to the eyebrows and the bolder outlines; because colour would have the effect of softening down the angles and of reducing the several surfaces to harmony upon a whitish ground, the tone and mass of which would correct the sharpness left by the

chisel, a sharpness which is at present plainly distinguishable.

This head, which formed the most beautiful ornament of the Giustiniani gallery, justly enjoyed a European celebrity under the designation of the Giustiniani Apollo. It would appear that even of old the Romans did not possess the entire statue, but the head only, the merit of which they sufficiently appreciated, probably keeping it exposed in a temple, both for the worship of the devout and for the admiration of lovers of art. Of this use of a sculpture we have a striking example in the superb head of Æsculapius, found at Milo, and at present occupying a place in the Musée Blacas. This head belonged at first to a statue; afterwards, although simply a fragment, it was placed, as an object very dear and precious to art, in a chapel of Æsculapius. It bore an inscription which designated it as a votive offering; and declared, at the same time, the names of the divinity and the donor. It is very likely that the same thing happened with regard to the head of the Giustiniani Apollo; since no other fragment belonging to the statue of which it formed a part has been discovered, and since the appearance of the neck gives a decisive technical verdict against the supposition that the original work was no more than a bust.

It should be added that Mr. Charles Newton, Keeper of the Greek Antiquities in the British Museum, to whose most kind and active interest both the artist and the present writer are much indebted, inclines to the opinion that, as the Giustiniani family were formerly the masters of Soio, the production of the statue of Apollo, the head of which is still named after them, may be presumably referred to that island.

A. H. G.



A GLANCE AT THE LIFE OF LAURENCE STERNE.*

A BUSE is a sign either of affection or of jealousy. Our enemies, if they are not also fools or rivals, do not generally waste their precious time in pointing out our defects either to ourselves or to anybody else. The sweet morsel of censoriousness is left for the most part to be rolled under the tongue of our friends and admirers. Every drawback from excellence, in proportion to the vehemence with which it is insisted on, is a left-handed tribute to a residuum of worth or greatness after that drawback has been handsomely allowed for. A whispered suspicion of the honour of a Cornhill burglar would be something akin to an absurdity; and a mild caveat against the benevolence of a murderer would be very like an impertinence. We are exigent in our demands for *chiaroscuro* in character; we desiderate the picturesque in our processes of mental analysis. The sun must not be without a spot, or even an eruption. The good must not be perfect; the great must not be measureless; the bad must not be irredeemably depraved; the little must not be microscopic. The devil, or an advocate who holds a brief from him, will demur to the canonization of the saint; and the saint will protest with bated breath that the devil is a piebald, and not so uniformly black as some prejudiced artists have depicted him. We know by relation and comparison. The altitude of an Alp is then most pointed when it is supposed to spring from the level of the sea. The glory of one nation is best evidenced by reference to the degradation of another. The nobleness of an individual is recognised by contrast with his fellows; and the strength or weakness of particular faculties and sentiments is understood only by allowing for the strength or weakness of their contraries.

Intellectual giantry offers the fairest quarry when we would fly our falcons at peccadilloes. The *man*

is perched, like a St. Simon Stock, on the pillar of his genius; and at its base the sacred geese with hiss and cackle keep their watch and ward. The *man* cannot abdicate his mental greatness; like a city set upon a hill, he stands forth to view; and it would be a hopeless attempt if he endeavoured to cloak any inelegance in his pose or default of symmetry in his proportions.

The nearer the approach to perfection in any object of admiration, the more vexing is the flaw that will intrude itself on the intolerant consciousness. Our love of an object—of course we put away the *spooney* sentimentality that is proverbially blind—our love of an object is the measure of our painful perception of its shortcomings. If the heroes in our Walhalla were all perfect, they would be all alike; as it is they are differentiated by their faults as much as by their excellencies. We can neither praise without insinuating blame, nor blame without suggesting praise. Discrimination apart, our commendation would expend itself in the monosyllabic 'nice,' so comprehensively and exquisitely appropriate to the various delicacies of feminine criticism. Now a 'nice' man is about as flavourless as an epicurean god—he has attained to the neutrality of a washed-out cloud, to an apotheosis of ethereal insipidity.

It was not the intermittent outbreak of a septennial morality that made England shudder at the irregularities of Lord Byron, as Macaulay would have us believe. 'In general,' says the latter, reviewing Moore's Life of the former, 'elopements, divorces, and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand

* 'The Life of Laurence Sterne.' By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., M.R.I.A. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author and others. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1864.

against vice. We must teach liberties that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated; our victim is ruined and heartbroken; and our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

This is perhaps true so far as the phenomena are concerned; but for these phenomena there are deeper reasons than the mere caprice to which the author assumes that they are to be referred. Macaulay's protest against injustice, as levelled at Lord Byron, falls wide of the mark. England was tearfully indignant that the greatest poet should also be the greatest reprobate of the day. The gravamen of the charge against 'Don Juan' was that he had made his grand *début* as 'Childe Harold.' The existence of a speck will be as widely known as the brilliant fame which it tarnishes. Imperfections become immortal when they cluster about a deathless name. It is not that Lord Byron was singular in his moral eccentricity that he was selected for singular denunciation. Others had sinned and suffered by the thousand; but commonplace vice could not be accommodated with a splendid gibbet on which to enact the scarecrow, or creak *peccavi* to the midnight. Vice alone, whether in peer or peasant, will only entitle a man to fall in with the *ruck* of sinners, who are to be hooted and lamented in the mass.

Venons à nos moutons. In that

bloodless eighteenth century, from the dreary genius of which we have been mercifully delivered, when the life of the Church was the galvanism of intrigue, we owe it to the memory of the Reverend Laurence Sterne to believe that there were hundreds of clergy before whom he stood out in the bold relief of an apostle. If he had only manured his glebe; if he had only fought his cocks; if he had only drunk and swore and gambled like a mob of other cassocked blackguards, history and charity would have whined out their sweetly harmonious *requiescat*, and left him to his rest in 'the tomb of all the Trullibers.' With a wildness approaching hysteria, Thackeray has told us what Sterne was, or seemed to him to be. Fielding and his disciple, Macaulay, by painting a background of his clerical contemporaries, have challenged for him some title to honour for not being what he was not. But it was time that Sterne should be championed more directly than by inference; and Mr. Fitzgerald has come to the rescue in a couple of warm-hearted but not overreaching volumes, that offer the first clearly-defined full-length portrait of one of the great masters of English humour. The vulgar notions about Sterne—fixed especially by the publication of Mr. Thackeray's 'Humourists'—and the kind of multifarious research which any one who would guide to a truer and larger estimate would have to practise, are stated by Mr. Fitzgerald as follows:—

'The popular view—the figure of Sterne in the stereoscope, as it may be called—is that of an abandoned clergyman, free of manners, gross in speech and writings; a Joseph Surface in orders; a false, whining, and canting parson, who sold his sentiment to the booksellers; a cold, unfeeling, heartless "mountebank," that whimpered over a dead donkey but left his mother to starve; a cruel and neglectful husband, a cold father, and a hollow friend; one that corrupted his age with a foul stream of written impurity, and poured out his corruption upon a spotless and reluctant generation;—in short, "the foul satyr," "the coward;"

"the wretched worn-out old scamp," "the feeble wretch," and "mountebank;" as, indeed, he has been painted in the vigorous language of one of the best masters of English of our day. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that this is the *carte-de-visite* of Sterne that is best known and most familiar to the world. On the questions arising out of Sterne's morals, and manners, and writings, I have not ventured to pass any very decided judgment, merely submitting to the reader's consideration such facts as seem to have proper weight. It will, at least, be conceded that in this respect there has been great exaggeration. But on other questions—the questions whether his sentiment was false and mere tinsel, whether his nature was kindly, genial, generous—I have ventured to offer a decided opinion—an opinion in which I dare to hope that those who shall kindly accompany me to the end of this narrative will join.

The curious student, seeking information as to how this eccentric lived, and for that special key to a man's works which is hung up only on one of the innumerable pegs and hooks which line the passages of his life, must hunt up the encyclopædias and dictionaries for a bare column or two, which the new dictionary has filched from the old encyclopædia, and which the newer encyclopædia has helped itself to from the older dictionary. He will, indeed, light on an excellent discriminative sketch by M. Walcknaer, in the wonderful and confounding roll of memoirs known as the "*Biographie Universelle*"—a monument of that special combination of enormous canvas and miniature details in which Frenchmen, and Frenchmen alone, excel. It is critical, philosophical, and galvanizes the hitherto dry bones with true French spirit; yet it is but a very brief article. In this magazine and that, he will light on a stray paper or two—curiously exact reproductions of each other. There is the vigorous and, it must be said, cruel sketch of the author of "Emond," full of scathing satire and dramatic effects, to reach which but too many other things have

been unhappily sacrificed; with which may be contrasted an admirable "Quarterly Review" article, written in a true spirit of genial appreciation, yet not without a calm critical severity—a memoir full of information and happy points of illustration. The best of all the memoirs now existing are the three or four short pages which he himself had "set down for my daughter Lydia," and which are sprinkled plentifully with the dashes and interjections and customary spasmodics of the writer. Lively, graphic, and full of particulars, and thoroughly Shandean all the while, it remains the basis for all other more expanded accounts.

Any one who would desire to call up and vivify that "cadaverous bale of goods," as he styled, a few months before his dissolution, his curious figure, with a grim irony; or who would see the odd "Yorkshire Parson," with his blunted features, his sunken chest (where blood-vessels were periodically breaking), his quips and humours, must grope for himself through piles of literature contemporary with the deceased clergyman, and thus piece together for himself, with much trouble and difficulty, a kind of insufficient image. He will have to bore into the massive quartos wherein are accumulated Garrick's letters; he will have to extract a page from Warburton, a sentence here and there from Walpole, a line or two from Boswell, and, possibly, shower over all profuse sprinklings from the "Gentleman's Magazine" and the "London Chronicle." He will have to group *tableaux vivans*, wherein Jack Wilkes, Lord Sandwich, Crebillion the Son, the Reverend Edward Lascelles, the notorious John Hall Stevenson, and Charles Townshend are the more conspicuous undraped figures. And behind them he will have to paint, with suitable scenery and decorations, London in all its racketing exactly a century ago, with those dinners to which our clergyman was engaged a fortnight deep—the parties, ridottos, and Soho festivals, under the questionable direction of Mrs. Cornelys: then shift the stage

on to the old post-roads of France—to the grim, sandy, sea-blown square of Calais, where Dessein took him out to show him the famous chaise—to Montreuil and Amiens, the very ring of which words, at this day, when chanted loudly by the blue-frocked porters of the Great Northern Railway, stirs up all the notes and music of that "Sentimental Journey." He must reconstruct Paris too—the Paris of one hundred years ago, picturesque yet dirty; full of blind alleys and dark winding streets, overflowing with the finest ladies and gentlemen in the world, clad in the "bright clean scarlet coat," and "handsome blue satin waistcoat, embroidered fancifully enough;" together with "muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*," which, it will be recollected, was the second-hand suit which he gave La Fleur the four louis-d'ors to purchase in the Rue de Friperie;—the Paris, too, where the "young Count de Faineant" remarked how Mr. Sterne's "solitaire" was "pinned too straight about" his neck, and which should be "*plus badinant*," the Count said, looking down upon his own;—the Paris, too, where there were the little infidel dinners with the Baron d'Holbach, and Diderot, and other pleasant freethinkers; where deism was highly fashionable among fine ladies and gentlemen; and where the Sybarite Louis, with his flowing periwig, was as a sort of god—a rather dissolute divinity in truth, but still a being of tremendous power. Then we must hurry down the post-roads of France, through the rich pastoral country and the luscious wine-districts, which even now have a strange, old-fashioned look, and are inconsistent with the express-train running wild through the land: then on by rough roads, changing horses at lonely auberges—where odd postilions in shining glaze-hats, and white wool-wigs, and enormous jackboots like leather pails, come tramping forth, leading stout, round-flanked, white-speckled Normandy horses, with pink nostrils (very fierce and plunging brutes)—then struggling over the mountains into Italy, and on to Turin, where are

all the English on their grand tour. Round the lank Yorkshire parson congregate many gay figures; behind him are set many lively pictures. These are the agreeable *plaisances* we must explore for anything like a reproduction of the life of the Reverend Laurence Sterne.

'Above all, from a careful study of his own books may be gathered some sufficient knowledge of his life and character—of that poor, cruelly and ungraciously-handled character, which had so many weaknesses but so many more redeeming features. For the true direction in which to look for points of character and facts lies on the surface of an author's writings: a "working" which was never so happily turned to profit as in Mr. Forster's admirable "Life of Oliver Goldsmith."

We have no sympathy with that illiberal style of criticism that would find fault with a biographer for tracing the object of his labours to the time of the Deluge or the Creation. Personally we rather confess to a feeling that such biographers do not go far enough. If ever the Darwinian school get the length of producing a *Life*, there is hope that we shall see a model one, in which the biographee will be dodged backwards to the epoch of the very earliest geological formation. Investigation into embryonic personality is very promising, and before long may confer a departmental immortality upon its pioneer. A *Life* so treated will require a certain amount of voluminousness; and it is excusable that Mr. Fitzgerald, who had only two volumes at his disposal, should have rested thankfully at a stage considerably short of ante-chaotic genealogy. But he has properly and pleasantly contrived to introduce a good deal of interesting matter about the *Shandean* ancestry, whether direct or collateral. We, who have only a fractional part of his space at command, must be content to come to almost immediate account of Sterne himself. Originally, it is reasonably conjectured, from the county of Suffolk, there are branches of the Sterne family in various localities both in

England and Ireland. The Yorkshire branch is the one in which the glory of the family reached its culmination when it produced an archbishop, Richard Sterne (1664-1683), and his great-grandson, the Reverend Laurence of our present animadversions.

Of the thirteen children of the Archbishop only five are traceable. One of these, named Simon, married Mary Jaques, the heiress of Elvington, 'a fair estate, outside York,' and became by her the father of Lieutenant Roger, who, having taken to wife Agnes Hebert or Herbert, the widow of an army captain, and daughter-in-law of one Nuttle, 'a noted sutler,' of Clonmel, became in his turn the father of our Laurence. The wedded life of this luckless pair is little more than a record of weary journeyings and continental warfare; during which, so far as Mrs. Sterne was concerned, the perils of travel were aggravated by the regular or irregular recurrence of the perils of childbirth. Mrs. Sterne, says Mr. Fitzgerald, with pathetic realism, 'was little more than a poor genteel tramp, whose chief folly lay in the direction of 'incessant parturition.' Laurence, the second of a hapless brood, who for the most part came into the world in a hurry, which was only exceeded by the hurry with which they quitted it, was born at Clonmel, on the 24th November, 1713, the year of the peace of Utrecht. After much vagabondage with his wife and family, the poor lieutenant went away alone to take part in the defence of Gibraltar (1727), where, finding his life too monotonously peaceful, he managed to embroil himself in a 'difficuity' about a goose with a certain Captain Philips, by whom he was run through the body, and deftly pinned to the wall of the room in which the duel took place. The lieutenant rather survived than recovered from his impalement; and, in 1731, he died in Jamaica, a victim to a complication of 'Yellow Jack,' consumption, and the lingering effects of the thrust from Captain Philips' rapier. Uncomplaining, taking to the last such gentle exercise as his wasted frame

was capable of, he finally 'sat down in an armchair' and meekly died, to be afterwards made immortal as the original of the sketch of Le Fevre, piously transfigured by the filial Tristram.

Henceforth it is with this last and his immediate affairs that we must concern ourselves. At the time of his father's death, Laurence Sterne, then a boy of sixteen, was a pupil at the Halifax Free School. At this school he had been fixed since the year 1727; and he continued there until, in 1732, he entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. 'My cousin Sterne, of Elvington,' he says, writing long after, 'by God's care of me, became a father to me, and sent me to the university,' &c. 'What manner of schoolboy he was, while under the Halifax ferula, we can but conjecture, and have only dim light to help us. That he was of the fitful irregular pattern—now far behind, now crackling and sparkling in the front rank, very brilliant and very idle, which is the traditional humour of those who are to break out hereafter with a wild Cervantic course—is highly probable. "Yonder lean, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, leering at the housemaids, is Master Laurence Sterne, a bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church. For shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the fellow has! He shall have a sound flogging, and as soon as the young scamp is out of the whipping-room give him a gold medal. Such would be my practice were I Doctor Birch and master of the school."

'A morning paper, published long after, when Master Sterne was grown up and famous, and when all the fashionable world was eager to learn particulars of the brilliant clergyman who wrote so oddly, furnishes a bare line or so in reference to this schooltime, which, in the utter dearth of all particulars, becomes so far precious. Of a certain authenticity, too, as it was whispered about ill-naturedly that the little memoir had been furnished by the reverend gentleman himself. "At school," it runs, "he would learn when he pleased, and not

oftener than once a fortnight." A sentence pregnant with meaning for all its brevity, embodying the whole essence of Master Laurence's marks and judgment-books, his *satises*, *medicos*, and *malés*, in great capitals.

'In the course of his first year he read for a sizarship, and obtained it on the 6th of July, 1733. This, though only worth from ten to fifteen pounds, is an indication of some parts and industry. Again, that little chronicle before alluded to, which was supplied to the morning papers, furnishes us with a hint of the part he played while wearing the undergraduate's gown. All along his course, and in whatever disguise, we can track him by that irregular and spasmodic gait, opposed to all steady plodding notions, and which betokens, so significantly, that the Cervantic humours are presently to break out. At the university, says this little "Morning Post" sketch, "he spent the usual number of years; read a great deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts, if he would use them." An odd-looking, as well as an odd man, of a shrunk, restless figure, whose outline was to be seen through that regulation gown like an anatomy. It was at Cambridge that he had the first of those attacks—the breaking of a blood-vessel in his chest—which clung to him steadily all the rest of his life. He had a narrow escape, and recollected it long after. And it must be borne in mind, when we come to weigh any shortcomings, what frail, feeble frames his parents furnished to their young family; and how he only, and the scapegrace sister, as she may be called, escaped shipwreck out of all the little craft, Devijehers, Jorams, and the rest, that put out to sea with him. There was a fatal cough which clung to him perseveringly all through, and was the Old Man of the Sea of his life. Further on, this cough tormentor, and the brittle

nature of the blood-vessels in his chest, were to take their place as the regular established irritants of his days and nights.'

'It only remains, then, to tell that on the 29th of March, 1735, he matriculated; and that in the January of the following year, he took his Bachelor's degree. He is now free of the university, and is not likely to take with him into the world that sort of social furnishing which a titled Master of the Elegances shall, by-and-by, write to his son, that he received from the same Alma Mater.

'On the 6th of March, 1736, the Most Reverend Richard Reynolds, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, was ordaining deacons at Buckden, in Huntingdonshire; and among the candidates was one who had come from Jesus College, Cambridge. This postulant was a thin, spare, hollow-chested youth, with joints and members but ill-kept together; with curiously bright eyes, and a Voltairean mouth. About that month and eye there was no very special air of sanctity; and the name of the new deacon was said to be one Laurence Sterne, B.A., from Yorkshire. Previously, his university had granted to him the usual testimonials for Orders, which were dated on the 28th of February, 1736. Finally, at the quaint and almost Shandean town of Chester, it may be mentioned in anticipation, on the 20th of August, 1738, he was ordained priest, by Dr. Samuel Peploe, then Bishop of Chester, and became the Reverend Laurence Sterne.

'A day of doubtful omen as regards the course of his future life—an unfortunate step, which shall colour his whole coming career: for even those who shall hereafter judge of him most charitably, cannot but own that he was radically unfitted for the serious office he had chosen, and that he was but fitting sacred fetters on his nature, which would embarrass his motions at every step. In his nature there was far too much mercurial vitality for it to fall, by the sheer force of routine, into the hackneyed duties of his

profession; which, after a short struggle, would have been the result with more ordinary minds. Now was to begin for him a ceaseless struggle—his gown clinging to him like an ecclesiastical shirt of Nessus, and hampering him as he tries to turn; until at last, weary with the constant labour, he rends it into shreds, and trips along the highways and open streets without shame.

'With him it was no worse than with many of his cloth, upon whom a sort of destiny, rather than their own choice, has thrust the surplice; but who, with a humdrum mediocrity, could decently adapt themselves to its straightness. But with these wild irregulars—these *mousseux* temperaments—"with us, you see, the case is quite different;" for "instead of the cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours you would have looked for, he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, *gaieté de cœur*, about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world, and at the age of twenty-six knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspecting girl of nineteen." This was the newly-fashioned priest, "carrying not one ounce of ballast," and also within a few months of his twenty-sixth year; which does indeed seem as though the picture were intended for this date of his entry upon sacerdotal life.

'But there were inducements, sufficient and substantial in a certain point of view, which hurried our new clergyman into his profession. It is not given to all men to have a primate ancestor a few branches up the family tree; or a wealthy cousin, with broad lands and local influence, who has promised to be a "father to them;" or a swelling ecclesiastical uncle, busy and bustling and political. The Reverend Laurence did no more than many of his fellows; but his misfortune

was having that "mercurial and sublimated composition within him," and that unlucky deficit in the matter of ballast.'

After his ordination the young deacon 'left Cambridge behind him and came to York;' his patron at this city being his uncle, a political, 'noisy, bustling clergyman, Jacques Sterne, LL.D.,' who had taken in hand to further the interests of his kinsman. Mr. Fitzgerald has an entertaining chapter devoted to a description of that 'old York,' with which and its vicinity Laurence Sterne was to be so long and so closely identified; and another, piquant and picturesque, upon 'the Sterne connexions, and "the season" at York.' His painstaking diffuseness, it is not within our space possible to imitate. We shall borrow his graphic pencil for particular points of view, rather than seek to reduce the entire of his panorama.

Some chance has brought to the gay northern capital a young Staffordshire lady, with whom Mr. Sterne became presently acquainted. Her name was Lumley, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Lumley, rector of Bedal. The first love of a man like our sentimental ecclesiastic is worthy of a somewhat extended notice.

'In this gay town, then, we see the figure of this Staffordshire lady, who was to furnish Laurence with the first of that train of sentimental passions which were to become almost constitutional with him. Her Christian name was Elizabeth. Mr. Sterne used to address her in his tender correspondence as "My L.;" and a careless and affectionate "Dear Bess," just slipped in at the close of a letter, is the only occasion on which he mentions her Christian name. She is said to have had "a fine voice," with "a good taste in music," which gift alone would have made her very acceptable to him; for, as will be seen later, he was a passionate worshipper of that art. It is likely that at this time she was more interesting than beautiful, which was destined to be the type of all Mr. Sterne's heroines. Looking at the picture of Lydia her daughter, and attempting to trace the mother's features there, is but a

poor guide; for we see but a feminine reproduction, much softened and spiritualized, of the father's face, with that lurking humour and Voltairean sarcasm toned down into *espieglerie*.* * * *

'This particular Lumley "*grande passion*" was honest, ardent, sincere, exaggerated, and, possibly, a little ridiculous: it almost seems to anticipate the amatory embarrassments of Werther and his Charlotte. But the age itself, it must be recollected, was fast drifting into that gentle current of tearful sensibility which kept possession of all fine ladies and gentlemen until the very end of the century. This sympathising anatomy of the affections, and careful dissection of all emotions of the heart, was to become a luxury of life, and to find its latest development in the comical sorrows of a Lady Betty in "*False Delicacy*," and the more gentlemanly agonies of Mr. Edgar Mandlebert. "Now was he to find out, let your reverences and worship say what you will of it," that love was "one of the most A-gitating, B-ewitching, C-onfounded, D-evilish affairs of life—the most E-xtravagant, F-utilious, G-alligaskinish, H-andy-dandyish, and L-yrical of all human passions;" with many more drawbacks, falling into regular alphabetical order.* * * *

'He had a sort of rustic retreat outside York—"a little sungilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill,"—to which they had given the fanciful name of "*D'Estella*." It seems to have been decorated with an abundant growth of "roses and jessamines," and was on the whole a very sweet place of resort for people in the state of mind the lovers then were.* * * *

'For two years it went on. They were as "merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch fiend entered that undescribable scene." The roses and jessamines of "*D'Estella*" were to bloom perennially, when suddenly it went forth that "*My L—*" must return forthwith to Staffordshire;

she must return to her sister Lydia, then or afterwards married to "the Rev. Mr. Botham, rector of Albany, in Surrey, and Ealing, in Middlesex." The despair and anguish resulting in this step would appear to have been extraordinary and quite exceptional.* * * *

'The way in which his emotions affected Mr. Sterne, if his own account be not exaggerated, was a little serious. Miss Lumley came out to "*D'Estella*," to have one last look at that enchanting retreat; and as soon as she had retired, and the last farewells were exchanged, "he took to his bed, worn out by fevers of all kinds." Miss S—, the sympathising confidante, "from the forebodings of the best of hearts," was happily not far away; and seeing him in this condition, wisely and prudently insisted on his making an effort, and getting up and coming to her house. And yet, perhaps, this step, though well meant, was not so judicious at this moment, if her presence had that curious and dangerous effect on Mr. Sterne's feelings, which he embodies in a very natural question to his "charmer," viz.—"What can be the cause, my dear L., that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend but I feel myself rent in pieces?" He was induced to stay with her an hour, during which "short space" he would seem to have grown almost hysterical; for he "burst into tears a dozen different times," and was visited "with affectionate gusts of passion." In this critical state it may have flashed upon "Miss S—" that her presence might indeed be accountable for these symptoms; for she was presently "constrained to leave the room and sympathise in her dressing-room;" which delicious expression stands for a whole world of Rosa Matilda's distresses and sentimental associations, as embodied in whole shelves of romantic novels.

'She returns, however, shortly, and thus addresses the agitated lover: "I have been weeping for you both," said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity: "for poor L.'s heart I

have long known it;" and proceeds to administer other favourite topics of consolation of the traditional sort. Comforted, yet not cured, Mr. Sterne could only "answer her with a kind look and a heavy sigh," and then withdrew to the absent Miss Lumley's lodgings; for he had found a sort of dismal relief in promptly hiring them on her departure. "Fanny," however (a maid of delicate mind), was in the secret of his state, and had prepared a little supper. ("She is all attention to me.") But he could only "sit over it with tears. A bitter sauce, my L—, but I could eat it with no other." The memory of "the quiet and sentimental repasts" rose up before him. The moment she "began to spread the little table" his heart "fainted within" him. "One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass!" adds Mr. Sterne, in despair, taking an inventory of the table furniture. "I gave a thousand penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child. I do so this very moment, my L.; for as I take up my pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L." Then Mr. Sterne, a little artfully, brings "Fanny" upon the scene, "who contrives every day bringing in the name of L." Oddly enough, then, he begins to relate a number of personal matters that "Fanny" had remarked in him, or mentioned to him: how "she told me last night, upon giving me some hartshorn" (how skilful this stroke!), "she had observed my illness began on the very day of your departure for S—; that I had never held up my head, had seldom or scarce ever smiled, had fled from all society; that she verily believed I was brokenhearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily; that I never ate or slept or took pleasure in anything as before." Disastrous state, and most comforting tidings for his absent

mistress! Yet Mr. Sterne, who knew how to perform on that difficult instrument, woman's heart, with tolerable skill, felt that a little satisfied vanity would predominate over sympathy with his sufferings: still, if it were to bring such torments, such excessive "sensibility" was rather to be deprecated as a gift.

'There is something almost comie in certain touches of those pictures of distress; still, this sort of naive simplicity proves their genuineness and sincerity.'

* * * * *

'Still this wooing does not advance—cannot be moved forward on any terms. In these letters the lover alludes to "distrusts" and doubts; and that departure for Staffordshire, when the temperature of their intimacy had reached so warm a character, makes us suspect a feebleness and uncertainty in the lady's disposition. And Mr. Sterne, telling the story to his daughter a few months before his death—a story which, for children, has always such a curious interest—hints at some such uncertain behaviour on her part. "She owned she liked me," he says, "and thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor . . . I believe she was partially determined to have me, but would not say so." And even "the good Miss S—," when consoling the abandoned in his first burst of despair, testifies to the same view: "her anguish is as sharp as yours, her heart as tender, her constancy as great, her virtues as heroic" (it is Mr. Sterne who repeats this): "Heaven brought you not together to be tormented!" She was naturally surprised that, with such favourable dispositions on both sides, there should be any hesitation or difficulties.'

On the 20th of August, 1738, Mr. Sterne was admitted to priest's orders at Chester; and was inducted, five days after, into the vicarage of Sutton-on-the-Forest, at that time a dull, rude, bucolic sort of parish, as most Suttons are to this day, but having the advantage of being within eight miles of York.

'Here he is now to be established,

yet not wholly banished; something yet remains to be done before he can be finally settled. In July, 1740, he is at Cambridge, taking his Master's degree. In the next year, the bold ecclesiastical Free Lance, "Jaques Sterne, LL.D.," again strikes for him. The Reverend Robert Hitch dies, and causes a vacancy in the twenty-six York Prebends—that of North Newbald, one of the most substantial of the series, being worth some forty pounds a year.

This preferment carried with it the duty of periodical residence when his turn came round, and a house in which to reside. Amanda—Miss Lumley, to wit—had now returned to York in ill-health, and in search of better. The care and tenderness of Amandus in this juncture were worthy of all praise.

She, however, grew worse. Mr. Sterne used to come and sit with her in those old lodgings, which, it may be presumed, he had resigned to her. Her faithful maid may have resumed her offices with "the harts-horn" and other restoratives; but it does not appear that that useful person, "the good Miss S.," ever again came upon the stage, or again sympathised in a dressing-room. The affair, however, was rapidly drawing to a crisis. One night he was with her, much distressed at the progress of her malady—"sitting by her," he says, "with an almost broken heart to see her so ill;" when of a sudden she turned to him and said—"My dear Lawry, I can never be yours, for, I verily believe, I have not long to live. But I have left you every shilling of my fortune." And upon that she showed Mr. Sterne her will. No wonder he was overpowered by such generosity. There is nothing so genuinely sentimental in all the chapters of the "Sentimental Journey." And it should not be forgotten—when, long after, we hear the world coupling his name with cold and unconjugal conduct—with what feeling and tender recollection he tells this story to his daughter Lydia.

'After such a tableau, the drop-scene was sure not to be long in

coming down. Miss Lumley's health began to mend. "It pleased God that she recovered," and in 1741 they were married. Unluckily, the proper form of the children's nursery-tales, "and they lived happily together for ever after," may not be added. So ends this Rosa Matilda love-story: Amandus and Amanda are at last wedded. The polyanthus is blooming for the present, sheltered by the friendly wall; but Mr. Sterne is only seven-and-twenty years old, and has not yet set out upon his sentimental travels.'

If Miss Lumley had died of the consumptive symptoms that threatened her, Sterne would have lost a better wife than her recovery gave him; for she would then have remained for ever the unwedded ideal of his romance and imagination. He would, perhaps immensely to his profit, have cherished the memory of a lost, and therefore ennobling passion, instead of waking, as he did afterwards, to find himself tugging at the fetters which bound him to a plain, prosaic woman, of character as yielding and amorphous as a lump of putty. His wife was an uncongenial bore; in which one frightful word is hidden away a whole world of matrimonial purgatory, where love is due, and liking is impossible. The acute reader of 'Tristram' will see much of Mrs. Sterne not very enigmatically depicted in its pages.

Let us take a peep at 'Parson Yorick' as he appears in any one of his pastoral equestrian promenades within the bounds of his parish of Sutton.

'Sometimes he was to be seen riding, and "had made himself the country talk by a breach of all decorum; and that was in never appearing better or otherwise mounted than upon a lean sorry jackass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings, who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rozinante." Clearly another parish association, which ushers in that droll sketch of the universal request in which was this clerical nag: how at last, being wearied out with midnight expresses from parishioners whose ladies were

in very critical straits, for the use of his horse to fetch medical aid, and having lost many good steeds from these charitable loans, he was in self-defence driven to the device of keeping some wretched worn-out hack, not worth the borrowing.

'On such a "Fiddleback," who was always either "twitter-boned or broken-winded, or spavined, or greazed" (Mr. Sterne knew something of horses and the ills of horse-flesh, and was to ride a good deal hereafter along the French post-roads), he was to be seen jogging along the Yorkshire lanes, never passing a village but he "caught the attention of both old and young." We can well believe it, that as he came trotting up, just waking out of a reverie, either "composing a sermon," or "composing his cough," "labour stood still, the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well, the spinning-wheel forgot its round, even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stoop gaping until he had got out of sight."

"Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting" were the *confessed* amusements of the Vicar of Sutton; and some pious works, a good deal of preaching, a good deal of love-making, of a harmless and "clergymanical" order, were his unacknowledged pleasures."

'Did he ever fill in a heavy hour at Sutton with poetry, or, at least, with rhyme or verse-making? Curious to say, only a few scraps of Mr. Sterne's versicles have come down to us; one in the shape of a sentimental epitaph, the quality of which is such as to amply justify him in not having further cultivated this vein. Poesy from Tristram is a novelty, and deserves a place here:—

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly show,
An idle scene of decorated woe;
The sweet companion and the friend sincere
Need no mechanic help to draw a tear.
In heartfelt numbers never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
'Twill flow while goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

'But a more characteristic speci-

men of his powers as a poet has been carefully handed down at Cox-would, from curate to curate in succession. These verses are in the quaint manner of the older devotional poetry, and in some way recall the tone of the "Soul's Errand."

THE UNKNOWN ○

Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell.

By *yr* Rev^d. Mr. St.—n.

Hark^e my gay Fr^d y^e solemn Toll
Speaks y^e departure of a soul;
'Tis gone, y^e all we know—not where
Or how y^e unbody^d soul do's fare—
In that mysterious ○ none knows,
But ○ alone to w^m it goes;
To whom departed souls return
To take their doom to smile or mourn.

Oh! by w^t glimmering light we view
The unknown ○ we're hast'ning to!
God has lock'd up y^e mystic Page,
And curtain'd darkness round y^e stage!
Wise ○ to render search perplex,
Has drawn 'twixt y^e ○ & y^e next
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind w^{ch} is yet unseen!
We talk of ○, we talk of Hell,
But w^t y^e mean no tongue can tell!
Heaven is the realm where angels arc,
And Hell the chaos of despair.

But what y^e awful truths imply,
None of us know before we die!
Wheth^r we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding ○ on trust.
This hour perhaps or Fr^d is well,
Death-struck y^e next, he cries, Farewell,
I die! and yet for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe, and be—
Thus launch'd fr^m life's ambiguous shore
Ingulph'd in Death appears no more,
Then undirected to repair,

To distant ○ we know not where.
Swift flies the 2^d, perhaps 'tis gone;
A thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Or 2nd 10 thousand more 3rd told
Ere the forsaken clay is cold!
And yet who knows if Fr^d we lov'd
Tho' dead may be so far removed;
Only y^e vail of flesh between,
Perhaps y^e watch us though unseen.
Whilst we, y^r loss lamenting, say,
They're out of hearing far away;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near
Concealed in vehicles of air—
And yet no notices y^e give
Nor tell us where, nor how y^e live;
Tho' conscious whilst with us below,
How much y^e desired to know—
As if bound up by solemn Fate
To keep the secret of y^r state,
To tell y^r joys or pains to none,
That man might live by Faith alone,
Well, let my sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why sh^d I wish him to reveal
W^t he thinks proper to conceal?

It is enough y^t I believe
Heaven's bright yⁿ I can conceive;
And he y^t makes it all his care
To serve God here shall see him there!
But oh! w^t ☉ shall I survey
The moment y^t I leave y^e clay?
How sudden y^e surprize, how new!
Let it, my God, be happy too.

'There is a charming simplicity and quaintness in these lines which makes us wish their author had written more. There is, too, an earnestness, and a genuine pathos, which no ordained Tartuffe or whining sentimentalist could have given utterance to.

'We find also a stanza or so of Diego's sentimental ballad, in the story of Slawkinbergius; the whole of which incident seems an anticipation of Canning's satire on German love-making in "The Rovers."

Of Parson Yorick in the pulpit, Mr. Fitzgerald gives us the following:—

'Among other merits, these Parish Sermons of Mr. Sterne are marvelously short,—a wholesome precedent for long-winded divines. Some, indeed, will barely take up ten minutes slowly reading; unless those dashes and starts and turns stand for so much dramatic business, and represent pauses and play of feature.

'The fashion in which the career of Shimei is traced,—the odd comments and dramatic colouring with which it is set out,—is a perfect Shandean picture, which would be extravagant but for its perfect sincerity. This Shimei, as is well known, reflects all the fortunes of David, according to the true temper of the world. As he is prosperous, he is forward; as he is unlucky, he reviles him. "The wheel turns round once more. David returns in peace; and, had the wheel turned round a hundred times, Shimei, I dare say, in every period of its rotation, would have been uppermost." At which sycophancy Mr. Sterne breaks out sarcastically: "O Shimei! would to Heaven, when thou wert slain, that all thy family had been slain with thee, and not one of thy resemblance left! But ye have multiplied exceedingly, and replenished the earth; and, if I

prophecy rightly, ye will in the end subdue it." These modern Shimeis are the most fatal evils of society. "'Tis a character we shall never want. Oh, it infests the court, the camp, the cabinet; it infests the Church. Go where you will, in every profession, you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay."

'This stroke does indeed seem pointed at a diaconal Shimei only eight miles away, and called "Jacques Sterne, LL.D."

"Haste, Shimei!" Mr. Sterne goes on, warming; "haste, or thou wilt be undone for ever! . . . Shimei doubles his speed. . . . Stay, Shimei; 'tis your patron! 'Tis all one to Shimei. Shimei is the barometer of every man's fortune; marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations, from scorching hot to freezing cold, in his countenance, that the simile will admit of." (This stroke is Tristram all over.) "Hast thou been spoken for to the king, or the captain of the host"—i.e. commander-in-chief—"without success? Look not into the Court Calendar; the vacancy is filled up in Shimei's face."

In 1743, Mr. Sterne was presented, as the husband of his wife, and by a friend of hers, to the neighbouring living of Stillington; to hold which, along with his other preferments, he had procured a dispensation. We have to skip *in toto* many graphic chapters of Mr. Fitzgerald's, having reference to Sterne's life at Sutton, his connexion with Eugenius (Hall Stevenson), 'The Demoniacs,' Yorkshire Politics, Charity and Assize Sermons, Cathedral Imbrolios, and Dr. Slop; and only state, from the one on 'Shandy Family Quarrels,' that in it Mr. Fitzgerald exonerates Sterne from the cruel and unfilial treatment with which Walpole charges him in reference to his mother. We cull an anecdote from the chapter entitled 'Mr. Sterne a Wit':—

'Entering "The George," we find Mr. Sterne sitting with a large company, chiefly "gentlemen of the gown," listening with deep offence to a smart young fellow scattering his flippancies against the clergy

and the whole *personnel* of religion—specially addressing himself to the hypocrisy of ministers. At length, when he has made an end, he turns to our Laurence, and rashly and besottedly asks if he does not agree with him. Possibly he interpreted that Voltairean mouth as being sure to deal with Voltairean matter. With a twinkle of those eyes, and a lifting of the corners of that ace-of-hearts mouth, the young clergyman ignores the question utterly, and begins to describe a particular pointer of his, reckoned the most beautiful in the whole country, but which had one “infernal trick,” of always flying at clergymen. Here was warning for the incautious youth—there was mischief at the bottom of this apologue—and he should draw off while there is yet time. But he must put a question—from sheer embarrassment, perhaps. “How long, sir, may he have had that trick?” “Sir,” replies the other (and we see Mr. Sterne taking his first Shandean summersault), “ever since he was a puppy!” The witting was crushed, amid the tumultuous applause of “gentlemen of the gown.” The joke was presently all over Yorkshire. People now begin to respect—even to regard with awe—the man who kept such dangerous petards by him, and will be cautious of offence.

On December 1st, 1747, was born and baptized his daughter, Lydia the Second; Lydia the First having been born and baptized on October 1st, and buried on October 2nd, 1745.

Little of memorable varies the mode of Mr. Sterne's life until, in 1759, he became the subject of a second *grande passion*, to a series of which he afterwards was pretty constantly a martyr. The lady was a Miss Catherine de Fourmantelle, of a French Huguenot family, then living with her mother at York. Mr. Fitzgerald's candid advocacy and measured apology for Sterne's conduct in this affair, may serve once for all for application to those frequent *égaremens du cœur*—those many strayings of marital affection by which poor Mrs. Sterne was cheated. It is pleasant to be able

to think it likely that her unob-serving temperament saved her from the pain of detecting that she was not all-in-all to her husband.

‘After one Saturday night at “Mrs. Joliffe, in Stonegate,” with Mrs. Fourmantelle and her daughter, when they had stayed up very late, no doubt busy with the “bass viol,” Mr. Sterne writes the following Sunday morning to tell her that “if this billet catches you in bed, you are a lazy, sleepy little slut” (Mr. Sterne used to call his daughter Lydia “an accomplished little slut”); and proposes to see her at a Mr. Taylor's—the Mr. Taylor that figured in the Blake embarrassments—at “half an hour after twelve;” and he has ordered his man Matthew “to steal her a quart of honey.” For the strain of rapture in which portions of this correspondence are couched, it would be unbecoming to offer a word of excuse. They go beyond any indulgence which may be allowed to professed sentimentality. “What is honey to the sweetness of thee who are sweeter than all the flowers it comes from?” “I love you to distraction, Kitty, and will love you to eternity,” with more to the same effect; and yet I am inclined to believe that this passion, as it must be called, did not travel beyond the bounds of these raptures. For there is a curious expression in one of these letters, which shows that he intended marrying this young girl in case of his wife's death. “I have but one obstacle,” he wrote, “to my happiness, and what that is you know as well as I.” Again, he appeals to a higher power—“God will open a door, when we shall some time be much more together.” And again: “I pray to God that you may so live and so love me as one day to share in my great good fortune.” It can scarcely be supposed he would be guilty of the gross profanity of these solemn appeals and allusions, if there was anything in the intimacy of the character that has been insinuated. There is a delicacy and disagreeable duty in weighing questions of this nature, and it were best to leave the question with the reader. Any one who

recklessly puts himself in so suspicious a situation—however pure his motives—cannot complain if posterity naturally judges him by the presumption of ordinary evidence. But for the feeling which could prompt him to calculate on the death of his wife, and already settle on her successor, nothing is to be said. And, curious to say, long after he was making a similar arrangement with the more famous Eliza Draper.

‘Possibly this may have been his mere amatory stock-in-trade; part of that armoury of insinuation with which he practised on the hearts of ladies; and by habitual usage his moral sense may have grown dead to the utter impropriety of such conduct.’

‘At the end of December, in the year 1759, the famous romance of “TRISTRAM SHANDY” came out at York;’ and by March, 1760, was fairly in the hands of the great public of London, to which the author was already making preparations to repair.

‘Hitherto he had not lived for the world. Neither had the men and women of fashion, nor the world of metropolitan politics, nor indeed any of the great collected coteries, which confer degrees and make reputations, bestowed a thought upon the obscure Yorkshire cleric. Now all is about to be changed. Now, as he said in one of his sermons, “the whole drama is opened”—the splendid glories of success and of London homage are waiting for him.’

From the time that Sterne becomes public property, his life, of course, becomes better known, more frequently canvassed, and more easily accessible; and we may therefore be more rapid in our sketch. Let it suffice to say that, from the very beginning of this three-months’ visit to London, he found, to his delighted amazement, his lodgings in Pall Mall besieged by all the great. ‘Even all the bishops,’ he says, ‘have sent their compliments to me.’ Mr. Fitzgerald sums up the matter by saying that ‘it was the most brilliant London campaign ever fought by a successful man of letters.’ At the end of

it he returned to Yorkshire and to rustic life, in Shandy Hall, the parsonage of Coxwold, to the living of which he had been presented while in London, by Lord Fauconberg. It should be mentioned also, that about a week before leaving town, he had launched two volumes of ‘The Sermons of Mr. Yorick’ on the tide of the popularity of ‘Tristram Shandy.’ He went back to his country cures rather in body than in spirit; the fever of London still disturbed his circulation in the country, his old resigned tolerance of which had gone for ever.

Christmas found Mr. Sterne again in London, to watch over the publication of the third and fourth volumes of ‘Tristram Shandy,’ and, *sub rosa*, to agitate for preferment. The second visit to the metropolis resembled the first; ‘from the moment of his arrival the old carnival set in.’ The second Shandy instalment was issued in the ensuing January, and ‘was received with a mixed chorus of cheers and hisses.’

It was July before the author returned to Coxwold; where, once arrived, he was soon at his desk preparing other two volumes to take to town in time for the next season. They were published December 21st, 1761, having been produced amidst much depression and uneasiness of mind and frailty of body; and to save his life, as it seemed, he took a trip to the Continent, during which he already began to take notes, *pour servir*, when he came to write, *à propos* of another later and more lengthened tour, the ‘Sentimental Journey.’

Mr. Fitzgerald’s narrative of this is like a cobweb in the sunlight. Every shining thread of interest that radiates, interlacing the concentric circles, is joined with every other fitly and artistically; but for epitomized reproduction in this place, hopelessly. His account of old Paris—the Paris of Sterne—so different from our own more recent impressions of it, are valuable as topographical, social, and political photographs. We can approach the gorgeous, squalid city of the *ancien régime* only from one or two social angles. If Sterne walked abroad,

presenting that odd, lean, cadaverous appearance which he and Mr. Fitzgerald delight in reproducing as often as possible, the question would run, 'Qui le diable est cet homme là?' and the all-sufficient answer would be returned, 'C'est Chevalier Shandy.' Mr. Sterne has not himself been very precise in keeping incidents that belong to the first excursion to Paris and Montpelier separate from those which occurred during the second, *par excellence* the 'Sentimental Journey.' The tangled threads have been diligently and lucidly unravelled by Mr. Fitzgerald; we have not space to follow him on these terms, and fall back on the elder inaccuracy of the original traveller.

Early in October, 1764, Sterne was at Dover, prepared for his campaign, with a periwig and the immortal 'black silk breeches.' Then at Dessein's hotel, Calais, about which Mr. Fitzgerald is tolerably exhaustive in his traditional and historical gossip; and finally at Paris, where the London *furor* was to be emulated in his favour. He was rather proud of his ability to meet the French on their own ground, although he could not well be proud of his French grammatical proprieties, any more than he could of his English orthography. Paris, during his stay, was merry, deistic, encyclopædic.

'Mr. Sterne was not likely to let the laugh languish. In French society he was more popular than ever; and he has given an amusing account of the arts by which he turned the grave philosophizing mania to his own profit. On his first visit he had made friends in all directions. He knew the Count de Bissie, who affected to be reading Shakespeare when he called, the Marquise de Lambert, the old Marshal de Biron, "who had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the Cour d'Amour," and many more. The marshal talked of a visit to England and of the English ladies. "Stay where you are, I beseech you, Monsieur le Marquise, Les Messieurs Anglaise (*sic*) can scarce get a kind look from them as it is." The old bean invited him to

supper at once. His compliment to the Farmer-General, M. Popelinère, at whose concerts we have seen him 'assisting,' was just as skilful. He was asking about the English taxes; they were considerable, he heard. "If we knew how to collect them," said Mr. Sterne, with a bow. A lady, Madame de V—— (this must have been Madame de Vence, a descendant of Madame de Sévigné), placed Mr. Sterne by her on the sofa to discuss religion. She believed nothing. "There are three epochs," says Mr. Sterne, in one of his most acute observations on society, "in the empire of a Frenchwoman. She is coquette; then deist; then *dévoté*. The empire during these is never lost; she only changes her subjects." Madame de Vence was only vibrating between her first and second. Yorick took her hand and mildly remonstrated with her. There was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist. The restraints of religion and morality were the outworks which protected her. "We are not adamant," he continued, "and there is need of all restraint, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us; but, my dearest lady," said I, kissing her hand, "it is too soon—too soon."

'Mr. Sterne had the credit all over Paris of converting Madame de Vence. She told Diderot and the Abbé Morellet, that, "in one half-hour I had said more for revealed religion than all their encyclopædia had said against it." She postponed the epoch of her deism two years.'

For the rest of the 'Sentimental Journey,' Mr. Fitzgerald plays the rôle of the historian to the epic poem; of the genial critic to the ideal and romantic; of the rationalist to the dogmatist and supernaturalist. He is the kindly, careful, and conscientious scholiast and commentator. Everybody knows his *matériel*, his ground and characters, from Moulines and Maria to the inn near Modane and the Piedmontese lady.

On the 15th November Mr. Sterne was at Turin, and stayed there a 'joyous fortnight,' in as great re-

quest as he had been in London and Paris. Thence to Milan; to Parma; to Rome; to Naples; where he remained several weeks, until the meagre figure of Yorick was actually 'growing fat, sleek, and well-liking; not improving in stature but in breadth.' During these stages of his pilgrimage he was keeping up a careful correspondence with his wife and his 'dear girl,' Lydia, who were at that time in the south of France, for the re-establishment of the health of the latter, who had been ordered abroad on account of a serious and tenacious attack of asthma. On his return homewards, Mr. Sterne found them in Franche Comté, where his wife received him 'cordially, &c;,' but, notwithstanding the alarming symptoms of ill-health which her loving anxiety discovered in him, she proposed to extend her absence from England by 'another year or so.' After a pleasant sojourn at Dijon, Sterne hurried back to Yorkshire.

'As usual, Christmas again found him in London; and with the arrival of Mr. Sterne came up too the ninth "Shandy," which was published January 29th, 1767. Only one volume this time, and that a thin one of half the usual number of pages.'

Sterne was now to celebrate another of his 'grand customs,' and make love to Eliza, Mrs. Draper, the Bramine, with such fury of innocence and Platonism, that his enemies interpreted it into something very like criminality. The episode is well known, and may be passed over here, with the citation of his posthumous friend's (Mr. Fitzgerald) opinion about it.

'The most indulgent construction of this Draper episode, exhibits a frantic attachment unbecoming in one who was already a husband and a father; so suspicious, too, in its circumstances, as to require a confidence almost chivalrous to exculpate him. Still there is something to be said in extenuation, some strange facts, which it is difficult to reconcile with a harsh view of this singular episode, and to the benefit of these he is fairly entitled. They seem to me to have some weight.'

In September, his wife and daughter joined him; with the latter of whom, who had come back 'an elegant, accomplished little slut,' he was in raptures. Meanwhile, their presence at Coxwold was threatened by the longing of Mrs. Sterne for France; and he was speculating on taking the 'Sentimental Journey,' then in progress, with him to London the following Christmas.

'After Christmas-day he started with his friend Hall for town. It was to be his last journey. He was still ill, and had scarcely shaken off his fever; travelling under such circumstances was hardly prudent.

The records of his last visit to London exhibit the strivings of enfeebled and shattered health with the natural disposition to gaiety and social distraction which was to him a fateful and imperious tyrant.

His 'Sentimental Journey,' Vols. 1 & 2, with any number to follow, had been well received; but this did not mend the health of the author, who, with melancholy and misgiving, half believed himself the doomed man that we now know him to have been.

The last scene was drawing nigh. By March, 1768, he was on his death-bed, in his hired lodgings in Bond Street. His thoughts ran much upon his darling daughter, about whom he wrote to Mrs. James, a true and discreet friend, who had had the faithfulness to tell him of his faults, and the tact to do so inoffensively. Upon this letter Mr. Fitzgerald remarks:—

'So piteous and touching an appeal has rarely come from a death-bed: it was the poor, broken, gasping, dying Yorick's last letter. In it we seem to hear an humble acknowledgment of errors, and a cry for pardon for "follies which my heart, not my head betrayed me into!"—a declaration we may accept as genuine, (and which is the true key to all his Shandean sins, errors, mistakes, and follies.

'This was Tuesday. Friday was the last day of his life. He seems to have been left there, at Bond Street,—alone, deserted, and entirely dependant (scarcely in the

sense he had wished) on the hired offices of a lodging-house servant.

'But little is known of his last moments. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon he complained of cold in his feet, and asked the attendant to "chafe them." Some way this suggests the end of Falstaff. It seemed to relieve him; but presently he said the cold was mounting yet higher; and while she was striving to kindle a warmth in his feet and ankles, which a more awful power was driving away, some one knocked at the hall-door, and the landlady opening it, found it was a footman sent to inquire after Mr. Sterne's health. In Clifford Street close by, "Fish" Crawford was having a grand dinner-party, served by his "French cook," and most of the guests at table were friends of the dying humorist. Of the company were the Dukes of Grafton and Roxburghe, the Earls of March and Ossory; Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and Mr. James. Some one having mentioned his illness—Mr. James most probably—it was proposed to send to know how he was, and the footman, whose name has been preserved, was despatched to New Bond Street to inquire.

'The landlady was not able, or did not care to give him the latest news, but bade him go up and inquire of the attendant. He did so, and entered the room just as the deserted Shandean was expiring. He stood by and waited to see the end; he noted how the wasted arm was suddenly raised, as if to ward off something, caught a murmur of "Now it is come!" and then saw his frame relax in death.

'This was Yorick's end—a footman and a sick-nurse watching his agonies. The footman went his way back to the merry party of gentlemen in Clifford Street, and told what he had seen. The gentlemen, he says, were all very sorry, and lamented him very much. We can almost hear the after-dinner panegyric. Hume and Garrick could have told of his freaks in Paris, and bewailed with convivial grief how Yorick had been no one's enemy but his own. Mr. James could have

said something about his good heart. Then, as of course, the claret went round, and Lord March went back again to the praises of "the Rens," or the "Zamperini."

'So Yorick passed away, lonely, abandoned. Not in this sense, truly, did he mean that poor bald scrap of philosophy, which he had set down in his *Tristram*, to be interpreted—when he wished to die in an inn, and to have the cold hired offices of strangers to soothe his last moments. This was a poor bit of Shandyism, set down to startle the crowd. Perhaps it came back on him when he saw the footman standing in the doorway, and felt the woman secretly stripping him of his ornaments. For it was said, that while one hired hand was chafing poor Shandy's icy limbs, the other was busy plundering him of his gold sleeve-buttons. But, as will be seen, a still more horrid mystery—like the *feu follet* of a grave-yard—was destined to overshadow what remained of Yorick.'

Here we would leave him; for after death the shadows thicken. His burial was mean. A single mourning-coach with 'two gentlemen inside' formed the funeral procession to the 'new burying-grounds near Tyburn.' But he had still, at the bidding of science and ogre-like rapacity, one other most ghastly and unsentimental journey to perform unwittingly, in the packing-case of resurrectionists; and his hideous lying-in-state took place, *after* his interment, on the table of the dissecting rooms of Professor Collignon, of Cambridge. We have no heart to proceed further; and there is no object to be gained by a forced moralising on the verge of loathliness. Let the gentle readers of 'London Society' shed their tears before pity has made acquaintance with shuddering and disgust. Without taking up the poor mutilated and anatomized cranium, it is possible to speak out a heartfelt of feeling in the old pathetic formula, henceforth thrice pathetic:—

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

A. H. .

PATTY'S REVENGE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

'WHO'LL have a game of croquet?' exclaimed one of three idle young men, who had been lazily knocking the balls about the ground. 'It's going to be piping hot to-day; the sooner we persuade some of those young ladies to come out the better.'

'Persuade away then,' answered his companion—'England expects every man to do his duty. I suppose it's the duty of Henry St. George to make himself generally agreeable. Hurrah for the 12th of August!—it will be St. George's duty to make himself exclusively agreeable to the grouse after that day. To-day is the 2nd. I can stand a few days' repose after the fatigues of my journey, unless the young ladies are unusually heavy on hand.'

'Here come three; Grahame, with his mallet, brings up the rear. They are not all sisters, that is clear enough.'

'Shall it be gentlemen *versus* ladies?' inquired Mr. Grahame, as he came on to the ground.

'That can't be fair,' remonstrated Mr. St. George; 'we shall be too strong for the ladies.'

'Not at all,' exclaimed three voices at once; 'we defy you. Our skill is a match for your strength.'

'So let it be then,' said Mr. Grahame. 'Henry St. George, Fernham, and myself fight the three ladies: it is their own fault if we win; they defied us. Hoare, you lazy fellow, you may look on.'

That same party had not met before on Cranbourne grounds: certain preliminary rules had therefore to be arranged. 'Were local rules to be followed, or must printed rules be binding? Was the game to have captains, or should each player be independent?'

'Blue ball begins!' called out Mr. Grahame.

'Patty, that's you,' said Mabel Grahame, his sister; and a pretty

girl, dressed in white muslin with blue ribbons, stepped forward mallet in hand.

The three girls playing croquet that morning were Mabel Grahame, Rose Melville, and Patty Mitford, all in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and good spirits.

Mabel Grahame's home was at Cranbourne. She was tall, dark, and elegant; her composed, stately manner would lead one to suppose that her drees had not occupied her thoughts for one minute; and yet the effect had been studied, from those violet silk stockings, Balmoral boots, delicate green and white muslin looped up over her ample crinoline, to the little white straw hat on her head. And not one pin or hair was out of place.

Mabel knew that her estimate in the world's opinion stood high, and the value she placed upon herself was certainly not too low. Rose Melville was every one's friend, but nobody's love; merry, laughing, ready for every exertion, seconding every one's proposal, falling naturally into the seat which no one else would take in a carriage, always good-humoured, she was an excellent confidante, because her sympathies were so ready, and was a born daisy-picker. She was small and a brunette; no one had been known to decide whether her bright face was pretty or not; every one liked to look into Rose's face, and what did it matter why they looked again?

Patty Mitford was pretty,—there could be no two opinions on that subject; though, whilst none doubted about liking Rose, Patty had her warm admirers and her equally warm detractors. In every movement of her small, well-rounded figure there was an expression of decision and determination. She was a blonde: the braids of her light pale golden hair did not conceal the contour of her well-shaped head; her features were small and finely cut;

there was an air of firmness in the lines of her jaw and of her well-curved mouth; her face was lightened up by the deep-blue eyes which openly returned your gaze with a look, as her humour might be, of fun, frankness, courage, or defiance, but which seldom bore that expression of gentleness to be looked for in eyes of heavenly blue.

Patty was young, happy, strong in her strength, and in her own attractions. She felt the world before her, and, with the happy confidence of youth, she believed that her lot was in her own making. She enjoyed her life, because hitherto the world had only spread out its smiles and its favours before her. Disappointment, sickness, or weariness were words without meaning to her—she had known nothing of them in her own home, and she carefully eschewed meeting with them in the homes of others. Such words seemed truly to have little connection with the strong frame and happy face that handled her mallet so actively this August morning.

Cranbourne Towers was a pleasant place in which to spend a long vacation or a summer holiday; and the Grahames were pleasant people to have as host and hostess.

Cranbourne combined many attractions. There was a commodious house facing the sea, standing in extensive grounds, where old timber and rare shrubs abounded: a silvery stream enclosed by the grounds, forced its way through fern-covered rocks and narrow valleys to the parent sea, and added by its presence much to the beauty of the place. Cranbourne offered good shooting to the sportsman: it was in a moor district, and grouse and black game were plentiful on Mr. Grahame's estate; the disciple of Izaak Walton found trout dashing swiftly in and out of the dark pools shaded by the rocks, so carefully preserved by their owner, that they only awaited some skilful hand to draw them to land. The pedestrians, and those who dabbled in ferns, found occupation sufficient; whilst for the young ladies, and those who, like Mabel Grahame, came languid and fagged from the labours of a London season, gentle

sea-bathing, a saunter in the dene, a drive with Mrs. Grahame's white ponies, or, as the acmé of exertion, a game of croquet, was at their service. There were greater exertions prepared for those who, like most of the present party, brought youth, country health, and country spirits to aid their enjoyment.

Fernham, St. George, and Hoare were friends of Mr. Grahame. They were collected, with guns and dogs, to do honour to the approaching 13th of August, 'St. Grouse's Day,' as it has before now been termed, and, so far, with reason, for few saints' days of the Gregorian calendar receive an equal homage, from, at least, the male portion of the population. These men had been college chums together, and found a zest in recounting their old experiences, which the society of more recent friends never gave them. Grahame had married a wife, and had settled at once into a country gentleman and magistrate; Fernham was converted from mad Fernham of college days into the steady rector of a country parish; Hoare was junior partner in his father's bank; whilst Henry St. George had found a berth in the Treasury, which enabled him to be as much about town as he could desire.

Men about town certainly have an advantage over their country neighbours in dress and appearance, and in a general knowledge of everything that is going on, which is often useful, and which at a dinner-party is quite invaluable.

St. George could not only boast of London polish over his companions, but had by nature been endowed with some of her choicest favours.

He was well-made, with handsome features, good eyes, and a rich melodious voice. He had never earned the character of a flirt; the utmost that could be said of him was, that he knew his power in women's society, and was always at ease when with them.

He was agreeable, pleasant, good-looking; not made of the mould from which heroes or the great men of the world spring, but of that commoner mould from which good sort of men come, who, though

unable to carve out a lot for themselves, can fill the one ready carved for them satisfactorily and well.

The Fates had borne these people together, to spend a month in a country-house; collected them from Gloucestershire, Derbyshire, London, and Herefordshire, into this remote place in Scotland; as they are always, even at this very time, sending those to meet who for long years have been travelling unconsciously towards each other, destined to play some eventful part in each other's life's history. Thousands will meet, and part asunder again as they met; but the month to some may be the month of their lifetime, colouring all future events for them; the hidden era from which they date all future occurrences.

'I have missed the ring,' exclaimed Patty, with an impatient swing of her mallet; 'well, at any rate I don't often miss.'

'Are you a formidable enemy?' inquired Mr. Fernham.

'A dangerous enemy, but a constant friend,' replied Rose for her companion.

'Pray class me at once amongst your friends,' exclaimed Mr. Fernham.

'How can I? you are on the enemy's side,' she said, laughing; for having passed through her ring, she struck Mr. Fernham's ball and croqueted it far away.

'If you deny me your friendship, at any rate treat me mercifully, for I am weak; pity me.'

'I despise weakness; I never pity: let all have a fair start for the fight, and those who can't win may go to the wall.'

'Oh, Patty! how can you say so?' said Rose, with a shocked face.

The game progressed briskly; each ball struggled its way through the nine rings towards the first post.

'Every man for himself, and God for us all,' is the world's version of 'Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you,' and every man for himself is the first rule in croquet. No quarter allowed. 'Be just, but never be generous,' are croquet maxims. Though you are a rover, and you know you are on the winning side, no feelings of

pity must come between you and your prey, that red ball, which has been pursued with ill luck all through the game, and is owned by Miss Cobb's weak wrist; every time it reached a ring, it has been mercilessly knocked away by some strong arm. There it goes again! Poor Miss Cobb! your party have been waiting so long for you to get through those last three rings; and feeling that all eyes are upon you, only makes you more nervous, more certain to hit up far beyond the desired goal.

You must not look cross, whatever your feelings may be, and though you are silently vowing that nothing shall ever tempt you to hold a mallet again; a vow only made to be broken, for, in the present day, a young lady might as well chronicle a vow never to walk out of her own grounds, as never to attempt to drive a round ball through a ring on the lawn again.

There was no Miss Cobb on Cranbourne grounds to-day, inwardly suffering, outwardly smiling. The three young ladies made a good fight for victory; and for any croquets they received they returned a fair equivalent.

'What a muff, Fernham, to have missed that ring!' exclaimed the host of Cranbourne, impatiently; 'can't you see straight before you?'

'Mabel, that is a spoon,' he says to his sister, as she executed some good hit, straight across the field.

'A fluke, if you like, Mr. Grahame,' suggested Patty, 'but certainly not a spoon.'

At first the ladies seemed to carry all before them; they knew the ground, which none of their adversaries, except Mr. Grahame did—and to know your ground is a great pull in croquet science.

The girls' balls kept together; they had no acknowledged captain, although Patty Mitford unconsciously took the lead; no event in life is too trifling to show strength of character, or the power of a firm will over weaker ones.

Still, towards the close of the game, the gentlemen had recovered lost ground; they were ahead, with

the exception of Mr. St. George's ball, which was lagging behind.

'All depends upon the green ball,' exclaims Patty, excitedly; 'do hit it, Rose!'

Rose does her best; takes steady aim, and—misses. Patty stamped her foot, by way of letting off the annoyance which politeness prevented her expressing in words.

'How unfortunate!—I am so sorry!' said Rose.

'It's an ill wind that blows no one any good,' remarked the owner of the green ball; 'I shall get on now.'

It was his turn; the ball went through two rings, but hit the last ring, and struck away.

'Hurrah! I am so glad!' exclaimed Miss Mitford, clapping her hands with delight. Even Mabel Grahame smiled, but gently; her expressions of pleasure and surprise dared not be so vivid as those of Patty Mitford, for fear she should disarrange the beautifully plaited coils of her back-hair, so tastefully arranged on her neck.

It was Patty's ball to play next. With a steady hand she hit the green ball, and croqueted it behind its ring, far across the lawn.

'The game is lost,' exclaimed Mr. Grahame; 'the next lady's ball will hit them off, Miss Mitford has brought them so close to each other.'

Mr. Hoare, who was lying on the grass, looking on, called out—

'Not lost yet, Grahame! a lucky chance may still turn the game!'

'We feel very safe,' said Miss Mitford, turning towards him, with a smile of conscious success.

It had come round to green ball's play again. Green ball played, and, by a lucky chance, hit some thirty yards across the field, through the last ring, and stopped close upon Miss Mitford's ball.

The excitement was intense. At the next hit, Patty's ball was croqueted.

'What shall I do with it?'

'She's a dangerous enemy; hit her off; make her dead,' exclaimed Mr. Grahame.

'No, no; that would be very shabby play!' cried out the three ladies.

'Do it, it's allowed by the rules!'

Before another protest could be made, blue ball had ceased to live; it had struck the post, and died ingloriously by the hand of its enemy. St. George's stroke was a death-blow to the ladies' side; two more hits, and the gentlemen threw up their mallets in token of victory.

Patty looked very indignant. She never liked being contradicted or thwarted; but it was especially provoking to see success slip from her when so nearly within her grasp.

'You need not fancy that you have won the game fairly,' she said, walking up to Mr. St. George, who was standing a little apart from the others; 'at any rate, it is a mean, cowardly way of winning a game, which I utterly despise!'

'I followed the orders of my leader,' replied Mr. St. George, rather surprised at being so summarily attacked by a young lady to whom he had not even had an introduction.

'That is no excuse,' she replied, angrily; 'you've quite spoilt the game; it is a pity to be so weak that you cannot choose fair from foul play,' she added, scornfully.

'This warm-tempered young lady is excessively pretty,' thought St. George to himself. 'I had no idea I was committing a capital offence,' he added, deprecatingly; 'I am very sorry you are annoyed.'

'It is not that I am annoyed,' said Patty, 'but I hate anything sneaking; I like a fair, open fight; and I do call it sneaking to kill an enemy's ball for fear it should hit you away!'

She turned to join Mabel and Rose, who were coming across the field; they rallied her on being so excited; they had borne their defeat with much more philosophy. She listened without replying, for she was thoroughly cross—with the game, the ground, the gentlemen, and with herself; more cross than the occasion required, she must confess.

'It's very hot,' she said, as she reached the house. And entering by the drawing-room window, she seated herself in a low easy-chair,

where she remained, with a novel upside down on her lap, in a sleepy kind of meditation, until the luncheon bell rung.

Can I persuade any one to drive out with me?' inquired Mrs. Grahame; 'I have several calls to make.'

No one volunteered; every one thought the heat so great, that a slow saunter on the shore was all they felt inclined to do.

'I know,' said Mrs. Grahame, 'what that means; you will scramble over the rocks, and when I return from my drive, I shall find you tired and exhausted. However, please yourselves.'

Mrs. Grahame prided herself upon allowing her visitors to please themselves; she provided various means of amusement, and liked every one to select those which they preferred.

There was some loitering about the billiard-table after luncheon, a pretence at a game of play with the little Grahames, who were starting, with a staff of nurses, for their afternoon exercise, until the three young ladies appeared, each with a novel in her hand, in sea-shore costume. Sea-shore costume meant a material warranted not to lose colour from exposure to sea air, not to show sand or marks of water, and not to tear from friction with sharp stones.

'We were thinking of trying some rifle-shooting on the beach,' said Mr. Fernham; 'shall we disturb your literary studies?'

'Not at all,' was the reply; 'we will look on; what is your target?'

'Champagne bottles,' answered Mr. Fernham.

The rifle-shooting continued some time. Patty accepted the rifle which was offered to her, the two other girls having refused it. Her wrists were strong, her aim steady, and she hit well.

Rifle-shooting cannot continue for ever; they wearied of the amusement, and giving the rifles into the care of the servant, the pleasure hunters this sultry afternoon sought some other mode of killing time.

'I should so much like to see if the *Asplenium marinum* has spread

since last autumn,' said Rose; 'it grows in a cave round that point.'

'The *Asplenium* how much?' inquired Mr. Hoare, who was walking by her side.

'*Marinum*,' she answered; 'it is a rare fern; and yet it grows profusely in this cave.'

Rose was a fern collector, *con amore*.

Notwithstanding their asseverations to Mrs. Grahame, they began their scramble over the rocks to the cave where Rose wished to go.

The young lady visitors at Cranbourne always enjoyed scrambling over these rocks, cutting their boots and wetting their feet; and, whether or no the young men enjoyed it, they always followed. It was a taste akin to the strange one which impels all visitors, at some sea-bathing places, to walk in a stooping position, at the imminent risk of bringing on congestion of the brains, in search of minute fossils and stones, usually of no value when discovered. They had a beautiful walk round several points to the cave; and although the fern was a subject of interest to no one except Rose, the spot where it grew unseen, moistened by the splash of water at high tide, was, from its beauty, interesting to every one. It was a fitting abode for Andersen's mermaid princess when she rose from her emerald home to gaze on the blue sky, which was, to her mind, a part of her hero prince.

The tide was out, but the cave was still moist from the receding waters; the reflected rays of the evening sun caught the green, damp, and coloured stones of the arches in the cave, and lit them up with a thousand lights. The party seated themselves on the stones, and forgot the course of time whilst they watched the fishing-boats and the ships in the distance, and sang glees and merry songs.

Mabel was the first to disturb the party, by jumping up in alarm. Not the approaching tide caused her fears, but—

'It is dressing time; we shall be late for dinner!'

The unwelcome summons might not be disregarded; and careless of

pools of sea-water, wet feet, and bruised ankles, they retraced their steps to Cranbourne.

It was a moonlight night; an August moon was pouring its full rays on the blue sea. Where is there a more lovely sight than the rich harvest moon shining on the calm blue sea, making one low narrow line of light from the coast to the distant horizon, and suggesting to the mind the path of light by which the angels descended from heaven as by a ladder, when they bore messages of love to the wearied son of Israel?

Mrs. Grahame looked out of the drawing-room window after dinner, and said, 'It was despising heaven's gifts to remain within four walls on such an evening,' so they all adjourned to the terrace overlooking the sea, and walked up and down until after ten o'clock.

Patty walked by the side of Mrs. Grahame, and was more silent than usual. As the rest of the party returned to the house, she lingered near the porch, professedly to gather a rose, until Mr. St. George came up to her. He had been standing at the further end of the terrace, alone. She turned round abruptly as he approached her, and said, with heightened colour and in a confused manner, 'Mr. St. George, I beg your pardon for—for the croquet ground—what I said this morning; I am afraid I was rude; I felt so angry.'

Henry St. George was surprised at Miss Mitford for the second time that day.

In the morning he had been astonished at her warmth and extreme frankness; this evening he was still more astonished at the candour of her blunt apology.

'Oh, Miss Mitford,' he replied, 'how can you give it a moment's thought? All is fair in croquet; people say and do as they choose. I have no doubt unintentionally I gave you great provocation.'

'It was very provoking,' said Patty, heartily; 'I am glad it was unintentional, although I am sorry to have been rude. I don't think I could have forgiven you, had you known what you were doing!'

'Your anger shall be a lesson,' answered her companion, amused; 'I will never do so again. Am I forgiven?' he inquired, offering her his hand.

'Mutually forgiven?' asked Patty, smiling frankly.

He held her hand in his, a tighter and a longer clasp than the occasion seemed to require.

The following morning Patty found on her plate at the breakfast-table a scarlet geranium. She did not require to be told who had placed it there; but she transferred it to the band of her dress, and from thence to her hat, where she wore it all day.

Each morning the same little attention was repeated.

It is not to be supposed from this that Henry St. George and Patty at once lost their hearts to each other. Nothing was further from the intention of either. 'A pretty, amusing, spirited little thing,' was his remark. And Patty, in her confidential conversations with Rose Melville at night, declared that he was the one man in the house she could not get on with: 'He is so quiet, so self-possessed, and I am always saying something out of the way slang or startling to shock him; it is such fun, I feel that I must. Fernham and Hoare are a thousand times jollier!'

Patty would have scorned, as milk-and-water young ladyism, to have added 'Mr.' to the surnames of her acquaintances.

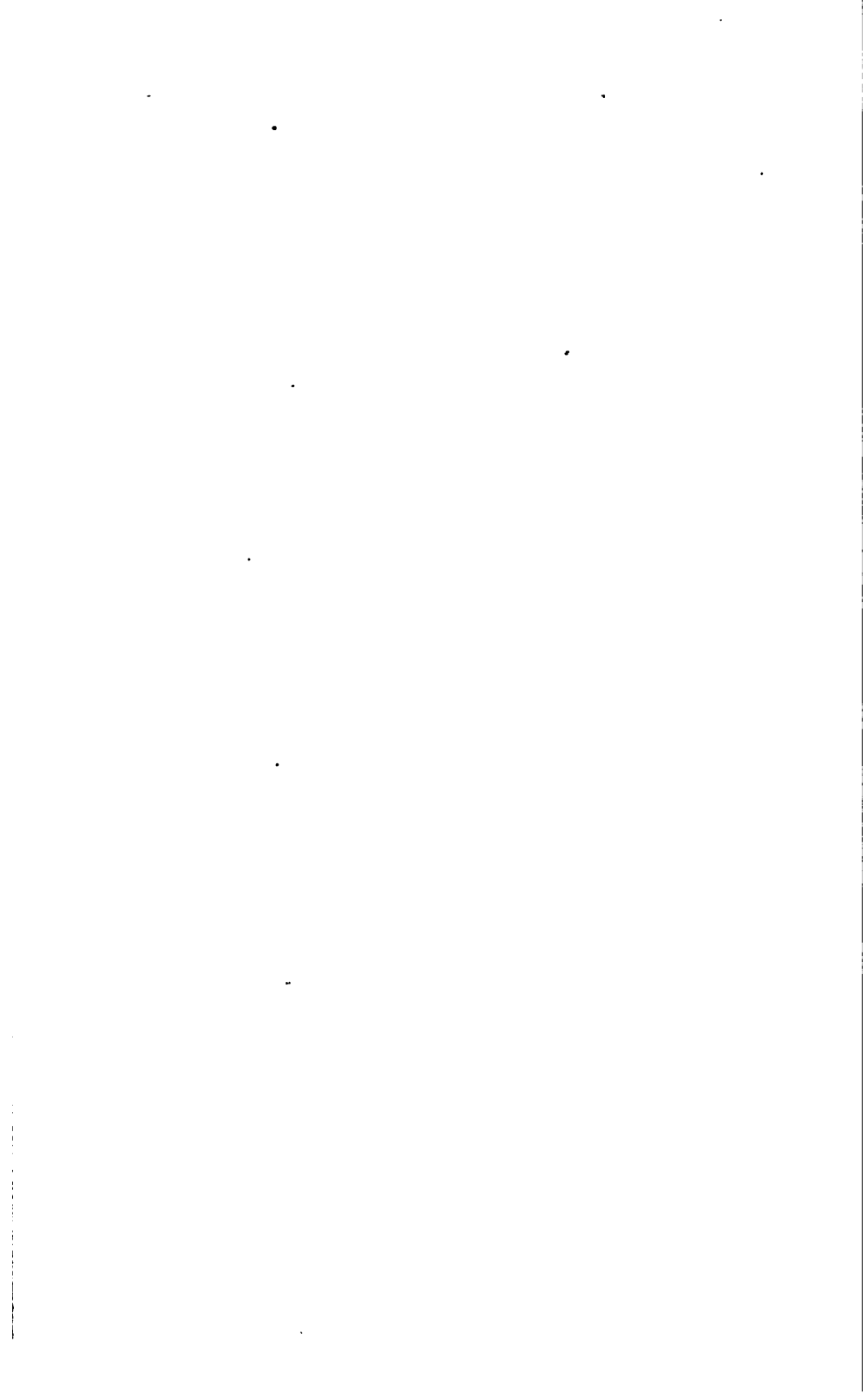
St. George, as he smoked his pipe at night in the billiard-room—for fine gentleman though he was, he did smoke a pipe at night—decided that he admired Mabel Grahame most of the three girls at Cranbourne; 'No doubt about it, she has style and manner, she could take her place anywhere;' and yet, after he had quite settled that question in his own mind, his thoughts would revert to his adversary at croquet, and dwell upon her.

She amused him; her outspoken anger amused him; her frank apology, her freedom of manner, and her slang expressions! what should he say to them? She was so unlike the girls he was accustomed to meet



Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.]

"Mutually forgiven?" asked Patty, smiling frankly.



in London, so unlike his own high-bred sisters. Refined, elegant girls, with perfect composure and ease of manner, never surprised into a hasty expression or a loud tone of voice; he had seen among them fretfulness, and selfishness, plenty of it, in a quiet way. What would such girls say to Patty Mitford? How shocked would they be at her disregard of conventional proprieties, at her custom of saying exactly the thing she thought, and no other!

And how would Patty act under such circumstances? Would she be a match for them? Her petulance, her angry words, her frankness would be wasted upon them; they would subdue, awe, silence her, by their composure, by a certain elevating of the eyebrows, and gazing unconscious upon their victim, more difficult to resist than the most fluent vocabulary of angry words.

Henry St. George amused himself by constant attempts to raise Patty's wrath, but he was unsuccessful; she was too easy-tempered to be quickly roused.

Ten days elapsed—an even succession of pleasant sensations; beautiful weather tempting to outdoor life, lent its share to the enjoyment.

There were morning strolls on the terrace, and bouquet-making before breakfast, letters, and desultory conversation succeeded by croquet; before the game was ended they had begun to find it too hot for exertion, so they would adjourn to the shade of some fine old oak-tree, where Henry St. George would repeat some of his favourite pieces, varying as his mood might be, from *Ingoldsby Legends* to *Tennyson's Idylls*, or to some favourite Scotch ballad.

Luncheon bell would summon them to the house, and then some archery, a sail, a scramble over the rocks, or a walk to some ruin in the neighbourhood, would occupy their afternoon.

An evening spent in singing, and conversation, would close the day.

It was pleasant idling, perhaps it was dangerous too; for idleness,

we are told, is the root of all evil.

St. George persisted to himself that Mabel was the girl he most admired, and yet it was at Patty's side that he was always to be seen; and certainly Patty Mitford was the one his thoughts dwelt most upon when he was alone.

Their balls were always on the counter sides at croquet; with what vigour those small hands sent his ball to the opposite side of the ground! What pleasure she found in sending him behind his ring; worrying, catching, harrying him, until he never had a chance of becoming a rover!

She was always first at everything, with a strength and energy which never seemed to flag; she would be the first to leap over a sunk fence, cross a five-barred gate, run headlong down the steep cliff leading to the shore, take the oar if they were out rowing, and keep up all the while a running fire of sarcasm on Mr. St. George for what she termed his London airs and graces.

He could tame her and calm her only in one way, when he began to repeat poetry to her; then she would listen, and never weary of the tones of his voice, or of watching the varying expression with which he would repeat one ballad after another.

Ten days could not pass without an intervening Sunday—one day's check upon their amusements; and yet the Sunday brought its own pleasures.

Most of the party preferred a two-miles' walk, through park and wood, to church, to a drive in the Grahame family carriage. Henry St. George soon found himself walking near Patty, and they fell into quieter conversation than was usual with them. He began to talk about his London life, and Patty had to confess that she had never been to London.

'Never been to London!' He could not have believed there was a young lady in England, in these travelling days, who had never been to London. From London, they began to talk of his own home in Kent, the garden of England.

'This Sunday walk recalls Sunday

walks in Kent to me, as long ago as when I was a schoolboy; but this one is far more pleasant," he said, laughing; "I remember, my sisters and I, we used to quarrel all the way to church, and the French governess always sided with the girls; you and I are amicable to-day for a wonder."

"I always try to be good and demure one day in the seven," replied Patty; "but tell me about your home, is it a pretty place?"

"Very," he said; "the park belongs to a cousin of my father's, an old man, who shows an immoderate love for the things of this life, by lingering here so long; he is about ninety-five. We lived formerly in the dower house outside the park, now we live in London."

"Do your sisters like living in London?"

"Yes, they prefer it."

"I should not: London must be slow."

"That is the last epithet I should consider applicable to London," he replied.

"But there can be no boating, cricketing—not even croquet; and riding in Rotten Row, in such a crowd, must be worse than no riding."

"And yet London is full of amusements which young ladies generally prefer, to those you name."

"I should not like it," said Patty, decidedly.

"Do you think I should pull with your sisters, if I knew them?" she inquired, abruptly.

"No, I don't think you would."

"Why?"

"I will describe to you my sisters, and you shall judge for yourself: they are both, tall, dark, and very handsome;—are you that?"

"You know quite well," she answered confidently, "I'm small, fair, and very pretty."

"I am the last man to deny it," he replied. "They are quiet, I may say languid, composed, well-read, and accomplished."

"I have no acquired gifts," said Patty; "all I have are natural; and as to being so very quiet, I make a free use of the health and the spirits heaven has given me."

"My sisters do nothing for themselves which any one else can do for them. Is that your way?"

"Certainly not," replied Patty.

"I never heard either of my sisters raise their voices; beyond a certain pitch; they never hurry their movements; their hair and their dress are never out of order; and," he added, laughing, "their gowns always have the proper sweep to the back." This was said in allusion to a joke against Patty—that her gown never was tidy an hour after she came down stairs.

"Your sisters may be very good—better than I am," said Patty, hotly, "but I never wish to see them. I am certain I should not like them."

"I made no comparisons," said Mr. St. George, amused; "I only state facts."

"Is your mother like your sisters,—should I not like her?"

"Yes, I think you would like each other when you became acquainted," he answered warmly. "She is stately, but neither cold nor artificial; and she has composure and refinement, without being selfish or indifferent."

"And your sisters are so young, and yet have no lark about them," continued Patty. "I suppose," she added, "they would be horrified to let such a word as 'lark' pass their lips."

"They don't talk slang," rejoined her companion; "and, I must confess, I am glad they do not."

"And why, I should like to know?" inquired Patty, sharply. "Why should men keep, for their exclusive use, all the best and jolliest words in the English vocabulary? It is a piece of selfishness to which I, for one, will never lend myself."

"Slang is associated in one's mind with an absence of restraint: it is the natural expression of a rough sort of life, with which we wish our sisters and wives to have no connection. If women adopt men's ways, at best they can only be a mild imitation; and our ideal women are not poor imitations of men—they are to be something far different."

"I really think you are giving me the sermon before the service commences," said Patty, petulantly.

'You brought it on yourself,' he replied.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes; the conversation had fallen into a strain not pleasant to Patty. At last she said—

'Though I do maintain I can see no harm in slang, still, Mr. St. George, I am not content with myself. I often wish I was different.'

'Do you?' inquired her companion, who was rapidly beginning to think that her faults only made her more charming.

'Yes. To begin with:—I am not half so good as Rose. I ought to begin to educate myself in the way sermons and books tell one; and I do mean to do so; but it will be such a bore, and now I do enjoy myself; life is such jolly fun!'

They had reached the church door, so Patty could not complete her confession.

Neither of the two attended much to the prayers in church.

Henry St. George lost himself in a reverie as to the comparative merits of art and nature, and ended by hoping that when he did marry—not that he had any thoughts of such an act at the present moment—he might find a frank, true nature, one whom he could form and mould as he could wish,—one, in fact, like the young girl kneeling near him,—'a diamond that I can polish and cut as I choose, not a diamond pared and polished until the stone is almost polished away.'

And Patty, kneeling near him, was resolving that she would be good, have more self-control, and, after all, if so many people objected to it, she would give up talking slang and trying to be fast. 'I will talk no more about swells, larks, not call money 'tin,' a shilling a 'bob,' a joke a 'jolly sell,' not say I am sat upon, or I am up a tree. And may I not even call a fellow a 'muff,' a 'slow coach,' or a 'brick,' as he may deserve?' And Patty sighed deeply, to think that of her own free will she was renouncing all those most expressive words in the English language.

The twelfth of August dawned bright and beautiful, as every other morning had been, the last month.

The ladies came down to the gentlemen's early breakfast, and Patty fastened a sprig of geranium into St. George's shooting-cap, wishing him good sport, before they started.

The day was dull at Cranbourne; there was no fun in playing croquet when their adversaries were absent.

For the first time in his life the grouse-shooting afforded St. George no pleasure. His friends rallied him on his dullness, and he was wishing himself at Cranbourne.

The truth was, that at Cranbourne there was an attraction, which increased in strength day by day; the more he endeavoured to resist, the more he felt himself drawn towards Patty Mitford.

She was beautiful, natural, artless; every word she uttered was worth hearing; the slang words he objected to in others were bewitching when they fell from her lips; in fact, he was desperately in love, and all arguments of his calmer reason were unheeded.

Life, without Patty Mitford by his side, would be life not worth living. He must tell it to her, and the future—the future might take care of itself; his passionate fancy could brook no opposition, could listen to no reason.

The Saturday following was a blank day, the gentlemen were not shooting. After luncheon the whole party agreed to walk, by the sea-shore, to a small town about a mile distant. Mabel Grahame wanted some crochet cotton, which was quite indispensable to the completion of some work in which she was engaged. They sauntered on idly, joking and laughing together, one throwing stones into the sea, another drawing castles on the sand, or taking a shot with a stone at some bird or sea-gull passing by, with a lazy sense of enjoyment.

Patty had discovered some seaweed, which she insisted was peculiar to this coast, and had rarely been seen before.

Mr. Fernham pretended to be of her opinion, and said he knew it as a rare specimen, 'it was a *Lycopodium maritimum felix*.' But here Rose interposed, and said she

knew Mr. Fernham was taking advantage of their ignorance, *Lycopodiums* were not seaweeds. Mr. St. George joined in the laugh, and persisted in offering bits of kelp and seaweed to Patty, inquiring if they were not also, some rare, unknown specimen. Patty laughed, and replied that she was sorry her ignorance was as great as that of her companions, and glad that her discernment was greater.

Before they reached the little town, they paused for a few moments to admire the distant coast, which a receding rock opened to their view. Whilst they were so doing, Henry St. George came gently behind Patty, and fastened on to the end of her hat two long strips of green seaweed, which hung down her jacket, below her waist. They continued their walk. For some time none of her companions noticed her novel decorations. When they did so, an imploring glance from Mr. St. George prevented their betraying him.

Mabel entered the one shop Holmgate could boast; the shop which sold bacon and Berlin wool, tallow-dips and cheese, sweeping brushes and cotton gowns; sold, in fact, everything except the one article the purchaser required, after the manner of shops in country towns. She found that it did not sell crochet cotton, so their walk had been fruitless, and they began to retrace their steps.

Not fruitless so far as fun was concerned, for Patty's long streamers afforded great amusement. Unconscious Patty, had stood at the carriage of the member's wife, making conversation, whilst Mabel was shopping; had walked down High Street, wondering why the people turned to stare at her as she passed.

'Look behind you!' cried out two lads more forward than their companions, as they came to the outskirts of the town; 'look behind you, miss!' Patty turned her head, and of course saw nothing.

'I really cannot stand this any longer,' said Rose, who had joined Mr. St. George; 'it is a great shame of us all!'

'What do those little urchins mean?' inquired Patty.

Mr. Fernham took hold of her long seaweed streamers. Patty mistook his meaning, and, shaking her head, exclaimed, 'No, no! you shall not fasten those on to me; where have you hid them all this time?'

'On you,' exclaimed Rose, laughing.

'On me! Impossible! I have not been through Holmgate, talking to Mrs. Grey, with those absurd things hanging about me?'

'You have, indeed,' said Rose, through her laughter.

'Oh, Rose! it was too much of a joke; how could you do it?'

'It was not me!' exclaimed Rose.

'Not me!' said Mabel and Mr. Fernham, in one breath; whilst all eyes turned on Henry St. George.

'Surely it was not you?' said Patty, quite slowly.

'Yes, it was,' interposed Rose; 'Mr. St. George did it before we went into the town; that has been our joke. I am nearly dead from suppressed laughter.'

Patty took no notice of Rose's remark, but looking full at Henry St. George, she said, very measuredly, 'I am surprised; I had thought differently of you.'

Her colour was heightened; she showed her anger in no other way, and walked on rapidly.

The whole party felt guilty; for Patty was seriously displeased. She prided herself on the way she could take a joke; and had it been Mr. Fernham who had thus decorated her hat, she would probably only have laughed, and ended the subject by saying, 'What a shame! see if I don't pay you out!' Mr. St. George was already different in her eyes to any one else—she had not said so to herself; but she did, in fact, think little less of him than he thought of her.

With all the sensitiveness of a growing love, she thought, as she walked apart, 'Had he liked me, as I fancied he did from his manner, he would have respected me; and had he respected me, he could never have suffered me to look ridiculous in the eyes of so many people, much less have made me so himself.'

She felt very injured, and could hardly restrain the rising tears; but she heard his steps approaching, and swallowed the tears she would not for worlds have had him discern.

St. George came up to her, to make his peace. He had fastened the seaweed on to her as an idle joke; but when he found how seriously she was annoyed, he wished the seaweed had been in its proper place, waving at the bottom of the sea, before it had tempted him to offend his lady-love.

'Miss Mitford,' he said, 'deprecatingly, 'I trust you are not offended; it was the merest joke.'

'Oh, no; I am not offended,' said Patty, with assumed dignity.

'Our joking about *Lycopodiums* led me on,' he said. 'I am so sorry; I would not have done it on any account, had I thought you would mind.'

Patty made no reply. They walked on in silence for a few minutes.

'Miss Mitford, do speak! tell me you are not vexed,' said Mr. St. George. 'If you are not angry, say we are friends, just as we were half an hour ago.'

'No; we are not friends as we were half an hour ago,' said Patty, turning round fiercely; 'and never shall be again! I am not angry; I only find I was quite mistaken. I thought you were a very different man from what I find you: I should never have cared had Mr. Fernham chosen to do it; but I judged you differently. I thought, too, that you liked me: you could not like me unless you respected me; and had you had any respect for me, you could not have made me conspicuous to the eyes of so many. Oh, no! I am not angry,' she continued rapidly, with flashing eyes; 'I only see that I have been quite mistaken. It does not signify in the least.'

'Miss Mitford!' exclaimed Henry St. George, quite aghast at such a flow of words, 'you have indeed misunderstood me. I had no notion you would have been offended, or I assure you I would never have done it. Don't say that you are

mistaken: you are not; you know the truth—you must know it!'

'What truth?' interrupted Patty. 'This truth, I suppose; that it is only my want of knowledge of the world which makes me resent what you have done; it is the way of all men in society, to be attentive to a girl one moment, and the very next to turn round and ridicule her to the first person they happen to meet. Had I known more of the ways of the world, I should have expected nothing else. That is what you mean?' said Patty, 'is it not?'

'Miss Mitford!' said Henry St. George, reproachfully. But Patty was too angry to hear reason.

She was unsophisticated in mind as in manners; and, it must be confessed, she was warm in temper. Her thunderstorms were short in duration, and were usually succeeded by the brighter sunshine.

Patty seemed to be walking down her anger, for she did not speak again; but it was with no measured step that she paced along the shore, kicking the little stones in front of her, until they had passed the turn which led into Cranbourne grounds.

Henry St. George followed: during the whole time he had been addressing her mentally. He could not endure to see her so angry; and yet he thought it was not a bad sign for him. Anyhow, then and there he must tell her the truth, and gain permission some day to call her his wife. If she was impetuous, surely he was impetuous too.

'We have walked beyond the turn,' exclaimed Patty, abruptly; she wheeled round. Certainly her movements lacked that repose which, his sisters would say, was the great characteristic of a lady.

'Stop, Miss Mitford!' said Henry St. George; 'you must not go in until I have spoken. You have been hard upon me; your own true instincts tell you that no man does other than honour the lady he loves. You are not unconscious—you cannot be—of the way in which I love you; how dear everything belonging to you is to me. I would have cut off my right hand sooner than have made you angry, had I ima-

gined you would have cared about it so much. Instead of saying we are never to be friends again, say—oh, Patty! you must say—that the time is at hand when you will love me, far more than you think you can now, in return for the way in which I will try to win that precious love!”

No girl ever was more taken by surprise than was Patty, that eventful seventeenth of August.

She had no answer ready.

St. George took her hand. “Oh, Patty! my true, first, deep love! I never knew half the value of life until I met you; and now, I could not bear it, without the thought—the hope of you—as [my guiding star! Whisper the one word, and all my life, all its strength, all its love, shall be spent to make you happy!”

Patty’s anger was gone. If he loved her, she could forgive him everything.

They sat down together on the beach; and, with no other witnesses than the ever-changing, never-ceasing roll of the waves—that common emblem of life,—and the hard iron-grey stone of the overhanging rock, as an emblem of the iron rule of Fate,—the two young lovers exchanged their vows of eternal love, and faith, and trust.

At the close of an hour, hallowed to them by mutual vows and promises, they rose to return to the house. Patty whispered to him, “How can you wish to have such a Tartar as I am for a wife?” And he answered, fondly—

“I don’t know which I prefer, Patty angry, or Patty merry.”

“Oh! so this is the end of the thunderstorm, is it?” said Mrs. Fernham, who had watched them walk up the cliff together, and addressed them, as Patty was making her escape, smiling and blushing, into the house.

The days were not long enough for Henry St. George and Patty to be happy; the nights too short for the dreams of happiness they were to find on the morrow.

“How will St. George senior like his favourite son to marry a clergyman’s daughter, without fortune?” inquired Mr. Grahame of his wife.

“St. George must know best,” she returned; “he is confident: surely he would never have engaged himself unless he knew how she would be welcomed?”

“Oh, my dear,” replied her husband, “St. George always was an impulsive fellow; he has fallen in love at first sight; he thinks it a matter of life and death: love is blind, hope fallacious, and all that sort of thing, you know.”

“It would be a selfish proceeding on his part,” returned Mrs. Grahame; “but I like him too well to think such a thing possible. They may perhaps have sufficient of love’s difficulties to enhance its victories; but it must end right at last.”

Henry St. George’s father, his mother, and his two sisters were recruiting their health, after a London season, at the waters of Carlsbad; so that a week or more must elapse before an answer to his letter could be obtained.

He wrote his mother a glowing description of the beautiful, frank, ingenuous bride he had chosen for himself: “She would be a youngest daughter to his mother; whom he begged, if needful, to smooth matters for him with his father.”

To his father he wrote, “that he had met and won the woman who, of all women in England, was the one most suited to him: he only awaited his father’s sanction to be quite happy.”

Like themselves, she was of gentle blood; she belonged to the Mitfords, of Mitford—as he knew, one of the oldest gentry names England could boast. He did not suppose she had much fortune; but they were content to wait until his father could give them a sufficient allowance; and when his father saw Patty, which he trusted would soon be the case, he would think, as his son did, that she was a fortune in herself.

Henry St. George would not have been very gratified had he been at Carlsbad, and heard the manner in which his communications were welcomed.

The letters once despatched, he troubled himself no more about the future; the present, the golden pre-

sent, was what he lived for. The words which fell from Patty's lips, the bright glances which came from Patty's eyes, were the food his soul required.

They had one fortnight of unchequered joy, before the Treasury summoned St. George to his post. Public affairs wait neither for time, tide, love, nor for those foreign letters, which did not arrive.

The moonlight walks; the games of croquet—unlike what croquet games ever would be to either of them again; those hours seated on the cliff, where, surrounded by a merry party, they had still felt alone with each other, because they held the key to each other's heart;—those hundred small joys were at an end. The hour of parting was at hand.

Patty felt no fears in looking forward to the parting. Mistrust, jealousy, doubt—those failings of small natures—were not her failings. Perhaps, too, she did not know life; did not know herself, and did not know the depth of human changeableness; and therefore she felt no fear.

The evening before he left, they went together to the cave where he had first told her of his love.

He was gloomy; he trembled at leaving his new-found treasure; his mind pictured a thousand dangers which might arise. He made her repeat to him, again and again, that she loved him; that she would be constant through trial, through absence, through whatever might come upon them.

'Constant!' she said; 'Henry, do you suppose there is another Henry St. George for Patty Mitford in the whole world? How can I help waiting?—if I love you, I cannot avoid waiting. Hope and castle-building are pleasant companions; they will occupy me until you come to Grangeham.'

'But, Patty, if I am prevented coming to Grangeham, will you still not doubt me?'

'I shall never doubt you,' she answered, 'until you give me too good reason; and that I feel you will never do.'

There were more promises of eternal constancy; more whispers to which the sea alone bore witness; and then they parted.

A few happy tears glistened in Patty's eyes as the carriage drove from the door: but what pain was there in parting, when the meeting would come again so soon? She belonged to him; he was hers: there was joy enough in that thought to support her through a worse parting; and Patty went on to the lawn and enjoyed a game of croquet, bearing with great equanimity the chaff of her companions.

Care was heavy at the heart of St. George as he drove away; he left his treasure, the very light of his eyes behind him. Perchance he feared himself; feared the influence of the world (to which he was returning: but he said, with clenched hands, 'Nothing shall part us! She shall be mine—mine through life. Death alone shall sever us!'

THE OPERATIONS OF LAWRENCE REEVE.

A Tale of Money-making on the Stock Exchange.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN WITH THE DOG.

DR. JOHNSON used to maintain that it was in itself quite as charitable an act to help a man down hill as to help him up hill; provided always that the man's natural tendency was downwards. For until he reached the bottom he would flounder, stagger, and jolt himself

uncomfortably; but having once arrived, he might hope, at any rate, to lie in peace, though it were only in the ditch.

In accordance with this theory, though certainly in accordance with no other, we may say that Woodhead, through those perplexities of

Reeve's, continued his fast friend and helper. He had at one time given him advice gratis, which had, as it happened, helped Reeve uphill. He continued now from time to time to give him advice and assistance on the same easy terms which, as it happened, as effectually helped him down again. And as Reeve's natural tendency now seemed to be decidedly downwards, his thanks were perhaps as justly due for the one service as for the other.

Reeve for a while bravely resisted the panic that had set in. He saw with dismay how the shares he held fell daily; but he would not by selling help to send them down still more irrecoverably. It was only a matter of time, and if he could but tide over those evil days all would yet be well again. As long as his money lasted he paid all his calls as they fell due. It went much against the grain with him to sell out his remaining thousand pounds of consols to meet his liabilities of this kind; and he—we are sorry to confess it—did it without his wife's knowledge, for somehow his respect for consols had of late revived. When still more calls came in and he was unable to meet them, he had, with many misgivings, to have recourse to loans. He had prided himself, in his poorer days, on the fact that he had never borrowed a sovereign in his life, and to have to begin borrowing now was no small trial. It had happened to him as to most of us to have to lend half-sovereigns and sovereigns with a prospect of being rewarded only by that blessing which is promised to those who lend hoping not to receive again. He had regarded these loans as a kind of black-mail levied by marauders on the more respectable classes of society, and he remembered well enough the sort of pity, not unmixed with mild contempt, which he had felt for the recipients. It was very disagreeable to him now to imagine himself as being liable to be looked on as a genteel beggar of this class, asking for a thousand pounds instead of one, and he was ridiculous enough to worry himself with possible haggings and refusals and conse-

quent ignominy. It was a great relief to him to find that the operation of borrowing would not be one of any difficulty or one which would be likely to involve any shock to his sensitive mind. Woodhead assured him that he could arrange it all with the utmost ease and privacy, and that nothing would give him greater pleasure. It would be treated as a mere every-day matter of business in which no obligation was either conferred or received. All that would be necessary would be for Reeve to deposit sufficient security. For example, to enable himself to borrow a thousand pounds he must deposit scrip to the value of fifteen hundred pounds, and must, at the same time, sign an agreement, authorizing the lender to sell such scrip if its market value should at any time fall within a given margin of the thousand pounds lent. It seemed that nothing could well be fairer or more reasonable than this; and that his scrip should ever fall so low as not to cover the amount he was borrowing, was a contingency not worth taking into account. The interest charged and deducted beforehand out of the amount lent was certainly a little usurious; but then the bank rate was dreadfully high, and the interest would be a mere fleabite compared with the loss he would sustain if he now sold his shares. The transaction, therefore, being so simple and easy he repeated it more than once, and found himself comparatively at ease again, and free to wait for the long-delayed rise. Through all these loan transactions Woodhead was his right hand and guide. Without Woodhead he could not have got along. Long experience had made that gentleman acquainted with every step that was necessary in such affairs, and with every man who could serve the purpose to be attained. In short, his help appeared to Reeve to be invaluable, and he rejected with disdain the report that Woodhead drew a commission from the money-lenders on the custom he brought them.

It was a shock that came upon him with the suddenness of a thun-

derclap, of an earthquake, of a broken window (the reader may take his choice of a simile, but the last is recommended as the least hackneyed) when he read in the 'Times,' that a petition had just been filed in Chancery by a shareholder for the winding-up of the Dry Goods Insurance Company. Its shares were at a deplorable discount, and he had known for some little time past that whispers had been heard of mismanagement, and even misconduct on the part of the directors; but he had refused to give ear to such whispers, regarding them rather as the growls of bears who wanted to send the shares still further down. That it could come to this he had never for a moment imagined possible. Now, however, it seemed that the matter was to be brought to an issue. And in a day or two the worst fears were confirmed by an investigation on which the prayer of the shareholder's petition was granted. It appeared that the directors of the Company had diverted its funds into improper channels, and that most of the capital was irretrievably gone. It was, in short, the old, old story of robbery—polite robbery without fraud. There were plenty of people to make abject excuses and apologies—plenty of people to say hard things of each other; it was the chairman who had been tempted by the vice-chairman—it was the vice-chairman who had listened to that wily serpent, the managing director. There was no lack of people to blame, but there seemed likely to be the utmost possible difficulty in finding any one who was legally liable for the lost money.

Reeve had paid two thousand pounds on his shares in this company, and on the security of his share-certificates he had borrowed one thousand. The money-lender had lost no time in exercising his right to sell as soon as the evil rumours had sent the shares down to an extent which justified him in doing so. And it was well that he had sold, for now they were utterly unsaleable at any price. As it was, he had, at any rate, got eight hundred pounds for them, and only had

to come on Reeve for two hundred, which Reeve paid him, hardly knowing whether he was most sorry that he had lost twelve hundred, or most glad that he had not lost two thousand.

This, however, he did know too well, and the knowledge was very bitter to him, that with this loss and others all his recent gains were gone, and with them much of his old savings. He knew that he was, if not insolvent, yet on the high road to insolvency and within very easy sight of the goal. He knew that he was a much poorer man than he was a year ago, and that he had so altered his style of living that his expenses were double now what they were then. He knew that his two months' bill for a hundred and twenty pounds fell due some days ago, and that he had with difficulty got the days of grace extended till to-morrow. He knew that the two hundred pounds he had just paid back had been specially provided to meet this and other pressing needs. Last, and worst of all, he knew that the detested bill was in bad hands, that he could not raise enough now to meet it in time, and that in all probability an execution would be put into his house within two hours of to-morrow's noon.

Going home, therefore, with such thoughts on his mind, it was no pleasure to him to find that there were guests at his house. Two or three ladies, and two or three gentlemen were there, who loved other people's houses better than their own; who cared no more for Reeve than they cared for the parish beadle, but were good enough to care for his wine. Reeve had of late thought it necessary that his wife should receive more company; and she, yielding to him against her will, and sorely yearning for the old quiet evenings, had to fill her drawing-room with such company as she could get, and grudgingly called those friends whom, if she could have had her own way, she would hardly have owned as acquaintances. Before these Reeve tried manfully to keep a cheerful countenance. He talked with them, and exchanged,

to the best of his ability, the empty nothings of every-day conversation. But his mind was filled with sordid cares, and he hardly knew what he said or to whom he spoke. He thanked one friend warmly for shaking hands with him; to another's 'how do you do?' he answered, that he had not heard since morning, but he was afraid there was no improvement. When Mrs. — complained of the continual dulness of the weather, he scandalized her by saying that it was nothing short of a robbery—a bare-faced robbery. In the body he was truly present there at Kensington; but in the spirit he was still in Throgmorton Street and Capel Court.

He could not bring himself to tell his wife, before he left in the morning, what was going to happen. It was too hard a task. But he managed to scrawl a few lines when she was not by him, and left them where he knew she would find them as soon as he was gone:—

'DEAREST CARRY,

'I have told you often of late how troubled I was about money matters; but I have never told you half. The worst has now come. Before I return to-night you will have a bailiff in the house; and he will have to stay, I fear, till there is a sale. It is a hundred and twenty pounds that he wants, and I can see no chance of raising it under a fortnight. If I had only listened to you in time! But it is too late now. I shall not know how to meet you to-night.'

And then he went off, feeling that he was a coward at heart. All day he racked his brain, vainly planning how to raise the money that was wanted; and after all he had to give it up. He went home at night an hour later than usual, more wretched than any generous man would wish to see his enemy's dog. It rained heavily. He could not get an inside place in the 'bus. He had no umbrella. But he never noticed this: so trivial is bodily discomfort compared to the trouble of the mind. He would find, he knew, no cheerful fire and cosy

supper for him to-night. It was more cheerful, indeed, outside than he would find it in-doors. He would find Mrs. Reeve in tears in her bedroom, packing up a few things she most valued. In his own easy-chair in the drawing-room he would most likely find the bailiff, smoking a short pipe, with his feet on the mantelpiece,—a villainous dog on the rug, which would attack his (the master's) legs on his entrance. Or perhaps the visitor would have brought a friend with him to while away the hours with cribbage or all-fours. He wondered what wine they would be drinking. He wondered if they would want the best spare bed to sleep in,—and hoped, if they did, that they would find the sheets damp. He wondered, in fact, all kinds of absurd wonders, as a man does who is well-nigh distracted, and has lost the power of seeing events and probabilities in their just proportions.

It was some small comfort, at any rate, to see from the road that a light was burning in the usual sitting-room, and that the curtains shone ruddy through the window. It was a further comfort to see that the hall-lamp was not extinguished, but still shed its ray of guidance above the door. It was not unpleasant to hear the maid's respectful, commiserative 'Dear, dear!' at sight of her master's dripping hat and coat. But it was most cheering of all to find that, at any rate, his fancy had to some extent outrun the reality; that Mrs. Reeve was in her accustomed place and in her accustomed dress; and that tea was ready and waiting with her accustomed punctuality. She was alone, too, and that was an unspeakable relief to him. He would have liked to ask in what room the fellow with the dog had quartered himself, but his tongue refused in any way to approach the subject.

He took his tea, therefore, almost in silence; but soon saw that his wife was not intending to be the first to speak of the great trouble that had fallen on them. Never very demonstrative in her manner, it was only long years of happy wedded life which had enabled him



Drawn by T. Morten.]

THE MAN WITH THE DOG.

to fathom the great depths of her womanly love and faithfulness. To-night there was a grave seriousness in her face and voice, and at the same time a more than wonted tenderness in the few words she said, which was very touching. He noticed many little thoughtful acts of affection, which at another time he might have overlooked, or she, perhaps, might have herself omitted. She wore a locket he had not seen for many a year,—one which he had given her on their wedding-day, so long ago.

By-and-by, Anna, their girl, flew in, and flew out again, blithe and merry as a bird. It was clear she knew nothing of trouble hanging over them.

'Did the man come?' asked Reeve, at last.

'Yes, he came.

'And where is he?'

'I don't know.'

'Don't know?'

'No,' and there was a half-smile on the wife's face. 'I locked the gate before he came; and when he rung I went myself and made him tell his business, and I paid him across the gate, and he never set foot on the premises; so his master has the expenses to pay, and there's a receipt for the money.'

She was almost out of breath with the eagerness of speaking, and the calmness she had maintained till now was gone.

Reeve repeated after her, mechanically—'Paid him across the gate, and he never set foot on the premises; so his master has the expenses to pay, and there's a receipt for the money!' And in his utter bewilderment this seemed to be all that he could do.

'Lawrence,' she said, after a minute's silence, speaking very low and slowly, 'I had been thinking for some time past that you and your money were too easily parted, so, for fear that you might one day prove one of the foolish, I set to work and made up a private purse. The hundred pounds you gave me for Kate's wedding, I never touched. I had got nearly all ready before; and Kate and I managed well enough without it: and you looked

so well after your affairs that you never knew but that it was all spent. As for the other twenty, it was easily put away out of the preposterous housekeeping money you left me; and I am not without a sixpence or two in my money-box yet,' she added, laughing, and putting her hand in his, as she saw that his emotion was 'too great for speech. Then there was silence.

'Tis only,' says a great poet,

Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels

Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,
And all at once they leave you and you know them.'

But if Browning had happened to be present, and had made this pretty little speech to-night, Reeve would have contradicted him. As it was, he never thought of calling his wife an angel; she was altogether too stout for that; and she wore her hair rolled up in a big hard lump behind, which is a fashion, we believe, not at all affected in angelic circles. Perhaps, however, he felt all the more warmly towards her because he found few words of endearment, and only uttered silent thanks—uttered them not with his lips, but with the glistening of the eye and the gentle pressure of the hand,—for the blessing of a good wife who had saved him from disgrace in his hour of need.

It proved to have been the turning-point and the very crisis of the fever which was consuming him. Relieved now from this imminent danger of instant crash and ruin, he could see clearly what needed to be done.

They sat late into the night; and he, with pen in hand, reckoned up painfully the sum total of his assets and liabilities, and struck a clear balance-sheet. He was careful not to overstate things, for he was anxious now that both he and his wife should know the worst, so he put the value of all his shares at the lowest price of the day. But the result appalled and almost overpowered him. His all, with the exception of some five hundred pounds, was gone.

'Bad as it is, Lawrence,' said Mrs. Reeve, 'let us be thankful that even so much can be saved, and let us save it. Promise me that you will set about winding up all these affairs to-morrow, and go back with what is left to the old safe investments.'

And Reeve promised, and kept his word. Without another day's delay, he set to work to sell his insecure securities and pay off his loans. It was no easy matter; for, to the rage of speculation had succeeded an unconquerable suspicion, which made all new companies a drug in the market. In a few weeks, however, all was done. And at the last, fortune once more, in her caprice, befriended her foolish votary. Some cock-and-bull story or other one day sent up the price of shares in one of the precious concerns in which he was a partner, and on that day he sold. The next day they were down again; but the rise had been worth five hundred pounds to

him. Here and there, too, a speculation turned out a trifle better than he had hoped it would. The end of it all was, that he had something over a thousand pounds to reinvest in some safer concern than Dry Goods Insurance Companies and Universal Finance Associations. Kate's husband had had a thousand, too, there was that to be borne in mind. And on the whole, nobody else seemed to be in any way the better of all his cares and anxieties except the brokers, who had had innumerable commissions on his successful and unsuccessful operations.

We said there was to be no romance in the story we had to tell; and we have kept our word. This, oh weary reader, is its very unromantic end. May you, if you too are a financial genius, bring yourself to no greater grief than Lawrence Reeve:—well for you if you don't.

ROBERT HUDSON.

THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD OF LONDON.

MANY volumes might be filled with memoirs of the Jew merchants of London. Famous and influential all through the middle and later ages, they have shared largely in the increased prosperity of English merchants during the last five or six generations. Ever since the days of the South Sea bubble, when stockjobbing—a word with an ugly sound, though not necessarily with any evil meaning attached to it—became a regular trade, they have been almost its leading representatives. The world-famous Rothschilds had forerunners almost as famous in the brothers Goldamid and Samson Gideon.

Gideon, the son of a West India merchant, was born early in the eighteenth century. His schooling was in that South Sea scheme, and the hundred other financial bubbles attendant on it, which so grievously

affected English commerce and the happiness of all classes of English people in 1720 and the following years. Robert Walpole's friend, he began, as a young man, to enrich himself by help of the lotteries and other stockjobbing appliances which Walpole and nearly every other statesman of those times encouraged. But he seems to have done it honestly. His first great accession of wealth came in 1745, the year of the Pretender's rebellion. During the panic caused by the report that an insurgent army was marching upon London, stock of all sorts fell to an almost nominal value. Samson Gideon was nearly the only man who did not share in the alarm. Instead of trying to dispose of his scrip, he wisely invested every pound that he possessed, or that he could borrow, in buying more. Before many days

were over, when it was known that the Pretender's army had been routed, he was able to sell out at a vastly increased rate, and to find himself in consequence master of something like a quarter of a million. That wealth, prudently applied during the next fifteen or sixteen years, was nearly quadrupled in the time.

Gideon was described by his contemporaries as 'a shrewd, sarcastic man, possessed of a rich vein of humour; good-hearted and generous in all private relationships, honest and trustworthy in all business matters.' In 1745, when Snow, the banker, as fearful as his neighbours, wrote in plaintive terms to beg that he would immediately repay a sum of 20,000*l.* that he had borrowed of him, the broker adopted a characteristic way of reproving him for his groundless anxiety and melancholy. Procuring a little bottle of hartshorn, he wrapped round it twenty 100*l.* notes, and packing it up like a doctor's parcel, addressed it to 'Mr. Thomas Snow, goldsmith, near Temple Bar.'

He was a great promoter of insurance and annuity funds, and from which he drew a great part of his wealth. 'Never grant life annuities to old women,' he used to say; 'they wither, but they never die.' And if he was in attendance at the office when a sickly, asthmatic-looking person came for an insurance, he would exclaim, 'Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!'

Gideon's great ambition was to found an English house. He was too old, he said, to change his own religion; but he brought up his children as Christians, taking special interest in the education of the eldest of them, who, when a boy of eleven, was made a baronet through Walpole's influence. Once, it is said, the honest man attempted to catechize this son on the cardinal points of his faith. 'Who made you?' was his first question? 'God,' answered the lad. 'Who redeemed you?' he next asked, without oppression of his easy conscience. 'Jesus Christ,' was the reply. But what was the third question? Gideon

could not remember what he ought to say. 'Who—who—who,' he stammered out; adding at last, with a reckless appropriation of the first thought that occurred to him, 'who gave you that hat?' Young Samson had answered boldly before; he now said as boldly, 'The Holy Ghost.'

Like tolerance of all creeds was shown by Gideon in the will made public after his death on the 17th of October, 1762. He left 1000*l.* to the synagogue in which he had worshipped, and 2000*l.* to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, besides 1000*l.* to the London Hospital, and other bequests to worthy institutions of all sorts. 'Gideon is dead, worth more than the whole land of Canaan,' it was said in a contemporary letter. 'He has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the duke's taking his name or being circumcised.'

Contemporary with Samson Gideon was Aaron Goldsmid, a less wealthy, but perhaps a worthier man; at any rate, a better and more consistent Jew. He came from Hamburg about the middle of the eighteenth century, and settled as a merchant in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields. He died in 1782, leaving four sons, George, Asher, Benjamin, and Abraham, to carry on his business. The two younger, born, the one in 1755, and the other in 1756, were the most prosperous. Either separately, or in company with the others, they carried on their business in Leman Street till 1792. In that year they took a house in Capel Street, opposite the Bank of England, and began using the wealth they had accumulated as stockbrokers and money-lenders. In Abraham Newland, chief cashier of the Bank, they had a good friend. Knowing them to be honest and enterprising men, he entrusted them with much of the business that came in his way; and as at that time the managers of the Bank were busy in contracting loans for the government, then overwhelmed with the foreign warfare occasioned by the French Revolution, the Goldsmids

had plenty to do. They soon established a large connection, winning everywhere respect for the strict promptitude and honour with which they managed all their transactions. Chance, as well as their own good sense, was in their favour. In one year they gained two sweepstakes of vast amounts in the great lotteries still in fashion, besides 1000*l.* worth of stock and several other prizes. In 1794, when a great many of their neighbours were ruined, their entire losses from bad debts amounted to only 50*l.* Benjamin Goldsmid, indeed, shared with Nathan Rothschild the repute of possessing unequalled skill in estimating the worth of every name, English or foreign, that could be found on the back of a bill. That, and the consequent skill in making money, were nearly all that the two men had in common. Both of the Goldsmids were as generous as they were rich. Accumulating wealth with unheard-of rapidity, they distributed in charity much more than the tithes prescribed by their Mosaic law. Numberless instances of their co-operation in every sort of philanthropic work are on record, and the memory of their princely benevolence has not yet ceased among old city men. They were also famous for the splendid hospitality with which they entertained all the leaders of society in their day. They built themselves great houses in town; and they invested portions of their wealth in buying country residences. Abraham became master of Morden; Benjamin made a home for his wife and seven children at Roehampton.

He did not himself enjoy it long. On the morning of the 11th of April, 1808, when he was only fifty-three years old, he was found to have hanged himself from his own bedstead. Of a plethoric disposition, he had, while yet a young man, seriously injured his constitution by a reckless habit of blood-letting, and that had brought upon him occasional fits of melancholy, prompting him at last to suicide.

The mischief did not end there. Abraham Goldsmid never ceased to grieve for his brother. The two, it

was said, had all life long been singularly devoted to one another. Every step in their rapid rise to fortune had been made by them together, and nothing had ever arisen to cause difference between them, or lack of interest in one another's movements. Abraham had been reputed the best man of business, but if it was so, his business powers were shattered by his brother's death. Every enterprise in which he embarked during the next two years was more or less unfortunate. At last, in 1810, he staked all his wealth and all his credit upon a new government loan for 14,000,000*l.* That sum he and Sir Francis Baring—of whom we shall see something hereafter—contracted to supply. It was expected that the shares would sell well, and much profit accrue to the first purchasers, and Abraham Goldsmid accordingly induced all his friends to take them up freely. He was greatly disappointed at finding that, partly from the bad odour in which the English government was just then, and partly from an opposition organized by younger men like Rothschild to such old leaders of the Stock Exchange as himself and Baring, the shares fell heavily upon the market. Sold cheaply at first, they steadily declined in value, to fall yet further in consequence of the sudden death of Baring on the 12th of September. Goldsmid estimated that he had lost 200,000*l.* by the speculation, and that nearly all his friends were sufferers in like proportion. This increased his melancholy, and on the 28th of September, when there was another fall in prices, he went home in a very excited state. After dinner he went into the garden and shot himself.

The opposition raised by his and Baring's enemies was certainly successful. The unexpected death of these two men made room for the rapid advancement of others. Among them Nathan Meyer Rothschild was by far the most successful.

He was born on the 16th of September, 1776, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. There, in the vilest part of the town, the quarter specially assigned to the Jew money-lenders,

pawnbrokers, old-clothes-men, and the like, and therefore known as the *Juden-gasse* or Jew's alley, his grandfather had been settled as a merchant or dealer of some sort from near the beginning of the eighteenth century; and there his father, Meyer Anachel, or Anselm, was born in 1743, six years before Goethe. According to one report, this Meyer Anselm had been educated by kind strangers to become a priest, and had already acquired some fame as a learned archaeologist and numismatist, when his father brought him home, and forced him to settle down as a broker in Frankfurt. According to another and more probable account, he was left a penniless orphan at the age of eleven, and had to work his way on foot to Hanover, there to get some employment as a money-changer's shop-boy, and slowly to save enough money to take him back to Frankfurt, when he was nearly thirty years old. At any rate, he was married and established in Frankfurt as a money-lender, pawnbroker, and dealer in second-hand goods in 1772. His little shop in Jew's alley was known by its sign of the Red Shield, or Roth-Schild, whence he himself acquired the name of Meyer Anselm Rothschild. It was a busier shop than any other in the neighbourhood, frequented by the greatest persons in Frankfurt, who came either to borrow money, or to buy the pictures, coins, cameos, and other rarities of which the broker was a skilful collector. One of these was William, Landgrave of Hesse, who, after several years' trial of old Rothschild, liked him so well, that when the French bombarded Frankfurt in 1796, he gave him and his treasures safe housing in his fortified house at Cassel. The Jew's alley was destroyed by the French, and on their retirement its old inmates were allowed to disperse themselves over Frankfurt, and to live on an equality with their Christian neighbours. Meyer Rothschild, therefore, as soon as he went back to the town, built himself a handsome house in one of its most fashionable parts. He was appointed foreign banker and financial agent of Landgrave

William, and at once entered on a more extensive and more profitable range of business than had previously been within his reach. He was a rich man in 1806, when the Landgrave, being in his turn forced to flee from the onslaught of Napoleon, just then carving out a kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome, entrusted to him his treasure of three million florins, something like 250,000*l.* This money he invested very successfully; lending at exorbitant rates, pawning for trifling sums the property of owners who in those unsettled times were never able to redeem their property, and turning pence and pounds in every possible way that the usurer at any rate would consider honest. When he died, in 1812, he left twelve million florins to be divided among his five sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan Meyer, Charles, and James. From these five sons he exacted an oath upon his death-bed, that they would keep his business intact, extending it as much as they could, but acting always in partnership, so that the world might know only one house of Rothschild. The oath was strictly kept, with this exception, that Nathan, the third son, proving the cleverest of them all, came to be practically the head of the house in place of his elder brother Anselm.

Fourteen or fifteen years before that Nathan had left Frankfurt. Very soon after the opening of the enlarged business in 1797, when he was about one-and-twenty, he had represented to his father that there were too many of them in Frankfurt, and obtained from him a sum of 20,000*l.*, with which to go and push a fresh connection in Manchester, then full of the turmoil of the new cotton trade, and crowded with young adventurers glad to borrow money at high rates of interest, for the sake of investing as manufacturers or warehousemen. This was the best possible field for young Rothschild's talents, and he reaped from it a golden harvest. He was money-lender and pawnbroker. He also speculated in raw cotton in the Liverpool market, and dabbled both in calico making and printing, and

in the selling of the manufactured goods; boasting that while his neighbours were content with the single profits of one or other of these three businesses, he succeeded in pocketing all the three profits. By 1803 it was guessed that his 20,000*l.* had grown into 200,000*l.*

In or near that year he left Manchester to settle in London, considering that the most successful of all his businesses, that of money-lending, could be carried on quite as well in one place as another, and that other work as remunerative would be more within reach in London than in any smaller town. This change, indeed, was part of a plan by which eventually the five brothers took possession of all the chief centres of European commerce, Anselm remaining in Frankfurt, Solomon being sometimes in Berlin, sometimes in Vienna, Charles being in Naples, James in Paris, and Nathan in London.

In 1806 Nathan married a daughter of Levi Barnett Cohen, one of the wealthiest Jew merchants then in London. Prudent Cohen, it was said, after he had accepted him as his daughter's suitor, became nervous about the extent of his property. A man who speculated so recklessly, he thought, was very likely to be speculating with other people's money. He therefore asked for proof of young Rothschild's wealth. Young Rothschild refused to give it, answering, that as far as wealth and good character went, Mr. Cohen could not do better than give him all his daughters in marriage.

If 'good character' meant steadiness and skill in money-making, he was certainly right. Nathan Rothschild was without a rival in that art. Having persistently advanced his fortune in private ways through some years, he began, in 1810, to trade in government securities. He bought up, at a discount, a number of Wellington's drafts for the expenses of the Peninsular war, which the Treasury had no funds at hand for meeting, and by transferring them to the government at par, with a prolongation of the term of payment, he managed to help it out of a difficulty, and at the same time to insure a large profit for himself. 'It was

the best business I ever did,' he used to say; and it was certainly the beginning of a new stage in his glittering — more glittering than brilliant — course of money-making. It and other like services that followed made friends for him at the Treasury, and so helped him to procure early information as to the progress of war and the policy of the English and foreign governments, which gave him a notable advantage over his fellow-stock-jobbers. The ramifications of the Rothschild establishment, and connections on the continent, moreover, made him the best agent of the government in transmitting money to the armies in Spain and elsewhere, and this agency he made profitable to himself in various ways. Finding the immense power that he derived from his appliances for securing early information in foreign affairs, he made it his business to extend and increase them to the very utmost. He turned pigeon fancier, and buying all the best birds he could find, he made it his holiday work to train them himself, and so organized a machinery for rapid transmission of messages unrivalled in the days when railways and telegraphs were yet unknown. He made careful study of routes, distances, and local facilities for quick travelling, and mapped out new roads for the passage of his human agents carrying documents or money. The South-Eastern Railway Company, it is said, established their line of steamers between Folkestone and Boulogne because it was found that Rothschild had already proved that route to be the best for the despatch of his swift rowing boats.

Rothschild's greatest achievement in overreaching distance and his fellow-speculators was in 1815. He was near the Château d'Hougoumont on the 18th of June, watching, as eagerly as Bonaparte and Wellington themselves, the progress of the Battle of Waterloo. All day long he followed the fighting with strained eyes, knowing that on its issue depended his welfare as well as Europe's. At sunset he saw that the victory was with Wellington and the allies. Then, without a mo-

ment's delay, he mounted a horse that had been kept in readiness for him, and hurried homewards. Everywhere on his road fresh horses or carriages were in waiting to help him over the ground. Riding or driving all night, he reached Ostend at daybreak, to find the sea so stormy that the boatmen refused to trust themselves to it. At last he prevailed upon a fisherman to make the venture for a reward of 8*o*l. In that way he managed to reach Dover. At Dover, and at the intermediate stages on the road to London, other horses were in waiting, and he was in London before midnight. Next morning, the morning of the 20th of June, he was one of the first to enter the Stock Exchange. In gloomy whispers he told those who, as usual, crowded round him for news, that Blücher and his Prussians had been routed by Napoleon before Wellington had been able to reach the field; that by himself he could not possibly succeed, and therefore the cause of England and her allies was lost. The funds fell, as they were meant to fall. Every one was anxious to sell, and Rothschild and his accredited agents scoffed at all who brought them scrip for purchase. But scores of unknown agents were at work all that day and all the next. Before the Stock Exchange closed on the afternoon of that day, the 21st of June, when Nathan Rothschild's strong boxes were full of paper, he announced, an hour or so before the news came through other channels, the real issue of the contest. Very soon the funds were higher than they had ever been for many previous weeks; and Rothschild found that he had made something like a million pounds by his quick travelling and clever misrepresentation.

Other millions came, rather more slowly, from other transactions of a like nature. Sometimes he was unsuccessful. In negotiating the English loan for 12,000,000*l.* in 1819, the first national loan for which he was a contractor, he lost something. He suffered a little also from a French loan in 1823, which fell ten per cent. in a few days' time. In both those instances, however,

he managed to get rid of his bad bargains before his customers knew all the facts, and so threw nearly all the burden upon them. By his association in Lord Bexley's scheme for funding exchequer bills in a three and a half per cent. stock, he was said to be a sufferer to the extent of nearly 500,000*l.*

A great part of Rothschild's wealth, however, came from his negotiations of foreign loans. These he was the first to make popular in the English market. Preparing for his customers precise details of the state of foreign money projects, he further helped them to share in them by establishing, under his own management, a mode of paying the dividends in London, and at an organized tariff of English money. He soon came to be the principal agent of all the great or needy governments — Russian, Turkish, French, German, North American, and South American—in disposing of their scrip to the English stock-jobbers.

Out of nearly all such transactions he secured large profits; one of them by itself yielding the 115,000*l.* with which he bought the estate of Gunnersbury, near London. They helped him also in his old business of bill discounting. 'He never,' it was said just after his death, 'hesitated for a moment in fixing the rate, either as a drawer or as a taker, on any part of the world; and his memory was so retentive that, notwithstanding the immense transactions in which he entered on every foreign post day, and that he never took a note of them, he could, on his return home, with perfect exactness dictate the whole to his clerks.'

In all sorts of other ways of making money Nathan Rothschild was as clever. The story of his mercury transactions is well known to many. Nearly all the mercury procurable in Europe comes either from Idria in Illyria, or from Almaden in Spain. The Almaden mines, famous and profitable through five-and-twenty centuries, had fallen for some years into disuse before 1831, when Rothschild, becoming contractor for a Spanish loan, proposed,

as recompense for his trouble, to hold them for a certain term at a nominal rental. That was cheerfully agreed to, and the mines soon began to give token of renewed activity. In a kindred way the great merchant obtained possession of the mines at Idria. The consequence was that the price of mercury was suddenly doubled. Rothschild had quietly acquired a monopoly of the article, and he was able to charge for it whatever he thought fit. It was nothing to him that the exorbitant prices which helped to feed his coffers drove some smaller tricksters to scrape off the quicksilver from old looking-glasses and the like, and work it up into poisonous calomel, as well as bad material for new mirrors, thermometers, and so forth.

For this mercury contrivance Rothschild was much and properly abused. His conduct was not often such as could be expected to win the admiration of his fellows. Once he was in need of bullion, and accordingly went to the Bank parlour to ask for a loan. The gold was given to him on his engagement to return it by a certain day. When the day came Rothschild was again in Threadneedle Street. But instead of the looked-for gold he produced a bundle of notes. The officials in attendance reminded him that the Bank reserve had been broken in upon for his accommodation, and that he had promised to return the money in kind. 'Very well, gentlemen,' he is reported to have replied, 'give me back the notes. I dare say your cashier will honour them with gold from your vaults, and then I can return you bullion.'

The great man's jokes were not very brilliant. The best of them owes its point to his Jewish pronunciation. At a Lord Mayor's dinner he sat next to a guest noted for his stinginess, who chanced to say that, for his part, he preferred mutton to venison. 'Ah, I see,' Rothschild answered; 'you like mutton because it is sheep (cheap); other people like venison because it is deer (dear).'* Rothschild was stingy

* Somewhat smarter was a speech recorded of Nathan Rothschild's nephew, the

too in all business matters, and especially, it was said, as regarded the salaries he paid to his clerks. But there was plenty of venison and turbot to be had at his house in Piccadilly. There he did his utmost to ape the fashions and catch the patronage of the ladies of society in the West End; and all the appointments of his house, and of the frequent banquets given in it, were marked by wonderful glitter—but it was only glitter. 'You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild,' said one of his visitors once. 'Happy! me happy!' he exclaimed. 'What! happy! when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, "If you do not send me 500*l.* I will blow your brains out!" Me happy!'

At another time two strangers, presenting themselves at his counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, were admitted into his private room. They were tall foreigners, with moustachios and beards such as were not often to be seen in the City thirty years ago; and Rothschild, always timid, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets, and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his cries of 'Murder!' The strangers were pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, nervous in the presence of a

great banker at Vienna. During the insurgent times of 1848, some six or eight republicans rushed into his counting-house, informed him that the days of liberty, equality, and fraternity had now arrived, and accordingly insisted on his sharing his wealth with them. 'Well, my friends,' he said, 'what do you suppose is the amount of my wealth?' 'Fifty million florins,' answered one. 'You have a good deal overrated it,' was the reply; 'but never mind that. There are about fifty million people in Germany; so that, according to your reckoning, each would expect a florin from me. Here are your florins. Good-morning.'

banker so much more wealthy, had had some difficulty in finding the letters of introduction which they were to present.

Anecdotes of that sort abound. They show, what the life of every other greedy money-maker shows, that happiness cannot be bought with wealth alone. Nathan Rothschild, however, was a zealous money-maker to the last. It was the wish of his father that the house of Rothschild should continue united from generation to generation. Each of the brothers had a sharé in all the others' concerns. It was in furtherance of the general scheme that, some time before, Nathan's youngest brother, James, had married one of his nieces. In 1836 it was resolved that Nathan's eldest son, Lionel, should marry one of his cousins, a daughter of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfort. With that object the father and son went to Frankfort in June. But on the wedding day Nathan fell ill. He died on the 28th of July, not quite sixty years of age. On the morning following his death one of his own carrier pigeons was shot near Brighton. When it was picked up there was found under one of its wings a scrap of paper, with these three words, 'Il est mort.'

None but his own kindred ever knew what was Rothschild's real wealth. The guesses ranged between three millions and ten. To his widow he left 20,000*l.* a year, with life interest in the house in

Piccadilly and the estate of Gunnersbury. Each of his four sons had received 25,000*l.* on his becoming of age, and to each 75,000*l.* was to be given on his marriage. To his three daughters, besides 25,000*l.* apiece on their reaching the age of twenty-one, 100,000*l.* was left, half as a wedding present, half to remain in the business at four per cent. interest. 'Their marriage, however,' it was characteristically ordered in his will, 'can only at any time take place with the sanction of their mother or brothers; and in the event, which is not to be supposed, that in such respect they shall not be able mutually to agree, and their mother or brothers should refuse their consent, then shall my brothers decide thereon, and this decision is to be complied with unconditionally by all parties.' If the daughters married without consent they were to lose everything.

The Chief Rabbi, in preaching the funeral sermon over a coffin, 'so handsomely carved and decorated with large silver handles at both sides and ends, that it appeared more like a cabinet or splendid piece of furniture than a receptacle for the dead,' applauded the charity of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who, during his lifetime, had entrusted him with some thousands of pounds for secret almsgiving. But that was all that the world ever heard of the rich man's use of his riches in any praiseworthy or honest way.

H. R. F. B.

A GERMAN ATHLETIC FESTIVAL.

THE great characteristic of the Germans, as a people, is their nationality. The love of the Fatherland is the ruling emotion which in everything nerves and inspires Germans to fresh endeavours; and this trait we find in them wherever they are, whether members of a small fraternity in a foreign land, or of a great nation in their own country. A German never forgets that he is a German, and that those of his nation, with whom he is thrown in

contact, are his brethren. And it is in great measure, I think, this feeling which leads Germans to establish and maintain associations of all kinds; associations for the cultivation of music, of gymnastics, and various other pursuits; associations whose members are ever ready to obey the call of the parent association in the Fatherland, and to assemble from all parts of the world to do honour to one of the fêtes held by the parent society. An

instance of this occurred last year, at the time of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, when upwards of thirty thousand Germans flocked from America, Australia, and other distant lands, to attend a festival which lasted but three days, many of them leaving Germany again as soon as the fête was over.

I was never more struck with German enthusiasm than when, in the course of last long vacation, I was fortunate enough to be present at two German Turn Fests, or Athletic Festivals, the one at Darmstadt, the other at Freiburg. I think it may interest some of your readers, who are now looking forward to the third anniversary of our greatest English athletic meeting, to read even a brief account of what they can do, and are doing, in a similar way on the other side of the Channel, though much, that I would gladly relate, cannot be condensed into the space of so short a notice.

These Festivals do not appear to be regularly held at the same towns, nor on any fixed days; but they take place annually, and are celebrated in turn at most of the principal towns in Germany. On these occasions about four acres of ground are specially enclosed, and gymnastic apparatus, of which more hereafter, are erected temporarily; for although there are always two or three gymnasiums in every German town, yet these would be quite inadequate to provide accommodation for the vast numbers who, as competitors or spectators, frequent these popular gatherings.

It is worthy of note that any idea of gain or profit is quite foreign to these gatherings; the expense incurred in preparing the ground is very great, and the prizes are merely nominal, every one contending out of pure love for the honour and glory of these contests. In many cases the victors are only crowned; in none are their rewards of any substantial value. The ground was circular, and surrounded by gaily-decorated booths and tents, which provided for the refreshment of the wearied spectator or competitor, for I need not remark that the Germans do nothing without beer.

Round the circumference of an inner circle were arranged eight sets of apparatus, each set consisting of two fixed parallel bars, about four feet out of the ground; a movable horizontal bar, and apparatus for high jumping, and that curious-looking machine—familiar to every German, but comparatively strange to most English athletes—called the 'horse,' which consists of a padded body about four feet long, raised on four adjusting legs, with two ribs, a foot apart, running transversely across the body of the horse, each six inches from the centre. In the middle of the ground were erected poles and ropes for climbing, trapezes and ladders, among which were scattered rough blocks of unhewn stone, weights, and dumbbells.

The festivals always commence on a Sunday, when those of the competitors who have already arrived at the town, march in procession to the largest available building, where they partake of a midday meal, and afterwards are addressed by one of the leading men of the fête.

The Sunday afternoon is spent in practising for the coming struggle; for it is not until the Monday that the actual contests commence. By that time many more competitors and spectators have arrived, the town wears its holiday garb, the streets are thronged with crowds of holiday-makers, among whom the neat grey dress of the competitors is everywhere distinguishable. The ground itself is early beset by those who are anxious to secure the best places for witnessing the various contests.

The [proceedings commence by dividing the competitors into squads, or companies, of about twenty or thirty members, each squad being then placed under the command of three officially-appointed judges, who led them away to that particular competition which they are directed or choose first to attempt. The programme included running high jump, running broad jump, putting the weight, exercises on the bars and horse, and foot-racing. I cannot do better than

take you, as I went myself, from one exercise to the other, and tell you in which they seemed to equal, surpass, or fall short of our standard. But here I must note a feature peculiar to these competitions, that every competitor who is desirous of obtaining a prize must reach a certain standard in every exercise, so many points being allowed for each, according to merit, and the winners of the greatest number of points in the aggregate being declared victors. This system I believe might with advantage be introduced into England, where individual excellence is much more highly valued and rewarded than general proficiency. Here a man must be *Cæsar aut nihil* in every contest he undertakes; for the moderate performer in a great many contests is quite unrecognized.

First, then, we looked on at the running high jump. The competitors jumped from a sloping board two feet square, and raised about two inches in front. This board had not much spring in it, but still it presented incomparable advantages over the turf from which we learn to spring. The style of jumping was decidedly bad; they all went at it too fast, and were very weak about the legs, having great difficulty in clearing the rope cleanly. They all jumped fairly well up to 4 ft. 10 in.; but few cleared the 5 ft. The best man in each company cleared about 5 ft. 2½ in., which may be considered equal to 5 ft. from the grass itself. There were very few 'naturally' good jumpers; all used more or less effort; and what struck me very much was, that they all jumped exactly in the same style. This I afterwards attributed to the fact that Germans always learn to jump or run, &c., in classes, several being taught by the same master; and as every exercise is performed by rule, the same rules prevail universally, and lead to uniformity in style.

The best broad jumpers covered about 17 ft. 6 in., though very few 16 ft. fairly: there was a great want of that power about the hips and thighs so essential to excellence in this exercise, nor did they lift them-

selves enough at the commencement of the jump. In fact, I saw few, if any, who could get well over 14 ft. of water, with a 3 ft. hurdle on the take-off side of it.

From the broad-jumping we adjourned to putting the stone; and were surprised to find that they put a rough piece of stone, fresh from the quarry, which seemed to me to be much more unwieldy than the shot of weight with which we practise. Among the heavier men were some very fine putters, equal to any I have ever seen: they put a stone which, from a rough guess, must have been over 19 lbs., from 35 to 38 ft.; but the winners in this class were, as a rule, large, powerful men, and not small men of great muscular development, as we not unfrequently see in competitions of the kind in England.

The gymnastic feats on the bars and horse formed the next event; and we followed the squad we had watched all the day, and with whom we were now quite friendly—having drained cups of wine together, and conversed as to the prospects of the success of each competitor. In these gymnastic feats the judges first set a qualification exercise; one of their number—in this case a well-knit, English-looking man—performing it with great grace and ease. This exercise was designed to test strength as well as activity, and all the competitors followed in turn, each doing his best, but one failed out of thirty. They all seemed thoroughly at home in these exercises; and the only distinction between their feats was the degree of neatness and ease with which they were executed. After qualifying in this manner, each competitor was at liberty to perform two exercises of his own choosing, and were marked by the judges according to their respective merits. It was very astonishing to me to see so many men, of all weights and ages, adepts at this kind of exercises, which were remarkable as displaying great strength in the muscles of the back and arms. In these feats they would have as far surpassed any set of Englishmen of equal numbers, as Englishmen would have excelled

them in the running and jumping competitions. By far the greater number of those who competed could perform easily feats which none but the most practised in England could achieve without great efforts.

The foot-racing, I must confess, much disappointed me; they ran two at a time, 93 yards out and 93 yards home, turning round two posts three yards apart. They showed no style, and, in but very few instances, any pace. The best time I saw done by any out of 200 competitors was 24½ seconds for the 186 yards; and many were 28 or 29 seconds. They had none of the 'springy' or elastic action of a good sprint runner, but a short, slouching style of going, such as one sees in a man quite out of condition after he has run 300 yards.

Gladly, when the long series of foot-races were over, we turned to the horse (Pferd), and watched with interest the feats thereon performed. The contest was carried on on the same principles as those described before at the bars; and the feats themselves consisted chiefly of some difficult vaulting feats, and twisting the body between, round, and over the hands, which firmly grasped the projecting ribs. My companions and I attempted several, but found them very difficult, though they evidently required more knack than strength.

At the close of this contest we were compelled to leave, so that

we did not witness the ceremony of crowning the victors.

Throughout the whole of these games I was astonished at seeing so very few uniformly well-developed men; in many cases there was a wonderful development of particular muscles; but in very few the symmetry arising from active exercise in youth. But throughout there was the German spirit of enthusiasm and fellow-feeling, infusing such life into the whole proceedings as one never sees among others than Germans—a spirit quite different from the clamorous partizanship which the impulsive English nature adopts, but a more quiet, peculiar method of taking the whole as part of the duty of every German. The whole nation, men, women and children, seem to be alike imbued with the love of the exercises, and all seem to know one another perfectly, owing to that national fellow-feeling which, as I have said, so strongly pervades all they undertake. I think it is this feeling which we want a little more in England—the feeling which makes one say, 'Well done, old fellow!' to the man who beats you; and the movements now being made in all parts of England to make these gatherings general, will doubtless tend greatly to this, as well as other good objects. Much I learned, and much, I believe, we might all learn, from an athletic meeting in Germany, although we are so apt to think Germans indolent and lazy.

D. D. R.



HOT-WEATHER LIFE OF A MAGISTRATE IN INDIA.

MY DEAR JONES—

I TAKE up my pen again, to fulfil my promise of continuing my sketch of a magistrate's life in India. In my last I gave you an outline of camp-life in the cold weather, which I told you was the pleasantest part of the year; and I now turn to the less pleasant topic of the hot season.

That Indian heat is excessive, most enervating and distressing in its effects, and very trying to the constitution of ninety-nine men in every hundred, is not to be questioned: but in spite of all this, there are redeeming features in it, as you will see, if you will take the pains to read my letter to the end.

Let us suppose the month of April to have commenced; the tents have been deposited in store, and their owners are in their houses, which have been whitewashed and rearranged, with a view to as much comfort as may be, during the coming hot weather: now two of the principal essentials to a cool house are darkness, and exclusion of the outer air when desired; for till the rain falls in July, the temperature of the outer air, for twelve or fourteen hours of every twenty-four, is of a height only to be described as scorching: to secure these two points, then, the doors are made to fit close, and the verandah, which surrounds every Indian house, is hung with blinds made of finely split cane, which keep out flies and glare: these are called 'chicks': they are very light, and can be readily rolled up and tied, when the object is *not* to exclude air and light. Every door opening into the air is likewise furnished with this description of blind: and in using the word *every*, here, I am reminded that one of the most striking differences between our houses in India, and those at home, is the extraordinary number of outer doors found in the former; the reason being that the house, which has only a ground-floor, is entirely ventilated and lighted through its doors, as windows are very rarely seen.

Every room in the house is, as a matter of course, provided with a 'punkah,' which even you may be supposed to have heard of, and to know as a species of fan. It consists of a long pole, almost as long as the room itself, from which depends a thick wadded fringe, about a foot and a half deep: the pole is suspended by fine cords from the ceiling, and at a height of about seven feet from the ground, to admit of people passing freely underneath it. The punkah is set in motion by means of a rope which is attached to the pole, and which, passing through a hole in the wall, is pulled by a man who is stationed for that purpose in the verandah; as this is kept going in two or more rooms, in proportion to the number of inmates of the house, day and night, a large establishment of men for the purpose becomes necessary, who relieve each other every two or three hours. As the height of the rooms is not less than nineteen or twenty feet, the arc through which the punkah moves is considerable, and the body of air set in motion proportionately large. The mere waving of a fan, however, does not, of course, lower the temperature of a room; but it causes a constant current, which, blowing upon the inmates, serves to dispel the oppressive closeness otherwise felt.

But there are two plans for lowering the temperature of a room, namely, the 'thermantidote' and the 'tattie'; the former of these, which stands in the verandah, is something like a winnowing-machine, and consists of a series of fans, set in an axle within a closed frame, and which are made to revolve with great rapidity by means of a driving-wheel, turned by a man, or sometimes by bullocks: the strong gust caused by the revolution of these fans, is introduced into the room through a small square hole in the wall (about a foot square), but before entering the room it passes through a mat of grass, kept constantly wet, and by this agency a reduction of eight or ten degrees

in the heat of the rooms is effected. The 'tattie' is simply a mat of sweet-smelling grass, made to fit each doorway exposed to the west wind (which is the hot wind), and this being kept constantly wet from the outside, the hot wind blowing on it causes very rapid evaporation, and a similar effect is produced as I have described to be by the thermantidote: both of these appliances, however, will only act with full effect up to the time the rain falls; for, as soon as the rains commence, the air is itself so charged with moisture that it loses its evaporating power.

Houses are left open all night for ventilation, and shut rigidly all day, from 7 A.M. till 7, and sometimes 8 and 9 P.M., up to which time the refracted heat from the earth is so great, as to render the house laid open to its influence hot and uncomfortable for the day.

The house of the magistrate will always be found in the 'civil lines,' a term used to express that portion of the station inhabited by the civil community, in contradistinction to the military lines, or cantonments, occupied by the officers and men of the army; and in those places where both a cantonment and a civil station are to be found, as Dinapore, Lahore, Allahabad, Lucknow, &c., the former is always at some distance, varying from one mile to three or four miles, from the latter. The reason of this is obvious; as the position which is essential to the civil station is the worst possible for the cantonment; immediate proximity to the native city being the end desired for the former, and the end to be avoided in choosing a site for the latter. In the first case, you will see it is very necessary that the magisterial and police authorities should be within easy access of the city, that they may readily supervise its bazaars, and look after its welfare and the public peace, and that the suitors may not have a needless distance to go to the Civil and Criminal Courts; but in the case of the cantonment, an open, high, and well-drained locality is the first desideratum; and the removal, as far as is possible consist-

ently with the public interests, of the soldiers from the temptations of the bazaars and grog-shops of the town.

The community at the civil end of the station consists of the Magistrate of the District and his assistants, the Police Superintendent and assistant, the Civil Surgeon, as the doctor is termed, the clerks of the various public offices, and, perhaps, one or two European settlers or shopkeepers. The houses are generally better here than in the cantonment; as the men who build or buy them have better prospects of permanency than their military friends, and consequently spend more time and money in improving them.

Having premised so much, which was positively necessary, I proceed to describe a day's life.

At four in the morning, or soon after, the gun in the neighbouring cantonment booms out, announcing that night is past and day at hand. This is a signal for all men of business, and, indeed, putting the question of business aside, for all who value exercise, to bestir themselves and sally out; for by half-past seven all chance of walking or riding, with either comfort or benefit, will be gone till evening, when the time for such is very short.

The magistrate has always plenty to do at this time; and he therefore gets under weigh as soon as possible, and, mounting his horse, makes his way first to the gaol, of which he has *ex officio* sole charge.* On arriving at the gate, the gaoler meets him, and reports the number of prisoners present, and anything of a nature calling for report which has occurred since the previous evening when he made his last report. The magistrate then goes round the gaol in company with the gaoler, and attended by a guard of four policemen, inspecting the pri-

* Of late, with a view of lightening the burden of the magistrate's work, the plan has been adopted of putting the gaol under the charge of the civil surgeon, who receives an addition to his income of 100*l.* or 120*l.* per annum for the work, and who has conferred upon him magisterial powers within the precincts of the gaol.

soners on parade, listening to any complaints preferred either by or against them, looking at their food, at the sick in hospital, and at the progress of the various manufactures carried on by the convicts. These are chiefly towels, dusters, matting, string and rope, tape, carpets, rugs, pottery, blankets, cloth of the coarse nature worn by natives, and, in some gaols, silk-weaving. Any case of insubordination or breach of discipline is then and there dealt with. Solitary confinement enters largely into the gaol system in India, and is imposed with good effect. As a rule the convicts do not give much trouble, the chief offences being smuggling of tobacco or money, and theft of the corn given them to grind in hand-mills, and now and then attempts at escape or *émeute*. Among the women internal squabbles, and sulky fits, when they refuse to work. There is a potent way of dealing with the ladies in the event of fits of obstinacy supervening, that, as far as I know, never fails: it consists simply in sending for a barber, and threatening to shave the head of the offender. I have known a woman refuse all food, and lie like a log on the ground, beat her breast with brickbats and tear up her clothing, brought to, in the twinkling of an eye, that eye being the barber's when summoned with scissors and razor.

The number of prisoners in the ordinary district gaols is from three to four hundred, and in the central or divisional gaols eight hundred to a thousand. The former description of gaol is built of sun-dried bricks, and the latter of burnt bricks and stone.

After the visit to the gaol is over, the dispensary, or charity hospital, or the school, is looked at, or may be the scene of some dispute in or near the city; after which a gallop round the cantonment occupies a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, by which time the sun is beginning to blaze fiercely, and the shelter of the house becomes desirable.

On reaching home, the magistrate finds table and chairs arranged in the verandah, on the shady side,

and 'chota haziree' (small breakfast), consisting of tea and toast and fruit, as peaches, mangoes, and melons ready spread; the post, too, will have come in, and letters and newspapers are examined. This is a favourite time for the interchange of friendly visits among immediate neighbours; and especially where the table is presided over by a lady, are the gentlemen who live near, glad to drop in and chat for half an hour; the gardener takes this opportunity of presenting his basket of vegetables for the day's consumption: a pretty and graceful custom, I think, for he shows great taste in grouping the various contents of the basket, contrasting well the scarlet tomato with the fresh green and white of the lettuce, and the dark-red cabbage with the snowy cauliflower, the whole being surmounted with a large bouquet for the flower vase.

When the half-hour devoted to this repast is over, and the lady—if lady there be in the establishment, as, I contend, there should—turns to her housekeeping and letters, the magistrate can either receive the native visitors—accessibility to whom is one of his paramount duties—or dispose of his 'reports,' of which I spoke in my former letter, and the disposal of which, at this hour, is an excellent plan, as it is work which must be done, and which occupies considerable time often very hard to find when once the 'Cutcherry' (as the court-house is called) is entered.

At nine o'clock the bath is taken, and the toilette for the day is made; breakfast then appears; and at half-past ten the buggy comes round, and the magistrate drives to his 'Cutcherry.' This is a large railway-terminus-looking building, containing rooms for the magistrate, and his assistants, English and native, and for the police officers, record rooms, English and Persian offices, lock-up and treasury.

I have already explained the nature of the office duties to be performed, and will not, therefore, recapitulate them, but merely mention, that the judicial work is much augmented when the civil officers

are at the station; as suitors who can afford to wait, prefer putting their claims before the courts, when the judge is at their doors almost, to following the camp about from place to place all over the district.

The heat and sense of unwholesome oppression in court, in the hot weather, it is impossible to give you an adequate idea of; but with the thermometer at 98° and 100°, and the room crowded with perspiring natives, redolent of rancid butter, garlic, and other abominations, you may conceive that it is far from a pleasing atmosphere.

He is a fortunate man who can leave his office at half-past five or six o'clock in the evening at this time of year, with the knowledge that he has done his day's work; and it is striking to observe the difference, in the capacity for disposing of work, shown by different men, as their constitution of mind and temperament vary. Industry will do a great deal, no doubt; but order, and the power of giving the mind wholly to the one thing before it at the time, do more.

To understand how difficult this is to attain to, you must bear in mind that the official I am describing is not only a magistrate with cases the most heinous and complicated to deal with daily, and a civil judge of large jurisdiction, but also the collector of a very large amount of revenue, and the custodian of it and other public money, in a variety of funds, which he has to administer; that he has a tract of country as large as Yorkshire under him, and has to govern the people of this tract, numbering from three to four hundred thousand, to administer their affairs, fiscal, civil, and criminal; that he has to make and maintain one or two hundred miles of road; to carry out public works, often of great magnitude; to superintend the education of the rising generation of his district; to master the laws, and circulars interpreting them, issuing almost daily; to direct, advise, and instruct his assistants, and to hold himself ready to give an opinion, at any moment, on questions of law or policy which may be referred to him.

On reaching home after his day's work, the bath and dressing-room are again resorted to, and in a short time the fagged but temporarily-refreshed official prepares to take his daily drive round the station, to 'eat the air,' as the phrase is in Hindostanee. The choice of drives is seldom great; round the barracks and home past the church, or round by the church and home past the barracks, being about the extent of the alternative.

Twice or thrice a week one of the regimental bands plays in the public gardens, and pale ladies and children, and white-clothed officers, civil and military, assemble there to listen to the music and groan over the heat. Truly at times one is tempted to feel, 'What business have Englishmen in this land?' The atmosphere is of the colour of pea-soup, or a London fog of the yellowest, but the colouring matter in this instance is dust held in suspense in the air, and which is more or less prevalent during April and May: every now and then the air and sky are cleared by a dust storm, and when one of these visitations takes place at the time of the evening drive, or when the band is playing, the result is a scene of confusion which would be amusing were it not so abominably disagreeable; the big drum and the first bassoon, the trombone and the triangle vie with each other in their headlong flight before the storm.

The approach of the storm is generally made known by the oppressive stillness which precedes it being disturbed by a breeze, growing stronger and stronger as the wall of dust, black as night, sweeps swiftly nearer and nearer, obscuring first the distance, then the foreground, and then swallowing you up in its dusty columns that come circling down on you like giant waterspouts. Horses and men, buggies and carriages are put to flight, and vainly do the ladies try to save their locks from being coated with filth by attempting to tie shawls and handkerchiefs over their heads, and to swallow as little as may be by closing the mouth; but the dust is not thus foiled, for

up the nose, through the lips, and one is tempted to think through the very pores of the skin it forces itself, till mouth and throat, eyes and hair, are all filled: of course, under these circumstances, doors are of small avail in keeping out the dust, and it is therefore no surprise on reaching home to find books and furniture, carpets and one's very dinner effectually powdered; indeed very pretty patterns may be drawn on the table or dinner plate by him who can use his forefinger with skill on these occasions.

It is on record that in 1849, after the Punjab campaign, one of these storms lasted seven days and nights at Wuzeerabad; the misery endured by officers and men exposed to it you may conceive; washing was a farce; every man looked like a miller, and ate more dirt with his food in that week than most of us think sufficient in a lifetime. At mess each unhappy man covered his plate over with another plate, which he lifted from time to time sufficiently to allow his spoon or fork to pass, and then replaced.

After dinner on moderately cool nights, or, more properly speaking, on nights not immoderately hot, it is usual to sit outside in the garden in easy-chairs, and talk or smoke, or often, I fear neither, for sleep with irresistible power takes possession of the frame, and with the best intentions the conversation gradually flags, the cigar drops from the lips, and nothing less than repeated tugs at his foot by the slave of the bed-chamber suffices to rouse the sleeping form of the master of the establishment. Of the ladies I for two reasons hesitate to speak; first, from motives of respect and delicacy for the sex, and secondly, because after the above confession it is possible my evidence may not be considered wholly conclusive. This quiet style of evening is sometimes disturbed by the necessity of giving and accepting dinners, and in some places a moonlight entertainment *al fresco* from nine till eleven is the fashion, when the band discourses sweet music, and much iced claret cup is consumed. This latter class of conviviality, however, is restricted to

the period before the rains set in, for as soon as they commence, not only the dampness of nature, but the 'snakiness' thereof, forbid out-of-door night amusements.

Snakes give little trouble till July, when they begin to show themselves and make themselves felt. Casualties from their bites among the English are very rare, though there are daily narrow escapes, but among natives the number is quite shocking, and has attracted the attention of Government; fifty per cent. of the deaths I have no doubt might be avoided, by timely application for the remedies placed for general use at each police post, but laziness and superstition prevent men from seeking these in time.

Gardeners and men whose work lies among long grass and weeds, are of course always liable to be attacked by snakes on account of their involuntarily disturbing them. I had an old gardener once who had had several narrow escapes from snakes of a deadly species, as well as several bites from less venomous ones; and it was his custom at the end of the rainy season, on a particular day, to show his veneration and respect for the race, by making them a thankoffering in the shape of dozens of little saucers of milk, which he placed round his house and about the garden for their use.

Sunday, I need hardly say, is a day of rest; but to the man who has not resources in himself and his home, it is to a great extent a wearying and irksome day. Morning service is at five or half-past five, and evening service at six or half-past; thus, at six or seven o'clock in the morning a man finds himself back in his house, from which he will not be able to stir for twelve hours, and with none of his ordinary occupations to fill the void and exercise his mind; under these circumstances what wonder if he doze away the greater part of the day to the detriment of his liver, and congratulates himself that at all events he is a busy man for six days out of seven. As I am not writing a moral essay on the value of time or talents, but merely telling you what from expe-

rience I know to be the case, I need not offer any comment on this way of passing the Sunday.

I must mention one more circumstance that is curious, and to be met with in most stations during the rains, namely, the eruptions of winged ants that visit us. These take place generally about sundown, and if you sit down to watch one, the effect is very curious: from a little hole in the earth a stream of winged ants issues forth with a rapidity and volume quite surprising; they make their way to every lighted lamp and candle, and rapidly fill the room, covering the floor, the walls, and tables in a way that must be seen to be believed. If dinner happens to be on the table it must be covered up and left, and every light removed from the room, while it is cleared by the broom from these unwelcome visitors and their wings, for they drop their wings all about the place and die, almost as soon as they have

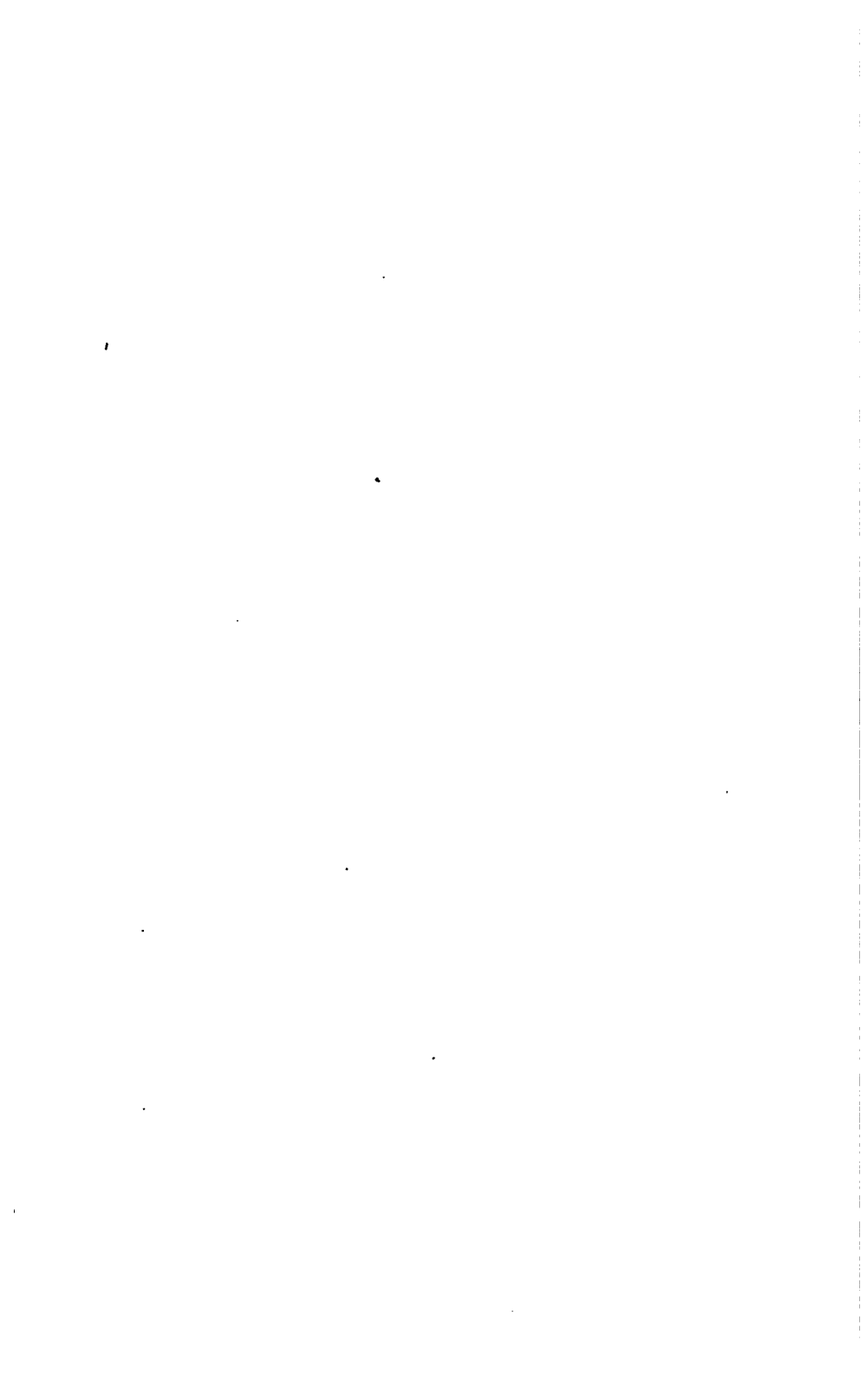
succeeded in establishing themselves in the house.

On re-reading my letter, I find that I held out hopes of showing you that hot-weather life was not wholly disagreeable, but that 'redeeming features' were to be found in it. I fail, however, to discover in what I have written record of any very enviable moments, and I suppose, therefore, that from a desire not to take a gloomy view of the life, and also perhaps the recollection of some pleasurable moments in connection with iced claret cup, to enjoy which thoroughly you must visit India, I have been betrayed, as to the 'redeeming features,' into making a somewhat random statement. You will, however, doubtless forgive this, and wish me continuation of the power of thinking that there are 'redeeming features' in the least agreeable phases of life.

Yours ever,

OLIM SOCIUS.



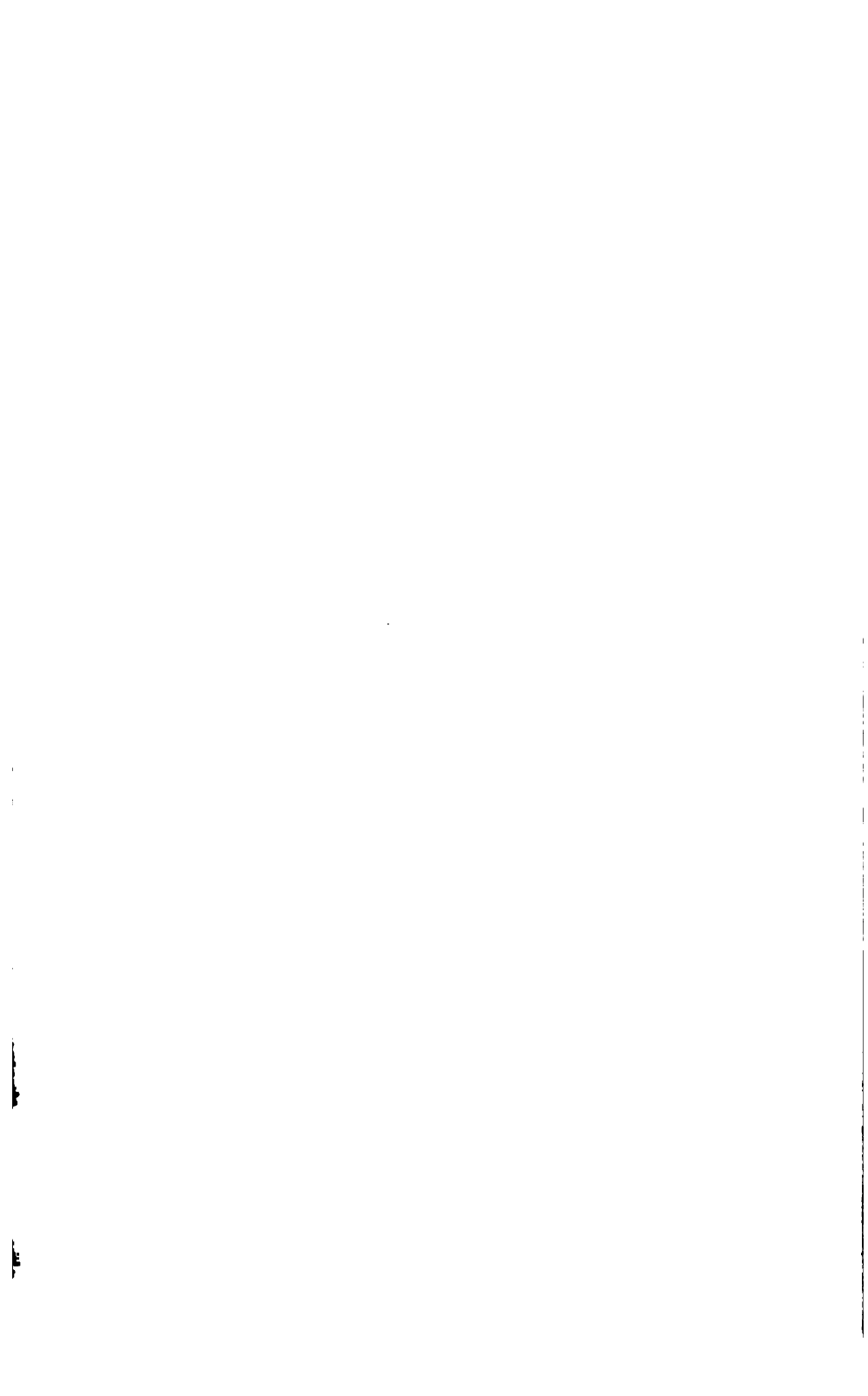


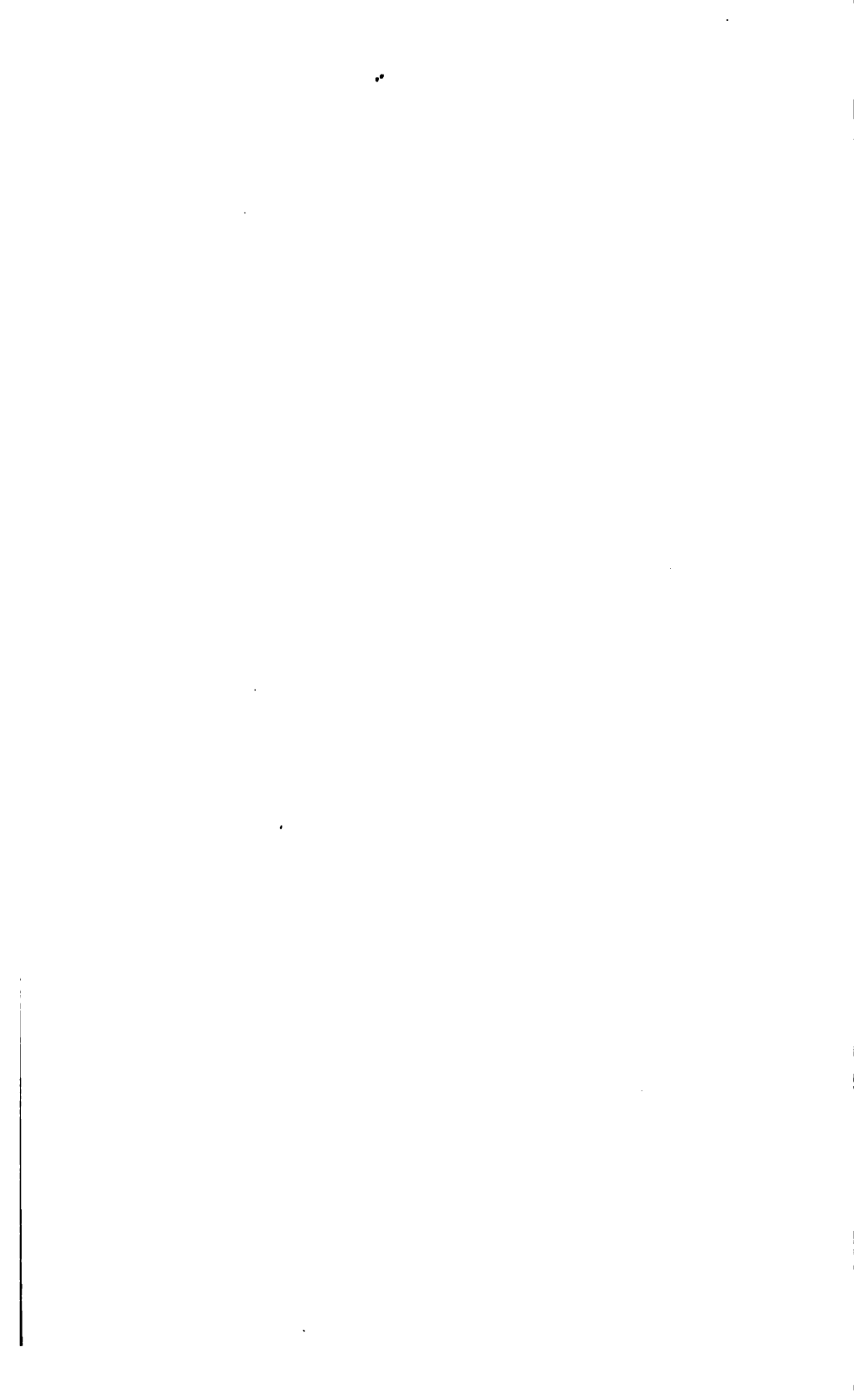


Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.]

LILY.

[See Page 227.]





L I L Y.

I'VE lost my heart a dozen times,
 And sung sweet songs and written rhymes
 To many a faithless maiden ;
 A dozen times all hope has flown,
 A dozen times I've sat me down
 With care and sorrow laden.

A baby-boy of seven years,
 I lavish'd sighs and wasted tears
 On Mary, ten years older ;
 Does she remember Prior Park ?
 The magic lantern ? In the dark
 I kiss'd her on the shoulder.

Again my fitting thoughts recall
 The sunny slopes of Ilford Hall,
 Its master stout and fussy ;
 The beds of strawberries, the swing,
 The laughing girls who made me sing,
 The merry voice of Gussy.

I wander now t'wards Branscombe Chine,
 With blue-eyed cousin Caroline
 Across the lilac heather.
 I well recall the summer heat,
 The breezes and the cool retreat,
 And resting, yes, together.

Ah ! long ago we laughed at fate,
 And vowed no power could separate
 Our hearts ; we hoped to marry.
 Stern parents said it would not do,
 And soon Miss Mary said so too,
 And so did Loo and Carry.

Of course I thought myself ill-used,
 I fought my fight and was refused,
 I 'll honestly confess it.
 Now chaffing friends protest I doat
 On any face or petticoat,
 As coarsely they express it.

Well, anyhow, the other night
 I met a darling, fairy light,
 Whose Christian name was Lily.
 She had such eyes and was so fair,
 Such rosy lips, such golden hair,
 She slew me, willy nilly.

We waltz'd upon a polish'd floor,
 I led her to her carriage door,
 And felt quite brokenhearted.
 I hop'd that we should meet again,
 We bow'd, up went the window-pane,
 I sigh'd, and thus we parted.

Is that her voice? 'Your sister, Fan,
 Is dress'd and ready; naughty man
 To keep two ladies waiting.'
 I answer, 'Waiting? What! for me?'
 'Of course,' she says, 'we long to see
 The gardens and the skating.'

'Well, let us trudge across the snow,
 And mind, now, when I whisper low,
 Don't think me very silly.
 I'll freely own, for your sweet sake,
 I'd like my heart again to break,
 My very charming Lily!'

C. W. S.

ART IN THE AUCTION ROOM.

Prices.

IN a previous article a promise was made to select from the margins of recent catalogues a few of the more noteworthy prices obtained in the auction room for works of art and ornament. Necessarily it must be very few—just enough to indicate the set of the tide of taste or fashion—for to treat the subject sufficiently, would require a range of examples that would need a running commentary and ample space to render them intelligible. Before citing our instances it may, however, be as well to caution the novice that prices, whether high or low, are not to be regarded as an absolute criterion of value. As the rule, it may be assumed that articles such as we are treating of, when sold publicly in the principal art auction rooms of the metropolis, and in presence of the leading dealers as well as collectors, will fetch pretty nearly their current price. But current price is a very different thing from actual worth, and depends often as much on the caprice of the hour as on the excellence of the article. Hence the contrasts, anomalies, and fluctuations in price which are continually presented, and of which some instances were given in the former article. Take two or three more. In 1750, Hogarth put up to auction the six paintings of the 'Marriage à la

Mode,' and had the mortification to see them knocked down for 110 guineas. The frames had cost him 24 guineas: so that for the pictures, the best painted, the purest in treatment, and the noblest in purpose of all his works, he received just 14l. 7s. each. On the other hand, in 1863, a single picture by Mulready, of about the same size, 'The First Voyage,'—some children drawing a younger brother along a brook in a washing tub,—a very pretty picture of its class, but bearing about the same relation to any one of the Hogarth series as a play of Tom Taylor's does to one of Shakspeare's, sold at Christie's for 1450 guineas. In justice to the taste of the end of the last century, it must be added that when the 'Marriage à la Mode' series was sold by Christie in 1792, it fetched 900 guineas, and five years later was knocked down by the same auctioneer for 1381l. The purchaser on this occasion was Mr. Angerstein, with the rest of whose pictures it was bought in 1824 for the National Gallery. The sale price of the 'Marriage à la Mode' cannot therefore be again tested; but we may be certain that in 1864 it would be something very different to that of 1750, or even 1797.

Again, at the great Stowe sale, 1849,

an earthenware plate, 9 inches in diameter, of the kind of Majolica known as Caffagiolo, was sold to a dealer for 4*l.*—probably as much as it cost the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Bernal gave the dealer a sovereign for his bargain. At the sale of Mr. Bernal's collection in 1855, this plate was bought for the South Kensington Museum for 120*l.*! Its special interest arises from its having on it a representation of a Majolica painter at work in his studio. Probably it is quite worth the 120*l.* given for it by the South Kensington big-wigs in 1855; but then what becomes of the 4*l.* of 1849 as a test of value? The explanation, of course, is that Majolica was not much heeded in 1849 and was the rage in 1855, and South Kensington is very sensitive to the influence of the *mode*. Compare with this an instance of depreciation in price. Josiah Wedgwood, among other notable works, produced fifty exquisite reproductions of the Portland vase. A few years ago a good copy sold at Christie's for 200 guineas. Last July a still finer copy was sold there for 27 guineas. Perhaps at the present moment—Mr. Gladstone's *éloge* on Wedgwood, and the announcement of an elaborate biography having recalled attention to the greatest of our potters—if a copy were put up for sale a much nearer approach to the old price would be obtained.

In our notes of prices precedence must be given to Pictures, and according to right of seniority, to the works of the old masters; though of late years these have somewhat fallen from their pride of place in the London sale-room. Partly, no doubt, this has arisen from the increasing rarity of very fine examples. Pictures of a high order are year by year being absorbed in national galleries and great hereditary collections, from which there is no return, and there are no newly-discovered repositories whence a fresh supply can be drawn. But there has also been gradually operating a change of taste for modern pictures among British buyers. When a really great picture by one of the old masters comes into the public market, whether here or elsewhere, competitors for it are many, eager, and open-handed. The most striking recent example, and that which will occur to every one, was Marshal Soult's famous picture of the 'Immaculate Conception,' by Murillo, which was sold at Paris, in May 1852, for 24,612*l.* (615,300 fr.). This was the largest sum probably ever obtained for a picture at a public auction, but then the competitors were

personages of no ordinary magnitude, they being the newly-elected Emperor of the French, laudably zealous for his country's *gloire*—which Parisians had somehow persuaded themselves would be sullied by the expatriation of the Murillo—the Queen of Spain, no less zealous to recover one of the stolen jewels of her diadem, the Emperor of Russia, seemingly bent on carrying off the prize from both, and the Marquis of Hertford, in the actual encounter the last to give way. It was a pretty price, and profitable for the Soult family, seeing that the picture cost the illustrious marshal only the little twinge his conscience must have felt at fliching it from the altar for which Murillo painted it. But Soult bagged too many church pictures for the special sanctity of any one to trouble him long, and so his family reaped the benefit. It is, by the way, worth noting that this picture would have adorned our National Gallery instead of the Louvre, could the authorities have been aroused by repeated applications. Soult himself, in 1824, proposed, through Mr. Buchanan, to sell this and his seven other Murillos on comparatively easy terms to the English government; but the offer was declined. Again, after the revolution of 1848, the political horizon looking troubled, the marshal became anxious to convert his Spanish pictures into English gold. The price set on the 'Immaculate Conception' was about 6000*l.* It was deemed too high, and the opportunity was lost. When, four years later, it realized four times that sum, a Murillo fever set in; but it has cooled down now. In 1860, a renowned English Murillo (known as the Belvedere), the same in subject as the Paris picture, and, as some said, equal in merit, whilst it was larger in size, was put up by its inheritor at Christie's, but bought in because no one could be found to advance beyond 9000 guineas—a sum we may question whether it would reach if offered for sale in 1864. The following year (1861) another 'Immaculate Conception,' and one the genuineness of which seemed not to be doubted; which, shortly after it was painted, had been carried to Mexico by an archbishop of that country; not returned to Europe till 1853; and eventually consigned to England with some parade and offered in private for 4000 guineas, only realized under Christie's hammer a poor 900. At the sale of Earl Clare's pictures, June 1864, a 'Peasant holding a bottle, a wreath of vine on his head,' one of Murillo's finest works of its class, sold for 1300 guineas.

On the whole, Rubens, among the older masters, seems to have best preserved his popularity with our picture buyers. His works always fetched high prices, and choice examples have steadily increased in market value. Thus the well known 'Rainbow Landscape,' which, when brought to England at the beginning of the present century, with difficulty found a purchaser at 1500*l.*, was sold by Christie in 1823, at Watson Taylor's sale, for 2730*l.*, and when it again came under his hammer, at Lord Oxford's sale in 1856, brought 4550*l.* Again, not to multiply instances, a 'Portrait of a Lady,' believed to be the wife and children of Rubens's friend, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, was bought by Lord Ward at Christie's, in 1860, for 7500 guineas; a price which quite throws into the shade that given for the more famous 'Chapeau de Paille,' for which Sir Robert Peel paid 3500 guineas. Of Rubens's great scholar, Vandyck, one of the most noteworthy of the late prices was 1850 guineas given by the Marquis of Westminster at Christie's, in 1861, for the celebrated picture of the 'Bolingbroke Family.' The year before, 1000 guineas were given in the same room for a three-quarter portrait of his fellow-pupil, Snyders, the animal painter. A head, by Rembrandt, of something over average merit, brings about a like sum, but on the whole, although the Jew that Rembrandt drew (with his etching needle) is in greater request than ever, the fruit of his paint-brush is somewhat less eagerly sought after. At any rate, we have had no such prices of late as that obtained at the sale at Christie's in 1811 of the 'Portrait of the Master-Shipbuilder,' for which 5000 guineas were given. There is, however, a sad lot of rubbish got rid of in auction rooms under the name of Rembrandt, of which his pencil was quite innocent—and of these the novice should beware, or he may receive a rough lesson. Very recently, for example, there was sold in King Street, what the catalogue termed 'a noble work,' by Rembrandt. It had been bought at the sale of Mr. Lee, of Shelton, for close upon 400*l.*, it now fetched 15*l.*! Of course before Mr. Christie's hammer fell its spurious character had been determined: but instances of a like kind are of frequent occurrence.

Of the other Dutch and French masters a nearly similar report might be made. Very fine examples secure large prices, but average specimens are of lower value than formerly in the auction room: 1070 guineas for a 'Woody

Landscape,' nobly painted, by Hobbema (1857), and 890 guineas, for an 'Interior,' by Ostade (1860), may be regarded as above the average. Fifty years ago a fine 'Village Festival,' by Teniers, sold at Christie's for 1732*l.*; a remarkably fine Khmerese was sold by Christie, at Mr. Oppenheim's sale, June 1864, for 1450 guineas. At Lord Northwick's sale, 1859, a well-known landscape, 'The Miseries of War,' by Wouverman, sold for 1035 guineas: at the La Fontaine sale, in 1811, Christie sold his 'Hay Harvest' (now in the Royal Collection), for 1700 guineas. Again, the 'View of Dort,' by Cuypp, which, when brought to England a century back, was purchased by Captain Baillie for 70*l.*, fetched at Lady Stuart's sale 2200*l.*; but at late sales, among the highest prices obtained for a Cuypp are 1500 guineas for a remarkably fine 'Morning Scene,' at the Saltmarsh sale in 1860, and 920 for 'A Landscape,' at the Northwick sale the year before. These may be taken, perhaps, as showing that the value of this class of works is not advancing; and we have certainly had no such sum as 1890 guineas given of late years for 'Peasants and Cattle,' by A. Vandevelde; nor, perhaps, as 1677 guineas for a 'Landscape,' by Both—prices obtained by Christie in 1811. On the other hand, instances occur of a marked rise in the price of particular works, as at the sale of Mr. Scarsbrick's pictures in 1861, where a 'Calm,' by W. Vandevelde, which was bought at the Redleaf sale, in 1852, for 215 guineas, fetched 620*l.* At the same sale a 'Landscape,' by Ruysdael, no doubt of finer quality, realized the handsome amount of 1250 guineas. In 1864, a 'Grand Romantic Landscape,' by Jacob Ruysdael, from the Oppenheim collection, sold for 1450 guineas; whilst at the same sale a Group of Flowers by Jan Van Huysum fetched 500 guineas.

Pictures of high character by the great Italian painters are of rarer occurrence in the auction room than works of corresponding rank by the masters of the Netherlands. A masterpiece by Raffaele would create a sensation and render the year memorable in the annals of King Street. But no such event has happened of late. It will therefore suffice, as space is limited, to mention, without comment, two or three of the higher prices obtained in the last few years. At Lord Northwick's sale, 1859, a 'Cupid Wounded,' by Giorgione, sold for 1250 guineas; the 'Birth of Jupiter,' by Giulio Romano, to the National Gallery, for 929*l.*; and the 'Stoning of

St. Stephen,' by Garofalo, a well-known painting from the Balbi Palace, for 1530 guineas. At the same sale a St. John, very finely painted by Carlo Dolci, fetched the large sum of 2010 guineas, and at the Scarisbrick sale, in 1861, a St. James, by Guido, brought 1250 guineas—sufficient proof that the taste for this class of art has not materially declined. Whether it be that Ruskin's censure of Salvator Rosa has influenced purchasers, or opened their eyes to his faults, or that fashion has for the moment turned aside from him, or only that first-rate examples have not been offered, certain it is that his pictures have not brought high prices lately. Such sums as 1500 guineas have been given at Christie's, in 1801, for a 'Rocky Scene' by him, and 2100 guineas for a 'Landscape,' at Sir Mark Sykes's sale in 1824; but of late 300 or 400 seems to be quite the outside price. For a Claude the highest price we have noticed lately was 850 guineas in 1860: but a great work by him would undoubtedly obtain a much larger sum.

The class of old pictures which has most decidedly risen in sale-room estimation is that of the true pre-Raphaelites—the Italian masters of the quattrocento. To name only a few. A Giotto, quaint and interesting, but assuredly not one of his best works, though praised by Vasari, 'Christ receiving the Soul of the Virgin,' sold in June 1863 for 950 guineas, at Mr. Davenport Bromley's sale—the chief collection of these works brought to the hammer for a long time. At the same sale 'Our Saviour on the Mount of Olives,' by G. Bellini, sold to the National Gallery for 600 guineas, and the 'Holy Trinity,' by Peselli, to the same institution for 2000 guineas, a sum which extorted a round of applause from the assembled votaries of early art. A 'Portrait of La Simonetta,' by F. Lippi, or A. Pollajuolo, for the learned differed as to its paternity, brought 460 guineas; and a 'Virgin and Child,' by Botticello, 750 guineas. Equalling these, however, was the price (800 guineas) obtained for the 'St. Catherine,' of Conegliano, and one or two others of the same period at Lord Northwick's sale four years before. At this last sale occurred one of those little slips which shows how much the acumen of the experts is sometimes at fault. A 'Virgin and Child,' attributed to Verrocchio, was purchased by Mr. Bromley for 230 guineas. At the Bromley sale, four years later, it was called a Boltraffio and sold for 440 guineas—a very handsome profit. But the noticeable thing was that it was

purchased for the National Gallery, the agents for which were of course at the Northwick sale, though they then failed to recognise the value of the picture. But it is not only in these early pictures that such oversights happen. At the Northwick sale, Mr. Bromley bought a 'Virgin and Child,' said to be an early work of Leonardo da Vinci, and referred to as such in M. Rio's life of the great Florentine; but its attribution was evidently disbelieved, as it sold for 15 guineas. At Mr. Bromley's sale it fetched 140 guineas.

The most striking increase of price is however shown, where we may be well content to witness it, in the English pictures. A carefully-collected list of the prices originally paid for such of the more important works as have of late come into the auction room, of those who were in their day the most admired and most patronized of our painters, would supply some suggestive illustrations of the mutations of taste or fashion. We must be content, however, to pick out only a few stray examples. The works of the head of the British school have from the first steadily risen in value. A picture by Reynolds, in good preservation, though it be only the head of some unknown fair or dimpled child, never fails to excite a *furor*. For the portrait of Miss Bowles—a merry little maid playing with a spaniel—the Marquis of Hertford paid 1020 guineas, at Christie's, in 1850; and in the same room, in 1859, Lord Ward gave 1100 guineas for the head of pretty, prim Penelope Boothby, a picture for which the painter received 50 guineas in 1788. But the culminant price for one of these half-lengths of little girls was that mentioned in the previous paper, 2100 guineas, paid by the Marquis of Hertford, at Samuel Rogers's sale, in 1856, for the charming 'Strawberry Girl.' But Reynolds's ladies are as attractive as his children. A very pretty portrait of Mrs. Carnac (for which Reynolds was paid 75 guineas) was bought by the Marquis of Hertford—the most munificent of the Reynolds collectors—at Christie's, in 1861, for 1710 guineas; and the portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, as 'Contemplation,' which was in the International Exhibition of 1862, sold at Christie's, the following year, for 1000 guineas. The 'Braddyl Family' brought 1000 guineas in 1862. His 'Puck,' for which he received 100l. from Admiral Boydell, was bought for 200 guineas by the poet Rogers, at the sale of whose pictures, in 1856, it was knocked down to Earl Fitzwilliam for 980 guineas. Reynolds made a few, and

but a few, attempts in 'high art.' They are now in much less esteem than his portraits, and would probably bring an inferior price at a sale. But it was not always so. His well-known 'Holy Family' was painted for Macklin, the publisher, from whom Reynolds received 500 guineas for it. Macklin sold it to Lord Gwydir for 700 guineas. At the sale of Lord Gwydir's pictures, in 1829, it was knocked down for no less than 1950 guineas to the Directors of the British Institution, by whom it was presented to the National Gallery. At the same sale, and for the same purpose, the Directors purchased Gainsborough's 'Market Cart' for 1050 guineas. And this is about the proportion which a work of Gainsborough's still bears to one of equal celebrity by Reynolds. For example, Gainsborough's 'Miss Haverfield,' a sweetly-painted child taking her morning walk, brought 750 guineas at the Windus sale, 1859; and 'Repose,' a landscape in his lighter manner—the painter's bridal gift to his daughter—sold for 780 guineas at the Bicknell sale, in 1863. Wilson, it is to be feared, is under eclipse, pictures by him having of late brought but moderate prices.

The pictures of few of the contemporaries or immediate successors of the great triumvirate bring prices at all corresponding. The largest sum recently obtained was 1600*l.* for Copley's 'Death of Major Pierson,' purchased for the National Gallery at Lord Lyndhurst's sale, in February, 1864. Morland's pictures, once prominent in the auction room, have of late hardly held their ground there, owing, in some measure, to the knowledge of the number of sophisticated works and imitations which have found their way into collections, but also, no doubt, to a change of taste. Recently, fair specimens have only realized such prices as 140 guineas for 'Peasants in a Storm,' and 144 guineas for a 'Wood Scene, with Sportsman,' at Christie's in 1863, and a 'Rocky Coast, with Shipwreck,' 160 guineas, 'The Death of the Fox,' 150, and 'Cornish Wreckers,' 170 guineas, at Mr. Hesketh Smith's sale in May 1864. The works of Wilkie always fetch fancy prices, and those of another old favourite, Leslie, seldom fail of appreciation. At the Northwick sale, Leslie's 'Columbus and the Egg' brought 1070 guineas; and at the Bicknell sale, 'The Heiress,' for which Mr. Bicknell paid him 300*l.*, brought 1200 guineas.

Some painters, but indifferently appreciated whilst alive, have of late

risen remarkably in the market. Patrick Nasmyth is one of them. At the Northwick sale, in 1859, two landscapes, a 'View in Leigh Woods,' and a 'View of Windsor Castle,' for which Lord Northwick paid the artist only 100*l.*, sold respectively for 750*l.* and 588*l.* The landscapes of Crome of Norfolk, though always esteemed, brought no very high prices; but after the surprise and admiration they excited in the International Exhibition, and one of them, 'Mousehold Heath,' being purchased for the National Gallery for 1000*l.*, there can be no doubt that a fine specimen would command a high price at Christie's. Pictures by Müller, if genuine and untouched, fetch large sums. Constable's landscapes are very uncertain.

On the whole, the most surprising and least fluctuating advance in value has been in the works of our greatest landscape painter, Turner. At the sale of Mr. Wadmore's collection in 1854, three pictures, 'Cologne,' 'Dieppe Harbour,' and 'The Guard Ship at the Nore,' sold for 5619*l.* Mr. Wadmore having paid Turner for them only 1100*l.*; and at the Bicknell sale, 1863, ten pictures, for which Mr. Bicknell paid (mostly to the artist) 3750*l.*, brought no less a sum than 17,361*l.* Of these ten pictures the highest price (2510 guineas, original cost 300) was given for 'Antwerp: Van Goyen looking for a subject,' painted in 1833. This, the most perfect representation of the action of wind upon the surface of waves rolling in the opposite direction, elicited three hearty cheers when placed on the stand; and, at the private view, Stanfield might have been seen gazing long on it, in unrestrained admiration. But a somewhat higher price, 2520 guineas, was obtained at the sale of Mr. G. R. Burnett's pictures, in 1860, for the 'Grand Canal, Venice,' so well known by Miller's engraving. Several other of Turner's pictures have fetched over 2000*l.*, and many more have only just fallen short of that sum; but it would occupy too much space even to give their titles.

A still larger sum, 2950 guineas, was given at the Bicknell sale for an 'English Landscape with Cattle,' by Sir A. Callcott; but then the picture was a very large one, and the cattle were by Landseer; and Callcott has always enjoyed a reputation among collectors, difficult to account for in a painter of so little originality.

The prices paid for pictures wholly by Landseer's pencil are little short of marvellous. At the Bicknell sale, his 'Two Dogs' (25 inches by 30), for which

Mr. Bicknell paid him 300*l.* in 1859, actually fetched 2300 guineas; his 'Highland Shepherd,' which cost 350*l.*, sold for 2230 guineas, and a very uninteresting 'Prize Calf' for 1800 guineas. And prices almost as surprising have been readily obtained at other sales. Nor, indeed, have other of our principal living painters fallen much short of this high money standard. At the Bicknell sale, Mr. Stanfield's 'Beilstein on the Moselle,' which cost 250 guineas in 1837, sold for 1500; his 'French Coast near St. Malo,' for which a like sum was paid in 1838, sold for 1230 guineas; and his great picture of 'The Pic du Midi,' for which he received 700 guineas, sold for 2550. Almost parallel was the price, 1370 guineas, given for David Roberts' 'Interior of St. Gomar, Lierre, Belgium,' for which he received 300*l.* in 1850. Webster's well-known pair, the 'Smile' and the 'Frown,' bought at Mr. Knott's sale for 240*l.*, fetched at Mr. Bicknell's 1680*l.*; his 'Good Night,' for which 250 guineas were paid in 1845, sold in 1863 for 1160; whilst his 'Breakfast' sold at the Northwick sale for 1150 guineas. MacIise is another painter whose works command handsome prices. At the Redleaf sale, in 1852, his 'Bohemian Gipsies' brought 1050 guineas; whilst at the Northwick, his 'Robin Hood' was knocked down for 1305, and his 'Marriage of Strongbow and Eva' for 1710 guineas; but these are of large size and full of figures. Corresponding prices might be enumerated which have been obtained for the pictures of Mulready, Linnell, Hook, Millais, Rossetti, Frost, and other of our older and younger contemporaries; but the array of figures is already sufficient as an illustration, and might be tedious if prolonged.

Pictures in water-colours have risen in value equally with those in oil. In this branch of art Turner has again decidedly the lead. Little rude drawings for engravers, the size of a playing card, will readily fetch forty or fifty guineas. At the Bicknell sale, his 'Woodcock Shooting' and 'Mowbray Lodge,' drawings of only moderate size, sold for 510 guineas each, the two having cost the late owner 120*l.* At Mr. Heugh's sale, in 1860, 'Bamborough Castle' brought 500 guineas. But the culminant price for a Turner drawing was 1800 guineas, paid by Lord Ashburton at Mr. Allnutt's sale, June 1863, for the 'Tivoli,' perhaps the finest, and one of the largest, of Turner's drawings, but a good deal faded. This drawing was a great favourite of Mr. Allnutt, who em-

ployed Goodall to engrave it in his best manner, in order to distribute prints among his friends. Turner, hearing of this, applied for an additional payment for the copyright, and, on Mr. Allnutt declining, refused to sell him any more drawings. Mr. Allnutt also had several copies made of it both in oil and water-colours. The best of the latter, by David Cox, was sold on the same day as the original, and realized 150 guineas. As the work of a man of genius, it had of course some points of interest, but as a copy from Turner it was worthless, missing at once the general colour and effect, and all the subtler beauties of feeling and detail; yet, strangely enough, when resold at Foster's, less than six months later, it was bought by a dealer at no less than 270 guineas. Far better worth the price paid for it was David Cox's noble 'Valley,' which sold at Allnutt's sale for 410 guineas. Conspicuous among the remarkable prices given at the Bicknell sale for water-colour drawings were those for Copley Fielding's 'Bridlington Harbour,' 530 guineas (cost 36); 'Rievaulx Abbey,' 600*l.* (cost 40*l.*); and 'Crowborough Hill,' 760 guineas, the price paid to the artist having been 25 guineas! David Roberts' 'Great Square of Tetuan,' for which Mr. Bicknell paid him 20 guineas, sold for 410. William Hunt's works also always bring a great advance on their original cost. 'Black and White Grapes,' which cost 10 guineas, sold for 50; the 'Tambourine Girl,' cost 35 guineas, sold for 190; and only last December a little rustic figure, entitled 'Grandfather's Boots' (13 inches by 9), sold at Foster's for 150 guineas, at least five times what the artist received for it.

Perhaps the reader will be ready, from all that has been said, to draw the conclusion that the purchase of English pictures from the artists themselves must be an excellent way of investing money. No doubt of it—if you buy wisely. But remember, with reference to buying, that even in the studio you have to compete with shrewd dealers as well as wealthy collectors; and, as regards selling, that the fancy prices quoted are nearly all for pictures from famous collections; and some of the prices of the Bicknell pictures, for example, would almost suggest that as much was due to the name of the collector as to the merit of the picture.

The prices obtained for ENGRAVINGS is even more remarkable than those of pictures, inasmuch as they depend on so many circumstances extraneous to the excellence of the work—as their

rarity, width of margin, brilliancy and earliness of impression, and in some of the most striking cases on what is really an imperfection. Thus an impression of Raphael Morghen's 'Last Supper,' with a plate on the table left white, will sell for more than double the finest impression taken after the engraver had discovered and rectified his oversight. Strange's 'Henrietta and her Children,' 'before the jewels on the table,' sells for some pounds more than when the jewels, which are a decided improvement, are added. So is it with Rembrandt's 'Burgomaster Six,' and several other of his etchings; some of the etchings of Callot, and many other prints. This may seem, and in many cases is, a mere puerility, or the vanity of a collector desirous to possess what is almost unique; but it is partly justified by the fact, that the condition is a warranty of the print being taken from an unworn plate. But to go properly into the question would require a paper by itself; and so let us pass on to record a few of the higher representative prices.

Marc Antonio Raimondi, Raffaele's favourite engraver, stands by consent at the head of the craft; and the prices paid for his prints, when really in fine condition—for more than almost any other engraver has he suffered from impressions taken from worn-out and re-touched plates—fully accord with his position. His 'Judgment of Paris,' after Raffaele, which the catalogue very justly described as 'one of the finest impressions known of a print of the greatest rarity,' was sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson—the Christies of engravings—at the sale of the choice collection of Mr. Johnson of Oxford, April, 1860, for the astounding price of 320*l*. This is, I believe, the highest sum ever given for an engraving in an English auction room; but at the same sale a copy of Raphael Morghen's 'Last Supper,' after L. Da Vinci, 'a most splendid proof before the letters, and with the white plate; a print of the greatest rarity,' only five others being known, sold for 316*l*. A similar print of the 'Last Supper' was, however, knocked down at a sale in Paris, in 1862, for 336*l*.; but I am told that, proving on examination to be somewhat imperfect, the purchaser refused to take it. In London, in the same year, an impression in the same state was sold for 275*l*.; and a fine ordinary proof, at Dr. Wellesley's sale in 1858, for 80*l*. A proof of Raimondi's 'Judgment of Paris' sold at Dr. Wellesley's sale for 60 guineas; at the Johnson sale, his small single figure of 'Lucretia,' after

Raffaele, sold for 75 guineas; his famous 'Transfiguration,' earliest state and full margin, for 80*l*.; and his 'Five Saints,' after the same master, for 66*l*. A unique proof before letters of R. Morghen's 'Aurora,' after Guido, by many considered his best print, sold at Sotheby's, in 1862, for 105 guineas. A proof before letters of Longhi's 'Marriage of the Virgin,' after Raffaele, sold at the Johnson sale for 74 guineas; at Sotheby's, in 1856, for 60; and at G. Smith's sale, in 1861, for 53 guineas. A brilliant proof before letters of F. Müller's celebrated engraving from Raffaele's 'Madonna di San Sisto' sold at the Johnson sale for 120*l*., and an ordinary proof at Smith's sale for 71*l*. At Mr. Brooke's sale, in 1853, Lucas van Leyden's 'Christ Presented to the People' produced 77*l*., the highest sum yet reached by a print of this master. Albert Durer's 'Adam and Eve,' a fine proof, sold at Johnson's sale for 46*l*.; but a still finer proof had, a few months before, brought at Paris 64*l*. Prices quite on a level with these are also obtained by private sale: thus a unique proof of Wille's 'Instruction Paternelle,' better known as 'The Satin Gown,' was sold for 70*l*. by Messrs. Evans to the British Museum in 1851.

The works of our older English engravers hold their own right worthily in the sale-room. Thus a proof before letters of Sir Robert Strange's 'Charles I. in his Robes,' after Vandyck, with the margin complete, sold at the Johnson sale for 50 guineas; and good proofs of his other Vandyck prints and the great Italian masters range from 20 to 40 guineas. A unique copy of Hogarth's 'Midnight Modern Conversation,' the word 'modern' being spelled with two *d*'s, a blunder discovered after one impression was taken, fetched, some years back, 78 guineas. With this exception, the highest price for an English print is, I believe, that obtained at the Johnson sale 'a most brilliant and finished proof, all but unique,' of Woollett's 'Niobe'—70*l*. This is undoubtedly Woollett's best print—perhaps the best landscape engraving extant; but its price is accounted for by the tradition that Boydell, for whom the engraving was executed, had only *two* proofs taken, and these he kept for himself. But a second was sold at Mr. Clarke's sale in 1856, for 52 guineas, and *three* others are known. The original price of the print was 5*s*. The highest price recently given for a fine proof of Woollett's 'Battle of La Hogue,' by some said to be his best print, was 27*l*., at Sotheby's, in 1861.

Like other objects of art, engravings have their mutations. Some years ago there was a passion for English portraits; and so far did the mania extend, that bibliophiles dreaded to leave an eager collector alone in a library in which were many good heads by Hollar or Faithorne. Many a Granger is reported to have been enriched in this way, and many a rich one despoiled. The passion was at its highest between the Townley and Sykes sales, 1818—24. It is now nearly at ebb. In March, 1861, a choice impression of Faithorne's 'Viscount Mordaunt' fetched 34*l.* at Sotheby's; but two years later, Hollar's famous portrait of Sir Thomas Chaloner, which at the Townley sale fetched 81*l.*, sold for 10 guineas.

There has been no fluctuation, however, in Rembrandt etchings. From his own day they have been eagerly sought after; every variation of state, colour of ink, and difference of paper carefully noted, owner's names recorded, and, as a consequence, their value has continued to rise. An etching of 'Christ Healing the Sick' became known soon after its issue as 'The Hundred-guilder print,' from Rembrandt refusing to sell a proof it under that then enormous price—about eight guineas. Twenty years ago a fine proof would fetch 60 guineas. At the sale of Mr. Johnson's prints in 1861, an India paper proof sold for 160*l.*; but a proof of the very finest kind has sold more than once in London for 250*l.*, the extreme price yet given for an etching. This price has, however, been very nearly reached in Paris, where, at a great sale of prints in November 1859, a splendid proof of the etching of the 'Burgomaster Six,' of what is known as 'the second state,' sold, amidst unbounded excitement, for 222*l.* (5550 francs), the highest sum ever given for an etching at a French sale. At the same sale, a 'Portrait of James Lutma,' one of the most coveted of the Rembrandt etchings, 'first state, before the window, and also before the names of Rembrandt and Lutma,' sold for 84*l.*; at the Johnson sale, five months later, a similar proof brought 91*l.*, and a rare proof of 'Old Haaring' 107*l.*

We must, however, turn to other branches of the subject, though the space left will only permit us to touch and quit them. A century ago classic art held the supreme place, and the sale of a Greek vase of superior design produced quite a sensation among the dilettanti. A Mr. Edwards paid 1000*l.* for a large Greek vase, which is now in the British Museum; and for the fa-

mous one in the Museo Borbonico, Naples, a still higher sum was given. But this was the culminant price. At a sale in 1836, three Greek vases of great beauty were sold respectively for 280*l.*, 264*l.*, and 240*l.* each. Later, the prices declined, and almost in the proportion in which mediæval and cinquecento wares advanced. Greek art paled before the superior splendour and purity of that of the middle ages. In 1856 a remarkably fine vase was bought at Christie's for 122*l.*, by Mr. Forman; and the same gentleman, at the Hertz sale, in 1859, obtained a famous vase from the Canino collection, subject, 'Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector,' for 87*l.* Since then there has occurred a reaction. In June, 1863, a noted vase, 'Il gran Vaso del Capo di Monte,' sold at Christie's for 300 guineas.

Rare and choice specimens of the true old porcelain of China are in as much request as in the days of the 'Spectator,' or as when Horace Walpole was one of the busiest of the collectors. Mr. Birch, the great authority on ancient earthenware, says in his excellent article, 'Pottery,' in the 'English Cyclopædia,' that 'even mandarins might pause at the prices given' in England for Chinese crackle, '60*l.* and 70*l.* being paid for sea-green or turquoise-blue vases.' But if they might pause at these prices, they would surely stand aghast at more recent ones. At Mr. Fortune's sale (Christie's, June, 1859), a bottle of pale turquoise crackle, 17 inches high, sold for 131*l.*, and a vase of the same material, 14 inches high, with the imperial dragon, &c., in relief, brought no less than 210*l.* That there has been no falling off since was shown at Lord Lyndhurst's sale, last February, where a pair of old Nankin jars (not crackle) sold for 120*l.*, and another pair for 125 guineas.

For Majolica, the coarse opaque earthenware, painted and irridiscent, manufactured and decorated with so much skill in various Italian cities during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and long known as Raffaele-ware, from a belief that at least some of the varieties were painted by Raffaele himself, or by his scholars from his designs, very remarkable prices continue to be given. For a plate, 80*l.* or 100*l.*, or, as we have seen, even 120*l.*, have been paid; and at a sale in Paris in 1859, for an Urbino plate, 11 inches diameter, no less than 180*l.*; for a basin twice that sum; for a vase, from 200*l.* to 300*l.*; and 40*l.* or 50*l.* for a small Doccia cup.

But French pottery and porcelain are in still higher favour than Italian.

Take first the famous old Sevres. At Christie's, in May 1863, an oviform cup and cover, 6 inches high, turquoise blue, mounted on a silver-gilt tripod of the time of Louis XV., and a pair of saltcellars to match, sold for 315*l*. Yet this is moderate compared with what particularly choice examples fetch. Thus we have at Christie's, in 1859, 449*l*. paid for a gros-bleu vase and cover, 18 inches high, with Diana and Calisto on one side, and a bouquet of flowers on the other; 569*l*. for a pair of oviform vases and covers; and 590*l*. for a gros-bleu central vase and cover, 17 inches high. Again, at General Lygon's sale (Christie's, April, 1864), a pair of gros-bleu vases and covers, *pâte tendre*, 38 inches high, with medallions (7 inches by 3), painted by Morin and Boulanger, sold for 1300*l*.; and an oval plateau of gros-bleu for 490*l*.

Then in Palissy ware we have, as Mr. Birch informs us, such prices as 84*l*. for a candlestick; and we find the South Kensington Museum paying 60*l*. for an oval dish, with reptiles, &c., in relief. But these are insignificant sums compared with that paid at the sale of M. Rattier's collection in Paris, in March, 1859, where two round cups, about 9 inches in diameter, sold for 500*l*. At the present time more competition would be excited in a London, and perhaps in a Paris sale-room, by a piece of undoubted Henri-deux ware, that peculiar kind of stone-coloured pottery of which every known example in England was exhibited in a single case at the South Kensington Loan Exhibition in 1862. One specimen was the property of the Museum—a circular plateau 14 inches in diameter, which was purchased at the Bernal sale for the comparatively moderate sum of 140*l*. A ewer in this case, 14½ inches high, belonging to Sir A. de Rothschild, the largest and perhaps the finest specimen of the ware extant, was purchased at the Odier sale, Paris, 1842, for 80*l*.: it is believed that it would now bring little short of 2000*l*. Sir Anthony has a somewhat smaller ewer, which he secured at the Strawberry Hill sale, 1842, for 19 guineas: it

was valued in 1862 at upwards of 1200*l*. What a choice example would now fetch may be surmised from the fact that at the Rattier sale a triangular saltcellar, 5½ inches high, brought 504*l*.—a very pretty sum for a little bit of brittle whitey-brown crockery. The only excuse for such extravagant prices is the extreme rarity of the ware.

The more beautiful Limoges enamels command equally high prices; but then whilst their rarity accounts for, their true artistic character in a great measure justifies, the largeness of the sums given for them. The South Kensington Museum has an oval dish, with a mythological subject in colours in the centre, by F. Limoges, 15 inches by 11, for which 200*l*. were paid; a plateau, 16 inches, and ewer, 11½, subject, 'The Gifts of Fortune,' which cost 400*l*.; and a triptych, with the Crucifixion in the centre, and the Bearing of the Cross and the Entombment on the sides, signed F. Raymond, 1543, 850*l*. But these sums, liberal as they seem, are largely exceeded by those obtained in the auction rooms of Paris, where this national fabric is greatly prized. Thus, at the Rattier sale, a circular plate, only 8½ inches in diameter, with a representation of the Descent from the Cross, *en grisaille*, heightened with gold, by Jean Penicaud III., sold for 600*l*. (15,000 francs), the largest sum I can find recorded for an article of the kind.

And with this I may close this paper. There remain other sorts of enamels: Dresden and Chelsea, Berlin, Worcester, Wedgwood, and a great many more varieties of crockery; Venetian glass, all kinds of orfèvrerie, gems, nielli, bronzes, ivory carvings, parquetry, buhl, and every description of bric-a-brac; and under one or other of them we might place such prices as 430*l*. given for a set of twelve silver apostle spoons at Christie's in 1858; 1200 guineas given by the Marquis of Hertford in the same room last June for 'a Louis XIV. commode massively mounted in ormolu,' and numerous other extravagances. But enough has been done to show the abundance and quality of the supply. We have merely tapped the spring.



CLUBS AND TAVERNS.

THE subject of this article is a very wide one indeed; and, seeing that we have no scientific theory to propound as to the existence of the institutions with which it deals, we intend to ramble through it as discursively, as irregularly—as purposelessly, if you will—as ever we choose. We don't care the least what judgment may be passed upon our lucubrations by the newspapers. We are sure of our public. You have only to mention the word 'clubs,' and every woman pricks up her pretty little ears at once, as much excited as were the apprentices of old upon the shouting out of that well-known watchword. When the advertisements apprise the world that 'London Society' will contain an article on clubs, we may snap our fingers at criticism. The ladies will buy up *that* number.

It is difficult to know where to begin on such a subject as this; however, as historians have introduced the fashion of giving you a preliminary sketch of the state of things which existed before the period of which they themselves are about to write—a prelude, by-the-by, sometimes half as long as the play—we, not being grave, methodical writers like them, and being entitled, therefore, to still greater licence, shall set out with a preface upon the tavern, the anteroom, as it were, of our subject, and a pleasant theme to linger on, in spite of the disreputable old age into which tavern life is slowly sinking. The decline of taverns has experienced a sudden access of rapidity within the last dozen years; a fact partly attributable to the closer relations into which we have been brought with foreign countries since 1851. The restaurants of London, where French dinners can be had, such as the Hôtel de Provence, Sablonière, the Solferino, the Globe, and half a hundred more, are not *taverns*. By this sacred word we mean the regular old-fashioned, dark-wainscoted, green or red-curtained room, in which our grand-

fathers, great-grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers before them, ate supper, drank port and punch, smoked pipes, and talked politics and literature. There are but very few such houses still remaining in London at the present day. The Cock, the Cheshire Cheese, the Mitre, and Dick's, in Fleet Street—the latter still showing the identical long crooked passage down which Mr. Isaac Bickersteth had so much difficulty in piloting the gentlemen with whom he had just breakfasted at his house in Shire Lane, hard by, in consequence of the severity with which the laws of precedence were then observed—are four of the oldest. The Rainbow, in the same classic neighbourhood, only dates from 1820; and the Blue Posts, in Cork Street, is not really ancient. The Albion in Drury Lane is a good old tavern, but nothing at all like those in the neighbourhood of the Temple. Of course there were many more such in the old days. The Grecian, the Crown and Anchor, at the corner of Arundel Street, Old Slaughter's, The Gloucester,—scores might be mentioned, where gentlemen took their ease and their liquor before the club system had expanded. And elegant, luxurious, and respectable as the clubs are, we must still confess to a lingering regard for the free old tavern life. The peculiar advantage of the tavern was summed up by their *vates sacer*, Dr. Johnson, in one of his characteristic phrases. 'Sir,' said he, 'there is no other place in the world where the more trouble you give, the more welcome you are.' A man does not feel this even at his club, much less at his own house. Of course he doesn't mind what trouble he *does* give at a club; but at a tavern it is a pleasure to give it. Here, too, you have the genial relation of host and customer, which sheds a light of its own upon everything you eat or drink. And, what is more, for those who care about the point, the freedom of a tavern is infinitely greater than the freedom of a club. At the former you are

not merely formally, but really a stranger in the crowd. Nobody, except your particular friends whom you meet there, know either who you are, where you come from, what you do, or what you talk about. With your legs upon the bench of a tavern box, your pipe lit, your grog made, and a couple of clear hours before you, with the shades of mighty wits perhaps listening to your discourse, you enjoy a liberty which we can hardly conceive to be the privilege of even angels.

An easy chair in the club smoking-room, with the last new novel, is the next best thing—and, perhaps, if you are in an unsociable humour, a better thing. But for free, unrestrained talk, and entire absence of criticism or supervision, the tavern beats it all to nothing. That old rich brown coffee-room, looking out upon a quiet court of the Temple, with a row of trees down the middle, which make it pleasant in the summer time, has witnessed many a carousal, the like of which you cannot have in clubs; for in clubs, in the majority at least, the *sentiment* is lacking—the *genius loci*—the traditions which inspire talk, and rob even excess of its grossness, by encircling it with a halo of literary associations; by crowning it, so to speak, with a garland of Tatler and Spectator leaves.

If, then, it is asked—as doubtless it will be—why, if taverns possess all these attractions, they have been so completely superseded by clubs; we reply at once that the causes which produce all such social revolutions are sure to be very complex; and that no one reason, or even two, will suffice to explain the present one. To some extent, doubtless, the tavern-keepers have brought it on themselves. Refusing, with shortsighted economy, to keep pace with the progress of the age in matters of comfort and refinement, they must gradually have alienated a large class of their former customers, and have been ruined by rival establishments, had no other influences been at work. Then, again, the ambitious propensities of a different class in society, which has led them gradually to intrude into

taverns formerly almost the exclusive resort of gentlemen, may have had something to do with the migration of the latter to Pall Mall. Thirdly, the change which has taken place in the dinner-hour, enabling the lawyers to get more of their work transacted in the morning, and leaving them less to do at night, has lessened the inducements which formerly existed for dining in the vicinity of their chambers. These and other reasons would account for the first encroachment of clubs upon the pristine glories of the tavern. But the change once begun in this way has been followed, as was only to be expected, by a still greater deterioration in the quality of tavern accommodation. As gentlemen began to drop off from the tavern tables, the landlords grew even less solicitous than before about the quality of the viands and the wines placed upon them; about the training and civility of their waiters; about the cleanliness and neatness of their linen and table appointments. So that the natural result has followed, that there are not above one or two of the old-established taverns in London where a dinner can be served up, even though more trouble be taken with it, that can compete for a moment with the most ordinary repast at a decently good club. Nor is this inferior accommodation the result of superior cheapness. At the Cook you still pay three-and-sixpence for a beefsteak and half a pint of sherry. These are undeniably good. But when you consider that you would get this dinner at a club, with all its superior comfort, for exactly one half of the money, the contrast is striking. At taverns which are more than steak and chop-houses, you still pay from 6*d.* to 1*s.* for fish or soup, 2*s.* for the joint and cheese, 5*d.* or 6*d.* a pint for pale ale, 2*s.* 6*d.* a pint for sherry, 6*d.* a cup for coffee, 4*d.* and 5*d.* each for cigars, and a daily gratuity to the waiter which ranges from 3*d.* to 5*d.* Some few of them have so far consulted their own interests as to supply French and German wine at a cheap rate, but these are honourable exceptions; and wine of this kind is

to be had, as a general rule, better and cheaper at the lower class of eating-houses. And yet it would still be worth while for the tavern-keepers of Fleet Street and Covent Garden to make an effort to improve their fare. There is always a great number of men about the Inns of Court, on which still, as formerly, these taverns are mainly dependent, who do not belong to clubs; and who, if they did, would still prefer dining near the Temple. Numbers of them do still so dine, grumbling and growling all the while no doubt; but still they do it. These, however, will always be upon the lookout for some mode of bettering themselves; will be drafted away to the new-fashioned eating-houses, or join clubs, or get married, or do something desperate, rather than submit for ever to the costly and uncomfortable dinners which what ought to be their legitimate haunts still provide for them. We must not forget, however, that the late dinner hour which takes a man away to his club, likewise compels him to eat luncheon. And in the extraordinary quantity of luncheons consumed by the members of the British bar these hosteleries find some compensation for the falling-off in their old-fashioned dinner custom. Taverns, which are a wilderness at six o'clock in the afternoon, from one to three will be so crowded that it is difficult to find a seat.

Of course, in considering the expense of club dinners, it must not be forgotten that all those things which the tavern keeper has to pay for out of the profit upon what he sells are paid for at clubs by the entrance-money and subscriptions of members. We mean house rent, taxes, lights, firing, servants' wages, wear and tear of plate and linen, and so on. But then these funds at a club supply a great deal more than this. They supply reading-rooms, libraries, writing-rooms, billiard-rooms, dressing-rooms, and an infinity of other things besides, so that the account is not materially affected after all. The entrance-money to most clubs is from twenty to thirty pounds, the annual subscription from five pounds to ten. Of

course all these things vary at different clubs, but that is about the average; and for any single man in London it is money well spent. You can get an excellent dinner, with all the appointments as perfect and luxurious as they could be in a duke's establishment, at a charge varying from three-and-sixpence to five shillings. For the smaller of these two sums you will have either soup or fish admirably dressed, a joint or an entrée, bread cheese and beer *ad libitum*, if you want them, and a pint of sound claret or Burgundy. At all these clubs there is a dinner charge called 'table,' which includes bread, cheese, the ordinary vegetables and beer, and which everybody must pay whether he consumes those articles or not. This is either sixpence or ninepence; where it is ninepence, the dinner we have described would come to threepence more. The waiters, of course, being your own servants, are neither more nor less civil and attentive than you expect your own servants to be; generally speaking there is little or no fault to be found with them in this respect. A society with an income ranging from five to fifteen thousand a year, according to the number of its members, and consequently to the expense of maintaining its establishment, can afford to keep a good cook and a good cellar; and the excellent dishes and choice wines, which are thus procurable by bachelors whose incomes are very small, have been denounced by more than one satirist, who sees in them the greatest possible bar to matrimony. If men married solely to be made comfortable this theory might be true enough. But how few do so? Or what is a girl the worse for not getting a man who does? Love or money, love or money, these are the two motives which inspire ninety-nine out of every hundred marriages made by men under fifty years of age. After that period of life, indeed, they may perhaps think something about comfort. But no man under that time of life would take all the trouble of falling in love, proposing, and being married, for the sake of having his soup

hot, his potatoes mealy, his easy chair well padded, and his slippers well aired. That clubs do to some extent operate as a check upon matrimony is true; but that is because they restrain a great many men from going much into society. When the candid Major Yelverton informed his enamoured Eloisa that all he looked forward to in life was an arm-chair at the United Service Club, he gave a clue to the real attraction of these refuges. You go in after a long day's work, tired, and if in winter, cold, if in summer, hot. You walk into the dining-room, a light, warm and cheerful, or cool, shady and airy apartment, according to the season; laid out with a number of little tables all temptingly furnished with snowy linen, glittering glass, polished steel and silver. On a raised desk in the middle of the room, something like the reading-desk in a church, lies the bill of fare for the day, with printed forms ready for you to fill up, stating in the margin the length of time which each dish will take; the joints being brought up at specified intervals. You give your order, and while your banquet is preparing go upstairs to the dressing-rooms, where everything that the heart of man can desire is ready to your hand. Freshened up with your ablutions, you descend again to the reading-room just in time to look over the second edition of the evening paper, and to hunt up a friend to join your table at dinner, before the page makes his appearance with the tidings that your soup is ready. Well, down you go with Spanker of the War Office, or Spouter of the Southern Circuit, or Boozier the fellow of Brazenface, or any other fellow with no prejudices and many anecdotes, whom you may happen to meet. The pint of claret becomes a bottle; and perhaps you may call for champagne. You enjoy yourself extremely. After dinner you either retire to the smoking-room, where it is open to you to wallow, as Mr. Thackeray calls it, in an arm-chair like a feather bed, while you consume some cunning drink which stands at your elbow, and inhale the

fragrant herb either by pipe or cigar, wrapt in the pages of the last startling fiction, or, what is better, dreaming day dreams, and revelling for a brief time in a fairy land of your own creation; or else you may betake yourself to either a cosy card-room or well-furnished billiard-room, where you will be sure of a good rubber at either whist or billiards, with gentlemanly companions and as low stakes as you like. The amusement, the society, the luxury with which you are here surrounded have an influence, like the song of the siren, upon all the

'Travellers o'er life's weary plain'

who go up and down and to and fro in this great city. After all, when a man is thoroughly tired with his day's work, to talk at a dinner-party, to say nothing of dancing at a ball, is really an effort to him. It is an effort, perhaps, which he may be all the better for making; but the temptation of the club to fagged brains and weary limbs is too great for most men to resist. Exclusive club life may, like the sirens aforesaid, turn men into swine. Mr. Thackeray believes it does. But clubs being established, it is too late to think about that now. And after all, the 'great moralist' aforesaid, as he undoubtedly deserves to be called, makes much the same admission in 'Pendennis' as our present observations are based upon: for he represents his hero taking refuge from the 'sameness and insipidity' of society in the bosom of 'shilling taverns,' which cannot be said to do a man more moral good than clubs; and where just as much bad language may be heard as in a Pall Mall smoking-room.

Thus it is, then, that clubs tend to promote celibacy; not so much because a man deliberately calculates that he is more comfortable in one of them than he would be likely to be in his own house, but because the ease, the relaxation, and the freedom which he enjoys there after work, are so much greater than he can hope for elsewhere, that he eschews balls and dinners, and consequently the society of ladies. Mr.

Thackeray, whose remarks on this subject appeared originally in 'Punch,' was writing for families, and was obliged to adopt something of a tea-table tone in discussing the question. That a man is the better for ladies' society we do not deny. But everything has its proper price, and we may be called on to pay too much even for this. No, no; depend upon it club life is not so bad as it is painted. Everything that a man does there he can do elsewhere if he chooses. At the club he is more sure of doing it in the company of gentlemen; that is the whole difference. And then, again, clubs have undoubtedly had much to do with the gradual disappearance of another habit more pernicious than the smoking of cigars, we mean hard drinking. A man who 'spends his evening' at a tavern must drink. There is literally nothing else for him to do; to say nothing of the 'good of the house,' which necessitates his consumption of a certain quantity of liquor. Besides, some of the wisest, gentlest, and most polished men in our history have been inveterate club men. And for a man who is too poor to marry we are not sure that constant ladies' society is any very great boon.

Besides the regular large clubs about Pall Mall and St. James' Street, there are, too, private clubs, which must not be passed over in silence. These are clubs founded by a small set of men who all know each other, and kept up by the continual engrafting of congenial elements. These are true *sodalities*, and the chief nurseries of conversational talent which we have left. Such clubs ought not to consist of more than about thirty members, and the qualification for membership should be character, rather than rank, profession, or occupation. A club formed entirely of literary men, or entirely of legal men, is a social blunder. A club of men who all possess 'humour,' and that sympathy with other men's thoughts and feelings which humour alone can give, is the perfection of male society. The greater the variety of taste, opinion, and occupation which prevails among them, the better, if

they have this one quality in common. I have known in my time many such clubs; have lived in them, and, intellectually speaking, by them. How jolly they are! Sometimes you meet every night, sometimes only once a week. In the former case a room is commonly engaged for the season at some convenient tavern, and a subscription levied for newspapers and magazines. In the most successful one that I ever knew, the room used to be thrown open to the club every night after six. At what hour it was closed I will not undertake to say. On Saturday night especially, when strangers could be introduced, the sittings were unusually severe. The room would fill, pretty generally, towards eleven, and as the company was in reality composed of picked men, such nights were indeed what Mr. Cyrus Bantam said of the Bath assemblies, 'moments snatched from Paradise.'

I have seen men of all sorts here congregated together, eating kidneys, scalloped oysters, or poached eggs; drinking gin-punch, and smoking furiously, and every man seeming, by the interposition of some occult influence, to be brought up to his highest pitch of excellence, and to be saying good things which surprised himself. Barristers, clergymen, doctors, soldiers, artists, authors, journalists, and gentlemen at large, have all been represented in this one small club on the same night; and on such occasions, if any man were deficient in *esprit*, he seemed to become suddenly invested with it as with a wedding garment, for the time being, and to be, so to speak, translated. No great amount of luxury or personal comfort is looked for in clubs of this description; they are not formed for the indulgence of selfish—ahem! what was I a saying?—isolated habits of enjoyment. You do not here expect exquisite cookery, choice wines, deep bosomed voluptuous easy chairs, or the newest three volumes of fiction. You have the newspapers to supply topics of manly conversation; you have the honest steak, the long clay, the homely grog—no couches or sofas to act

as soporifics, and entice a man to shut himself up within himself. We want 'talk'—not the gossip and scandal which must of necessity predominate over every other kind of talk in a miscellaneous company; but good tough battling, which tests men's knowledge and brains, and wit and taste. The only drawback to such clubs as these is the difficulty of keeping them up. A knot of men happen at some time to be thrown together, who, by a lucky accident, combine the essential qualities for such an institution: the club is formed, and while the original members continue in it, all goes well. But, alas! this cannot endure for ever—*subeunt morbi, tristique senectus*—slowly and surely we find, as time goes on,

‘That friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.’

Death, or marriage, or emigration, or feuds, break up the happy family, and then, although the name and the members may continue, the club is, in fact, dead. What is the Literary Club now, though it numbers among its members some of the greatest people in the land, to what it was when Johnson and Boswell, and Goldsmith, Langton and Beauclerc, Burke and Reynolds drank their claret round its board?

There are, besides such private clubs as these, private art clubs, private literary clubs, private scientific clubs, and so forth. But I never heard of but one private political club; it was called the ‘Gifford,’ and as may be supposed, from the title, was rigidly conservative. It was, in fact, a combination of political and literary elements, and was intended to serve as a kind of border land, where members of

Parliament and members of the press should meet each other over a cigar, and interchange ideas. The conception was a good one. But I never heard that it was attended with any great success, nor do I even know whether it is still in existence.

All these private clubs are formed rather on the model of the gatherings which used to take place at Button's and Wills's, than on the system of the great modern clubs. Addison meeting his party at Button's, and sitting till two o'clock in the morning over punch, burgundy, and tobacco, was, although *longo intervallo*, the prototype of our private clubbists, such as we have here described them. The scientific and philosophic clubs are perhaps the funniest of any. We know of one established for the express purpose of discovering some Roman remains, supposed to lie buried in these islands. The club was formed twenty years ago, but it has never once left Fleet Street.

And now, gentlemen and ladies, you know as much about clubs as the present writer can tell you. I might have made my picture fuller, but it would not have told you any more. I might have described club breakfasts as well as dinners, and the horror of my friend Bolster on discovering, as he sits down to breakfast at his club at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, that a bishop is about to take luncheon at the next table, who will regard him the while with fixed eyes of mingled compassion and dread. I might have painted in many more figures, and laid on the colours more thickly, after the fashion of the present day, but I have, I consider, done enough, and lay down my pen with an easy conscience.



[illegible]



Drawn by F. W. Slinger.]

AMY'S SECRET.

AMY'S SECRET.

THE window looked on a sky of flame,
 On the rosy bloom of a rippling bay;
 Within we moved in an amber glow,
 And purple even our shadows lay.

I lean'd by the curtain's folds and read
 Wine-coloured words in a page of light;—
 Did the sunset only dazzle my eyes?
 Did its brightness only confuse my sight?

I had been home from the East a month,
 And you know what passes for beauty there,
 And I read to listening English girls,
 English beauties, and few so fair.

They were two cousins, Amy and Maud,
 (Seen in my dreams, oh! many a night,)
 Maud with her dark eyes dreamy and full,
 And fairy Amy rosy and bright.

Both so sweet and tender and true,
 From a boy they had been belov'd by me,
 And I often had thought, 'Does either love?
 Am I more to either than friend may be?'

I read my Journal. That was their will:
 Page after page of my Indian life,
 Dull enough, slow enough, Heaven knows,
 With little of peril and less of strife.

Page after page of the daily round,
 Monotony stamp'd on every leaf,—
 Hunting a tiger, meeting a Thug,
 Having a raid with a robber chief:

So ran the record, until at last
 News of the Mutiny broke the spell,
 And our regiment marched on the rebel foes,
 And my Journal told what there befel.

And here, as I read, my wandering eyes
 At the listening faces stole a glance,—
 At Amy, pale and with parted lips,
 At Maud as she dream'd on this new romance.

Then on I sped to the closing scene,
 Where a Sepoy dagger was at my heart,
 And I saw it gleam, and plunge, and then—
 But Amy rose with a sudden start.

'No more! no more! Thank Heaven you live!'
 It was her voice the silence broke,
 And Maud looked up with a face surprised,
 As if from a pleasant dream awoke.

I read no more. What need of the rest?
 Enough in the sunset I had read.
 She loved me, Amy!—her gentle heart
 Spoke in the cry that told her dread.

She loved me! Faded the rosy West,
 Faded the bloom of the rippling bay;
 But night could not chill, nor the dark depress,
 While the thought of her love in my bosom lay.

W. S.
 T

THE IDES OF MARCH.

THE waves leap up with angry roar
 Beneath the blasts of March,
 And swift the thousand cloudlets soar
 Across the broad blue arch.
 The March wind howls across the sea
 As with a giant's pain,
 And sure are we that many a tree
 Lies prone upon the plain.
 And sure are we that spire and tower
 Have quivered in the gale,
 Which tells us of its mighty power
 In that long ringing wail:
 In that shrill scream and sudden blast
 Which, dying into sobs,
 Strains hard the steamer's every mast,
 And drowns the engine-throbs!
 Rush on, March wind, with eagle swoop
 Across the maddened sea!
 Her bows our boat will only stoop
 And battle strong and free.
 With all the wild, grey water's might
 That breaks in snowy foam,
 As through the dark and stormy night
 We near our English home!
 Rush on, March wind, your fury seems
 The music of the spring,
 Your echoes but awake the dreams
 To which my fancies cling;
 Dreams of the dear old seagirt land,
 To which the exile turns
 With love which values e'en the sand
 Each heavy breaker spurns!
 You speak, March wind, with all your roar,
 Of downlands far away,
 Above whose turf the skylarks soar,
 The swallows swiftly play—
 Of downs where stands an ancient hall
 Half hid in dusky pines,
 On whom the shadows rise and fall
 As the March sunlight shines.
 Of these and of the young Princess,
 The old hall's highest pride,
 You speak to me, and thoughts that bless
 Come soft as eventide!
 Lash in your anger, then, March wind,
 The waves to sheets of foam;
 In all your terrors I but find
 The voices of my home!

W. B.

UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

BY MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER III.



[LONDON BY NIGHT (1604).]

THERE is scant record of the early City Watch. The murder of Lord Ferrie's brother at his lodging at the George Inn in Lombard Street, his body being thrown into the street, is said to have originated the night watchers in 1175. In 1416, Henry Barlow, then Mayor of London, is found to have ordered lanterns and lights to be hung out on the winter's evenings betwixt All-hallowmas and Candlemas. In our Eighth Harry's night time, the ordinary lighting and watching of the streets were by one or two cressets, which only served to make darkness visible, and a few watchmen armed with halberds and dim lanterns. But once a year, on Midsummer Eve, the City made a great show of the Marching Watch, and which King Harry witnessed in 1510, having come privily into Westcheap of London, clothed in one of the coats of his guard. On the occasion of

these night marches an enormous bonfire blazed under the Cathedral of St. Paul's, lighting up every pinnacle and its many windows, as though a thousand tapers burned within. The streets were full of light; over the doorways of the houses were lamps of glass with oil burning in them all night (mind, all night), and some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once. Tables were set out with ponderous cakes and flagons of ale and wine, and over the doors hung branches of birch, with wreaths of lilies and John's-wort, 'and pots of the green orpine, in the bending of whose leaves the maiden could read her fate in love.' (My authority for this is Stow.) The windows and galleries, then common to the houses of London, were filled with ladies, the men standing below within a barrier; and between the gable roofs

were servants and venturous apprentices. Music within, and the cadence of sweet voices singing in harmony. Then with trumpet and drum onward came the Marching Watch. The pitch ropes which burned in the cressets sent up their tongues of flame and wreaths of smoke. Seven hundred cresset-bearers, besides two hundred and fifty constables, minstrels, and henchmen, to the amount of nearly 2000. There were demi-lances, gunners with their wheel-locks and arquebuses, archers in white coats, with bows bent and sheafs of arrows by their side, pikemen in bright corselets, and billmen with aprons of mail. And so came and passed the Marching Watch. And then for the rest of the year was the old gloom upon the City—the solitary cresset and the rare watchman.

In 1540, Henry put down the Marching Watch, considering the great charge to the City; but it was not until 1569 that the lovers of old pageants consented to abandon it altogether. A substantial watch was then projected for the safety of the City, and consisted of an aged man armed, as we have said, with halberd and lantern, whose business it was to parade the streets, and see that the proper lights were hung out by the housekeepers. The cry was—

'Lantern and whole candle light,
Hang out your lights. Hear! Hear!'

no doubt to give thieves notice of his coming, and almost as effectively as the clump, clump of our policeman's highlows.

But, in Queen Mary's time, they 'made night hideous' by one of each ward who went all night with a bell, and at every lane's end gave warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor and pray for the dead:—

'From noise or scarefire rest ye free,
From murders, Benedicite.'

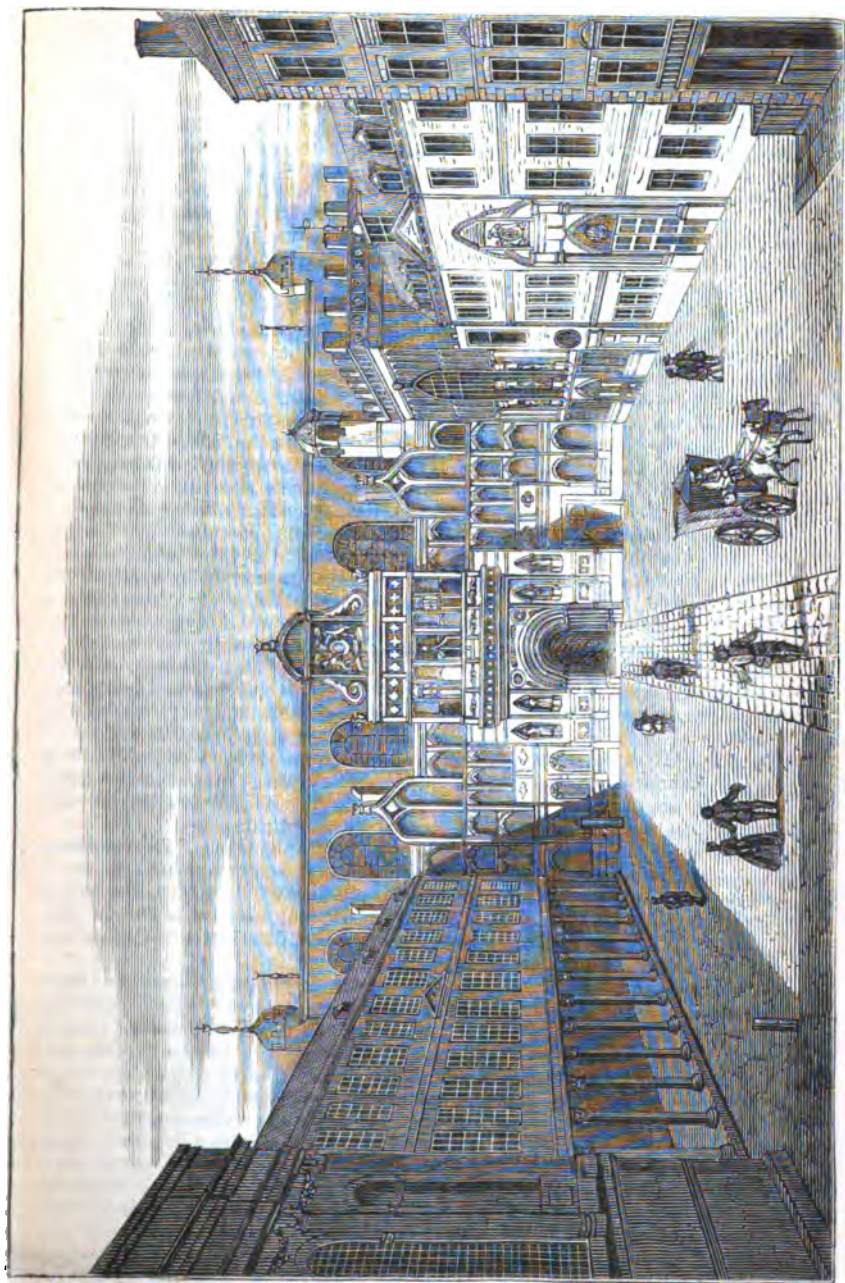
And the breed did not improve until the introduction of the new police; for the *guardian of the night* was, within our recollection, merely a great Witney coat stuffed with a superannuated bricklayer's labourer, having sufficient intelligence to bawl the hour, and to 'wink hard' (*i. e.*

not see) when well paid for doing so. They had boxes to sleep in—absurdly called watch-boxes—and it was said by Lord Erskine that a friend of his, who could not obtain sleep by any of the usual means, put on a watchman's coat, got into a watch-box, and was asleep in five minutes.

In 1694 a company was formed to light the streets with glass convex lights; but the company's lease expired in twenty-one years, and with it convex lights. Then every person whose rent was 10*l.* was compelled to hang out one or more lanterns to burn from six to eleven. So the cut-throats and housebreakers were kept out of bed till past eleven, unless there chanced to be clouds over the moon, or the house they had selected to work in was under 10*l.* a year, and without a lantern. Wise forefathers of the City! It was not until 1744 that this state of things was materially altered.

It will be seen, by a glance at the map of London in Elizabeth's time, that Finsbury and Spitalfields were as yet open spaces; and a proclamation was issued by Elizabeth, dated from Nonsuch, forbidding 'the erections of new buildings where none had existed in the memory of man.' (We are afraid the ghost of the gentle Elizabeth must have an uneasy time of it in this brick and mortar age.) This proclamation was made because the extension of the City was calculated 'to encourage the increase of beggars and the plague, a dearth of victuals, an increase of artisans more than could live together, and the impoverishing of other cities for lack of inhabitants.' (The population of London, within and without the walls, was in James I.'s time about 150,000, and is at present nearly three millions.)

It was also stated 'that lack of air and room to shoot' arose out of the too crowded City. Even in Henry VIII.'s time this 'lack of room to shoot' was complained of, and Henry was a great patron of archery. 'Before this time,' says Hall, 'the towns about London, as Islington, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and others, had so enclosed the common fields with hedges and ditches, that no Lon-



GUILDHALL.

doner should go out of the City but in the highways.' Of course, such treatment could not be borne by the gallant cockneys, 'and a great number of the City assembled themselves in the morning, and a turner in a fool's coat came crying through the City, "Shovels and spades!" and so many followed that it was a wonder.' Within a short space all the hedges were cut down and ditches filled—the workmen were so diligent—and this act the king's council approved.

The great archery grounds were Finsbury Fields; and these extended from the open country to the city wall—to Moorgate—and the only buildings beyond were the dwellings of the bowyers, fletchers, and stringers, the place since known as Grub Street, now Milton Street. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, describes Grub Street as the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub Street. The first use of the term Grub Street in its present offensive sense, was made by Andrew Marvel (Cunningham), and it has supplied abundant illustration for other writers. A certain Henry Welby lived in Grub Street forty-four years, and in that time was never seen of any one (1636). He was eighty-four when he died, possessed of very large estates in Lincolnshire. This seclusion arose from an attempt made on his life by a younger brother.

Beyond Grub Street, northward, the fields were studded with archery marks and pillars of stone, or wood, for targets, surmounted with some device, as a bird, a serpent, or a swan. In 1594 there were 164 of those marks, each distinguished by a name, as 'Dunstan's Darling,' 'Daye's Deed,' 'Parkes his pillar,' 'Partridge his primrose.' Why Partridge should have had his mark called a primrose we can't imagine, unless for the alliteration, or perhaps his friends wanted to make game of Partridge. The shortest distance was nine score yards, and the longest 19, or 380 yards. In Henry VIII's time no man was

allowed to shoot at less than 11 score, and our old ballads tell of hazel-rods being split at 20 score, or 400 yards, and sometimes with the 'long bow,' we fancy.

In 1737, however, the butts at Finsbury had become reduced to 21, and the longest distance to 13 score! the shortest to three score, or 60 yards. Davenant has a hit at the archers of his day, and laughs at the attorneys and proctors who met in Finsbury Fields:—

'Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clynn—
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.'

Shooting the sun was a new idea—shooting the moon has long been a vulgar pastime on rent-days.

What the wits could not do the builders did; they killed the archers, and 1768 saw the last effort made to preserve the shooting-grounds at Finsbury. The most ancient Fraternity of St. George, established by Henry VIII., has continued in name until the present time, although we question whether 19 score and a hazel wand would not overtask the skill of their best marksman.

When we had the honour of associating with the fraternity, the once celebrated Master Betty, the young Roscius, was in figure and skill no mean representative of Friar Tuck of Sherwood. When Master Betty was not quite thirteen he got fifty pounds a night!

The worthy clerk of Copmanhurst naturally suggests quarter-staff, a favourite pastime with the youth of London, and many a bloody cockcomb has been won in Cheap and Cornhill.

The formidable quarter-staff, which we believe is peculiar to England, was about six feet in length. It was grasped in the middle, and thus allowed free play to the hands from end to end, and a turn of the wrist could describe a circle difficult to enter. It was a favourite game at all our country fairs, particularly in the west of England. We never saw it played; but the degenerate single-stick was common in our boyhood, and was a pastime which generally made a lasting impression upon one of the players at least.

'The youths of London used on

holidays, after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their swords and bucklers, and the maidens, one of them playing a timbrel, danced for garlands hanged athwart the streets.' A pleasant picture this of the old city, and somewhat difficult of realisation now-a-days, as the timbrel would have a sorry chance against the 'Paddington!' 'Chelsea!' 'Hammer-smith!' of our noisy omnibus conductors. Card-playing was in fashion in Henry VII.'s time, but apprentices were only allowed to indulge in it on holidays, and then in their masters' houses, for counters, nails, and points; though sometimes, perhaps, they stole a visit like Jin Vin to the play-table of 'the Chevalier Beaujeau, flower of Gascony,' and got fleeced for their folly. Chess was also in vogue.

Bowls were played in John's time, and the bowling-alleys appear to have been the admiration of all foreigners, and were 'pleasant greeneries' in the midst of the City. In Henry VII.'s time Northumberland House in Fenchurch Street had been deserted by the Percys, and its gardens converted into bowling-alleys and its chambers into 'dicing-houses.' We remember seeing some thirty years ago a bowling-alley somewhere in Clerkenwell, and which gave evidence of having been once adorned with bowers and alcoves. A memorial stone to some departed player displayed a poetical epitaph in which the terms of the game were applied to describe the virtues of the deceased.

Bull- and bear-baiting were favourite sports with the Court of the gentle Eliza, and, with cockfighting,* continued long after to be popular pastimes of the Londoners. Boys brought fighting cocks to school on Shrove Tuesday, and fought them before their master,—an odd way of teaching a lad 'his humanities, look ye!'—and some may perhaps remember to have heard the gross but graphic 'Wednesbury' ballad, wherein the order of a main is described. Wrestling was perhaps,

* Cockfighting was introduced into England by the Romans, though frequently suppressed.

next to archery, the favourite sport of the Londoners, and there were doubtless many who could have withstood a Cornish hug, or Devonshire kick, and given a backfall or cross buttock to any man of our day. The prizes contended for were either a ram, a bull, a red-gold ring, or a pipe of wine.

On the eve of St. Bartholomew the civic court were wont to take their way to Finsbury Fields, and there have men two by two set to wrestle before them. After all was over live rabbits were set loose among the crowd to make sport for them, and very probably to allow the Lord Mayor and Corporation to depart in peace without the tag-rag and bobtail which accompany a Lord Mayor when on show now-a-days. 'At times, says old Fitz, 'all the youth of the City went in the fields to play at ball,' and for which the 'Prentice club no doubt was used. The scholars had their ball—the tradesmen their ball, and 'the ancient sort, the fathers and the wealthy citizens, came on horseback' to see the fun; and these pleasant gatherings continued for more than four hundred years, and only passed away with the close of the seventeenth century.

Tennis was also a ball-game in vogue, we believe, as early as Henry V., and Shakspere is not guilty of an anachronism when he makes Henry say to the Dauphin, who has brought the present of tennis-balls,

'When we have matched our rackets to these balls,

We will in God's name play a set shall strike
His father's crown into the hazard.'

Tennis continued and continues a favourite game with those who have leisure for its exercise, and fine exercise it is.

The river of Wells flowed outside Cripplegate, and passing through the partially fenny ground of Moorfields, made near West Smithfield a large sheet of water, called the Horse Pool, where the beasts were watered on the Friday cattle-market. Fitzstephen calls it that vast lake; and here, when it was hard frozen, the youths of London came to sport, riding on blocks of ice drawn over

it as sledges; and skating 'with the velocity of a bird,' upon skates made of leghornes of some animal, an iron shod staff being used as a propeller. Sometimes the skaters met in friendly battle, and wounds frequently ensued.

The citizens of London had the right of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, the Chilterns, and in Kent as far as the river Cray, and through Cripplegate they went to hawking in the surrounding country.

These were some of the out-door pastimes of our gallant cockney ancestors; but even old Tom Rounding and the Epping Hunt are now things of the past!

It would be interesting, no doubt, to inquire closely into the government and commercial progress of a city which exercises so great an influence upon the rest of the civilized and uncivilized world, but such considerations are from our purpose. We must not pass by, however, the City Companies altogether, though the briefest notice shall suffice. There are ninety-one companies, of which the Weavers is the oldest, having been established 1184. Mr. Madox, in his 'Firma Burge' gives precedence to the bakers and saddlers. The Woolmen must have been incorporated very early, as wool was an article of considerable export. Dr. Hughson, writing in 1805, quotes 'a late ingenious publication,' to give some idea of the immense enhanced value of many manufactures from the raw or unimproved materials to their produce at market: 'One hundred pounds laid out in wool, and that wool manufactured into goods for the Turkey market, and raw silks brought home and manufactured here, will increase that one hundred pounds to five thousand pounds, which quantity of silk sent to New Spain would return ten thousand pounds. . . Steel may be made near three hundred times dearer than gold weight for weight, for six of the finest steel wire springs for watch pendulums shall weigh but one grain, and be worth two hundred and seventy-two pence for the six, whereas one grain of gold is worth but twopence.' The history of the wool traffic is very

curious, but would occupy too much space for us to enter upon. The Steel Yard Company also existed from Henry III's time to 1551, when it lost its privilege. It was composed of Flemings and Germans, and for many years they were the principal exporters of the staple commodities of England. Twelve companies are styled the Honourable, namely, Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers, all celebrated for the excellence of their dinners and the largeness of their charity. Formerly the election of officers was attended with great state and ceremony and general feasting. Huge sideboards of plate were displayed; pyres of sandalwood burned in chafin-dishes; tables laden with barons of beef and boars' heads, interspersed with dishes of brawn, fat swans, and conger, and sea hogs, great birds with little birds together; *lèche Lombard*, made (or rather *compounded*) of pork braized in a mortar with eggs, raisins, dates, sugar, salt, pepper, spices, milk of almonds, and red wine, the whole boiled in a bladder (what is a haggis to this?); and to these a multitude of other savoury dishes too numerous to mention. After dinner, whilst spiced bread, hippocras, and comfits went round, the election took place; and then came the master and wardens with garlands on their heads (some we have known would have looked very comical in such headgear), preceded by minstrels and that great English institution, the beadle. The garlands were removed, and, like Cinderella's slipper, tried on by many of the assistants, but, strange to say, fitted only their original wearers unless there was a vacancy to be filled up. Thus fate-selected, the wardens were chosen and duly sworn, the loving cup of spiced hippocras or claret wine passed from the old warden to the new, and then (they having drunk each other's jolly good healths) the new warden received his garland, and the congratulations of the fraternity. Some mystery or

play followed, Noah's Flood was one of them (no doubt at Fishmongers' Hall), then another loving cup, and all departed. On the following Sunday a mass was said for all brethren and sisters, the quick and the dead, and a minor feast held, and the liveries (in which it was a citizen's pride to appear) paid for. Part of these ceremonies, much shorn of their splendour, we have seen; we believe each Company has its peculiar formula.

The real duties of the Company were to bind apprentices and keep the same in good order, to preserve the respectability of the craft by fining and imprisoning the unfair trader. One Simon Potkin, of Aldgate, had been fined for putting starch into his comfits (we moderns supplement arsenic and verditer); Simon was fined again for saying, 'He had given money to his company to sell at his own free will;' there was not much wit in the remark, but Simon Potkin had to pay 3s. 4d. for a swan, 'to be eaten by the Master and—himself,' and to incur the immortality now given to his name and transgression. Freemen were bound to keep the secrets of the trade, or be heavily fined.

The apprentices were troublesome fellows, and would not at all times confine themselves to 'the throwts, shirts, doublets, and coats which were only honest and clean,' but would now and then appear 'in a cloak of pepadore, with hose lined with taffety, and shirts edged with silver,' and so get clapped up in prison.

In 1582 the 'prentices required an act of Common Council to keep them in order. They were ordered to wear no apparel but what they received from their masters, no hat, but a woollen cap without any silk in or about the same. To wear neither ruffles, cuffs, loose collars, nor other thing than a ruff a yard and a half long at the collar. To wear no doublets but of canvas, fustian, sackcloth, English leather or woollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimming, and no other colours than white, blue, or russet, and all of the plainest cut. To wear no pumps, slippers, or shoes

but of English leather, without being pinched, edged or stitched, nor girdles nor garters other than of crewel, woollen thread or leather, without being garnished. To wear no sword, dagger, or other weapon but a knife; nor a ring, jewel of gold or silver, nor silk in any part of his apparel, on pain of being punished by his master for the first offence; to be publicly whipped in hall for the second, and for a third, to serve six months longer than specified in his indenture. Neither was he to frequent any dancing, fencing, or music schools—no Argyll Rooms, music halls, nor Cremornes, under the penalties aforesaid. 'How jolly awful,' eh! young fellows? Besides, you were ordered by your indentures 'to make speedy return when you shall be sent on your master's or mistress's business. You shall be of gentle and lowly speech and behaviour towards all men, especially to all your governors.'

Nor were the apprentices alone subject to restrictions in dress, as in 1597 (three years earlier) a proclamation was issued by Elizabeth against excess of apparel, gold chains, and cloaks—the latter made so long that they reached to the heels. Daggers were to be limited to twelve inches beside the hilts, and three feet only were allowed for swords.

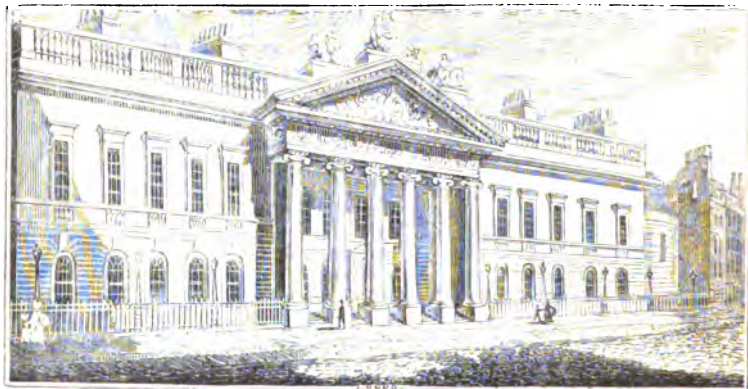
Cloth Fair, Ironmonger Lane, Fish Street, were occupied by the trades they indicate; Foster Lane sheltered the Goldsmiths; and Cheapside, between Bow Church and Friday Street, was called the Mercery. Blackwell Hall claimed the Woollen-drappers, and Soper Lane the Grocers or Pepperers, as they were named. Newgate Street and Stocks Market, the site of the present Mansion House, divided the Butchers, and the Tanners were found 'without Newgate and without Cripple-gate.'

The companies rendered great services to the community by securing supplies of corn and coal, and selling them in time of scarcity to the poorer citizens at a moderate price. Sir Simon Eyre at his own expense erected public granaries at

Leadenhall, and Sir Stephen Brown sent out ships to Dantzic for rye corn, whereby he brought down the price of wheat from three shillings a bushel to half that price: so Sir Stephen Brown seems to have been the first Free Trader. This was about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the money for corn was so scarce, says the chronicler, 'that the poor people were enforced to make their bread of *fearne roots*.' Roger Achily, Mayor in 1511, also deserves honourable mention, as in a time of prospective dearth he stored the Leadenhall granary with every species of grain. He likewise drained Moorfields, and made roads and bridges to the adjoining villages. As there was frequently great loss sustained by the Company and the Corporation on these sales of corn, it was arranged in 1578 that 5000 quarters were to be kept between the twelve Great Companies. At the Great Fire of London the public granaries were destroyed and never replaced.

The Companies were frequently called upon to assist the sovereign with loans, and so to supply the place of the Jews, who, after massacres and spoliations, were expelled from England by Edward I., and were not permitted to re-establish themselves until Rabbi Manasseh Ben Israel of Amsterdam obtained Cromwell's permission for their return. (Jewin Street is on the site of the old Jewish burying-ground, and the only place in England where they were permitted to bury their dead.) To the time of the exodus in 1290, the Jews had been the principal money lenders, their rate of usury being in 1158 from 2*l.* to 3*l.* in the pound per week, or at the rate of 50 or 60 per cent.; and that tradition amongst others seems to have come down to the present generation of money-lenders. The Jews became enormously rich by their traffic, and consequently were hated by the less prosperous and persecuted by the more powerful.

When they were banished alto-



EAST INDIA HOUSE, LONDON. (Pulled down in 1862.)

gether from England, and their departure soon made gold and silver coin difficult to come by, the Sovereigns constituted the Companies their bankers. Queen Elizabeth seems to have been a constant and irresistible borrower, paying no interest. Very like 'stand and deliver' with her! But the gentle Eliza once found herself with a balance in hand, and she made the citizens borrow their own money of her in

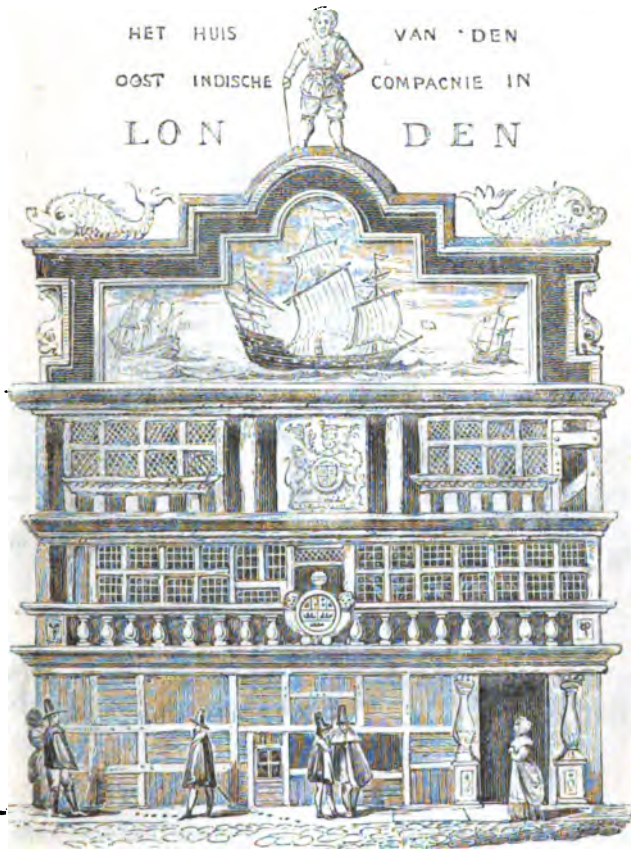
sums of 50*l.* to 500*l.*, on security of gold or silver plate at 7 per cent. In 1567 her Grace established the first lottery, and compelled the Companies to take shares. But it seems, as we have said, the prizes were not forthcoming. Her Majesty also devised Patentees for almost everything but 'Bread.' Nevertheless, despite these bleedings, the Companies furnished no less than 10,000 men and thirty-eight ships for the

defence of the country when the Spanish Armada threatened to invade us—and would do so again in defence of 'our tight little island.'

There is a Company, not one of the City Companies, which deserves a word or two—the East India Company, established in Elizabeth's reign (1601), to establish a commerce with Arabia, Persia, India,

China, and several of the Indian Islands; the first subscription being only 739,782*l.* 10*s.* It was subsequently increased to a million and a half. The Company underwent vicissitudes of good and bad fortune; but ultimately attained to the government of 100,000,000 of people, and maintained armies.

The first India House was a tene-



THE ORIGINAL EAST INDIA HOUSE, LONDON, 1648.

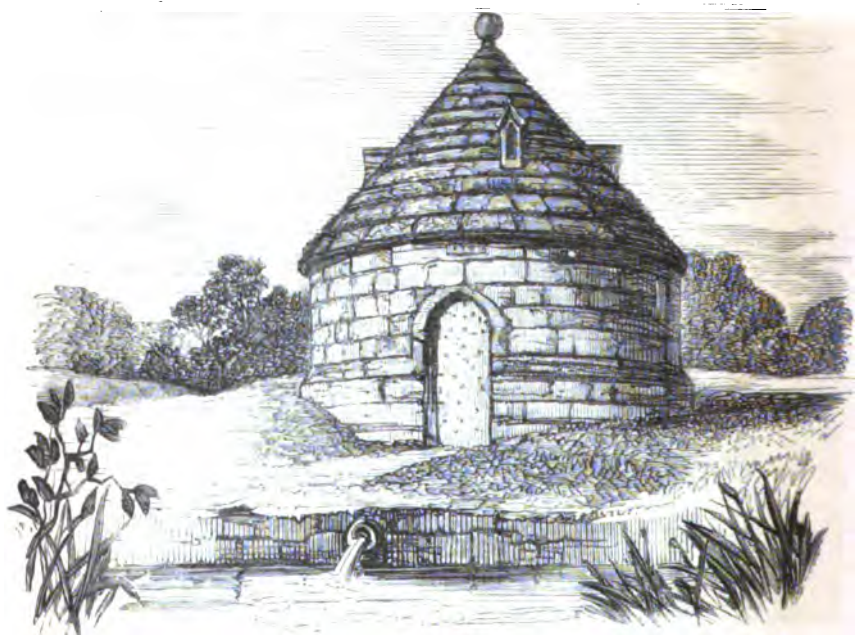
ment called the *Green Gate*, and was at one time occupied by the benevolent alderman Philip Malpas, whose house was sacked by Jack Cade and his rabble. Henry VIII. gave it to the Frenchman, John Mutas, who harboured many of his countrymen to calendar 'wolsted.' This, and other acts detrimental to the citizens,

caused the riot on Evil May Day, 1517, to which allusion has been made. The *Green Gate* and the adjoining residences of Sir William Craven (1610), (father of the great Lord Craven,) remained the India House until 1726, when a new one was erected, and which gave place to the present building in 1799,

being subsequently enlarged and ornamented.

We have spoken of the conduits running with wine—white and claret wine—the Great Conduit in Cheap, all one June afternoon (t. 1533) on

the marriage of Anna Boleyn; but the most precious liquor—water—first flowed from the conduit in West Cheap in 1285, brought hither from Tyburn through leaden pipes, which took fifty years to lay down.



CONDUIT AT BAYSWATER.

Tyburn and Baynard's Water, or Bayswater, furnished ten more conduits, and were periodically visited by my Lord Mayor and the City Hunt when, before and after dinner, the hare and the fox were hunted and killed even in St. Giles's Fields. The Mayor and Corporation then went to dinner at the Banqueting House, at the head of the conduit in Oxford Road (where Stratford Place now stands), and when, no doubt, as the old song runs—

'They dipped the fore-pad in a bumper,
And drank my lord's health in good wine.'

In James I.'s time, the conduit water was carried about by a man called a Tankard Bearer. He bore a large can on his shoulders, towels over his breast and back, and disposed of the conduit waters by the quart or gallon, and was, in fact, a walking pump. In 1620, the New River Company was incorporated to supply water through wooden pipes. James I. took great interest in the



SIR H. MYDDELTON. Opening of the New River. (From an old Print.)

undertaking—and fell into the river. Hugh Myddelton, the projector, was made a baronet; and I am glad to know, from Mr. Smiles's recent research, did not get into hot water as reported, but was well rewarded for his enterprise. The shares of the company (seventy-five in number), sold for many years at only 5*l.* each, but within a few years a share has realised 10,000*l.*

In 1582, Peter Morris, a Dutchman, and denizen of the City, erected engines for raising a water supply from the Thames by converting the watercourses into cataracts or rapids, to the great inconvenience of the navigation; these works were partially destroyed by fire in 1774, and in 1822 were removed by Act of Parliament. When a boy we saw them in operation. Two or three large slimy wheels plashing and dashing, and working cranks and rods. Terribly frightened we were!

The water supply somewhat incongruously reminds one of the great fires which have devastated London. One in 1086, when St. Paul's and all the churches from the east to the west gate were burnt. Another in the reign of Stephen nearly consumed the City. The fire on London Bridge in 1212 has been already mentioned. Then there was the Great Fire in 1666. Mr. Pepys was called about three in the morning of September 2nd to see the beginning of this great fire, which was not to cease until the 7th. Both he and John Evelyn were eyewitnesses, and saw 'the sky like the top of a burning oven visible for forty miles round, and to which distance the smoke extended, the crackling of the flames, the shrieking of the women and children, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like a hideous storm, and the air about so hot and inflamed, that at last no one could approach it. The stones flew like grenades, and the melting lead ran down the street in a stream, and the very pavement glowed with *fiery redness*. 'The fire began at a baker's in Pudding Lane,*

* The monument on Fish Street Hill, set up to commemorate this event, stands about 202 feet from the spot where the fire began. The shaft and base of the pillar

and destroyed in four days eighty-nine churches, including St. Paul's, the city gates, Royal Exchange, Custom House, Guildhall, Sion College, and many other public buildings, 13,200 houses, and laid waste in all 400 streets. The ruins covered 436 acres, and extended from the Tower to the Temple Church on one side, Fleet Street and to Fetter Lane on the other. On the north-east they reached to Holborn Bridge. The streets were very narrow, and the houses built of wood and plaster—usually with a large well-staircase, which acted like a chimney. Before the fire the houses nearly touched each other at top, and light and air were almost excluded. Possibly Elizabeth's 'Non-such' proclamation led to this economy of space, though the old houses destroyed by the fire occupied more ground than those built upon their sites, when their gardens and open spaces were covered with buildings.

The few streets which were paved sloped downward to the centre, and formed a channel filled mostly with no very agreeable or sightly matter. So the fire—dreadful calamity that it was—hurried forward the material improvement of our street thoroughfares.

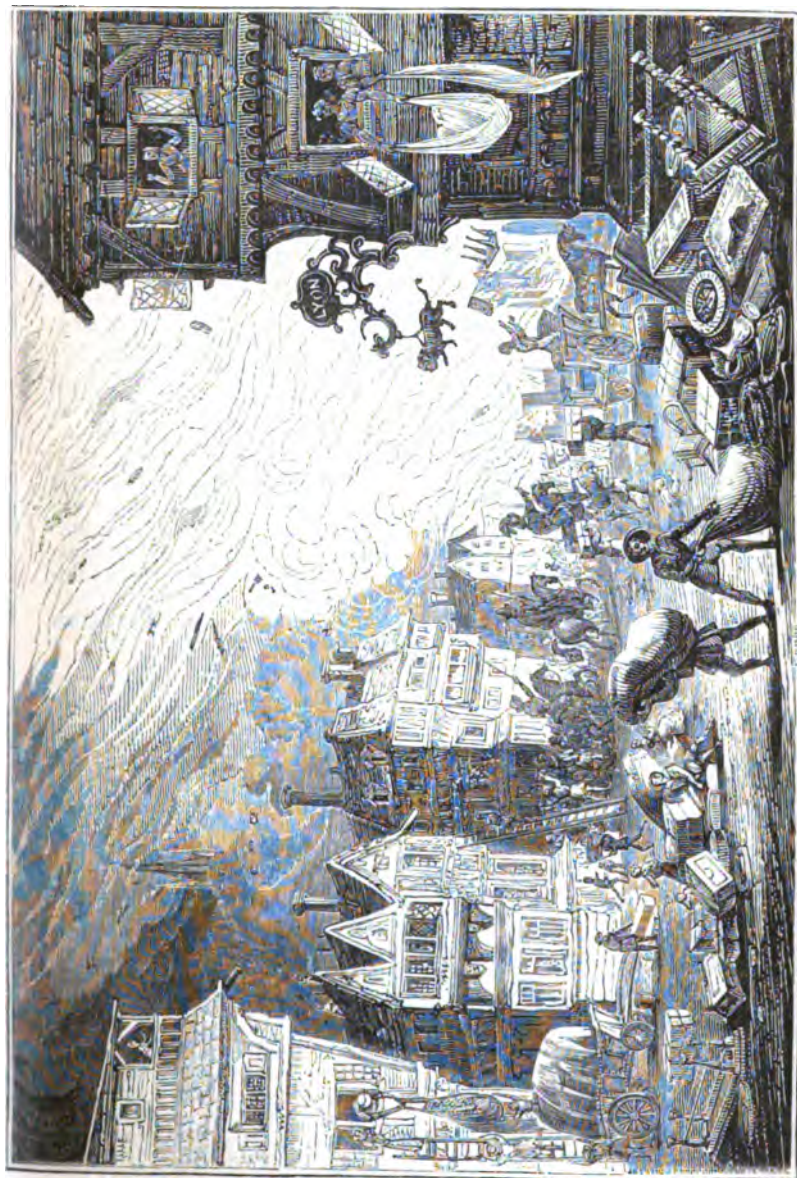
are exactly of the same height, viz., 202 feet. It is said to be the loftiest isolated column in the world, there being 345 stairs of black marble, and the whole cost was about 14,500*l.* There were originally three inscriptions in Latin, and one in English, which were obliterated by James II.; re-cut in the reign of William III., and finally erased by order of the Common Council, Jan. 26, 1831. The English version, which produced Pope's well-known lines—

'Where London's column pointing to the skies,
'Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies,'

was as follows:—

'THIS PILLAR WAS SET UP IN PERPETUALL REMEMBRANCE OF THAT DREADFUL BURNING OF THIS PROTESTANT CITY, BEGUN AND CARRIED OUT BY Y^R TREACHERY AND MALICE OF Y^R POPISSH FACTION, IN Y^R BURNING OF SEPTEMBER. IN Y^R YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1666, IN ORDER TO Y^R CARRYING ON THEIR HORRID PLOTT FOR EXTIRPATING Y^R PROTESTANT RELIGION AND OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY, AND Y^R INTRODUCTION OF POPERY AND SLAVERY.'

This has been very properly erased.



GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666.

Swithin's Alley, by the Royal Exchange, was a merchant's house of that name, and some twenty odd houses were erected on its site. Copthall Court was a Dutch merchant's house, and Princes Street, going into Lothbury, was occupied by one great house before the fire. King's Arms Yard in Coleman Street was an inn with stabling for horses; so that more houses were erected, although the streets were widened and improved. The most authentic accounts of the fire are from the 'London Gazette,' and the testimony of Lord Clarendon, who was an eye-witness of its progress.

Immediately after the Great Fire every alderman had to provide buckets and hand-squirts at his dwelling: hence, no doubt, the frequent appearance of the former in the old halls and warehouses in the City. There were many precautions to be enforced on the cry of fire: an armed man was to be placed at every doorway with a bucket of water; lanterns were to be lighted and hung out. All persons except those summoned by the Lord Mayor were enjoined to keep within the houses, and a bell was to be rung

and the street patrolled. Brokers on 'Change were required to attend and guard the goods committed to their charge; and these regulations continued in force, although neglected in the observance, until the establishment of the insurance companies, and a fire-watch, November, 1791.

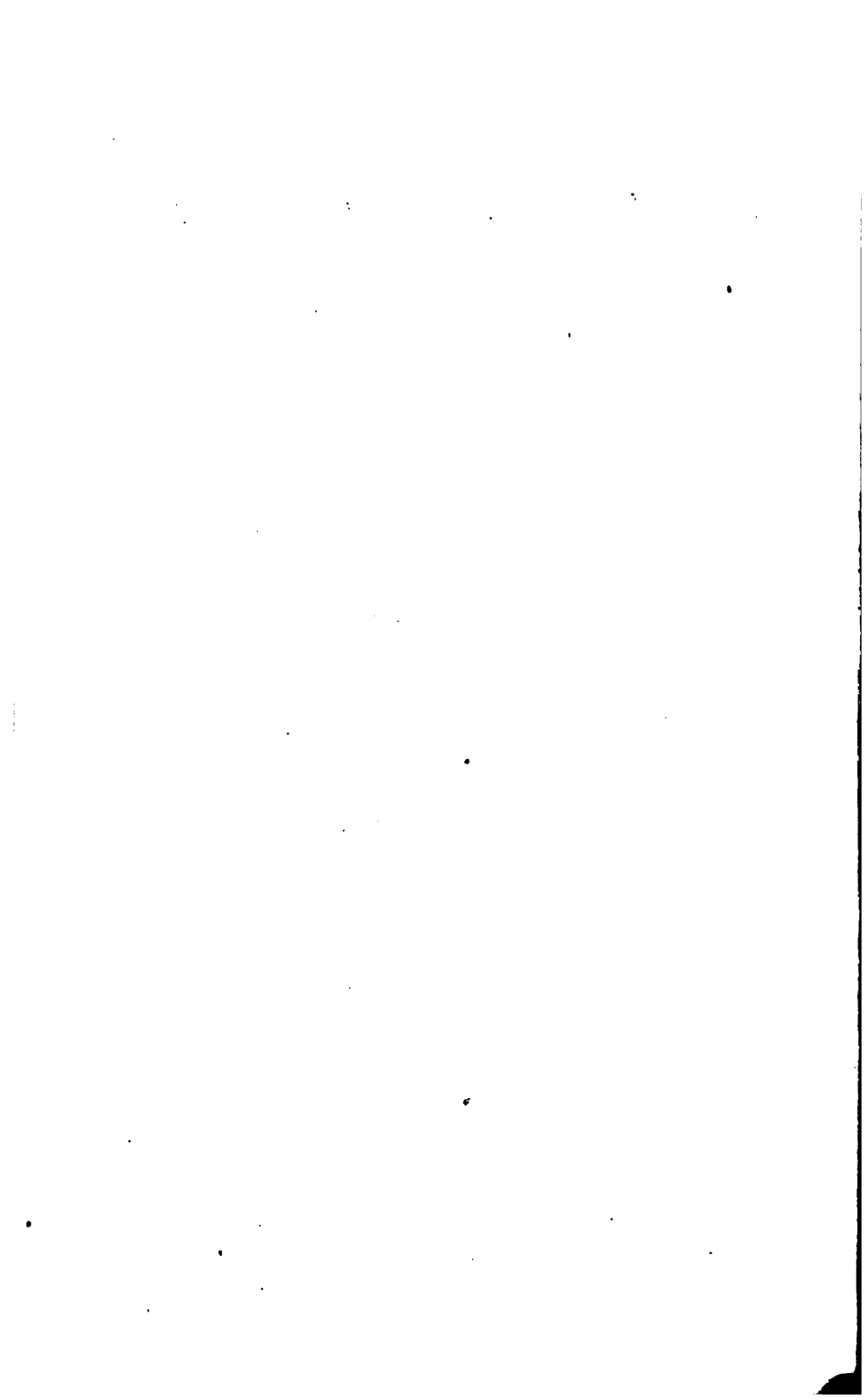
One word on the old curfew bell, generally regarded as a tyrannous institution of the Conqueror, and nothing else. It really seems to have been a necessary act of police to insure the extinguishment of fires in houses so very combustibly constructed as were those of our forefathers. In the 'Antiquarian Repertory' there is a drawing and description of an ancient curfew, or cover-fire, an instrument by which the embers on the hearth could be effectually extinguished. It was shaped somewhat like a Dutch oven, and formed of pieces of copper riveted together, being about ten inches long, sixteen wide, and nine deep. The curfew bell was rung, therefore, to compel the use of this instrument, and not merely to send naughty Londoners to bed whether they liked it or not.

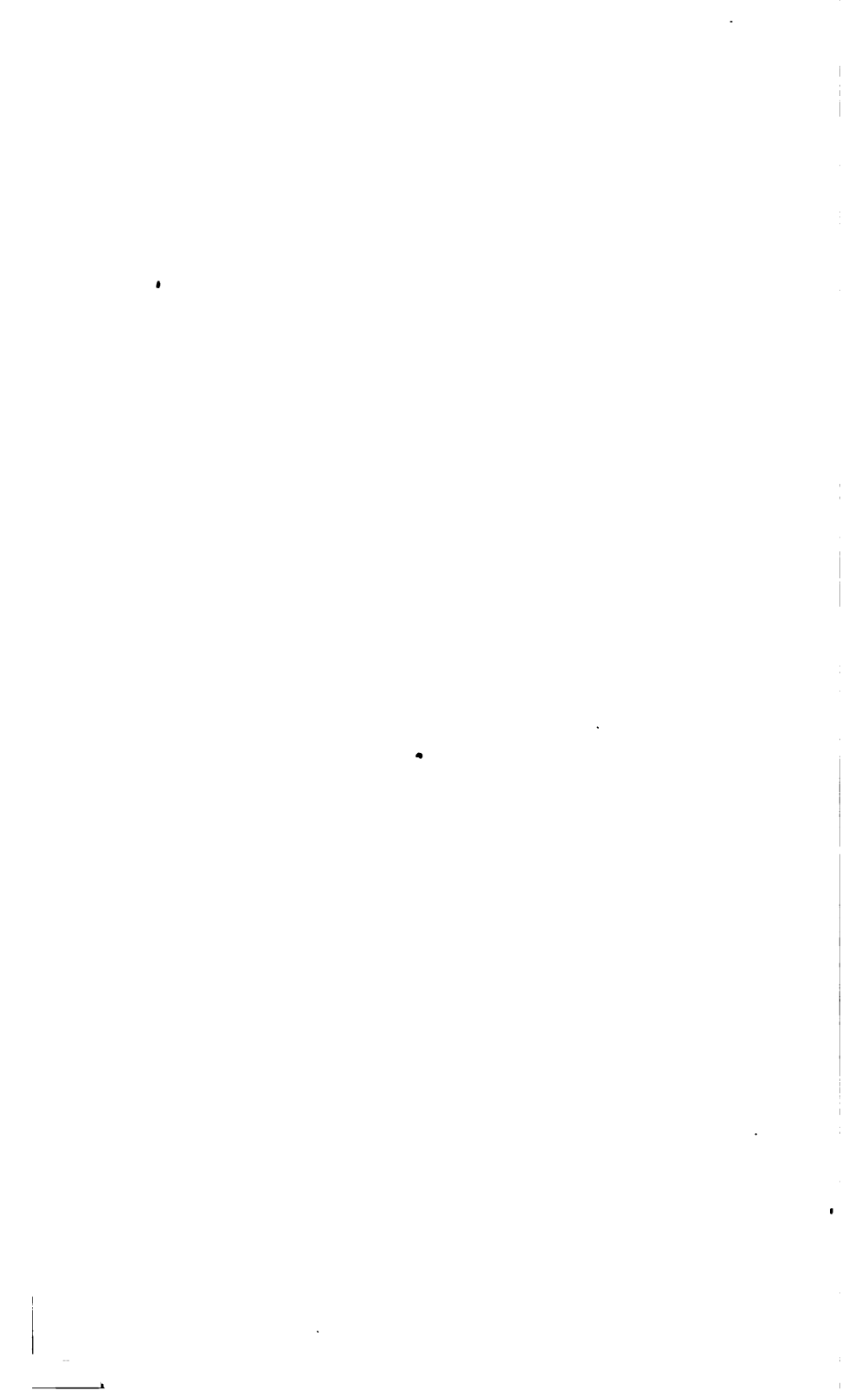




Drawn by G. Du Maurier.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.





LONDON SOCIETY.

APRIL, 1866.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



CHAPTER I.

'I NEVER saw such rain in my life.'

'My dear, it always rains at Genoa.'

'Then why does "Murray" say that Genoa is a dry place, with sharp cutting winds?'

'My dear, "Murray" makes a mistake. I have been here—let me see—six times; and every time it has been just like this, close, muggy weather, and raining warm water.'

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'I suppose it is the time of the year?'

'October: yes—I have always been here in October, certainly—on the way to Rome; but if a place were ever dry and cold, one would fancy it would be just in October. I can't say though that I ever saw it pelt as it does now: it is more like Roman rain.'

'A nice prospect for the Magra!'

'That odious Magra! How people can say that there is a road from Genoa to Pisa, when there is that

thing right across the middle of it, I cannot imagine!

Such was the dialogue which took place between Mrs. Leslie and her daughter Mary, as they waited the summons to the table d'hôte in their marble-floored apartment at the Hôtel de la Croix de Malte at Genoa. Mary was in rather delicate health, and her mother was taking her to Rome for the winter in the hope of bringing some roses into her cheeks. Not that there was anything seriously the matter, but her lack of bloom was mortifying to maternal vanity. 'Don't talk of being pale, my dear,' Mrs. Leslie used to say; 'paleness is one thing, and sallowness is another. I was a pale girl myself, but as to you, you look like a bit of waxwork fifty years old. You are never fit to be seen except by candlelight.' She need not have been uneasy: many a rosy-cheeked damsel was thrown altogether into the shade by her pale daughter.

'Blanche, are you ready?' said Mary, knocking at the door of an inner room. 'Well, I must say,' as Blanche made her appearance, 'that Annette has turned you out in good style; you don't look as if you had spent great part of yesterday on the top of Mont Cenis.'

Blanche was not Mrs. Leslie's daughter, though her name was also Leslie, but her niece, and the two cousins were the closest of friends; very much alike in spirit and animation, but in appearance such a contrast, that each appeared to peculiar advantage in the presence of the other. Blanche was very tall, with a commanding sweep of figure, while Mary was rather square and substantial; Blanche had a complexion of lilies and roses, and a profusion of soft, sunny-brown hair, whose natural ringlets could scarcely be controlled by the plaitings and twistings which fashion required; but all this, though excessively pretty, in no way interfered with the charm of Mary's fine dark eyes, and beautifully-moulded head, on which the black hair, braided as closely as possible, shone glossy and smooth as velvet. In short, they would have made a perfect tableau as Rosalind and Celia.

Blanche had been considerably spoilt by her dear mamma, who had been left very young a widow with this only child, but who, happily perhaps, had died before the spoiling had gone seriously deep, and had left her daughter, a beauty and an heiress of thirteen, to the joint guardianship of her aunt, Mrs. Leslie, and of some old friends of her own, Lord and Lady Beresford, who, having no unmarried daughter, had insisted on taking Blanche to live with them immediately after her mother's death, now about four years ago; and she had continued to be the *enfant de la maison* ever since, to the extreme pleasure of the old couple, and apparently with tolerable contentment to herself, until this very autumn, when, for reasons of her own, she had taken a sudden freak to go to Rome with her aunt and cousin.

This freak she had performed, it must be confessed, rather with the precipitation of a spoiled child than with the demureness to be expected from a damsel of seventeen. She had been brought to town by Lord and Lady Beresford, who came up in the hope, that now, Sebastopol being at last taken, any day might bring them home their only son, who had been some years absent on active service even before his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, had been ordered to the Crimea. One morning, when Mrs. Leslie's house in Green Street was astir with preparation, portmanteaus and milliners' baskets being drawn forth from their hiding-places, and ladies and ladies' maids in earnest consultation over them—just three days, in fact, before the southward journey was to begin—Lady Beresford's carriage drove to the door, and out stepped Blanche alone.

'I am going with you to Rome,' was her greeting to her astonished aunt; 'don't say no, for I am quite determined; so if there is anything to be done about passports, please to do it; and as to the money, you must settle all that afterwards.'

'My dear, does Lady Beresford approve?'

'Highly disapproves, of course; very angry indeed; but I have had

it all out with her, and she knows she can't help it; so please, please, dear aunt, don't be cross. It is all settled; and Annette is to come in the evening with my luggage, for I am going to stay here till you go.'

Mrs. Leslie remonstrated; Mary remonstrated, though so very glad, that her remonstrances lacked force; but it was all the same—Blanche was quite determined; and it was not till after much cross-questioning that she condescended to reveal the reasons of her proceeding, which were not received by her aunt and cousin with the gravity she expected. However, Mrs. Leslie, of course, made a point of going to Lady Beresford as soon as possible for a private consultation, about which her niece knew nothing: the result of which was that it was settled, though most reluctantly on the part of the poor old couple, that the wilful child must have her way; and accordingly she had set forth with the Leslies, and found herself with them, on the rainy afternoon in question, at the Hôtel de la Croix de Malte, at Genoa.

'Did you ever see such rain?' was her first remark, as it had been Mary's.

'We were just saying,' said Mary, 'that we have a charming prospect for the Magra. It serves us right for aiding and abetting you, you naughty child. If we are drowned, I shall always say you were the Jonah.'

'Satisfactory the information will be to the fishes,' said Blanche laughing.

'A disconsolate damsel running away from her guardians always comes to grief,' persisted Mary; 'it would not be moral if she did not, for the sake of example.'

Blanche held up her head; her aunt and cousin often affronted her by laughing at her precipitate flight.

'You may throw back that silly little head of yours,' said her aunt, 'but I shall always say the same: that you are behaving like a simpleton. I should think you were the only girl in England who would run away for fear of having to marry a young officer whom every one

speaks well of, and who really must have a great deal in him, to be so steady to his profession, and heir to a peerage besides.'

'There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,

Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

sang Mary, in her gay, musical voice.

'I don't care,' said Blanche, laughing in spite of herself. 'If he were an archangel I would have done just the same. Fancy writing to a man, and telling him to make haste home and marry me: me, whom he has never seen; and all because I have money! And what sort of muff must he be to do it?'

'My dear, he has not done it,' said Mary, shouting with laughter.

'Come, be just, silly child,' said her aunt; 'his sentiments have in no way transpired; you don't even know whether his lordship's letter ever reached him.'

'A couple of old simpletons, begging their pardons,' said Mary, 'to have shown their game. If they had only let Colonel Beresford come home, crowned with laurels, and held their stupid tongues, you would have been safe to have fallen in love with each other.'

'Fancy,' said Blanche, still in high indignation, 'when I have never been out, never seen anything of life, to book me in that way: to tell me it was a settled thing, and that dearest mamma had agreed to it: a likely thing! You know, aunt, they said it was settled; Herbert must have consented.'

'I don't believe it,' said her aunt; 'but I'm sure I don't know. The Beresfords are not rich, and young men like money.'

Here the dinner-bell interrupted them; and Mrs. Leslie and Mary, still laughing, accompanied our incensed heroine down the broad marble staircase.

Any one who has travelled along the beautiful coast-road from Genoa to Pisa, knows that the usual topic at a Genoa table d'hôte is the probability or non-probability of being able to cross the Magra (so at least it was before the railway had been carried over it, as we understand is

now the case); and as, in the month of October, every one is pressing southward, the Magra is for the time being 'the bourne from whence no traveller returns' to give the desired information.

There happened, however, on the present occasion to be an exception to the general rule. A party of young officers, on their return from the Crimea, had just arrived from Pisa, and could certify that the Magra was passable two days ago, but said to be swelling every moment, as indeed must, they feared, be the case, in such rain.

'I am sorry to hear that,' said a very distinguished-looking young man, who had just come in, and whose beard and bronzed cheek betokened him also to be a Crimean; 'a bad look-out for me.'

'For you, my good fellow?' asked one of the officers, to whom, as indeed to all the rest, the new arrival seemed well known; 'you are going in our direction, are you not? indeed I thought you were at home already.'

'On the contrary,' said the young man laughing, 'I am this moment come from Marseilles by the packet.'

'From Marseilles?' exclaimed several voices at once.

'Yes, from Marseilles; and very unpleasant I found it; so that I mean to go on by land. I am going to Rome for the winter, or part of the winter.'

We cannot deny that at this our two young ladies exchanged imperceptible glances; half-conscious thoughts just shooting through their minds to the effect that they might perhaps meet this very pleasant-looking stranger in some of the parties in Rome. It was certainly within the range of possibility.

'Well, you're a cool hand, that's certain; after two years' absence, not to go and see your own people.'

'After six, you may say; you know our brigade was ordered straight from the Cape to the Crimea.'

'More shame for you, you undutiful fellow; but I suppose there's a strong attraction in Rome?'

'A strong repulsion somewhere else.' This was in a lower tone, but did not escape his opposite neighbours, though the conclusion of the sentence did.

'Well, we shall have you back soon, at any rate,' was the reply. 'You know you're safe of your Victoria Cross.'

The conversation then turned again on the Magra, and every one had something wonderful to relate of that formidable torrent.

There may be even in this age some few who stay at home, and such may happen never to have heard of the Magra. For their benefit, therefore, we must state that it is a mountain stream between Spezzia and Carrara, which, in its normal state, is a modest brook easily fordable; but, unfortunately for travellers from the north, the season when they wish to cross it being in the very midst of the autumn rains, it is at that time in anything but this amiable condition; for a few days of wet sometimes suffice to swell it to such a pitch that it carries away, not only the bridges which men from time to time have attempted to throw over it, but vineyards and olive groves, and even whole villages, leaving the Val di Magra (of which Dante sings) a scene of utter desolation. When in a state anything approaching to this, it can with difficulty be crossed even in a boat, on account of the swiftness of the current; and of course it is the interest, and consequently the practice of the innkeepers at Spezzia to persuade travellers that matters are in this condition much oftener than they really are. This refers, as was before said, to the state of things some years ago. If, as we have been told, the Magra is now really spanned by a railway bridge which it is unable to sweep away, it must be a great loss to the Spezzia innkeepers, but a great blessing to the travellers whom they have been in the habit of fleecing.

CHAPTER II.

All that evening the rain kept pouring on; but the next morning the blue sky reappeared, and our travel-

lers set forth in sunshine, brilliant, though fitful, which added enchanting effects of light and shade to the beautiful coast-road along which their first day's journey led them; but as they reached its termination, the curious, rocky Sestri, jutting far out into the sea, the sun was setting in a bank of formidable storm-clouds; and before the night was over, the pattering of heavy rain against the windows, heard even in the midst of the howling of winds and dashing of waves, promised badly for the Magra.

On the next evening, when the lumbering vettura which contained our three ladies, their two ladies' maids, their courier, Brissot (now getting old and past his work), and an unlimited amount of luggage, arrived at the exquisite little town of Spezzia, all inquiries on this engrossing subject were met, as usual, with a mournful shake of the head.

'There had been a great deal of rain, but their excellencies would see to-morrow morning.'

When to-morrow came, the aspect of affairs did not appear to be much improved: blow, blow, blow; rain, rain, rain; and our ladies, when they came in to breakfast, were greeted by Brissot with a face grievously elongated, and hands up-lifted in despair.

'No Magra to-day, ladies; it is impossible!'

'Nonsense, Brissot,' said Mrs. Leslie, who did not readily believe in impossibility; 'don't you know the people at the inn always say that?'

A mournful shake of the head was Brissot's only reply.

'Well,' said Mrs. Leslie, 'let us have our breakfast in peace, at all events, and then we will settle what is to be done.'

Spezzia is certainly a little Paradise—there can be no doubt about that; but no one likes to remain even in Paradise on compulsion; and, on a rainy day, a pretty place has no very material advantage over an ugly one: and the thought of having to maintain a vetturino and four horses through an unlimited futurity of enforced idleness,

is enough to change Paradise into something not unlike its antipodes.

However, there seemed no fighting against fate. 'What must be, must, I suppose,' said Mrs. Leslie.

'But, my dear aunt,' said Blanche, 'what on earth shall we do with ourselves here all day?'

'What, my dear?—collapse on our beds, of course,' said Mary, always weary enough to be patient of a day of compulsory repose.

'Well, I have a suggestion to make,' said Blanche.

'Queen Blanche is a woman of vigorous counsels,' said Mary; 'what is it, dear?—Loop up our dresses and wade?'

'No,' said Blanche; 'float on our crinolines. But seriously, tell me, aunt—we must pay for the man and the horses to-day, whether we use them or not?'

'I am afraid it is so written in the bond. The Magra comes decidedly under the head of Force Majeure.'

'I thought so: well, then, why not use them? Suppose we tell Brissot to pay the bill, and pack everything, and then drive to the water's edge and see for ourselves. If we have to turn back, we shall at least have the comfort of knowing that we have not been cheated.'

'That is what I call strong-minded,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'a very good plan.'

Accordingly, Brissot was summoned, and, after a little argumentation, consented to the arrangement. In process of time it was announced that all was ready, and they went down to the carriage, amid the reiterated assurances of landlord and waiters that they would be back again before dinner-time.

'Is the Magra passable?' asked Mrs. Leslie of a long-bearded, sandalled Capuchin, who stood in the hall.

'Spero, ma dubito,' was the cautious reply: but there was a twinkle in his eye somewhat reassuring.

Off they drove, splashing through the mud; and at last, as they drew near the sandy, slushing plain of the torrent, a large travelling-carriage and four, straight from the Magra, dashed triumphantly to-

wards them, the coachman nodding to their vetturino as he passed.

'*Si passa,*' said the vetturino; and Brissot, looking back into the carriage, telegraphed that all was right.

When they had got fairly down on the strand, it appeared that the torrent had forced out for itself a second channel of no inconsiderable width, which must be crossed before arriving at the main stream. A little boat was in readiness to ferry over the passengers; but Brissot decided that, as it was raining hard, the ladies had better sit still in the carriage, for the half-naked, savage-looking beings who came crowding round, assured him that this channel was easily fordable.

The first thing to be done was to take out the horses, and put oxen in their stead, which they harnessed with ropes; an affair which took more than twenty minutes to accomplish. It was accomplished at last, however; and, to the music of the most unearthly shoutings and shriekings, the heavily-laden equipage was launched with a desperate plunge into the rushing, turbid stream. With great difficulty the oxen strained against the current, the carriage lurching most unpleasantly. On they went, however, with struggling plunges, till, in the very midst of the torrent, crack went the ropes, down went the two foremost beasts, kicking and floundering, while the carriage remained planted in the water, which so filled it in a moment, that Mrs. Leslie and one of the maids were sitting up to their knees in water, as in a foot-tub, though the young ladies, with more presence of mind and agility, had tucked their feet up on the seat.

'Don't scream,' whispered Blanche to the maid, who, looking out of window, had seen one wheel portentously elevated. 'Dear aunt, don't be frightened; see how shallow it is; these men are all wading; the water is barely up to their waists.'

But Mrs. Leslie was given to screaming: though very enterprising, she wanted presence of mind, and drowning was her especial aversion; so she screamed

on. Mary sat quite still and silent, a shade paler than usual, but showing no other sign of alarm.

'Dear ladies!—angels of ladies!' sobbed Brissot, looking back from the box, 'they are gone back to the town for more rope: don't be frightened.'

'All the way to Spezzia?' asked Blanche; 'a pleasant prospect!'

The girls scorned the idea of being frightened; but they felt by no means comfortable when the overloaded carriage began to incline very decidedly to one side; and the shouting, screaming creatures who were splashing round them did not afford much consolation; for when Mrs. Leslie asked imploringly if there were no means of being carried to the further bank, they only shook their heads and pointed to the current, which was sweeping by with dizzying velocity.

At this moment our prisoners heard a tremendous splashing close to them, and looking out, saw a light travelling-carriage containing two gentlemen, one of them apparently an Italian, but the other, a young Englishman—the very Crimean officer returned from Marseilles, whom they had met at the table d'hôte, and who, springing into the water, was in an instant at their window.

'For heaven's sake, sir,' shouted Brissot, 'take care! you are risking your life! you can never stand against the current; and you don't know all the holes in the river as these people do.'

'Never you mind that,' said the Englishman; and in a moment he looked to the broken harness, saw what was the matter, and, rapidly desiring his Italian friend (who showed no disposition to tempt the stream himself) to drive on rapidly to Sarzana and order abundant fires, he set himself to repair the mischief with straps from the portmanteaus, to the astonishment of the unaccustomed savages whom he pressed into his service, and to the unbounded gratitude and admiration of Brissot.

The ladies scarcely saw what was going on; but the very presence of an Englishman and an officer re-

assured them; and when their carriage resumed its equilibrium, and the oxen began slowly to move it forwards, before there had been time to bring rope from Spezzia, they knew whose resource and promptitude they had to thank.

At last the carriage, with the ladies still in it, was safely stowed away on board the large flat-bottomed boat which is ferried across the main stream, and which makes slow progress against the powerful current.

'I hope you are not very wet,' said the Englishman, coming to the window.

'Not materially, thank you,' said Blanche.

'Only mamma,' said Mary, 'who chose to sit with her feet in the water.'

'I don't know how to thank you enough,' said Mrs. Leslie. 'I am sure you saved our lives.'

'I can hardly flatter myself so much as that,' said the young man, smiling. 'I don't think you were in any real danger.'

'We were in a great deal of fear, at all events,' said Blanche, laughing. 'I don't think I ever felt frightened before.'

'Then indeed you behaved like a heroine; for I did not hear any approach to a scream.'

'Except from me,' interrupted Mrs. Leslie; 'I never could stand cold water.'

'I am afraid you have had too much of it, dear mamma,' said Mary, anxiously: 'how you shiver; you are drenched through! I do hope you have not caught cold.'

'Quick, quick! get to Sarzana as fast as possible,' said the Englishman, expediting as much as he could the tardy process of landing and harnessing, and then mounting the seat by the vetturino. His presence seemed to put a little mettle both into driver and horses, and it was not long before they arrived.

'I hope there is a good fire for these ladies, and plenty of hot water,' said he, in excellent Italian, to the obsequious padrone; 'they have got wet in the Magra.'

'All ready, eccellenza: the other

signore ordered it; if these ladies will follow me.'

The Englishman, without waiting for a word of thanks, hurried them to the door of their apartment, and took his leave. There they were much comforted at the sight of what seemed half a tree already blazing on the hearth, while men and maids in abundance were proffering hot water and warming-pans.

These last were much to the purpose; for Mrs. Leslie, at least, was so thoroughly drowned as to be fit for nothing but bed, especially as the luggage had got so wet that almost every article had to be unpacked and hung out to dry beside the ample fire, before a change could be procured. The ladies' maids were in great woe over soaked dresses and dripping bonnets; but the young ladies themselves bore the *contretemps* with smiling philosophy, more occupied, if the truth be told, with speculating on who the hero might be who had so opportunely come to their rescue, than with mourning over the damage to their wardrobe incurred by the misadventure.

Their curiosity as to their benefactor was not, however, destined to be then satisfied; for when, after drying, and dressing, and dining, they inquired for him, they were told that he had only just stayed to change his dress, and then had driven on with his companion towards Pietra Santa, *en route* for Pisa and Florence.

CHAPTER III.

'Well, Blanche, how do you feel now you are starting for your first ball? I remember I felt all in a cold creep from head to foot.'

'Yes,' said Blanche, laughing, 'and vexed your mother, I know, by looking like a piece of faded waxwork, as she is always calling you.'

'But I want to know how you feel yourself, and that is just what you won't tell me. Let me look at you: no faded waxwork there, certainly—though I am not sure that you are not the least bit paler than usual; let me feel your pulse.'

'Like Hamlet to his mother? You won't get any more satisfaction out of me than Mrs. Hamlet did out of him; here—feel,' holding out her white, braceleted wrist.

'It temperately keeps time,' said Mary, 'I cannot deny it; but don't you feel in the least as if something were going to happen?'

'Oh! Mary, it is only in story-books that heroines meet their destiny, like Cinderella, at their first ball.'

'Is it only in story-books?'

'I can't judge; of course you can, who have been out one season already.'

'Well, not one's destiny, perhaps; but things do happen at balls; and I should think in Rome, particularly, where all people worth knowing are sure to turn up, as mamma says, at one time or another. Suppose, now, we were to meet our hero of the *Magra*; would you call that an adventure?'

'A very likely one to happen, if only we were going to an English house; he must be in Rome by this time.'

'No chance of meeting any English to-night, except such as have first-rate introductions.'

'Why should he not have first-rate introductions?'

'It depends on who he is, of course. This is a very exclusive house; the people never gave a ball before; it is only on the occasion of the marriage of the young Principe; for balls are not begun in the regular course of things, I imagine: so mamma says, and she knows Rome and Roman ways.'

'Every one will take us for sisters, especially as we are dressed alike.'

'Yes; and as you are Miss Leslie, and so much more imposing, while I am only Miss Mary Leslie, and of contemptible stature, you will be set down for the eldest, which I consider a great triumph, I being really two years ahead.'

'Let me look at you, my dears,' said Mrs. Leslie, coming into the room, 'and see if I approve of your appearance.'

She must have been fastidious if she had not approved of the two

graceful figures which stood before her for inspection, throwing off bur-nous and shawl, and revealing the simple tarlatan dresses looped with roses and lilies of the valley, while a wreath of the same flowers crowned each young head, equally becoming to the dark classic braids of the one and the luxuriant golden tresses of the other. She was fastidious enough, but this time she did approve thoroughly, and was well pleased to have such a niece and daughter to present to the Roman world, of which she herself, in her youth, had been no inconsiderable ornament.

The two young English girls were thoroughly appreciated at the Princess del D—'s ball, and the more so that they were the only English, and consequently the only unmarried ladies present. They were engaged for half the evening before they had been in the room five minutes.

'Signorina mia, mi permitti di presentarle il Signor Colonello,'—something quite foreign to any English name that was ever heard of.

Blanche looked up, and found that the bridegroom Principe was presenting to her no other than the hero of the *Magra*. She was sitting at that moment by her aunt, who, though she had no idea what the name was, could do no other than frankly extend her hand, and tell the gentleman how glad she was to meet him again, and how glad she should be to see him if he would call the following evening at her apartments in the Piazza di Spagna.

It was rather late in the ball, and Blanche was engaged, as we have seen, for many dances; however, she gladly promised her hand for the first dance she had free. The stranger did not seem enthusiastic about dancing; for when he found that Mary also was engaged, he stood aloof, a mere spectator, until the time came when he could claim Blanche as his partner.

'Who is he?' inquired Mrs. Leslie of one of the ladies of her acquaintance.

'Un certo colonello, non so,' answered she, with the peculiar Italian

shrug; 'viene da Crimea; figlio di milord a buonissima famiglia; ma il nome, non lo so.'

'Those English names are so difficult,' said another; 'Creco, Creci, mi pare; che so to?'

Among the numbers who were presented to Mrs. Leslie and her young ladies they recognised the Italian gentleman who was the travelling companion of their friend at the Magra, and who was introduced as the Principe B—; but as the young ladies were engaged, and so unable to dance with him, he merely bowed and sought a partner elsewhere, which was a disappointment, as some information might have been hoped for from him.

As it was, they were obliged to remain in ignorance, promising themselves to search the visitors' book at Piale's the next morning, which Mrs. Leslie felt the more imperative as she could not help seeing that the unknown and Blanche seemed to be getting on remarkably well. Blanche, as a beauty and an heiress, was no inconsiderable charge; and though her aunt had assisted her escape from the summary 'marrying-up' which her simple hearted guardians had projected, yet in her secret soul she thought the match they had proposed a very good one, and had resolved that, while under her care, the wilful child should not throw herself away on any one of inferior pretensions.

'That unknown is nice, is he not?' asked Mary, after they had returned home. 'I was so sorry I was not able to dance with him.'

'Oh, Mary! I never met any one half so nice; so gentle, so unboastful, and reserved about himself and his own doings, and yet so full of interesting stories, when you once draw him out; I could listen to him for ever.'

'Desdemona?' whispered Mary.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Leslie, with something almost sharp in her voice, 'all soldiers are like that. If you had waited to see Herbert Beresford, as you ought, I have no doubt he would have been just the same. I always heard he was particularly agreeable.'

'Did you ask your friend if he knew Colonel Beresford?' inquired Mary.

'Not I,' said Blanche impatiently; 'we had something better to talk about.'

Mrs. Leslie felt slightly anxious, but she knew her *métier* of chaperon better than to let it appear; so she chattered, and let the girls chatter as fast as they pleased, while they drank their tea, and then sent them off to bed.

'I shall write to Lady Beresford, and advise her to send Herbert out here, if he falls into the plan.' Such was her ultimatum, as she laid her head on the pillow in the grey dawn of morning.

'Now, mamma,' said Mary, after a very late breakfast, 'let us run across to Piale's and discover our incognito.'

The unenlightened in Roman ways must be informed that Piale is a bookseller in the Piazza di Spagna, and that on his table lies a book where most of the English visitors inscribe their names.

'Now let me see,' said Mary, while Blanche looked over her shoulder.

'Captain Smith;—no, he can't be Captain Smith, can he, mamma?'

'Yes;—why not?'

'Major Cresswell;—that's the man.'

'Yes, yes; they said his name was Creci, which was very near for Italians.'

'But they called him colonel,' objected Blanche.

'The Italians call every officer colonello. That's the man, I'm certain. "Hôtel d'Angleterre."'

'Yes,' said Blanche, 'he said he was at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, very near us.'

'That settles the point,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'Cresswell; not a bad name.'

A sudden exclamation from Mary startled them, and she pointed where, much lower down on the list, stood in characters unmistakably legible, the name of 'Lieut.-Col. Honourable Herbert Beresford.'

The ladies looked at one another petrified. Mrs. Leslie and Mary could scarcely keep their counte-

nances, but Blanche was in towering indignation.

'This is too bad,' she said, the tears starting into her eyes; 'they have positively sent him after me. I call this downright persecution. I will never be introduced to him—never!'

'My dear, Piale will hear you,' whispered Mrs. Leslie, 'and you will be the talk of Rome. No one shall tease you while you are with me; but it won't hurt you to meet the young man in society like any one else. Come home, and don't be silly, and we'll think what we had better do.'

Home they went, only a few steps off, and sat down to discuss the matter.

'The more I think of it,' said Mrs. Leslie, after trying hard for a few minutes to compose her countenance so as to harmonize with the grave displeasure which Blanche's had assumed, 'the more inexplicable it seems, or at least the more I am persuaded that the whole affair is simply accidental. He can't have had time, can he, to have gone back to England, seen his father and mother, found you fled, and rushed here after you? Only think how rapidly we travelled;—it is impossible.'

'They probably wrote to him at Malta,' said Blanche.

'No time,' said Mrs. Leslie. 'What was the date of his arrival, Mary, did you notice?'

'There was no date, mamma, of that; only "Hôtel d'Angleterre."'

'Oh! then,' said Blanche, 'we will ask Major Cresswell about him when he comes this evening, as he is at the same hotel.'

At that moment Mary started, as a sudden thought struck her; and shot a very significant glance at her mother, who responded to it by a rapid gesture enforcing silence as to the idea which had evidently occurred to both minds at once.

'It is very impertinent,' said poor Blanche, 'and exceedingly annoying.'

'My dear,' said Mary, 'you cannot complain that your enemy has been very aggressive. Surely he might have called on mamma, if he had

chosen it, so old a friend of his family.'

'Perhaps he is only just arrived,' interrupted Blanche. 'I know all my pleasure in Rome is gone now.'

'Not quite, I hope; but come, I see your head is aching; let me bathe it with some eau de Cologne, or you will not be fit to see Major Cresswell this evening.'

CHAPTER IV.

In the evening, the ladies were all, for various reasons, in a state of some trepidation, as they took their seats in their salon after their late dinner, and began to expect the arrival of their guest. Mary was excellent on such occasions, and so, indeed, was Blanche too, generally, but just now she was more unhinged than usual, and felt quite grateful to Mary when she proposed their drowning their anxieties in a rattling duet.

In spite of the rattle, however, they kept their ears open, and at the first ring of their door-bell stopped with one accord.

A card was brought in—

'Lieut.-Colonel Beresford;'

and at the same moment entered its owner, who proved to be no other than the hero of the *Magra*.

At the first instant there was an awkward, taken-aback pause; but it was only for an instant.

'So you are Colonel Beresford?' said Mrs. Leslie, as she saw that he looked rather surprised at his reception. 'We have been to-day searching Piale's book to ascertain your identity: we settled that you could not be Captain Smith, but that you might be Major Cresswell, and, I can scarcely tell why, but you were established in our minds as Major Cresswell, which made us start when you were introduced by another name.'

Colonel Beresford laughed at the explanation, and confessed that he had been in something of a similar puzzle, but that Piale's had not occurred to him: in fact he had not put his own name there—some one had done it for him. He had forgotten the number Mrs. Leslie had told him, but had been directed to

the apartment of the Signora Inglese with the *dua bellissime signorina*, and had only acquired a distinct idea of her name just this moment, from the card nailed up outside her door.

These mutual explanations proved altogether satisfactory, and set all parties at ease. The evening passed off delightfully, chiefly in music; Mary's clever playing and Blanche's beautiful singing were thoroughly appreciated, and when, towards the end, the party became increased by several Italians dropping in, Mrs. Leslie observed, and this time with unalloyed satisfaction, that Colonel Beresford took advantage of every opportunity for talking apart with Blanche.

'It is a pity,' he said in taking leave, 'that Cresswell should lose the great pleasure of your acquaintance because he does not happen to be me; may I bring him? I can answer for his being a very nice fellow.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Mrs. Leslie; 'we are always at home in the evening till nine o'clock.'

When he was gone, the three ladies gathered round the hearth, and put on more wood as preparing for a talk; but for a few moments all sat silent.

'Blanche, my dear,' at last said Mrs. Leslie, 'this man's being here is pure accident; nothing else, depend upon it. There has been no time for communication with the people at home: besides, they promised me faithfully you should not be molested.'

'Oh! as to that, mamma,' interrupted Mary, 'he may have found out that Blanche was here, and come of his own accord, without consulting any one. It certainly strikes me as strange, in so amiable a person as he seems to be, coming here to enjoy himself instead of going home to see his father and mother. Don't you remember he said something at that table d'hôte of having gone as far as Marseilles, homewards, and then turned back?'

'I am quite sure,' said Blanche, 'that, be all that as it may, he has no idea that I am myself; he takes us for sisters.'

'Well, well,' said Mrs. Leslie, 'no freeborn Englishwoman can be married against her will. You are safe here with me, and he is a very pleasant person, and will do to sing and dance with, if you don't choose to marry him. And now go to bed, child, or you'll lose your roses, and then you'll have to submit to being married for your money after all.'

CHAPTER V.

One evening after another passed very pleasantly. Major Cresswell was introduced, and proved to be a very superior man, in Mary's opinion at least, and her opinion luckily was right, and he appeared to consider her a very delightful young lady. Morning engagements grew out of evening ones; visits to picture galleries, riding parties in the Campagna, and, as the days lengthened and brightened, expeditions to Frascati, and Albano, and Tivoli—all the spring pleasures so well known to those who have had the privilege of enjoying a season in Rome. The Misses Leslie were much sought after, but by none so assiduously as by Major Cresswell and Colonel Beresford. This last soon discovered, what no one attempted to conceal, that the two girls were not sisters, but cousins; yet he evidently had no idea that the Miss Leslie in Rome and the Miss Leslie, his father's ward, were identical. This was often discussed as a matter of wonder between Mary and her mother; as to Blanche, she very soon became mute on everything connected with Colonel Beresford.

'It is very odd indeed,' said Mrs. Leslie, 'that he should suspect nothing. I suppose his mother is so glad that he happens to have turned up in Rome, that she has the wit at last to hold her tongue, as I have written to urge her to do.'

'But how can it be that it never occurs to him, her name being Blanche, too?'

'That is the thing, I suspect; the Beresfords, you know, never call her Blanche, but Lina, from

her second name, Caroline, on account of their having a Blanche of their own, Lady Devereux. I dare say they always wrote of Lina Leslie, if they ever wrote to him about her at all.'

'I see; well; it is manifest enough how things are going: all's well that ends well.'

'All's well that ends well,' echoed her mother, kissing her forehead, with a secret prayer that all might end well for her also, of which there seemed every probability.

One beautiful evening in March Mrs. Leslie and her young ladies went with a few friends to see the Coliseum by moonlight, and Colonel Beresford and Major Cresswell were, as usual, of the party. As soon as Colonel Beresford arrived, it was manifest, to Blanche at least, that something was the matter, for a cloud sat on his brow, usually so clear and open, and he seemed uncomfortable and abstracted, very unlike himself. However, he took his accustomed place by her side, and appeared more anxious even than usual to converse with her as much apart as circumstances allowed. As the whole party, divided into twos and threes, wandered about in the moonlight, it was not difficult to secure a sufficient *tête-à-tête* for confidential conversation; but it was long before either spoke. At last, as with an effort, 'I am afraid,' he said, 'that to-night I must wish you good-bye.'

'Good-bye?'

'Yes; I must be at Civita Vecchia in time to catch the direct boat to-morrow night.'

'Why? has anything happened to your father or mother?' asked Blanche, anxiously.

'No, nothing. I may as well tell you; it is a qualm of conscience, but one I can't get over. I think, after six years' absence, I have behaved very cruelly in coming here at all; and to-day I have had a letter, urging me to stay on and enjoy myself.'

'Which has acted by contraries?' asked Blanche, inwardly smiling.

'Exactly; it made me feel what a brute I have been; and so I'm off.'

Blanche dared not trust herself to speak; and he went on.

'But I cannot go without asking if I may ever hope to meet you again. I think you must have seen—you can scarcely have mistaken my feelings. Only just tell me if I may come back again; when I have seen my father and mother, may I come back to you? In short, can you give me any hope?'

What Blanche's answer was we will not inquire; indeed, it might be reported as 'inaudible in the gallery.' Whatever it was, however, it seemed to give satisfaction, for the colonel's next observation, after a moment or two of entranced silence, was that 'he was too happy.'

'But Colonel Beresford,' said Blanche, at last, rallying all her dignity, 'I must not let you go without explaining everything. I do not know, but I think you have not found out who I am.'

'Who you are? Blanche—my own Blanche, I hope. What can you mean?'

'You know about Lina Leslie, your father's ward.'

'Well?'

'My name is Blanche Caroline, and they called me Lina.'

'Is it possible?' He stopped short, and gazed in her face; and, in spite of the depths of sentiment in which they were plunged, they both burst into a hearty laugh.

'Well; that is a *dénouement*. My Blanche and Lina Leslie one and the same! My Blanche, I must tell you, that Lina has been my nightmare, my dread, my *bête noire*: it was to escape marrying you that I came here instead of going home.'

'And it was to escape marrying you that I came here.'

'Is it possible? I had no idea that they had spoken of you. I got letters at Marseilles, urging me to hurry home and secure this wonderful heiress, about whom they had been boring my life out already; so I turned about at once, and sailed back to Genoa in the very first packet.'

'They told me I was to marry you; so I set off at once, and ran

away here with my aunt and cousin.'

'Well; if that is not poetical justice, I don't know what is.'

Very much amused were Mrs. Leslie and Mary at this *dénouement*, which, even in the dim Roman lamplight, was revealed to them by their first glance at Blanche's tell-tale face as they drove home.

'You are a couple of undutiful children,' said Mrs. Leslie, when Colonel Beresford called the next morning, before starting for Civita Vecchia, 'and do not deserve for things to turn out so happily.'

'Very true,' said the colonel, 'and therefore do you not think that we are bound to make what reparation we can by carrying out our parents' wishes as soon as possible?'

All parties being at last agreed, there was nothing to wait for but the arrangements of lawyers and dressmakers. These however—a

splendid fortune and proportionately splendid trousseau being in question—were sufficiently tardy, or at least would have been, but that Major Cresswell's regiment was unexpectedly ordered to Corfu. Major Cresswell would not depart without Mary, by this time his promised bride, and Blanche would not hear of being married without Mary for her bridesmaid. So settlements and lace flounces had to be expedited, and early in the month of June Blanche became, what she had so often vowed she would rather die than become, the wife of Herbert Beresford.

And now eight years have passed and neither party has repented; they can scarcely even regret the folly of their mutual avoidance, as it brought about so satisfactory a result, though they are quite ready to laugh at each other and at themselves, and to tell their little ones the story of their 'much ado about nothing.'

E. S. R. A.



PARIS BEFORE EASTER.



HERE are times when London weighs heavily upon the spirits; when the agreeability of its women and the friendliness of its men pall on the social appetite; when the charms of society—and let us here say, with meekness, 'London Society'—seem to lose their power. At such moments it is pleasurable to reflect that Paris is attainable in eleven hours; that cabs run in the direction of the Victoria Station, Pimlico; and that the London, Chatham, and Dover railway is an existing institution. It is a wonderful change in so short a space of time. Whirr—Victoria; burr—Dover; splash, throb, splash—Calais; burr—Paris; clic-clac—nothing to 'declare'; Custom House; cab; roll easily to the hotel—and we gaze no longer on dreary London, but on cheery Paris.

Suppose, dear reader, that, for the sake of convenience I, drop the editorial 'we,' and speak to you, not as an old friend, but as a sort of steam-boat acquaintance endeavouring to make himself agreeable; it will be easier for both of us. Shall we? You consent. Very well then.

When I got into Paris last month—that is, in January—and had dined, I took a cab and made myself free of the city after my usual fashion—that is, I drove to the Place de la Concorde and looked up the Champs Elysées to the Arc. I wondered why the gas should be so white, while the gas with us is so yellow, and made a mental memorandum to ask a scientific friend of mine the reason. Also I wondered why the illumination of Paris should be so brilliant, and why we poor Londoners should have to grope about in a state of semi-darkness. I thought that London was a richer town than Paris: it would appear that I was in error.

It was eight of the clock, and I thought that my friends would not be at home if I called on them. I did not feel inclined for a theatre. A rough passage across the Channel had so disturbed my mind that I could not have received or understood a continuous story. I still felt the engines throb beneath my waistcoat—a sensation as of paddlewheels below my armpits. What should I do? I would buy a journal. I stopped at one of those large illuminated kiosks, the like of which, for beauty and for colour, were never gazed on by Caliph Haroun Alraschid, or any other Eastern potentate, and purchased an 'Événement' from the neatest of old ladies in the whitest of caps; and while I was waiting for my change—which the old lady rendered me with a coquettish smile, worthy of a marquise, though puckered—I read in large letters on a bright red ground that Mlle. Theresa was to be seen at the Alcazar.

I knew the Alcazar—for three years before I had been there with a friend whose goodness of heart was only equalled by his powers of invention. I had heard Theresa and had not liked her. Nevertheless, I would hear her again. She was a celebrity—no, I mean a notoriety. They said she had sung before the Emperor and Empress: it was not likely and it was not true—nevertheless they said so. They said, too, that she was a great favourite with the Princess Mathilde, which may have been a fact, but was more probably a fiction. She gained twelve pounds per night, that is eighty-four pounds per week—for Sunday is not a day of rest at the Alcazar—for singing one song. Perhaps my first impression was wrong. I would see her again. Cocher, to the Alcazar!

Eh! ouf! pouf! but the Alcazar is an unpleasant place—a music-hall with an unpleasant personal odour about it, that all the cigars

and cigarettes therein smoking cannot entirely destroy. It is a great sham, too; for they demand no payment for admission, but for refreshments charge sums ridiculously exorbitant. I ascend to the balcony and look around me and below me. The audience is French, and very French. The women's faces look quaint under their many-coloured capotines. They—the capotines and not the women—are a charming style of head-dress, and I would that they were introduced into England. Opposite my box there is a beautiful child of about fourteen summers, and she beams as if all her years had been composed entirely of summer. She wears a scarlet capotine. She is a pure dark Gallic beauty, with the black hair, black eyes, small lips, and pretty little toy teeth that make the language so agreeable. She laughs at the excellent singing of a 'Monsieur bien drôle,' looks sympathetically at a well-bearded gentleman who comes on to the stage amid great applause, and who sings a bass song admirably; then another comic gentleman arrives, and the little beauty—who is of the people but quite a beauty—laughs again, and then—'hey!'—'hi!'—'ouf!'—'boum!'—'zing!'—'P-r-ran!'—'La Theresa!'

La Theresa is plain—nay, very plain—she is ungraceful. She is badly dressed; she has an unmusical voice, and she cannot sing. Behold her qualifications personal and professional! A less charming person it would be difficult to imagine. Why she is a 'success' is a question that no sane Parisian can answer. The words of her songs are indescribable, but they and she are considered 'très chic.' My little beauty in the scarlet capotine, happily for herself, does not understand the allusions of the song. She looks quite seriously at the singer, and evidently feels embarrassed she knows not why. Her natural purity is shocked by the coarseness of the celebrity and of the celebrated song of 'Faut se consoler.' I quit the Alcazar, and resolve to listen to Theresa no more.

The next morning is bright, light, and beautiful. I descend

early and eat a French breakfast. I taste Paris—mirrors, gold mouldings, white houses, little trees, snowy children, apricot preserves, asphalt pavements, and all. The Tuileries are always the Tuileries, and the fountains splash and scatter on the spot where the mob used to stand to watch the decapitation of the heads of the victims of the guillotine. Oh, the good old times!—the picturesque old times—when gas, and drainage, and morning papers were unknown. Near the base of the obelisk, on the very site of her Sanguinary Hideousness Madame la Mère Guillotine, stands a group of fat women and fatter babies. I drive to what is to be the Place de l'Exposition d'Industrie of 1867.

There is nothing to be seen but a huge plot of earth, with here and there workmen and wheelbarrows, varied now and then by wheelbarrows and workmen. I fly elsewhere for solace. Prince Napoleon's Roman house in the Champs Elysées is for sale. Shall I go and buy it? I will take the first preliminary step—I will go and see it. I may buy it afterwards—and I may not.

It is a very fine place is Prince Napoleon's Roman house; and when there it is to be presumed that the Prince lived as lived the ancient Romans. I would rather be than I. I inquired of the concierge who showed me over, and who was attired in the jacket and trousers of the present century and not in the flowing robes of the Tiberian era, if the batteries de cuisine were of modern or ancient construction. He replied 'modern.' I approved of the Prince's choice in this regard. Fat lampreys fed on faithful slaves may have been good eating, and doubtless the members of the Acclimatization Society enjoy them at their dinners; but I am not difficult to please. Clear turtle, salmon, truffled partridge, and iced pudding are good enough for me. In the Prince's Cabinet de Travail there was a bell for the aide-de-camp, a bell for the intendant, for the huissier, for the valet de chambre, and for the 'Secret Commandements.' What were the 'Secret Commandements' I burnt to know,

and was left burning by the concierge. The baths in the Roman houses are things of beauty, and must be joys for ever for those who bathe in them. As I sauntered about I began to think satin as of no more value than corduroy, and to consider Parian marble as a thing of course. I did not buy Prince Napoleon's Roman house in the Champs Elysées.

I drove down into the Bois de Boulogne one Friday, because it was the right thing to do. I saw some charming equipages and toilettes; but why do French folks, when they are riding or driving, look so sombre? Is it because we call them 'our lively neighbours'?

I went to all the best theatres. At the Operas I was unfortunate. At the Grand Opera they were playing 'L'Africaine' and 'Les Huguenots.' I was disappointed of my *Africaine*, which I bore with fortitude, for I had seen it when it was first produced; but my equanimity was put to the proof in the evening, when I returned to my hotel, and a sleepy garçon showed me a box for the Italiens, which had been left for me by a kind friend. It was a 'Patti' night; and on the next morning I was told that the Patti had never sung or played more divinely. I anathematised my ill luck, and quoted the lines, 'Twas ever thus,' &c., &c. A night or two after, by way of compensation, I went to the Bal d'Opéra and saw the masquerade. It was, as usual, a wonderful sight, and a brilliant sight, and a sorry sight. There were many extraordinary costumes—costumes pretty, costumes grotesque, costumes hideous, costumes terrible—but the most striking 'parties' present were a young shepherdess in one of the *deuxième loges*, and a couple of young women attired in men's evening-dress—black coat, waistcoat, white choker, and all. The bearing of these 'cavalieri' was most gentlemanlike and graceful. There was an air of distinction about them well worth the ten francs admission to look at. As I left the Opera, and when I was getting my overcoat, one of the aforesaid 'cavalieri' came to the

bureau, and producing her (his) ticket, received his (her) overcoat, and put it on with an elegant *sans froid* that I could not but envy. While I was being crushed in the corridors, I saw that extraordinary artist, Monsieur Gustave Doré; and that gentleman's appearance by no means realised my expectations. He is a stout young Frenchman, very much like any other stout young Frenchman. Whether my admiration of Monsieur Doré's works had led me to expect him to look like a weird forest, or a black mountain gorge, or a clump of spears, or a Spanish bandit—I am not sufficiently an adept in self-examination to say; but I felt disappointed, and I confess it manfully. Before I quit the subject of the Masked Ball at the Opera, let me convey my sentiments of gratitude the most distinguished to Monsieur Strauss, or Herr Strauss, whichever he may be, for the capital music and the excellent band he so admirably conducted. I shall not easily forget the effect of the *Femme à Barbe* quadrille, the *Venus aux Carottes* quadrille, and the *Chasse* polka; and the selection from 'La Belle Hélène' was a sight to see, as well as a sound to hear.

I tried to hear 'La Belle Hélène' again, but not a seat was to be had in the *salle* of the Variétés unless taken two days 'in advance-a'—'days in advance-a, days in advance-a,' as the famous couplets run; so, *faute de mieux*, I went to the Opéra Comique, where I saw a new comic opera called 'Un Voyage en Chine,' of which, in my humble opinion, the libretto was good and the music but indifferent. Let me here say, that it is my unalterable conviction that the plot and incidents of the libretto of an opera ought to be improbable—and the more improbable, so long as they are not absolutely impossible, the better. They should be false to fact, though true to nature. The fun of the 'Voyage en Chine' hinges on the expedients adopted by a young naval officer to obtain the hand of a lady whose father detests him. During the piece the young naval officer is continually taking off his gold-laced cap, and saying,

'Monsieur Pompery, I have the honour to ask the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Marie, in marriage;' to which Monsieur Pompery as continually replies, '*Non! non!! NON!!!*' Monsieur Pompery and his family visit Cherbourg; and the extravagant seaside toilettes, now fashionable on the coasts of France, are made the most of on the persons of the principal characters, as well as on the chorus. M. Pompery, his wife and family, go to make what is called 'a promenade upon the sea;' that is, they go on board a ship at night, in order to see the magnificent spectacle of the sun rising from the horizon. Figure to yourself the horror of M. Pompery and family, when they discover that, during their three hours' slumber in the cabin, the vessel has left Cherbourg, and that M. de Kernoisien, the naval officer who is in love with Marie, is the captain of the ship. Captain de Kernoisien appears. M. Pompery demands that he shall put back into Cherbourg at once. Captain de Kernoisien, though his orders are to take his ship to China, will be most happy to put back at once, but—here his gold-laced cap goes off—'He has the honour to ask the hand of Mademoiselle Marie in marriage.' 'Non, non, mille fois non!' is the reply. Very well then. The vessel continues its course towards China. Can the Pompery family have some refreshment? No! Passengers were not expected, and therefore no provision has been made for them. Will Captain de Kernoisien give the Pompery family something to eat? With pleasure, for the whole voyage: but—here the gold-laced cap is again taken off—'Captain de Kernoisien has the honour to ask the hand of Mademoiselle in marriage.' 'Non, non, et non!' In vain do Madame Pompery and her daughter, who loves de Kernoisien, implore. M. Pompery is inflexible, and they must starve. 'How long is the voyage to China?' 'About eight weeks.' Well, eight weeks are soon passed; they must starve for that short time. But a bright idea seizes M. Pompery. He will excite the ship's crew to mutiny.

The crew, who are acting under secret orders from their captain, pretend to mutiny; when the captain appears, and with two unloaded pistols recaptures the vessel. He immediately holds a court-martial, and M. Pompery is found guilty of exciting the crew to mutiny. His sentence is death, by suspension from the yard-arm. The sentence is to be carried into effect immediately. Madame Pompery is horrified, and rushes to her husband. Her daughter Marie, who of course is in the plot, prevents her, and coolly says, 'Pray, mamma, don't interfere with the captain's orders.' The fatal rope is rigged; the noose is put round the neck of the unhappy Pompery; when Captain de Kernoisien advances, takes off his gold-laced cap, bows, and again utters: 'M. Pompery, I have the honour to ask the hand of Mademoiselle Marie, your daughter, in marriage.' The father hesitates but for a moment, and then, throwing himself into the captain's arms, exclaims, 'My son-in-law!' The finale is sung, and the curtain falls.

I went to the Comedie Française on a [great Molière night. It was the 24th, the anniversary of the birth of that dramatic poet. The first piece was the '*Tartuffe*,' and the second the '*Malade Imaginaire*.' I say nothing of the acting, but that it was as near perfection as we can hope for in this work-a-day world. At the conclusion of the '*Malade Imaginaire*,' the '*Ceremony*,' a burlesque scene, written by Molière in ridicule of the doctors, was performed. A spacious hall, arranged with two pulpits or tribunes, and seats at the side, was shown; and the bust of Molière, crowned with laurel, stood in the centre. On each side of the bust were ranged a dozen men, dressed like apothecaries' apprentices—that is, in shabby black, with white aprons and wristbands. Each man bore in his hand a huge squirt—emblem of his profession. Then began a march; and all the actors and actresses of the Français—those who are famous, and those who are only tolerated, but hope to be famous, and those who are not tole-

rated, but hope to be tolerated—defiled before the bust. First they bowed to the audience, who received them according to their popularity; then they bowed to the bust; then they placed an *immortelle* upon the pedestal; then they bowed to each other, and took their places on the side seats. As they marched on, two-and-two, like the young ladies and the young gentlemen in the scholastic establishments at Brighton and elsewhere, the audience grew very excited. 'Who are these?' 'Bressant and Delaunay!' 'And the next?' 'Coquelin and Barré—Regnier and Leroux—Mirecour and Maubant.' Then came the ladies' procession, and Emma Fleury, Regnier and Bonval, Madeline Brohan and Ponsin; and a royal salute for Mesdames Arnoult Plessy and Favart. Then followed the ceremony (the celebrated Monsieur Got in the chair), which is a burlesque on the admission of a Doctor of Medicine into a college, and is conducted in what I will call Medical-French-Dog-Latin.

The great event at the Français for the last few weeks was the production of '*Le Lion Amoureux*,' a comedy in five acts, and in verse, by Monsieur Ponsard, which so hit the Imperial taste that, at the conclusion of the first performance, the Emperor sent for the poet to his box, and complimented, congratulated, and conferred on him a pension in perpetuity. Here was encouragement to the national drama! '*Le Lion Amoureux*' is a fine poem, but it is not a fine play. The plot turns on the hackneyed theme of the loves of a stern republican and a fair marquise of the '*ancienne*.' The most interesting scene of the comedy was the salon of Madame Tallien, where not only muscadins, muscades, incroyables, émigrés, and republicans found themselves together, but where young General Buonaparte, his nephew's uncle, leant upon the mantelpiece and complained to his hostess of the annoyance of inactivity. General Buonaparte has long been a favourite character on the lower boulevards and at the circuses, where he has led charges, given crosses, waltzed

with peasant girls, pardoned soldiers, and annihilated nations, to the intense delight of patriotic parterres and galleries. He never before appeared at the Français by desire and under the especial patronage of his nephew. The young general had not much to say for himself—he was quite an episodic personage in the drama. He recited about twenty lines and retired. He was a tall, well-limbed, bright-eyed, gentlemanlike young soldier, about as unlike my notion of the young Napoleon as could be imagined, even in a theatre. The moral to be deduced from the conduct of the incidents of the play is that the Napoleonic dynasty is the only safe refuge and *juste milieu* for France from fanatical republicans on the one hand, and haughty cruel Bourbonists on the other. Possibly, the poet's pension was accorded for the last lines spoken by General Hoche about '*les Français réunis sous le même drapeau*.'

They say that no topic is interesting to Parisians after it has been ventilated for three days; but I think Parisians wrong themselves upon this point. Dress is a subject upon which they never can exhaust themselves or their powers of invention. Monsieur Dupin's brochure against '*Le Luxe Effréné des Femmes*' has only had the effect of making expensive and extraordinary costumes more desiderated than ever. In a *Revue* called '*La Lanterne Magique*,' now playing at the '*Châtelet*,' the testimony of Eve herself is invoked, and Eve appears in a costume—if costume that can be called which costume is not—only too appropriate. Indeed, the costume of the lady who personated Eve, '*brillait par son absence*.' The scene is changed to the Palace of the Fashions, and Eve reviews a grand cortège of ladies dressed in every costume since the world began. To the music of Mendelssohn's Grand March in the '*Midsummer Night's Dream*' defile ancient Egyptian women, Athenians, Romans, Phœnicians, &c., to the time of the middle ages. Then begin the fashions of the middle ages up to the time of the Renais-



sance, after which come the costumes of the reigns of Charles IX., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Another era past, the eccentricities of the reigns of Louis XV., of the Carmagnoles, of the republic of the incroyables, of the Directory, of the fashions of the Empire and of the Restoration, and of the modern days of Louis Philippe, which are supposed to terminate the retrospective fashions. Then the fashions of 1865 and 1866 are most amusingly burlesqued. Eve commands her children to show Routine, for whose benefit the entire promenade has been made, the dances of every epoch, and what is called in the programme 'Les danses nationales à toutes les époques' is commenced. The stately pavanne, the gigue, the *pas-de-pied* of Louis XVI., the *chaconne*, the *fricassée*, the *boulangère à des écus*, the *quadrille des incroyables*, the *monaco*, the *valse of the Duc de Reichstadt*, and, finally, a furious, diabolical, terrible, grotesque saturnalia, which, if not prohibited, ought to be. It is a wonderful sight, the many costumes, the colours, the grotesquerie and diablerie of the dancers. It is a mad orgie, that has been in preparation for months, and which is held nightly.

But the great rage in Paris is the theatrical philippic against luxury in dress and the over-development of commercial speculation, now playing 'to crowded houses,' as the playbills say, at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. Most of my readers have doubtless heard, and many of them have seen, Monsieur Victorien Sardou's famous comedy of 'La Famille Benoiton.' The Benoiton family consists of:—

Monsieur Benoiton, a millionaire, and the inventor and patentee of the *Sommiers Elastiques à ressorts compensateurs*, whose highest hope is to be decorated.

Madame Benoiton, a lady who is often spoken of but never seen: she is always out. She has not time to attend to her family; the demands made upon her by the world are so numerous that she not only goes into society, but stops there. She does not live, she only sleeps, at home.

Marthe, eldest daughter of the above, married to an engineer of the name of Didier, with an obstinate temper and an inordinate desire for luxury and dress, a passion she sometimes gratifies by indulgence in another vice, gaming, but a very charming person for all that.

Didier, Marthe's husband, who is always too busy to see what is going on in the immediate neighbourhood of his eyes; too much immersed in affairs to be able to eat, or drink, or sleep, or to find any relaxation or enjoyment.

Theodule Benoiton, a lad of about sixteen, who despises fame, but has an intense passion for notoriety.

Fanfan, his brother, a child of six, who invents a miniature Bourse, and speculates with other children in foreign postage stamps, and wanders round his father's strong box with the same longing rapture usually felt by little people of his age for the cupboard where the preserves are kept.

Jeanne and Camille, the two marriageable daughters, both very charming (my preference would be for Jeanne, but that is merely a matter of personal taste).

Behold, dear reader, the family Benoiton. The other personages of the play are a Madame Clotilde, a rich widow with a mania for marrying her friends; a Mademoiselle Adolphe, an old maid whom nobody will marry, who vents her spite against the world by means of anonymous letters; Monsieur de Champrosé, a patrician bachelor seeking a wife; M. Fonniche, a rich iron-merchant; his son, Prudent, a dreadful specimen of a young man business mad; and Stephen, a clerk, who loves and is loved by Camille. An admirably arranged set of personages; and if the plot and incidents of the comedy had been as well brought out, M. Sardou would have produced a work of art something near perfection.

Without giving a précis of the whole piece, I may mention some of its most prominent incidents. Monsieur de Champrosé seeks a wife. Mademoiselle Jeanne is young and beautiful, and her papa has a large fortune in silver and gold; but

Monsieur de Champrosé, who has been some time absent from Paris, is shocked to hear the young lady talk freely on matters which, however jolly for discussion at a club, *used not to be considered pretty prattle* for a boudoir. Also Jeanne, as well as her sister, talks *slang*, and that worst of Parisian slang, the argot of the atelier and of the 'half world.' She is like the princess in the fairy tale; not her from whose lips fell pearls, but that royal highness who, whenever she opened her mouth to speak, dropped frogs. In the second act we find ourselves among toilettes, or rather costumes is the word, for toilettes they are not. Camille has seen a robe on the Chantilly race-course, a sweet thing, a sort of steeple-chase design—little yellow jockeys jumping over green hedges on *liac, red, and blue horses*. Mademoiselle Adolphe finds that it is indecent to have horses running all over your dress, but she is outvoted. The Messieurs Fonniche, son and father, wait on M. Benoiton to demand the hand of Mademoiselle Camille or of Mademoiselle Jeanne, it is indifferent to Monsieur Prudent; a marriage is a matter of business, and, of course, the dowry is the main consideration. What can Papa Benoiton give his daughter? 300,000 francs. 'And,' asks Prudent, 'what expectations has she?' Papa answers, 'An aunt!' But the dialogue is better in its proper form.

Prudent. Is the aunt infirm, aged, decrepit?

Benoiton. Yes.

Prudent. Good. What will she leave?

Benoiton. 600,000 francs, to be equally divided between my six children.

Prudent (making memoranda). 120,000 for us. Then Mademoiselle Lucille.

M. Fonniche, Prudent's father, nudging him. Camille.

Prudent. Camille—pardon—is worth 420,000 francs, besides what comes to her at your death?

Benoiton (somewhat startled). Ah! that must be as late as possible, eh!

Prudent. We shall see. What's your age?

Benoiton. Fifty-seven.

Prudent. That makes just fifteen years to wait.

Benoiton (very much startled at this commercial view of the question). Eh! what?

Prudent (looking at him). Thick neck, face congested (whatever that may be), &c. &c. &c.

This is a courtship of the serious, practical, positive order—unsullied

by any of that foolish romance or sentiment which has, doubtless, led so many inconsiderate young persons into the contraction of that despicable, uncommercial absurdity, a love-match.

I have said that the famous toilettes in this comedy are rather costumes than toilettes; and this will be perceived by the engraving



that illustrates these lines. The costume in question is what a mere man, not studied in millinery, fashion-books, and ladies' light lute-string literature, might call highly elaborate and arabesque—a compound of the ancient Egyptian with the modern Spanish, something like

Salamambo, and not entirely unlike a bull-fighter.

And here arises the question, Are girls prettier for this excessive decoration? Should it not be the privilege of ladies of five-and-thirty or thereabouts (if there ever existed a lady of five-and-thirty or there-

abouts) to put on the sartorial steam at this remarkably high pressure. Let us hear Monsieur Sardou himself upon this subject. The following rhapsody is put into the mouth of Clotilde, the lady with a mania for making marriages—

'Ah! simple toilettes of my youth, whither have you flown? A dozen yards of muslin, three yards of ribbon, and a flower in the hair. With these, seventeen summers,* rosy cheeks, and the flush of a first ball. After supper what *blasé* bachelor could help feeling his heart tenderly moved by the sight of such youthful freshness and such simple pleasure? He would smile at first, and look with all his eyes. His smile would become reverie—his reverie serious reflection—and from serious reflection would come resolution. He would propose. He would be accepted. It would be a match, and the honour would be to a dozen yards of muslin. But now—days, the same man stares through his eyeglasses. "Who's that girl? She looks like Zouzou Toquée, but she hasn't so much *chic*," and he goes back to Zouzou Toquée. O muslin! pure, white muslin! Ungrateful mothers, who owe their husbands to thee, have denied thee to their children. *Holy muslin!* Virgin of the toilette, save our daughters ere they drown amid their waves of lace!

Bravo, Monsieur Sardou! I have heard that a society has started in Paris, with several ladies of distinction on its committee, for the encouragement and diffusion of white muslin.

Mais revenons à nos Benoitons. The system, serious, positive, and practical, does not seem to answer, for at the end of the third act Marthe is compromised; Jeanne has been insulted on the race-course, to which fashionable promenade she went with her sister without any male escort; Camille has eloped; Theodule is in prison; and Fanfan is tipsy; papa is running about wildly, and mamma is out.

And here we have not only a

* The original says 'fifteen'; but I have endeavoured to adapt the sentiment of the speech to English tastes.

single crow, but a whole rookery to pluck with the author. Such life as that exhibited in the 'Famille Benoiton' exists nowhere in Paris, nor in France, nor in Europe, nor in the world. It is like nothing, and nothing is like it. It represents no state of society that ever has existed, does exist, or will exist. The manners he shows are neither the manners of the millionaire, of the bourgeoisie, or of the demi-monde. The anomalies of the present social state of Paris offer so many legitimate objects of satire, that it is strange that a man of Monsieur Sardou's mark should have to invent a scarecrow for the purpose of pulling it to pieces. Let us, however, take the author's word for it, that the personages of the 'Famille Benoiton' are not theatrical myths; can anything excuse, can even the proverbial iconoclasm of Frenchmen pardon the spectacle of a child of eight years of age reeling from a race-course *drunk* and smelling of cigars? I am not unpleasantly particular, and can make allowances for human nature, when literary and desirous of making an effect—of arranging incidents and words that shall 'stimulate' the public like a dram of absinthe, vitriol, or aquafortis. Let me translate:

The little voice of Fanfan is heard behind the scenes—all stand and listen, stupefied. Fanfan enters, singing—

'C'est Fanfan qui s'avance,
fan qui s'avance,
fan qui s'avance,
C'est le petit Fanfan.'

Benoiton (his father). Great Heaven! he is drunk!

All (i. e. the family). Ah!

Fanfan (delighted with himself). Yes, I'm drunk, papa, positively.

Jeanne (the child's sister). He has been drinking champagne.

Fanfan (jumping and singing)—

'Bu le champagne,
bu le champagne,
bu—'

Clotilde (his godmother). What's that?

Fanfan. It's a trabucos.

Clotilde takes the cigar from him.

Benoiton. He's been smoking!

Fanfan (roaring with laughter). Yes—that's how I go on. I drink and I smoke!

Let me record the fact that I saw dozens of Frenchmen and their wives and children highly delighted with this charming spectacle.

While speaking of costume, and a few inches of space are still left me, let me remark upon the wonderful decorations of the shop of Monsieur Duval, the butcher, at the corner of the Rue Tronchet and of the Rue Neuve des Mathurins. M. Duval dresses his dead bullocks in bridal clothes. A huge side of meat, the half of a carcass, is tricked out with white paper, perforated at the edges, and ornamented with bits of silver, artificial flowers, and sham lace. It is not only the meat *en bloc* that is thus favoured; joints are also arranged with an eye to pictorial effect. M. Duval is an artist. Legs and shoulders of mutton are arranged as a sort of

trophy or escutcheon, flowers and paper lace filling up the interstices and hiding knuckle-ends and all that is not picturesque and *gentil*. Words cannot do justice to the amount of poetry displayed in the arrangement of M. Duval's windows. Fountains plash here and there, and nodding ferns throw a sentimental shadow over sweetbreads, cutlets, and livers. The humble kidney is not forgotten, but is exhibited with a wonderful amount of delicacy and invention. May I trespass upon my readers so far as to ask them to remember that the colour of the kidney, in its natural, uncooked state, is a noble, blushing purple. Also, that the sheep's trotter, after dressing, is of a delicate pale opal-white. Eh bien! messieurs et mesdames. The kidney is placed between the *cleft* of the trotter—a charming combination of colour and effect.

T. W. R.



THE INTER-UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC GAMES.

HOWEVER stoical a man may be, however much he may boast that he rises superior to those feelings which tend to elevate or depress the spirits, yet there probably does not exist one single individual to whom all the days of the year are alike—to whom there is no white day, no anniversary to be cherished with feelings of pleasure. The racing man has an endless chain—the Two Thousand, the Derby, Ascot, the Leger, &c.; the rowing man has the University race, Henley, and the Wingfield; so the cricketer; and now, too, the gentleman athlete has days in his calendar which are to him especial high days; and first among all these fêtes we must place the Inter-University games. There is something particularly pleasant about these annual meetings, which are becoming year by year more popular and more exciting; and the feelings of mutual hospitality which they especially excite, from being held alternately at Oxford and Cambridge, go a long way to keep up this interest. The day will never come, I trust, when any contest but the University Boat Race will be considered *the* contest between the sister universities; but I am sure the friendly rivalry which these and other contests have excited, has worked, and still is working wonders to raise the tone of both universities. It is but eight years since the first athletic meeting of any kind was held at Cambridge, and I believe but six at Oxford; how frequent and how popular they now are, your readers know far better than I can tell them. Names quickly slip the memory, especially when a new set of victors succeed those before rendered famous; but to few, I feel sure, need I recall the names still familiar to every aspiring athlete in Oxford or Cambridge, of Darbyshire, Gooch, Lawes, Daniel, Garnett, and Wynne, winners in 1864, or of Gooch, Webster, Pelham, Jollie, Milvain, Elliot, and Gray in 1865. Each year will see better-contested

racers, each year perhaps improvements in style, but it will be long ere we see anything more worthy of the victor's crown than Darbyshire breasting the hill in 1864, Gooch in both years beating off all competitors, Garnett and Webster racing together at the end of the steeple-chase in 1864, or Webster leaving his men in 1865. Far be it from me to make comparisons between competitors of different years, but I feel we should not pass by the names of those who have done so much for athletics at both universities in years not long gone by.

In the two meetings which have preceded that of this year Cambridge has come off victorious. In the first, however, the victory was not very decisive, for Cambridge won the two-mile steeple-chase, one-mile race, and two hurdle races, whilst Oxford carried off the quarter-of-a-mile, one hundred yards, and the two jumps. The light-blue, however, secured seven second places against one for the dark, which gave them a marked advantage, and the medals they gained were for the best events. In 1865 Cambridge made great efforts, and succeeded in gaining a clear victory, by winning six events, the two-mile, one-mile, quarter-of-a-mile, and hurdle races, putting the weight and throwing the cricket-ball, against the hundred yards and the two jumps which went to Oxford, and also in securing, in addition, six second places against three. We believe that this success was mainly owing to the united efforts made by all the colleges at Cambridge to improve the competitions and to induce the men to practise more than they had previously done. This year Oxford has caught some of the furore, and the various college games attracted far greater numbers and excited much more interest than formerly; and to this we may in a great measure trace the exciting nature of the contests we have to relate. Before next year's anniversary comes round, both universities

will, we are told, have made regular running paths, and have established athletic clubs quite independent of all other clubs, and doubtless this will be a satisfactory measure; for those who have laboured hardest to win laurels for their university in any particular line should surely be the men chosen to manage the duties connected with it. The style of running and various performances will perhaps much improve by practising on a regular path, but we are not disposed to think this so absolutely essential as many amateur pedestrians maintain.

The meeting this year was held at Oxford on Saturday, the 10th of March, on the Christchurch ground, the scene of the first athletic contest in 1864. The majority of the competitors arrived on the Friday, and 'the High' was thronged till a late hour by knots of men crowding round some friend to pick up news and discuss the chances. The ground, too, was visited and found to be in capital order, thanks to the exertions of the committee. Every fresh train brought relays of Cambridge men, who kept speculation alive, the general idea seeming to be that Oxford was bound to win the hammer, hundred yards, quarter, and two miles, Cambridge the mile, hurdles, and two jumps. How far these prophecies were verified we shall shortly see. The university boat was visited and criticized by not a few of the light-blue supporters, and we fear created far too favourable an impression to please them; but however often Cambridge may be unsuccessful, we shall each year, I believe, see them at the post to win or lose with equal pluck. The ground was fairly well arranged, though perhaps some improvements might have been introduced; for at times the dense masses of spectators who were present became almost unmanageable, and their behaviour set at defiance all attempts at real order or cool judgment. For instance, in the last race, the two miles, I saw the two judges swaying backwards and forwards under the pressure of a surging mob, the tape could not be kept tight, the course

was not clear, and, in fact, at one time there seemed a doubt whether the race would be finished at all.

But to the programme—for, in truth, we have a bill of fare long enough to satiate the greatest gourmand in athletics, and contests to relate which were truly fit for the eyes of gods to behold. The competitions were the same as those in 1865, with the exception that throwing the hammer was substituted for throwing the cricket-ball. Throwing the hammer, when well executed, is one of the most elegant and graceful feats imaginable; few who have seen the champion of Scotland hurl with ease the 16lb. hammer from 150 to 170 feet, will ever lose the impression of strength and activity which the sight conveys; and the Oxford and Cambridge champions, though by no means his equals, are very worthy pupils. The hammer-head is a shot weighing sixteen pounds, and the handle is made of tough ash, and is three feet long. The thrower balances the hammer high in the air, and then gives three successive springs towards the scratch, turning round at each spring, and at the end of the last turn, he hurls the hammer with all his strength. The selected champions were, for Oxford, D. Morgan, of Magdalen Hall, who, in the Oxford University games threw over 91 feet, and Croker of Trinity; for Cambridge R. T. James and G. R. Thornton, both of Jesus College, who threw 90 ft. and 89 ft. 8 in. respectively in the Cambridge University games. On paper this, therefore, seemed a very open contest; but it was well known in Oxford that Morgan had thrown over 100 ft., which caused him to be heavily backed by the dark-blue. To Morgan fell the lot to make the first throw, and he hurled the hammer 87 ft., but the judges gave it a 'no throw,' as his foot was over the line before he delivered the hammer. In the second round (each competitor being allowed six throws) Morgan made a fine throw of 84 ft., but James now put out his strength and threw over 86 ft. Thornton had, up to his fifth attempt, thrown but poorly, but he then succeeded in

hurling the hammer over 87 ft. This throw was never beaten, nor could Morgan touch James's throw, though he got within two inches of it, so that the Cambridge men scored one, two, for the first event, which, as we have said, had been booked as a certainty for Oxford; but Morgan was evidently not quite up to the mark, being nervous and out of sorts. In estimating the throws of the various competitors, the judges measured from the middle point of the line, behind which the hammer must be delivered, in a straight line to the point where it pitched; but it struck us that it would be fairer if the throws were all measured by means of lines drawn parallel to the crease, as is the case in putting the stone, because then good direction would be essential to a winning throw; whereas under the present system of measurement a premium is put upon bad direction, for a throw delivered from either end of the crease has the advantage of being measured from the centre.

The mile was the next event, and one of more than ordinary interest. In 1864 Cambridge won with Lawes on the Christchurch Ground in 4 min. 56 sec., and in 1865, with Webster, in 4 min. 40 sec. on Fenners'; and now the starters were, for Cambridge, Lawes, of Trinity, and Gibbs, of Jesus, the first and third in the Cambridge mile, which was run in 4 min. 47 sec.; for Oxford, Laing, of Christchurch, Bowman, of University, and Fletcher, of Pembroke, the first of whom won the Oxford mile on the Christchurch Ground in 4 min. 55 sec.

Lawes's fine frame is well known to all University men; Laing, who has lately made a most successful *début* as a pedestrian, stands about five feet seven inches, and is very strongly built and almost fully developed. Looking him over both before and after the race, we came to the conclusion that he is a wonderfully natural runner, with great powers of endurance, but in our opinion more fitted for a four than a one mile race. The story of the race is soon told; they started not very fast, and after 200 yards Laing was

making his own running, and well he did it, for at the end of the half-mile he was 20 yards ahead; he was never reached, and won with ease by 20 yards, from Bowman second, and Gibbs third, in 4 min. 45 sec. Various excuses were made for Lawes after his defeat; that he was off his form no one can deny, for on the preceding Monday he had beaten Gibbs with great ease by 30 yards, but that he is a better man than Laing no one can fairly assert; for I cannot discover that in any public race (which is the only criterion) Lawes has ever done better than run a mile in 4 min. 45 sec. In 1864 he won the Cambridge mile from Webster by two yards in 4 min. 32 sec.; but the distance was on that occasion short by exactly 88 yards, which makes the performance as nearly as possible a mile in 4 min. 45 sec. I often think rash assertions after a race are very unfair to all parties; when a race has been fairly won and lost, all honour should always be given to the winner, and his laurels should not be thinned by qualified praise. A man must stand or fall by his public performances, and therefore when a man has lost a race, the only way is to do better next time, not to say, 'I should have won if—'; the virtues of those 'ifs' are always very suspicious. Bowman and Gibbs both ran well, the former having a fair rush at the finish. I tried in vain to discover on what grounds the Oxford competitors were permitted to have attendants to 'coach' them in the mile, whereas the Cambridge men had none. Perhaps this was merely an accident, but if otherwise, it is a pity that there should be any ground for supposing that the slightest deviation had been made from that unvarying fairness to both sides which has always characterized these contests. A mile is a fine race as being a grand test of speed and endurance; but the mistake many make is in not running fast enough during the first half. To make good time in a mile the first half should not take more than 2 min. 20 sec., or perhaps 5 seconds less; but many runners never show at all well in a mile because they do not run fast

enough in the earlier part of the race, but rely too much on their power of running faster in the last lap. Spurting at the end is little good if you are 60 yards behind the leading man.

The high jump followed next on the card, and after the committee had endeavoured, with but poor success, to keep back the eager spectators, the four competitors entered the allotted space. The Oxford champions were Stuart, of Merton, and Parsons, of Magdalen; they were both small men, and we must say, without at all wishing to disparage their merits, not equal to cope with their Cambridge antagonists. The Cantabs were Roupell, of Trinity Hall, and Little, of St. Peter's (why not Peterhouse as of old?), the former of whom is a well-made man, who jumped unsuccessfully for Cambridge last year against the renowned Gooch; his best performance last year was 5 ft. 4 in. in the Cambridge games. Little is very tall, lithe, and sinewy, and jumps in beautiful style, going slowly up to the bar, and over 'like a bird.' Roupell, on the contrary, goes over with a rush, a fly, and a 'come down anyhow.' In the Oxford games Stuart cleared 5 ft. 3 in., in the Cambridge games Roupell cleared 5 ft. 8 in. from grass, and got his feet well over 5 ft. 9½ in., only just grazing it as he came down. In these games too, Little and a Trinity man, O. E. Green, cleared 5 ft. 6½ in., but Green scratched in favour of Little. From this it will at once appear that Oxford had not much chance, and so it proved, for both her men failed before 5 ft. 4 in. was reached, and Roupell won with 5 ft. 6 in., Little clearing 5 ft. 5 in. We believe that Roupell's performance at Cambridge has never been surpassed, and it is worthy of note that part of his life has been spent in a school that could hold its own against the world for jumping, for Harrow has, indeed, reason to be proud of her Burton, Brooke, Bourke, Roupell, Maitland, and Buller.

The bell now rang for the 100 yards, and every effort was made to secure a good place. It was known

that Oxford had two flyers, whereas Cambridge—famed as she is for distance running—has never turned out a really first-class sprint runner, Bourke, of Trinity, who won the Challenge Cup in 1864, being, in our opinion, the nearest approach to one. Oxford was represented by Colmore, of Brasenose, and Vidal, of St. John's; Cambridge by Connolly, of Caius, and Hood, of Trinity. The start was a fair one, though not first-rate. Colmore and Vidal at once came out and ran a dead heat, the Cantabs being 5 yards behind. The opinion of some was that Vidal won, but he took the tape sideways, and did not breast it fairly, like Colmore, who was leading till within a yard of home. The time was just over 10 sec., which is, of course, first-rate. The tape was held a little too high; if held below the chest men are not so apt to seize it with their hands in running in.

Putting the weight was next set down on the card, and for this contest Cambridge sent forth two stalwart men, Elliot, of Trinity, and Waltham, of St. Peter's; the former of these was the winner of last year, and his prowess was therefore known; the latter was a dark horse, but one who might be made a very good one with practice. D. Morgan, of Magdalen Hall, the hammer thrower, and Coates, of Christchurch, who will ere long wear the dark blue in another arena, appeared for Oxford. The light blue had been a foot better than the dark in the trials, and the result was in accordance with them, for both Elliot and Waltham beat the Oxford men, the former with 32 ft. 10½ in., and the latter but one inch behind.

Now followed the quarter-of-a-mile, one of the most interesting and best-contested contests of the day. For this there started four champions, all of whom had very great reputations. The Oxonians started as their first horse, Nolan, of St. John's, who last term defeated, at 300 yards, P. M. Thornton, of Jesus College, Cambridge, one of the best men at a half-mile Cambridge has ever produced; their second string was Knight, of Magdalen, who ran such a game race on

Fenner's last year, and was known to have much improved on his previous form. Cambridge, on the other hand, had no unworthy champions in Pelham, who won last year, and Cheetham, who beat C. G. Pym, of London, Thornton, and Pelham himself, in a quarter, at Cambridge, not long ago; though Pelham reversed the result in the Cambridge games. Nolan's time was 55, Pelham's 56, in their respective University games; but the Oxonians thought they had a very good line through Nolan defeating Darbyshire, the winner of 1864.

Nolan, though a bad starter, held the lead with ease for 200 yards, when Pelham, who goes the last 200 yards like a steam-engine, began to come up to him, and, with a grand effort, collared him at 100 yards from home; a splendid race ensued, until within 50 yards of the tape, when Pelham came away, and won by 5 yards from Nolan, in 54 sec. The cheering was terrific, and Pelham received an ovation which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He is, unquestionably, one of the finest quarter-of-a-mile runners ever seen; the way in which he runs his races right to the end being very remarkable. Nolan, too, is only second to him, and on another occasion might perhaps run him still closer; but, till they meet again, no one can deny that at present Pelham has proved himself the better man.

For the long jump, Tosswill, of Oriol, and Maitland, of Christchurch (another Harrovian), came to the mark for Oxford; Little, of St. Peter's, with Law, of Jesus, for Cambridge. Maitland led off with a grand jump of 19 ft. 4 in., followed by Tosswill and Law, who both jumped 19 ft. Little now took his first leap, and getting exactly into the swing, he made the magnificent jump of 20 ft. 4 in. In vain Oxford did her best; Maitland most pluckily improved up to 19 ft. 11 in., but no further could he get. In trying to beat his first jump, Little again covered more than 20 ft., but did not succeed in surpassing his first attempt. The fact that all four cleared over 19 ft. shows how far

superior the long jumping was this year to that of preceding years.

By winning this event Cambridge had now scored 5 against Oxford's 2; and, as the hurdles were looked upon as a certainty for her also, the Oxonians seemed rather behindhand.

There is not a finer sight among athletic contests than a good race over hurdles between two real flyers. We remember well seeing Daniel and Wynne, in 1864, running neck-and-neck for 250 yards, and thinking at the time that it was almost the best contest of the day's programme. Oxford was represented by the indefatigable Morgan, of Magdalen Hall, and Vidal, of St. John's; whilst Cambridge had two rare clippers in Tiffany, of Emmanuel, and Milvain, of Trinity Hall. Both of these bore the light blue last year to victory, Milvain winning by a foot; but since then Tiffany has improved wonderfully, and has now got the true style of three steps between the hurdles. But fickle fortune again showed her power; for Tiffany, starting too fast, hit the second hurdle hard, and came down over the third; he was, however, up like lightning, and after them, and, though beaten, in 20 yards more would have collared them; but as it was, Morgan was first by two yards, and Vidal one inch in front of Tiffany. Thus Morgan, the plucky Oxford athlete, after three contests, gained his well-merited medal. One cannot help being sorry, when a man who is manifestly the best on the day does not win (we say *best on the day*, because it is not possible to regard the many excuses so often given for a man who loses, on the score of his not being quite up to the mark); but still, a hurdle-racer must remember that he has no right to fall, because one of the essential things in hurdle-racing should be not to touch a single hurdle; so, though all felt sorry for Tiffany, still they knew he had but himself to blame.

The greatest interest at these, as at most athletic meetings, is always excited by the long races; and this year, as on former occasions, the excitement was intense. From the moment the men started, the shouts of

Laing! Long! Garnett! Johnson! were incessant. The Oxford runners were the redoubted Laing, of Christchurch, whose praises we have already celebrated, and Johnson, of Exeter, who ran second to Webster last year; the Cambridge men, Garnett, of Trinity, for a third year the light blue champion—how worthily he bore her colours in years gone by, those who saw the steeple-chase in 1864, and the two-mile race in 1865, can testify—Long, of Trinity, who ran second to Lawes at Cambridge; and Little, of St. Peter's, the jumper, who, in the pluckiest manner, offered at the last moment to run instead of Lawes, who was not well enough to start. In this race, for the first two laps, Laing, changing his mile tactics, lay behind, running steadily; Garnett and Johnson, meanwhile, were at their old game of cutting one another down. After half a mile, Laing joined the front lot, and a succession of races for the lead took place between Laing, Garnett, and Johnson. Meanwhile, Long was keeping steadily on, not far in the rear, biding his time, as we remember seeing the winner wait when Garnett and Johnson were racing last year. So they raced till the 7th lap was nearly over, amid the roar of the excited spectators, who shouted Laing! Long! &c., as only University men can shout. At the beginning of the last lap, Long began to close the gap between himself and Laing, until at 50 yards from home they were level. Each was now doing his best, and, as they neared the tape, strained every nerve to get in front. But no; neither could do it, and exactly together they passed the post. The judges gave it a dead heat—and, in fact, considering the difficulty of judging at all, owing to the behaviour of the spectators round the winning-posts, it would have been unfair to have given any other decision, for the tape was almost useless, owing to the pressure of the mob. Both men were called for, cheered, and called for and cheered again; and well they deserved their reception; for we never saw a greater exhibition of pluck, nor a grander struggle, on land or water.

Little, of St. Peter's, would also have been very near, but the spectators closed in on him, and prevented him from running in at all. Johnson was a good third. The time of the race was 10 min. 20 sec., which, considering Laing's previous performance in the mile race, is first-rate.

Thus ended the third anniversary of the Oxford and Cambridge athletic games, which surpassed in interest and success both the former meetings. Long may they hold their place among our annual University festivals!

* Cambridge came off victorious on the whole, though Oxford pressed them very hard, and the latter University certainly claimed the hero of the day. Laing, who won the mile race, and who, even after his previous exertions, ran such a magnificent race for the two miles, will surely be allowed by each and all, whether Cantab or Oxonian, to have indeed earned the name of *victor ludorum*. He may surpass his performances of Saturday, the 10th; he may, perhaps, prove himself a better man than even we, who saw him, now think him; but should he never run again, he has fully earned the coveted position of being the best runner in Oxford and Cambridge in this year. Long, Pelham, Vidal, Colmore, Morgan, Little, Roupell, Elliot, and Thornton will long be regarded with admiration by those who practise the several exercises in which they gained the palm; but Laing, of Christchurch, has raised himself to an eminence of athletic fame to which but few have before attained.

The judges for all the events were J. G. Chambers, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and R. A. H. Mitchell, of Balliol College, Oxford, than whom few more fitted could have been found. We need not remind our readers how, in 1862 and 1863, Mr. Chambers rowed for Cambridge at Putney; how, in 1865, he was one of the winning challenge four at Henley; or how he walked seven miles under the hour, on grass, in the Cambridge University games of the same year. Nor need we relate the prowess of Mr. Mitchell; every Oxonian is proud

of him, and every Cantab is afraid of him. Have not the former for four successive years been only too proud to cheer him as he went in at Lord's, and the latter only too glad to clap him out? The referee was Mr. R. E. Webster, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is not unknown to Oxford and Cambridge athletes. We are told there is a particular turn at Fenner's, which is called Webster's corner, because at that point he used to put on his famous 'rush,' which effectually distanced all who were with him. Many there were among the spectators whom we recognised as former competitors and victors, and some whom we would gladly have seen again stripped to contend. Foremost among them we would mention Darbyshire, of Wadham, who, as we have before related, so gallantly and successfully contended in 1864, but his health will not permit him to do so again. Another too, who ran a good second in the mile last year, the Earl of Jersey, of Balliol College, had a stroke of bad luck, such as falls to few, for whilst running a race, about three weeks before the games, he was badly spiked, and for many days completely lamed.

And this accident leads us to notice a fact which was rather too clearly visible in some of the races, namely, that many of the competitors were ignorant of the rules of fair running. For instance, we hold it as a fundamental maxim, that gentlemen amateurs should be above all attempts at jostling or crossing. Let those tricks be left to professional pedestrians, and let it never be said there was a shadow of suspicion of anything but fair running. But a word is enough. We are well aware how hard it is, in the moments of a race, to keep a clear head, and feel sure that such little faults were only the result of inexperience and excitement. The Universities have done much to raise pedestrianism from the low ebb to which it had sunk in late years, and the more general competitions among gentlemen become, so much the less will the practices of cheating and unfair running, lately prevalent at running grounds, be countenanced.

Much has been recently said about

the removal of these contests to London, on the ground that such a step would enable many more spectators to witness them, and that it would make the competitions in each year more equal, from the fact that neither University would have the advantage of competing on their own ground. These arguments are fair enough, but, in our opinion, not sufficiently conclusive to justify the Universities in yielding to them. Nothing can be pleasanter, nothing more conducive to kindly feeling between the two parties, than these periodical visits to the sister seats of learning. We must allow that for a brief period the normal state of quiet and order reigning in a University town is violently invaded; but it is only a momentary ebullition of animal spirits which causes the invasion, and as such is a capital safety valve against unseemly outbreaks of a less extensive but more inconvenient nature. Besides, these gatherings, as they are at present held, give former members of the Universities admirable excuses for revisiting the scenes of their former labours and pleasures; old friendships are renewed and new acquaintances formed; old school friends meet, and the too exclusive barriers which men formerly maintained round those of their own University are, in great measure, broken down, and Oxonians and Cantabs learn to fraternize as they should, and find out what good fellows their antagonists are.

It was interesting to find out which of our public schools claimed any of the competitors. Eton took the lion's share, being well represented by Pelham, Vidal, Lawes, Knight, and Johnson; Harrow standing next, with Long, Cheetham, and Maitland; whilst Uppingham and Harrow both had shares in Roupell; Rugby claimed Colmore, Hood, and Garnett; whilst Marlborough sent forth Gibbs. Westminster and Charterhouse were this year, for the first time, not represented. Laing, the hero of the day, had learned his running at Blackheath; but beyond these few facts, we were able to learn but little, as a man's school reputation often becomes merged in that of his college, and we hear of Laing,

of Christchurch, Vidal, of St. John's, or Pelham, of Trinity. Their own schoolfellows never forget their identity, but the general public must be content with what they can get.

We often asked during the meeting, why is there no walking race in these games? Surely, an exercise which is so universally practised, and would be so admirably contested, cannot much longer be omitted from the programme. We were told, 'Oxford has no walking race in her University sports.' Doubtless the Oxford committee will do their best to effect a change in this, so that it shall no longer be said that they are behindhand in patronising an exercise which is so generally popular, and which puts to the test the utmost powers of pluck, strength, and endurance. In the Cambridge University sports of this year, Doig, of St. John's, walked 7 miles in 62 min., on very heavy grass and with a gale blowing the whole time; and the second and third men, M'Kerrell and Royds, of Trinity, were but a minute behind him. Yet we heard that all these men have acquired their powers of walking in the last two years; so that in a very short time Oxford might naturally hope to send forth as good champions in walking as the sister university has ever possessed. We shall look forward with great pleasure to a walking match between the two Universities, and trust it will not be many years before we see it instituted.

We fancy, too, that the programme might be improved by changing the two mile into a four mile race; the distances one and two miles are so near to one another that, as a rule, in the Trial University games at each University they will be found to be won by the same man. This would not be the case if the longer race was made four or five miles, because there the speed of the mile runner gives way to endurance. It is impossible to include in one day's programme every com-

petition; all we can do is to make the programme as comprehensive as possible. With improved arrangements and increased knowledge, much may be done in four or five hours, and doubtless each University will do her best to make her preparations better and better year by year. The aim of each annual committee should be to lay down such rules as will be best, not 'for ourselves only, but for our successors also.' They should never be led into making a sudden change because it seems probable that such a change will give their own University a slight advantage in any year. In the next year perhaps the tables will be turned, and a future committee will then feel the burden rashly put upon them by their predecessors. But these are minor difficulties; the games are now established on a firm basis. Long may they continue as popular, and doubtless each year will show great improvements. Already, as we have said, they have had their fruit; they have tended to promote active exercise among the youth of England, and have given a stimulus to athletic pastimes which was perhaps not unneeded. In London, Liverpool, and in all parts of the country these pursuits are gaining ground, and nowhere fail to prove the influence for good they have over their devotees. Still we must learn that there is moderation in all things, and that, good as such games are in their proper time, they should never be carried to excess. Let those who run, and jump, &c., remember to make these pursuits not the business but the pleasure of life; then they will be to each and all a source of health and happiness. Farewell, champion athletes of Oxford and Cambridge! would we were of your number! We hope to greet you again next year on Fenner's, and to catch meanwhile a glimpse of you and your glorious brethren at Putney, at Henley, and on Lord's. Till then, I say, 'Farewell.'

D. D. R.



NOTES IN ROME, ARTISTIC AND SOCIAL.



NO one who visits Rome can fail to remark the brightly-dressed, dark-eyed group that sits silent and picturesque on the grey steps of the Trinita di Monte.

Scarcely any one at home but has heard of the models who wait in the sunshine of the Piazza di Spagna to be hired by artist or dilettante. We are familiar with the names of Beppo and Stella; and the faces in every second picture of the R. A. exhibition reproduce likenesses of those handsome, idle Italians.

But beyond their poetic names, and the outlines of their smooth, dark faces, little is heard in this country of the Roman models; and I venture to hope that what I learnt to know of them and their ways may prove interesting to those who have patience to read what I can tell.

Far out in the country around Rome, in the rocky hill passes, and on the grey, lonely plains, the peasants still wear white head-gear and brilliant aprons, and still retain the noble carriage and proud gait that is fast disappearing in Rome under the baneful crinoline and cheap cotton. †

Half-tame, shy, beautiful-eyed women labour in the field in autumn, sleep in summer, and starve in winter; and from time to time one of these stately beauties is seen by a wandering artist, and is persuaded or bribed to follow him to Rome, and try her fortune as a model. It is not easy to persuade her; she has vague and horrible dread of the life before her. It is not thought well by her own people that her face should be immortalized; she will be suspiciously looked







Drawn by Fane Wood.]

ROMAN MODELS.

[See the Sketch.

on by her friends; perhaps discarded by her lover, unless by good luck the lover have long limbs and a curly beard, and can be a model also. But it is an easy life, and well paid; and presently the beauty walks long miles, with a little bundle on her back, and a suite after her, of mother, father, an ugly sister, and the small brother, and takes up her abode in the eternal city. The best clothes of the family, the mother's bridal chemise, and the united coral beads of the connection, go to adorn the model, and she is at once the pride and the support of her relations. At noon in the Piazza, and after noon in the long street that begins at the Trinita and ends with Santa Maria Maggiore, she may be seen, a point of bright life and colour in the grey widowed city. Idle, smiling, graceful, she and her friends, the other models, pass their unemployed hours in sitting or dawdling in the sun, and for a couple of pauls you may hire her to represent Juliet, the Madonna, Faith, Hope, or Charity. Anything you like. By-and-by a kindly, good-looking Romeo makes love to this Juliet, and after due courting in the doorways at dusk, and the gift of thick rings and large coral beads, they are blessed by the priest. Year by year the model is painted as maiden, mother, or grand-dame. The piccaninnies ensuing are clad in tiny costumes of bright colour, and begin a model life before they can walk; so on from father to son, mother to daughter, the end of the model being a picture of the witch of Endor, or the mother of the Gracchi, whichever you please.

They are mild, amiable folk, most of them, and take the admiration they meet with as a matter of course. 'See here,' a man said to me as I passed the step on which he lounged; 'see, lady; I have a fine head, a noble face for a picture.' And he raised his hat, and turned himself round for my inspection. 'Will it not suit you, signora?'

'I am not handsome in the face,' another told me, 'but look at my legs.' And this in the open street, and as unconcernedly as if they were pieces of furniture. One

charming old man told me, gravely, that I had well chosen in selecting him, for that he had often stood for the Eternal Father and all the apostles; and I think he felt that it was greatly to St. Peter's credit that he was reckoned like him.

My first model was the stupidest and ugliest of the whole set; a sour-faced, dull woman I thought her, as she sat with large feet straight before her on a wooden chair; her stolid face put me in despair.

I spoiled most of my temper, and all my canvas, in attempting to depict her, and went home cross and provoked at the over vaunting of the Roman models. Next time I saw her she sat in the bright winter sunshine, playing with her children, her eyes flashing, her face all expression, her limbs lithe and graceful. I forthwith hired the 'small ones' with her, plied them with chocolate and rolls, and we became the dearest friends and closest confidantes. It was now as difficult to keep her quiet as it had before been to animate her with a spark of life. The youngest and fattest of the children was kissed, blessed, cuffed, and knocked over alternately; and her chatter, beginning in a low nasal drawl, and making a rapid crescendo into screaming recitative, like a railway whistle, nearly drove me out of the room. 'Ah! what bad times, what poverty; holy heavens! what difficulty in living; sweetest treasure, Archangelo mine, kiss thy own little mother. Ah! bad child, bad-dest; dirty, dirtiest child; little dirty nasty one!—ah, Dio mio!' She rang the changes from objurgation to caresses for an hour at a time, and then would subside into exhausted silence, till a fresh topic was started.

Guiseppe, the smiling, handsome husband, was my next model, and the best of models he proved.

After a little preamble of compliment to my undoubted talent and genius, he asked what I meant to draw; and perceiving no definite idea in my reply, he suggested a variety of charming subjects, all of which he was competent to represent. I had a little grim salon for

all my studio, the usual obstinate red velvet discomfort in sofas and chairs, and a shocking bad light; but he dragged the furniture about, flung plaids, rugs, and a fur coat over the sofa and footstools, to represent a rural scene, and assumed an attitude of weary, languid repose, which was perfect; it only needed a little cobalt and imagination to supply the blue heaven of the Campagna. While I painted, he discoursed on all subjects and sundry, in a low musical voice, the rarest of qualities in an Italian.

He was well acquainted with my country, having a cousin who was a model in London, admirably paid, and dissatisfied only with the fog. But, to be sure, what a pity that, except in London, England should be covered with wild woods, and filled with savage beasts;—how terrible the tigers, bears, and lions must be to a delicate lady like myself.

My gentle hint, that the British lion existed chiefly on sign-posts, and the bears and tigers in a peaceful haunt, where, for sixpence, they might safely be gazed on in mid-London, was received with a smile of apologetic incredulity. He could evidently understand that I had my reasons for wishing him to believe that such was the case; he was very polite, but he knew the facts better than to believe me.

He lamented the new cheap material that had so strong a charm over the female mind in Rome. 'Change for ever, no durability even in clothes!' he said, sighing over our sex; but he was a gallant man, and professed his delight when I invited three other ladies to draw from him with me. 'What would his Holiness say if he knew you were all painting me?' he said; 'he would throw me into prison.' And this was such a good joke, that it was repeated again and again. To each model I put the same question, 'What do you think about?' in hopes of eliciting some answer sympathetic to their melancholy, expressive countenances. A beautiful, thoughtful woman, with eyes that were a poem by themselves, replied, 'Nothing. What should I think

of? I have nothing to think about.' A tragic, deep-toned man, a hero in face and figure, turned his great eyes on me, full of the most touching sadness, and on my repetition of the query, 'What do you think of?' 'Baiocchi!'—pennies—he said, and cast down the black eyes as pensively as before. Guiseppe was more cunning, and declared he thought 'Of his wife and children, Of the lovely young ladies who painted him,' which speech produced a great deal of amusement, and dread of papal horror if such sentiments should reach the Vatican. He was quite a *bel esprit*, Guiseppe.

My favourite model was not a beauty, but his history was so sad. Very poor, he worked twenty miles from Rome, till his wife's long illness brought want and woe to his door, and a friend told him of the scudi to be earned in Rome. He came, and gained money as a model, and each week he had a letter written by a scribe, and sent what money he had to the sick wife, whose face, he told me, he so yearned to see, that he had walked, the day before, twenty miles to have only a look at her, and return to his engagements in the city. He was the only grateful model I met with, a Jewish tendency to extortion somewhat marring the suavity of the other members of the profession. No one more extortionate than the beautiful Juanina, daughter to the old man who personated all the saints and apostles. Giovane was his real name, and he was a very patriarch of models, his father and grandfather having been models before him; his wife, sister, children, and grandchildren models also; all day long, every day, every year, the same thing over and over again. Progress and the rise to position aimed at in our country are as unknown to them as reading, writing, or arithmetic; but they are respectable, and very happy in their present state, which cannot be said of our lower classes.

Pascuccia is the fashionable model of this year, a capricious, handsome girl from the kingdom of Naples. Some years ago a French artist brought her to Rome, and was rewarded by screams, kicks, and ob-

stinate refusal to show her face when he attempted to paint her. She was a wild and frightened child then, but the kicking and screaming is now only changed for a caprice and tyranny that make her the most intolerable, though the most sought after of models. She will neither sit, stand, nor be attired in any way that she does not herself choose. She can faint at a moment's notice; or she will march off if displeased, and her sulky pertinacity can defeat the most obstinate Eng-

lish amateur. She and I grew great friends. Pascuccia wore a huge stiff corset, heavy as a saddle, and unbending as her own will. From this and the heat of the room she grew faint when I and some other ladies were making a sketch of her. Pascuccia moaned, groaned, and made the most of her malady. I banished the stays and opened the window, while the others stood aloof and whispered that she was epileptic, and would die. And she rewarded my superior wisdom, first,



by recovering promptly, and then by becoming my particular chum from that time forth. She is a curious, half-wild creature, but less sordid than any of the quiet, good-tempered women I met with. Her parents and sisters are frightfully ugly and uncouth, and are held in scorn by their neighbours for their evil and uncleanly ways. They live in utter idleness on the earnings of Pascuccia, who obeys their behests

only after vigorous fighting and abuse, and who once, in disgust at the monotony of her work, set off on her own account for a week's amusement, went to Naples, danced, sang, drank lemonade, bought beads, and came back, undaunted by the wrath and scandal she caused. She sang me endless Neapolitan songs, long crooning ditties like old Scotch ballads, not always turning on points of the most spotless morality, but

sometimes full of tender poetic pathos; and she clapped her hands when I sang her own songs to her, and imitated her tone and manner. The singing had a most beneficial and mesmeric effect on Pascuccia, and was a most efficient help to me; and she sat with her water-jar on her knee for an hour at a time without moving, while she half sang, half recited her favourite 'Sè Peccato-Perri-wirri-wir—S'e Peccato-Perri-wirri-wir — S'e Peccato far amor.' After singing which, she one day announced that she was going to be married, and that her Gigi was even now working in the gardens above our house. Pascuccia, however, being somewhat apt to leave truth at the bottom of her well, and use fibs for every-day wear and tear, it is not always necessary to believe her; and I am not sure that Gigi is not a myth invented to represent her *fiancé* for the time being. Pascuccia is really nineteen years old, but she persists in saying she is only fourteen. 'Poor little thing, only fourteen!' she repeats, with a twinkle of the utmost roguery. She even became but thirteen years old on one very pathetic occasion, when she was

tired and bored; but as she was thirteen six years ago, when she first entered Rome, it may be supposed she was mistaken.

They eat little, and live cheaply in one small room in Rome all the winter, and the 1st of June all the models pack their household gods in a handkerchief, and tramp, many days' journey, to their 'paese,' where they pass the summer and autumn.

Wretched, dirty little towns, built on steep hills, these 'paese;' where neither meat nor medicine can be had, where the girls sleep by day and dance in the evening, and the mothers grumble at the scarcity and discomfort, and do what little sewing is needed for the family. 'Niente far' is the order of things, with an exceptional day's work at the harvest; and on a given day they all tramp back to Rome. I grew quite fond of them, and had a tender adieu from Guiseppa, his wife, and that most unangelic child, Archangelo, whom I left playing with a white goat in the deep stone doorway of their little house, a picture for Murillo to paint or Rembrandt to etch—like Roman life itself, all bright sunshine and deep shade.

F. W.



PANSIES FROM THE DESERT.

GENERAL E. DAUMAS having presented the world with a second bouquet of 'Pensées Arabes,' we take the liberty of transferring a few flowers to adorn the pages of our *hortus siccus*. We can conceive that the collecting them, as Abd-el-Kader let them fall, was a labour of love; for they are more personal in their allusions than the first series was. For instance, they comprise verses addressed to Generals Lheureux and Daumas, when, after remaining four whole months with their distinguished prisoner, they were obliged to leave him, after conducting him to the château of Pau, by order of the Government. Those verses are an honourable testimony to the kindness and courtesy which those gentlemen, without neglecting to fulfil their duty, were able to extend to one who had so nobly defended his country. Amongst other expressions of gratitude, he says to them—

'Friends of my heart, my only friends! In whom shall I place my hope when I have you no longer?

'Behold me, like a bird whose wings are cut, and who remains captive in the net of inquietude and misfortune.'

The collection opens with a copy of verses (translated into French prose) addressed to the city of Toulon, and beginning, 'Toulon! thou hast loaded me with favours and benefits. What nobility is thine, enhanced as it is by all the gifts of nature!' At that time the emir was unacquainted with France; but he instinctively endeavoured to interest in his fate all those whom he supposed able to render him service. General Daumas presented to him a large number of persons of distinction, and not a single one left the presence of the illustrious captive without being impressed with a very high idea of his talents and character. And he had a perfect right to utter the language held in the first specimen we are about to give, 'Silk and Iron.' In fact, during the war, and in a country where every resource was wanting, he often performed incredible journeys on horse-

back, without eating, during the course of a whole day, anything but two or three handfuls of wheat boiled in salt water. This extraordinary sobriety (shared, moreover, by many other Arabs) enabled him to attain such a degree of activity that he sometimes made his appearance in one province after having been seen in another a very short time previously.

'Man is made of silk and iron. If he habituate himself to luxury, ease, and sumptuous fare, the silk predominates, and he soon becomes good for nothing. If, on the contrary, he rein in his soul, pitilessly repelling all the indulgences of life, the iron gets the upper hand, and he is able to support the greatest fatigue and execute the greatest labours.'

'If you have much, give of your goods;

If you have little, give of your heart.'

'Mistrust a young man when you have a pretty wife;

Mistrust your wife when you want to keep a secret;

Mistrust a rascally beggar when you have money.'

'Be kind to everybody; and, in the practice of life, give each man his due, in proportion to his education and his intelligence. A physician, however learned he may be, cannot apply the same remedy to all diseases.'

'We are Arabs: it is we who disdain the world.

The greatest king has never carried anything but a winding-sheet out of it.

Our virtue is, resignation;

Our fortune, the contempt of riches;

Our happiness, the hope of another life.

And if adversity come and prowl around us,

We do not, for that, render less glory to Allah.'

'His ears (those of the "Drinker

of Air," the Arab charger) rival those of the gazelle;

His eyes are the eyes of an enticing woman;

His forehead resembles that of a bull;

His nostrils the lion's den.

His chest, his shoulders, and his croup are long;

He is broad in the saddle, his limbs, and his flanks;

He has the tail of the viper, the houghs of the ostrich;

And his vigorous heels are high above the ground.

I can reckon on him, as on my own heart;

No sultan has ever mounted his like.'

'Ya Horra! O mare of noble race! O my daughter! By your honour, listen to me. I have bred you from generation to generation; at the close of night I have given you camels' milk to drink, and my mother has tended you. The eyes of all the world are on you; show these children of sin what you can do. Save yourself, and save your master.'

'The strongest thing created by Allah, is iron.

Well! Iron is conquered by fire;

Fire by water;

Water by horses, who swim across the deepest rivers and who run more swiftly than the most rapid streams;

Horses by their riders;

The riders by their wives;

The wives by their children;

The children by their masters;

The masters by the sultan;

And the sultan by the grand community of the faithful.'

'Put no confidence in a woman who is very thin; who is always ailing, or pretending to be so; who laughs at nothing and is constantly complaining; and who, after breathing one sigh towards heaven, breathes a couple towards earth.'

'Science is like the rain from heaven: if a drop of it fall into a gaping oyster, it becomes a pearl; if into a viper's mouth, it turns to poison.'

'Men are made, some of gold, others of silver, the great majority of copper:

Accept none of them for more than they are really worth.'

[An ironical description of the principles of Arab adventurers, who constitute a numerous set.]

'In times of anarchy, let your conduct be this:

With those who sing, sing shriller than they;

With those who shout, shout louder than they;

With honest people, be more honest than they;

If you fall in with jackals eating carrion, turn jackal, and share their feast; otherwise they will eat you.

In one word, roar with lions; and, in the empire of apes, caper more apishly than they.'

'Writing, conversation, and speech, should always be attired with decency.'

'[Nothing new.]—A lion one day prowled about a tent, caught the master, tore him, and ate him. The victim had uttered horrible cries; at which the tribe congregated together, inquiring what was the cause of the tumult. "A mere nothing," was the reply. "You may all go home again. A lion came and devoured the master of a tent. That's all."

'There are things which a man is inevitably obliged to become acquainted with during his life:

Pleasure and pain,

Reunion and separation,

Easy and straitened circumstances,

Health and sickness,

Joy and grief.'

'Put not your trust in fortune, nor in women;

Put your trust in Him who dies not.'

'One rarely repents of having kept silence;

One often repents of having spoken.'

'To pardon insult, is to march along the high road to contempt.'

'Wise men, with the Arabs, have always counselled to live far away

from sultans and their courts. Few people, they say, succeed in escaping the effects of poison, a woman's hate, and a prince's friendship.'

'A free man is only a slave if he be greedy of money;

And a slave becomes free by being contented with little.'

'A sage was asked how many vices there are in a son of Adam.

"They are so numerous," he replied, "that it would be impossible to count them. But I have observed that one single virtue may make up for them all." "And what is that virtue?" "Reserve and propriety in conversation."

'There are three sorts of courage;

The first consists in putting one's self in the centre of the army, coming forth from the ranks, and crying, "Is there any one here who dares to measure himself with me?"

The second consists in never stirring, in firmly restraining the ardour of one's troop, in order that it may engage in the nick of time in the general action when the battle is raging.

The third consists in never despairing, in rousing the ardour of one's men by noble words, in striking runaways in the face to drive them back to the combat; finally, in not leaving in the enemy's hands the brave soldier whose horse has been killed. In reference to this, it has been said:

The warrior who courageously and ably covers a retreat, will be considered in the other world as the equal of the pious man who intercedes for those that stray out of the right path.'

'My heart, I compare it to a lime-kiln:

Its internal fire calcines rocks,

Without any fire appearing outside.'

'Before the enemy, behave in such a way that, if you are conquered, you will be excused.'

'I should like to be her white robe,

To protect her from the cold and rain;

I should like to be her red slippers,

To save her from the thorns and brambles;

Or, better still, the earth itself, To feel her treading on my cheeks.

Yes, she is a woman sent from Paradise.

If you see her, you are mad for her;

If she leave you, you die of the parting.'

'The man who ascends the minaret, to summon the faithful to prayer, comes down again, and takes his place amongst us, on his knees; whereas you, because fortune has favoured you, look down upon us with disdain. Take care. He who never sleeps owes you a penitential lesson.'

'There are kinds of jealousy which Allah admits, as there are sentiments of pride which he approves.

The jealousy admitted by Allah is that which springs from a legitimate suspicion; and the jealousy which he reproves, is that based on no real motive.

The pride he allows is that which animates a man in combat, and the pride he condemns is that founded merely on futile vanity.'

'Pretty gazelle, my well-beloved gazelle,

You ask me whither my heart is gone.

No longer do I feel its beating.

You have left me; it has followed you,

And I pass my nights in heavy grief.

Tell it to come and bring me news of your affection.'

'An Arab chief one day said to his son, "Speak little, and you will do well."

"And if, speaking much," the other replied, "I should happen to do better still?"

"In that case," answered the father, "you would be a marvel of nature."

'An Arab of the desert one day asked a sage what was that man who bears the name of "Sultan," before whom every back bends and every head bows. "He is," he an-

swered, "Allah's shadow on earth; we ought to glorify him. If he do good, he will obtain its recompense; if he do evil, his subjects have only to wait patiently; he is sure to be severely punished."

Every pastor of the people who does not lead his flock with justice and benevolence, will find himself, sooner or later, cut off from Allah's mercy.'

'Old man, never marry a young girl,

Even were her teeth pearls,
And her cheeks bouquets of roses:

She would spend all your property, and bury you in a rush mat.'

'The champion of the truth ought to have:

The courage of the cock,
The diligent scratching of the hen,

The heart of the lion,
The outburst of the wild boar,
The cunning of the fox,
The prudence of the porcupine,
The swiftness of the wolf,

The resignation of the dog,
And finally, the constitution of the naguir.' [A little animal of the Khorassan, so robust, that its health cannot be affected either by privation or fatigue.]

'Modesty depends upon good manners;

Happiness, on security;
Good society, on good education;
Wisdom, on experience;

And, for the safety or protection of a country, a tried man is often more valuable than a renowned warrior.'

'A cross-grained wife is, for her husband, what a heavy burden is for an aged man.

A good and gentle wife, on the contrary, is a crown of gold for her husband. Every time he looks at her, his heart and his eyes rejoice.'

'Exactly as in a bright, clean, and well-polished mirror a sovereign can behold his own ugliness or beauty; in the same way, by means of a capable, upright, and faithful minister, can he learn the value of

his acts, the wants of his subjects, and the situation of his empire.

The eye of a prince and the ornament of a throne is a vizier who is not afraid to speak the truth.'

'An Arab said to one of his friends, "You are young, handsome, rich, and well-educated; why do you not draw nearer to the prince?"

"Because," he replied, "I have read, heard say, and seen, that the sultan sometimes presents one man with a hundred thousand pieces of gold out of caprice, while he orders another, without any known cause, to be tossed over the ramparts. Now, why should I seek him, when I cannot tell whether the fate of the first or of the last will be mine?"'

'Exactly as you judge of the condition of a vessel from its sound, so you may form an estimate of a man from his language. A sage has said:

Whenever I find myself in a man's presence, he inspires me with a certain degree of respect until he has opened his mouth. If I find him eloquent and wise, my respect increases; but if I can discover in him neither judgment nor intelligence, he loses all consideration in my eyes.'

'A celebrated sultan wrote three maxims on three different slips of paper, and placed them in his minister's hands, saying, "When you find me erring from the paths of wisdom and of reason, I order you to present them to me, one after the other."

On the first was written:

"You are not a god; you are mortal; and after your death the earth will swallow you."

On the second:

"Have compassion upon those who dwell upon this earth, in order that He who dwells in heaven may one day vouchsafe to have mercy on you."

On the third:

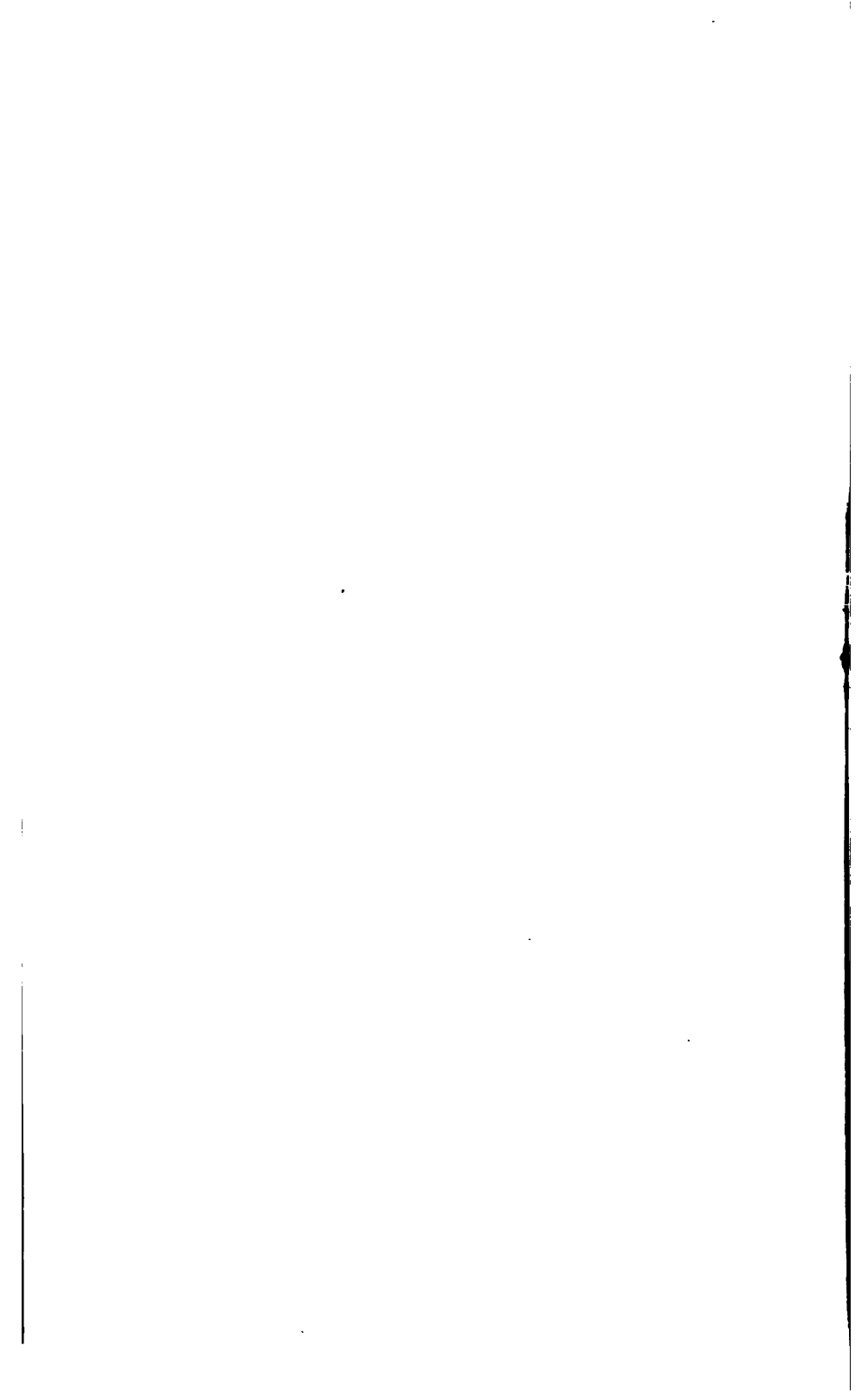
"Do not dispose of your subjects otherwise than as wisdom and the precepts of the Eternal direct."



From the Painting by Osterley.]

THE TWO BRIDES.

[See the Poem.]



THE TWO BRIDES.

WORN with fasting and with vigil,
 And with centuries of prayers,
 With a thousand tasks of penance,
 And the living death of years;
 With half-hearted *Aves* weary,
 Weary with the callous psalm,
 Weary with the listless *Credo*,
 And the strain of outward calm.

Sleep by evil spirits troubled,
 Fleeing at the matin bell;
 Tears that start to eyes scarce waking,
 Sighs that will not quit her cell.
 So the long-drawn days have opened
 Of the lonely, loveless life
 Of a bride—the bride of Heaven—
 Always bride, but never wife.

Yet as wires that stretch, connecting
 Distant land with distant land,
 Speed the words of living lightning
 Which they do not understand;
 So, although she knows no comfort,
 Yet she speaks of peace and rest;
 Hovel, ward, and dungeon blessing—
 Blessing, while herself unblest.

And the needy, whom she succours
 Daily with a sweet relief;
 And the sick she tendeth, know not
 Of her fount of stanchless grief;
 Know not her consuming passion,
 Know not of her stricken love;
 Only deem her some fair angel
 From the courts of light above.

Lo! she leaves her round of duties,
 Brings what show of joy she may,
 To enfold her blushing sister
 In her arms this bridal day.
 And she trembles, as she greets her
 With what loving words she can—
 Trying to trust God and Mercy,
 Yet she disbelieves in man.

Sister, said we, half in error—
 'Tis herself of years ago,
Ere she reeled beneath her burden,
 Ere her hopes were dashed with woe.
Ah! thou'elder, life-awearry,
 Seek not thou her dawn to cloud;
Rather trust the sun is shining,
 Though from thee his face he shroud.

Chide thou not her tender gladness,
 Whisper not one chilling breath
That shall cause the blossoms wither
 Of her modest orange wreath.
It is Love thyself hath smitten,
 Love, that suffers her rejoice;
And to each 'tis given to hearken,
 If she will, a Father's voice.

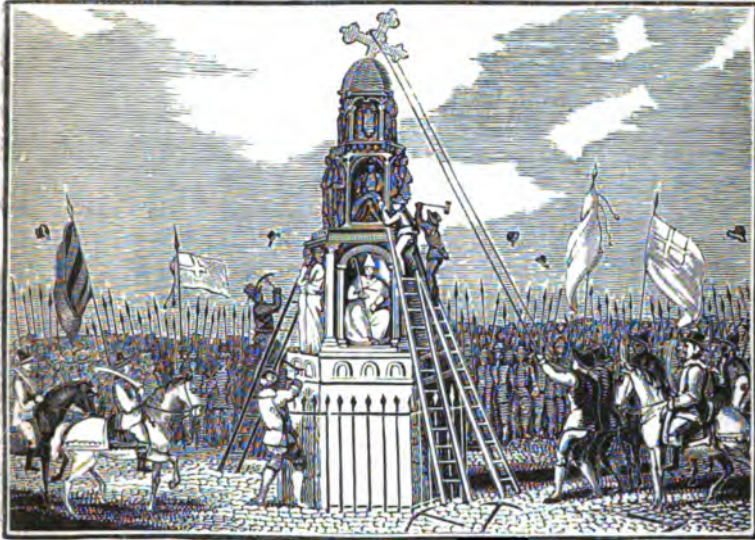
Flowers without the sun will languish,
 Though they feed upon the rain;
Take her gladness to thy bosom,
 She will sadden to thy pain.
Each with each her lot exchanging
 By a selfless sympathy—
Warmed and watered; so shall flourish
 Your life-flowers of sanctity.

A. H. G.



UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

BY MARK LEMON.



CROSS IN CHEAPSIDE. (From an Old Print.)

CHAPTER IV.

AT Paul's Cross, which formerly stood at the end of Cheapside and St. Paul's Churchyard, were held folkmotes, or assemblies of the people, until the reign of Henry III. In Stow's time it was a pulpit cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead. The first ecclesiastical use to which it was put was 'to curse all those who had searched for gold in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.' Sermons were regularly preached there, and in 1361 a Bishop of London bequeathed 1000 marks to be lent at the Cross to poor traders, on pawns without interest. The earliest Paul's Cross sermon is preserved in Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.'

Jane Shore did penance here, it is said, with sheet and candle, 1483; but others assert she only walked through Cheapside following a man with a cross. She was afterwards confined in Ludgate; but upon the petition of Thomas Hymore, who agreed to marry her, King Richard III. set her at liberty. According to the Harleian MS., Sir Thomas

More saw her, and contradicts the story of her having perished by hunger. Hither was brought Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, with Parson Masters, of Aldrington, Dr. Bocking, her confessor, Richard Deering, and others, to do penance. They were all hanged at Tyburn.

The wonderful Rood or crucifix of Boxley in Kent, which was wont to move its eyes, shake its beard, nod its head, and bow to those who brought offerings, and had become famous all over England, was here exposed and broken into a thousand pieces by the enraged populace. Elizabeth Croft, principal performer in the imposture known as the Spirit in the Wall, did penance here. That must have been a Protestant spirit, as it denounced Queen Mary, Philip of Spain, and auricular confession. Many other penitents also appeared there, and among them a priest for 'singing mass with good ale.' He was probably the composer of *Pro Omnibus Bibo*.

On the 12th of May, 1521, the

Pope's sentence against Luther was published at Paul's Cross, with great state and pageantry. Throughout Henry VIII.'s time, Paul's Cross was used by the defenders of the king's policy; and during Edward's short reign the most eminent Reformers preached here—Ridley, Latimer, and John Rogers. During a sermon before the Lord Mayor and aldermen, an order came from the Queen to levy 1000 able-bodied men to raise the siege of Calais, upon which they instantly quitted their devotion, and had the 1000 men ready to march in the morning. (First-rate recruiting that!)

The Cross continued until 1643, when, by order of the Long Parliament, it was pulled down, as were all the other crosses in London and Westminster.

We have continual glimpses, most interesting, in the old chroniclers, of the manners and customs of their times; and from the great dramatists of Elizabeth's reign we get a knowledge of the daily life of Old London.

Shakspeare does little for us beyond those immortal nights in Eastcheap and the smack of the time which pervades his writings. But Ben Jonson, the bricklayer's son of Hartshorn Lane, and so cockney born, has left us photographs of the form and body of the time in which he lived and moved. We see by 'Rare Ben' that there were 'Paul's men, who! strutted through the middle aisle with gallants who wore silver spurs and jewels in ear, and the hand that hath the ruby and a mirror in the hat,' and some with ruffles and worked shirt-fronts. The Puritan had texts of scripture upon theirs. We learn how a country gentleman was made into a town one. Thus he was to 'give over housekeeping in the country, having turned four or five acres of his best land into two or three trunks of apparel, and to live altogether in the City amongst gallants; play at primero and passage, feed cleanly at his ordinary, sit melancholy and pick his teeth when he could not speak.' When he came to plays he was 'to be humorous, ruffle his face like a new boot, and laugh at nothing

but his own jest, or else as the noblemen laugh'—that's a special grace he must observe;—'pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons.' (How many a fine gentleman now-a-days is made after the same fashion!) 'Rare Old Ben' shows us how the rich trader, Gilt-head, trapped young spendthrifts, by getting them so deeply in his books that escape was impossible, unless, as Gilt-head's son remarks—'When they have had your money they laugh at you, or kick you down stairs.'

They had then the bold undertaker or *procurer of patents*, and the court lady who helped him to them. Hear one of them:—

'I'll drive his patent for him,

We'll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,

To bear the charge, and blow them off again,
Like so many dead flies, when it is carried.'

They had the believer in alchymy, who sought to make gold from lead (now we have the dabbler in shares), the *gourmand*, rival to any member of the *Bon Bouche Club*, who had 'the boards of barbels served instead of salmon, oiled mushrooms,' for which he said unto his cook, 'There's gold, go forth and be a knight.'

Then they had the sporting tobaccoist. I've no doubt Abel Druggier kept a betting-office, for he backed Alchymist for half a crown to win a fortune! Rather than so have wasted his substance, Abel had better given his roguish tobacco to Captain Bobadil, who, according to his own account, had, 'with a dozen other gentlemen, not received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks but the fume of this simple only, therefore 'tis most divine.'

Londoners were then divided into tobacco lovers, like Bobadil, and tobacco haters, like Cob the water-bearer, who declared 'it was only good to choke a man and fill him full of smoke and embers.'

When Raleigh first introduced the smoking of tobacco, 'silver pipes were the only wear.' The weed was powdered, and the smoke passed through the nostrils. Some accomplished smokers now-a-days

perform the same silly feat, and call it smoking by *inspiration* !*

Mr. Walter Thornbury, in a communication to 'Notes and Queries,' No. 210, writes:—The tobacco merchant was an important person in the London of James I.'s time, with his Winchester pipes, his maple cutting-blocks, his juniper-wood charcoal fires, and his silver tongs with which to hand the hot charcoal to his customers, although he was shrewdly suspected of adulterating the precious weed with sack-lees and oil. It was his custom to wash the tobacco in muscadell and grains, and to keep it moist by wrapping it in greased leather and oiled rags, or by burying it in gravel. The Elizabethan pipes were so small, that now when they are dug up in Ireland the poor call them "fairy pipes," from their tininess. These pipes became known by the nickname of "the woodcocks' heads." The apothecaries, who sold the best tobacco, became masters of the art, and received pupils, whom they taught to exhale the smoke in little globes, rings, or the "Euripus." "The alights" these tricks were called.

'Ben Jonson facetiously makes these professors boast of being able to take three whiffs, then to take horse, and evolve the smoke—one whiff on Hounslow, a second at Staines, and a third at Bagshot. The ordinary gallant, like Mercutio, would smoke while the dinner was serving up. Those who were rich and foolish carried with them smoking apparatus of gold or silver—tobacco-box, snuff-ladle, tongs to take up charcoal, and priming-irons. There seems, from Decker's "Gull's Hornbook," to have been smoking clubs, or tobacco ordinaries as they were called, where the entire talk was of the best shops for buying the Trinidad, the Nicotine, the Cane, and the Pudding; whose pipe had

the best bore, which would turn blackest, and which would break in the browning.

'At the theatres, the rakes and spendthrifts who crowded the stage of Shakspeare's time sat on low stools smoking; they sat with their three sorts of tobacco beside them, and handed each other lights on the points of their swords, sending out their pages for more Trinidado if they required it.'

When the common sort adopted the habit of smoking they used a walnut-shell and straw; then came the clay pipe, which was sometimes handed round the table from man to man. Tobacco was sold for its weight in silver, and it was thought scandalous for a divine to smoke, but tobacco was used at all places of amusement—as it is now at some, to the great discomfort of 'young fellahs' who fancy it manly to smoke, and pretend they like it.

With their sporting tobaccoist they had the prototype of our Black-leg. Hear one at his calling (Poor Pigeon if he heeds him!):

'There's a young gentleman is born to nothing—forty marks a year, which I call nothing. He is to be initiated and have a fly of "the doctor." He will win you by irresistible luck, within this fortnight, enough to buy a barony.' (Tempting that!) He is to be 'the lion of the season and have the best attendance, the best drink, two glasses of canary, and pay nothing; the purest linen and the sharpest knife; the partridge next his trencher' at the ordinary.

So our ancient fathers 'made their game, gentlemen,' much as they did in St. James' Street, when George IV. was king.

There was only one tavern in London when Fitzstephen wrote (1191), three in Edward III.'s time, one in Chepe, one in Walbrook, and the other in Lombard Street; and in Edward VI.'s reign there were forty taverns in the City, and three in Westminster—there are now more than seven thousand! The Vintners' Company of London was founded in 1437, and in James I.'s time it was enacted that 'none shall sell less than one quart of

* Tobacco was brought first to England by Sir John Hawkins, 1565, but Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake are thought to have been the first smokers of it in this country (1586), it having been previously manufactured only for exportation by one Ralph Lane. In 1791 the importation was 9,000,000 lb.; but in 1861 it had increased to 52,854,392 lb.

the best beer or ale for 1*d.*, or two quarts of the smaller sort for the same sum.* The power of licensing public-houses was granted in 1621 to Sir Francis Mitchel and Sir Giles Mompesson. Taverns had wonderfully increased in Elizabeth and James II.'s time, for the ordinaries are continually referred to both in play and narrative, and the cook's craft was as much esteemed as now. Ben Jonson declares 'a master cook to be the man of men,' and he is well worthy of consideration as the Minister of the Interior.

The varieties of American drinks, with their extravagant names, had their prototypes in 1698, when M. Sorbiers, writing of the wonders of London, says: 'They name several sorts of liquors in London as *Hum-tie Dumptie*, *Three Threads*, *Four Threads*, *Old Pharaoh*, *Knockdown*, *Hugmatee*, *Shouldree*, *Clamber-crown*, *Hot pots at Newgate Market*, *Foxcomb*, *Stiffle Blind Purneaux*, *Cock my Cap*, *Twopenny*, &c.'

Our good old City, though circumscribed, as we see it was, by walls and Acts of Parliament, was large enough for knaves to find fools to prey upon. Coney-catchers, like Bardolph's Nym and Pistol, who carried Master Slender 'to a tavern and made him drunk, and then picked his pockets,' were plentiful as blackberries. There were three parties to Coney-catching. The Setter, who found the Coney or Dupe; the Verser, who joined the hunt; and the Barnacle, who came in at the finish. 'Then ere they part, they make him (the dupe) a coney, and so ferret and claw him at cards, that they leave him as bare of money as an ape of a tail.' Robert Green, the dramatist—poor fellow! he died of his excesses, driven thereto by his friends, who taunted him for his sobriety, and called him Puritan—describes the scene from which I quote. The *modus operandi* then in vogue is followed by the card and skittle sharpers of our own time, and as one of them said, when lectured by a magistrate of our acquaintance—'they oughtn't to be punished—it was the fools who

ought to suffer for tempting the ingenious.'

The cheaters spoke a slang called Pedlar's French; and though they principally haunted country fairs, their head-quarters were in London. There was the Ruffer, the Upright Man, the Prigger of Prancers, the Abram Man, the Whip Jack, the Dummerer, the Counterfeit Crank, and others.

Southwark, Kent Street, and Bermondsey were the strongholds of the London tinkers, mumpers, and broom-men, and the places where the rogues disposed of their stolen gains. There was also the thief trainer, one Wotton, who had been a merchant and man of good credit, but set up a schoolhouse, like Old Fagan, to teach young boys to cut purses. There were hung up two devices—a pocket and a purse. The pocket contained counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring bell, and he that could take a counter without any noise was judged a nipper or cut-purse.

If Mr. Wotton's spirit is doomed for a certain time to walk the night with Hamlet's father, it must be very disturbed to see how little advance science has made in his direction.

Fleetwood, Recorder of London (in Elizabeth's time), was a terror to the fraternity, for he hanged nine out of ten one morning. 'And I abroad myself,' he says—'and I took that day seventy-four rogues.' But Fleetwood's sport was sometimes interrupted by reprieves; the granting of them annoyed him sadly, and he writes, 'It is grown for a trade now in the court' (Poor recorder, poaching his gaol-birds!)

Such of the London merchants who did not care to soil their shining shoes (once a distinctive sign of a London merchant), and those of the nobility who cared not to come in immediate contact with the commonalty, or to soil their delicate and embroidered pantofles or corked shoes, rode on horseback, the ladies sometimes on 'one side,' and sometimes on a pillion—a capital contrivance for sweetheating—bashful suitor in front, coy maiden

* See 'Tales of Taverns.'

behind. We remember so riding more than once, when, at the ripe age of eleven, we were *cavalier seul* to one 'sweet Kate,' who is now a grandmother! Sometimes ladies rode well — like Chaucer's 'Wif of Bath,' whose

'Coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound.
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede,
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede.
Ful streite yteyed and shoon ful moist and newe
Bold was hire face and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire life,
Husbonds at the chirche dore had she had five.

Upon an ambler estly she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede a hat.
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe,
A fote-mantel about hire hippes large;
And on hire fete a pair of spores sharpe.'

From this passage some have considered that the marriage was solemnized anciently at the church door, or that the ceremony commenced there; and this would seem probable from Littleton's words ('Dower,' sec. 39):—

'When he commeth to the church door to be married there, after affiance and troth plighted, he endoweth the woman of his whole land, or of the halfe, or other lesser part thereof, and there openly doth declare the quantity and the certainty of the land she shall have for her dower.'

It appears, however (sec. 41), that the woman, if she thought proper, might refuse such dower, and declare that she would rather abide by her future rights at Common Law. Lord Coke, commenting on these passages, says expressly, this dower must be made '*ad ostium ecclesiæ sive monasterii*,' and that it is not good if made '*ad ostium castri sive messuagii*.' He also expressly states:—

'This dower is ever *after* marriage solemnized; and, therefore, this dower is good without deed, because he cannot make a deed to his wife.'

And Jacob ('Law Dictionary,' *sub voce* 'Dower,') says it was made 'immediately after marriage.'

Does not Chaucer, by mention of the church door, seem to infer that all her husbands were men of property; and had each of them en-

dowed the jolly lady '*ad ostium ecclesiæ*' with some of their lands and tenements?

The English, until the beginning of the sixteenth century, were an equestrian people, and all the great processions were made on horseback. Henry IV. rode to Westminster attended by 6000 horse, and long after the introduction of coaches, in 1563, it was considered effeminate to ride in them, and was thought (says Aubrey) 'as disgraceful for a young gentleman to be seen in one as in a petticoat and waistcoat,' and a bill was brought into Parliament to prevent men riding in them in Elizabeth's time (1601). The postmasters, long before the post was established by law, kept relays of horses; but the carriers, with their train of packhorses, were the usual means of communication between distant places, and letters could be exchanged between London and Oxford in about a month (1635). The General Post Office was established in 1660, and regular postmasters appointed; they were usually innkeepers, and 'made profit of their place' by many extortions.

'These are to give Notice that a Post will go and come every day between London and Reading, till further order.—Nov. 1688.'—*Lond. Gazette*.

'There is lately set up a new Coach from Clapham, which sets out from Mr. Rawlinson's, near the Plough, every morning between 6 and 7, and returns from the Star by the Monument between 10 and 12, and from Clapham again between 4 and 5, and about 6 or 7 home again.'—*The Postman*, June, 1710.

'That there is a Stage Coach sets out from the White Lyon in Chertsey, in Surrey, to the White Hart in Shug-Lane; and goes to the Bell in Bell-Savage on Ludgate-Hill, and carries Passengers at 3s. 6d. each to the said Inn, and for 3s. each to the White Hart in Shug-Lane; goes from Chertsey Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and returns Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Performed by John Hone, at the White Hart aforesaid. September 27th, 1729.'—*Lond. Gazette*.

'To be Sold,
'At the Flying-Horse, in Lambeth-
Street, Goodman's-fields,
'A Hearse, a Three End Coach, a
Glass Coach, a Chariot and Chaise,
and Five Hackney Coaches, with or
without Horses, the Owner design-
ing to leave off.—September 20,
1729.'—*Lond. Gazette.*

One Hobson was carrier and post-
master at Cambridge, and, from his
custom of obliging his customers to
take the horse next the stable-door,
arose the saying of 'Hobson's choice.'

Hobson used to put up in London
at the 'Four Swans,' in Bishopsgate
Street; and Mr. Spectator tells us
that he was there drawn in fresco



THE FORTUNE PLAYHOUSE, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, 1820.

with a 100*l.* bag under his arm with
this inscription—

'The fruitful mother of a hundred more.'

Honest John Taylor, the water
poet (1623), denounces coaches in
prose and verse most heartily,
for—

'When Elizabeth came to the crown
A coach in England was not known.'

A doubtful statement, John, as the
first coaches, called Whirlicotes, are
said to have been introduced from

France about Elizabeth's accession,
by the Earl of Arundel, Steward of
the Household to Queens Mary and
Elizabeth; but Andrews, in his
'History of Great Britain,' says they
were known earlier. Three only
were in use in Paris in 1550, when
Henry IV. had one without straps
or springs; and some of the old
hackney coaches we remember must
have been lineally descended from
it. They were called by the fast
men of our day 'rattlers' and 'bone

setters' — dislocaters would have been the better term.

John objects:—

'That fulsome madams and new scurvy squires,
Should fill the street in pomp at their desires,
Like great triumphant tamburlaines each day,
Drawn by the pampered jades of Belgia,
That almost all the streets are choked outright,
Where men can hardly pass from morn till
night,
Whilst watermen want work.'

Ah! that was where the shoe pinched, honest John! Yet John, one would think, had no need to complain of business, as he plied at Bankside, the landing-place where the inhabitants of the Strand and Westminster came to visit the Globe Theatre, the Paris Gardens, the Rose, and the Hope playhouses, and there was no bridge but London Bridge. In that locality were also the bear-houses, to one of which Elizabeth took the French ambassador to witness the courage of English bulldogs!* John took the new state of things to heart, however, for he left London and became a victualler at Oxford, and there died.†

It is somewhat strange that from the very earliest time the city authorities were always opposed to the players and playhouses, and in 1575 expelled them from the limits of the City; but the theatre in Blackfriars—its site now known as Playhouse Yard—was erected under the protection of certain monastic privileges. This house was called private: it was roofed over entirely. Two companies had the right of playing here—the Children of the

Chapel, afterwards called the Children of the Revels, and the Chamberlain's Company, to which William Shakspeare belonged, and for whose signature the Corporation of London paid 300*l.*, to their great credit.

The performance of the play took place by candlelight, being frequented greatly by the higher classes. The first playhouse seems to have been called *The Theatre*. *The Fortune* was built by Alleyn and Henslowe on the site of a building formerly the nursery of the children of Henry VIII. It was finished in 1599, at a cost of 880*l.* It was a building eighty feet square, and partly raised upon piles. It was divided into three storeys, the first twelve feet high, the second eleven, and the third nine, which were formed in divisions of the *gentlemen's* and *twopenny* rooms. The interior was a square of fifty-five feet, open at top to the weather. The stage was forty-three feet in length, and with the tiring room was covered.‡ Alleyn was the founder of Dulwich College, for whose restoration to the 'poor players' Mr. Webster of the Adelphi Theatre recently fought so earnestly but unsuccessfully. So great was the wrong done to the histrionic community, that funds were soon found to establish the present admirable institution, the Dramatic College, where many old public favourites find

'Some pause between the theatre and the grave.'

There was also *The Curtain* in Shoreditch, the *Belle Sauvage* (probably on Ludgate Hill), Whitefriars, the Globe, the Swan and Hope at Bankside, the Red Bull in St. John's Street, the Cross Keys, Gracechurch Street, the Tuns, and the Nursery in Barbican; but the City authorities closed all they could. The first theatre that had a royal licence was the Globe (1574). It was granted to Master Burbage and four others, servants of the Earl of Leicester. Almost the first act of James I. (1603) was to grant a patent for the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres to Shakspeare and his partners, Fletcher,

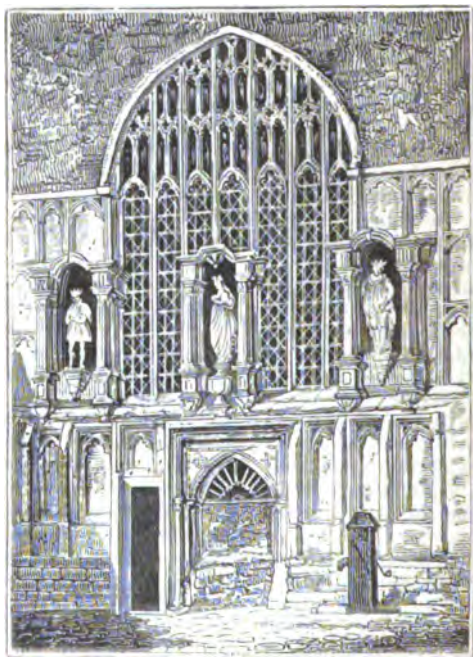
† See Hughson for further details.

* Lola Montes, the notorious Countess of Landsfeldt, was the possessor of a bull-dog; and the man who sold it to her told us 'that the countess was the loveliest thing he had ever seen—on two legs!' making pardonable reservations in favour of the bull-dog.

† The vehicle called a coach was a French invention, as was also the post-chaise, which was brought into England by Mr. John Tull, son of Jethro Tull, the well-known writer on husbandry. John Tull travelled in France and Italy, and having a turn for mechanics, and being an extensive schemer, he introduced post-chaises and post travelling, and obtained a patent in 1734. He started other projects, and died a ruined man in the King's Bench.—See *Hughson*, vol. iii.

Burbage, Phillips, Hemming, Con-
dell, Sly, Armin, and Cowley, and
the drama assumed a position it had
never before attained, and which it
has never exceeded. The prices of
admission were, gallery 2d.; lord's
room, 1s.; and 6d. for a seat on the
stage. And Paul Hetzner, who
visited England, speaks of 'the
excellent music, variety of dances,
excessive applause,' and the coming
round of oranges, nuts, apples, ale,
and beer—and perhaps a bill of the
play, as there seems to be little new
under the sun or the moon either!

Greene, Peele, Decker, Webster,
Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ben
Jonson, and William Shakspeare!
To what meetings must the Mer-
maid Tavern in Bread Street have
been witness when Raleigh, Seldon,
Cotton, and Carew were added to
the party! Many, we are told, were
the wit combats between Rare Ben
and Sweet Willy. Jonson, a
Spanish galleon, solid, 'but slow,'
Shakspeare, the English man-of-
war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in
sailing, turning with all tides,
tacking about, and taking advantage



GUILDHALL CHAPEL, LONDON. (Pulled down 1822.)

of all winds by the quickness of
his wit and invention, heightened,
as Jonson sings—

'By a pure cup of rich canary wine,
Which is the Mermald's now but shall be
mine.'

As we have endeavoured to confine
this division of our subject within
the old Walls and so much of
Southwark as we have already
visited, we defer to another occasion
further reference to the theatres and
taverns of London.

Old Guildhall was built about
1411, by subscription, when Sir
Thomas Knowles was Lord Mayor.
The chapel was added by Dick
Whittington, about 1411, and the
east end of the hall was extended
by his means. Sir John Shaw
(1503) still further enlarged it for
city festivals, which had hitherto
been held at Grocers' Hall. Guild-
hall was partially destroyed in the
Great Fire, looking like 'a bright
shining coal, or like a palace of gold

or burnished brass: the old walls and crypt alone remain. It was patched up by Wren, and in 1789 by Dance, who added the present unsightly front.

There, in Guildhall, Buckingham sounded the citizens as to Gloucester's elevation to the throne, and there Anne Askew—one of the earliest Protestant martyrs—stood trial, and died at the stake in Smithfield, after rack and pardon had been used and offered in vain. There, six days after his friend Wyatt's execution, stood the brave and accomplished Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, opposed to one of the most corrupt tribunals that ever disgraced an English Court of Justice. Gallantly he pleaded his cause, and nobly the jury who pronounced his acquittal did their duty. Their verdict made Queen Mary ill for three days. They paid for it, however, afterwards, by fine and imprisonment. The trial is to be found in Hollingshed, and will repay perusal. In Henry VIII.'s day the poet Surrey was tried at Guildhall, as was Lady Jane Grey in Elizabeth's time.

And there also, to compliment the citizens of London for their loyalty—so said Lord Salisbury and Sir Edward Coke—Garnet, the Jesuit, was tried for the Gunpowder treason (March 26, 1606); and there, during the Commonwealth, the poet Waller was arraigned. The Guildhall feasts have been famous for centuries, and the guests, kings, queens, emperors, princes, and aldermen, the reeking of the viands almost hiding the graver memories of the past.

Mr. Pepys, Mr. Cunningham says, gives the earliest account of a Lord Mayor's dinner, when he 'sat at the merchant stranger's table; where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, but it was very unpleasant that we had no napkins, nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes.'

When Charles II. dined there, Lord Mayor Viner seized the King's hand at parting, and hiccupped—'Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.' Charles smiled and hummed—'He that's drunk is as great as a king,' turned back, complied

with his host's request, and left another 'dead man' in Guildhall. Now Mayor Viner should have been privileged, as is the Mayor of Norton Bassett. Whenever he is *plenus Bacchi*, and sees two pigs in a gutter, he is permitted to join them.

The last dinner of the last century was very characteristically illustrated. The outgoing and incoming mayors were jovial fellows, and especial lovers of good tobacco. As far as we can hear, this was the only dinner at which smoking was permitted, or rather invited; and when the two mayors alluded to lit their pipes at the same candle, the literary gentlemen present unanimously declared that it reminded them of that famous passage, of the two kings of Brentford smelling at the same nosegay.

From a clever review in the 'Athenæum,'* of *A Full and Particular Account of the Lord Mayor's Procession by Land and Water*, we extract what follows.

'The Roman Prefect and the Saxon Port-reeve bequeathed a portion of their power as well as duties to the Norman Mayor of London. We have an instance of this in the circumstances attending a City riot in the very olden time. The Mayor was engaged in doing what would be tantamount, in these days, to reading the Riot Act, in which occupation he was pertinaciously opposed by a roystering fellow whom his worship was unable to reduce to silence, till he resorted to a very summary process, that of ordering the noisy rogue to be dragged into a neighbouring street, where he had his head chopped off! The affair was duly represented to the king, but his Grace only laughed his quiet laugh, and declared, by the Rood! the Mayor was a lusty fellow and had done right well.

'The mayor's authority, too, was illustrated by all sorts of honours, particularly when he was willing to lend money to the king. In 1354, Edward III. granted him the privilege of being marshalled by gold and silver maces, copper (plated) being recommended for the chiefs of

* Nov. 3, 1860.

all other corporations. All writers on this subject have fixed the title of Lord as commencing with the grant of this regal bit of ceremony; but that distinction dates, we believe, from another year, and the right honourable gentleman had to pay for it. A subsidy was needed for a war in 1378. There was a general assessment according to the rank of the individuals. A question arose as to the proper position of the Mayor of London in the table of precedence. "Have him among the earls!" was a suggestion readily adopted; and, in consequence of the honour, my Lord was assessed at four pounds, which, in present value, caused him to contribute little less than *rool* to the exigencies of the war.

'The above incident points to the reality of the Lord Mayor's grandeur; but there was also a recognised sacredness in his person, as may be seen in the fact that, in 1479, Sheriff Byfield, presuming to kneel too closely to the chief magistrate, at prayer before one of the shrines in St. Paul's, was fined 50*l*. for his presumption. Twenty times that sum would now hardly represent an equivalent for the amount in which the audacious sheriff was mulcted; but the plague was about, and the Mayor might have caught it, and the City lacked conduits; and so the fine was levied, and therewith new conduits were built or old ones repaired.

Even with all possible care, and fines on too-familiar sheriffs, the sacredness of his Worship was not always inviolate. In 1484 London saw no less than three Mayors in succession, the first two having died of the fatal sweating-sickness. Now and then, highwaymen had as little respect for Mayors of London as Death himself. The latest example was in the person of the truculent Sawbridge, who, in 1776, was crossing Turnham Green on his return from a state visit to Kew. The whole of his illustrious party were stopped by a single highwayman—even the swordbearer made no motion, but sat still while his lordship was stripped. When the fellow had thus outraged the City court, he

rode off to Kew and insulted the church. He met the vicar on the high road, and after making him deliver all his valuables, even carried off his sermon, to the temporary relief of the small flock occasionally penned in that locality.

'With the power of the early Mayors there was connected, as we have said, much abjectness of condition. Of this there are innumerable examples. Money was generally at the bottom of it. Where this was not forthcoming, the greedy monarch would make seizure not only of the houses of mayor and aldermen, but of their sons, as hostages. Sometimes the first lady in the land could be as savage as her lord. Queen Eleanor clapped the Mayor, Hardell, into a dungeon in the Marshalsea, and kept him there till he consented to pay the arrears of an illegally-ordered subsidy for the war in Gascony. It was a fashion with other sovereigns in want of money to imprison the poor Mayor, to degrade him from his office, and then compel him to purchase liberty and his old position at the price at which they were estimated by the father of his people. In later days this quality of oppression was not possible; and if these Mayors could not cut off heads without having to answer for it, their authority became more real and legally recognised. The officials who thus irresponsibly acted were but phantoms compared with Sawbridge sweeping the king's pressgangs out of the City—with Wilkes bearding the entire Government—or with Beckford, to-day lecturing his bewildered sovereign, and the next haughtily receiving Lord Barrington's humble apologies for having ordered a body of soldiers to march through London, from Spitalfields to the Strand, without permission from the mayor and aldermen.

'This spirit in the mayoralty had grown up since the days of the Commonwealth. Refractory Mayors could only be subdued by tenderness. The pressure of knighthood bought, as well as rewarded, services; and to these other honours were occasionally added, as when the Duke of Newcastle, in 1749, was installed Chancellor of Cambridge.

On that occasion he obliged two valuable friends, and made London's Mayor, Sir William Calvert, an LL.D.; while the Duke of Richmond received the more burlesque honour of Doctor of Physick!

'Charles II., perhaps, took the most pains to obtain City rulers prepared to gratify him, and whom he was not unwilling to gratify in return. For this purpose it was necessary he should know his men; and, accordingly, there was, at one difficult period of his reign, drawn up for him a clear sketch of the characters of the Court of Aldermen and Common Council. This document, which has been printed, enters not only into the tempers, failings, virtues, or vices of the City potentates in whom the king took an interest, but it spoke of how their domestic life was illustrated, in what sort they lived with their wives, and the degree of estimation accorded by their wives to *them*!

'We are all familiar with the almost comic helplessness of Bludworth in the year of the Great Fire, with his "Lord! what can I do?" and his whinings about lack of rest, and his ejaculations of weariness, and his yearnings for refreshment for the inner man. To render him true justice, however, Bludworth was rather wanting in head than in heart. The Mayors, in the days of pest and sweating-sickness, exhibited no inconsiderable alacrity in avoiding all suspected localities. Tradition tells of Craven, who founded the line of earls of that name, that, terrified at an outbreak of plague, he took horse, rode away westward, and never stopped till he reached those wild Berkshire Downs, where he found refuge in a farmhouse, and subsequently built Ashdown House, on the spot now occupied by a more recently-erected mansion. The old local story-tellers inform us that four avenues led to the house from the four cardinal points of the compass, and that in each wall of every room there was a window, in order that if the plague entered on one side, it might find issue by the other!

'Of all the Mayors who have stood in the presence of a king, no

one is so conspicuous for his boldness or audacity as Beckford. If, for a time, he was something of the mere demagogue, he was not altogether void of the qualities which distinguish the patriot. The two characters are, perhaps, combined in the speech delivered by him on his first retirement from the civic throne in 1763. On that occasion, he said, among other strong things, that, "under the House of Hanover alone, Englishmen *could*, but under the House of Hanover Englishmen were determined they *would* be free." The memory of the man who uttered that compliment and comment may continue to be honoured, despite the expressed contempt of Gifford.

'But it was through the famous incident of Beckford's second mayoralty, in 1770, that his name chiefly lives. The unconstitutional return at the Middlesex election, where the candidate in a minority was declared to be the sitting member, brought the Lord Mayor to the foot of the throne with the famous Remonstrance. The king, it will be remembered, censured the citizens in his reply; and thereupon the Mayor gave tongue to a rejoinder, in defence of the censured, which astounded the unprepared monarch, who, according to the "Public Advertiser," had no sooner terminated the reading of his own reply, than he "instantly turned round to his courtiers and burst out laughing." How he looked and acted when Beckford delivered his *impromptu* rejoinder—a better one, probably, than that afterwards written and received as the true one by Horne Tooke—let Walpole show: "It is always usual to furnish a copy of what is to be said to the king, that he may be prepared with his answer. In this case he was reduced to tuck up his train, jump from the throne, and take sanctuary in his closet, or sit silent and have nothing to reply. This last was the event, and a position awkward enough in conscience."

'In old times, people who had a respect for fashion—

"Commended the French hood and scarlet gown
The Lady Mayoress passed in, through the town
Unto the Spittle sermon."

'That occasion was one of her

gala days; but *the* day which was to be marked with the whitest stone of all, was that on which a king met this vice-queen of the City within the limits of her husband's authority, and that king her husband's guest for the time being. Her privilege then was to be saluted with a kiss from the lips of royalty; and the privilege did not expire without a vehement outcry on the part of the claimants to that pleasant distinction.

'Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, there was a rough country-boy, a pupil of St. Paul's School, who stood watching a procession of the Judges on their way to dine with my Lord Mayor. The father of the boy wished to bind him apprentice to a mercer, but the aspiring lad, as he looked on the train of judges, registered a vow that he too would one day ride through the City, the guest of the Mayor, and die a Lord Chancellor. His sire pronounced him mad, and resigned himself to the idea that his obstinate son would one day die with his shoes on.

'The boy's views, however, were completely realized, and the father's prophecy was also in part fulfilled. The connection of the notorious Jeffreys with the City was, from an early period, a very close one. He drank hard with, and worked hard for, the City authorities, and was as well known in the taverns of Aldermanbury as Shaftesbury was in the same district, when he was inspired by the transitory ambition of himself becoming vice-king in the City. From the time that Jeffreys became Common Serjeant—but more especially from the period he became Recorder—he kinged it over the vice-king. He was Lord Mayor, Common Council, Court of Aldermen, and supreme Judge, all in one; and the first-named officer had really a melancholy time of it during the period Jeffreys had sway in the City. At the feasts he was a tippling, truculent fellow—brow-beating the men, and staring the most dauntless of the women out of countenance. In the latter pastime he was well matched, perhaps excelled, by his learned brother Trevor; and

my Lord Mayor Bludworth had good reason to remember both of them. The Mayor had a fair daughter, the young and wild widow of a Welsh squire, and one who made City entertainments brilliant by her presence, and hilarious by her conduct and her tongue. There was a wonderful amount of homage rendered to this Helen, to whom it mattered little in what form or speech the homage was rendered. The rudest could not bring a blush upon her cheek; her ear was never turned away from any suitor of the hour, and every lover was received with a laugh and a welcome by this most buxom of Lord Mayors' daughters.

'There is not one man in a thousand, probably, who is aware that the blood of Jeffreys and the Mayor of London's daughter afterwards flowed in noble veins. They had an only son—a dissolute, drunken fellow, with whom even aldermen were too nice to have a carouse, and whose appearance at a feast scared Mayors who could take their claret liberally. This likely youth, whose intoxication broke down the solemnity of Dryden's funeral, married, in spite of his vices, a daughter and sole heiress of the House of Pembroke. The only child of this marriage was Henrietta, who married the Earl of Pomfret, and enabled Queen Caroline to have a granddaughter of the infamous judge for her lady of the bedchamber. One of Lady Pomfret's many children, Charlotte Finch, was well known to many of our sires. She was governess to George III.'s children, whom she often accompanied to the City to witness the annual show.

'From City men who have borne high, and some the highest offices in the corporation, are descended not a few of the noblest of our peers. Nearly four hundred years ago the ancestor of the valiant and pious Cornwallises was keeping the peace of London. The noble Capels spring from a Mayor, as do the sober Dartmouths and the gallant Cravens. From metropolitan eminence among fellow-citizens have also arisen, or descended, the Thynnes and the Pulteneys, both destined to

wear the title of Bath; the dignified Cowpers, the learned Coventrys, Hill of the flashing sword, the Denzel Holleses, the Romneys, one of whom gave an earl's coronet to the daughter of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the admiral who had made shoes in his 'prentice days, and Osborne, whose love for his master's (the goldsmith's) daughter, and courage in saving her when in peril, were the first steps by which he ascended to the City throne, and sowed the seed which came up in strawberry-leaves for the ducal coronets of the Dukes and Duchesses of Leeds.

'If, during the Commonwealth, the head lay uneasy which wore a civic crown, neither was there a bed of roses for the London dignitary under Charles II. This condition of little-ease was at its worst in the three years, 1680-1-2. The Lord Mayor's pageants, on his own day, were nothing to those which passed through the City on the 17th of November, in honour of the birthday of Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion. At that period the Court was in fear, the Mayor in alternate fume and fright, and the orthodox, hard-drinking, rollicking "Green-Ribbon Club" in a frenzy of drunkenness from claret and zeal for the Church.

'The name denoted the token by which they recognised each other in the streets, but their peculiar place was in the balconies of the King's Arms Inn at the corner of Chancery Lane. Thence they saw defile before them the pageants of Pope and Devil, and of great personages supposed to favour popery, all of which were committed to the flames in front of the house, while the Club, above, drank, shouted, and waved their hats on their pipes; while the tipsy but "right thinking" crowd below yelled like fiends exulting in the light of their native home.

'The Green-Ribbon Club, invented for the defence of all honest men who dreaded being massacred by the Duke of York and the Papists, a pocket-weapon, harmless to look at, but effective enough when employed, as it sometimes was, not against "Papists," but in knocking down adverse pollers going up to

vote at elections. The handle is described, by gentlemen who grasped or felt it, as resembling a farrier's bleeding-stick; the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, "that in its swing fell just short of the hand, and was made of *lignum vitæ*, or rather, as the poet termed it, *mortis*." Contemporaries called this the "Protestant Flail." We know it now as the "Life Preserver." Such was the invention. The new word then coined let handsome Roger North explain. "I may note," he says, "that the Rabble first changed their title, and were called 'the Mob' in the assemblies of this club. It was their beast of burthen, and called first *Mobile vulgus*, but fell naturally into the contraction of one syllable, and ever since is become proper English."

'From the earliest times there has always been a certain unpleasant familiarity maintained between the spectators in the street and those at the windows of the houses on the line of the procession. In years gone by no cavalier would pass on foot through Cheapside, at this festival time, in a new mantle of silk or velvet; and in Queen Anne's days men of condition who ventured into the street left their superfine cloth at home, and only went abroad in ancient "drab-dabberries." In that Queen's reign the Lord Mayor's mob was a mere mass of howling, filthy savages. Behind the old tapestry and Turkey worked table-cloths which covered the balconies the ladies sat unmolested till the actors in the show had defiled. But, on the very instant, they flew within, for it was the custom of the sovereign people below to assail them with "kennel ammunition." The show then consisted of a succession of pageants with intervals in their passing. It was chiefly at these intervals that the ladies had to fly, with scarfs and new com-modes irremediably soiled, before volleys of every species of filth provided by the unclean savages for these especial occasions. If it were possible that anything could be worse than the missiles, it was the language with which they were accompanied. In this matter, how-

over, the people were not always unprovoked. Looking back into the streets of those days, we see several gentlemen at the lower windows provided with huge bullocks'-horns; these are full of dirty water or some unsavoury liquid; and the funny object here is to pour the contents down the neck of some unlucky spectator below. The eagerness with which this fray is carried on is often expensive to the finer folks, and is doubtless the cause of certain advertisements which soon after appear in the papers, offering a "guinney for a very large watch-case, studded with gold, dropt from a balcony in Cheapside."

'Gradually the mob became rather satirical than aggressive. The beauty of the women seems to have softened them, though occasionally that beauty must have been put to hard trial by the cruelty of fashion. It is said that, in 1776, there were never seen so many beautiful English faces together as on the Lord Mayor's Day at the windows in Cheapside. But there was never such a hideous spectacle as the head-dresses above those very faces. A calculator who carefully went through the statistics of the day, and who was, perhaps, a speculator in the staple commodity of the nation, came to a conclusion that though wool was a light object, there could not have been less than twelve hundredweight of it carried on the heads of the ladies, maids and matrons, who on that day looked down on Mr. Mayor from the windows of Cheapside.

'Down to 1663, and continuing much later, the guests were not treated on an equality. There were various tables in the several courts as well as in the hall, and at those assigned to the men of lowest rank there were no napkins, one plate served throughout the dinner, the meats were served in wooden dishes, and the wine, such as it was, and no stint, was circulated in earthen pitchers.

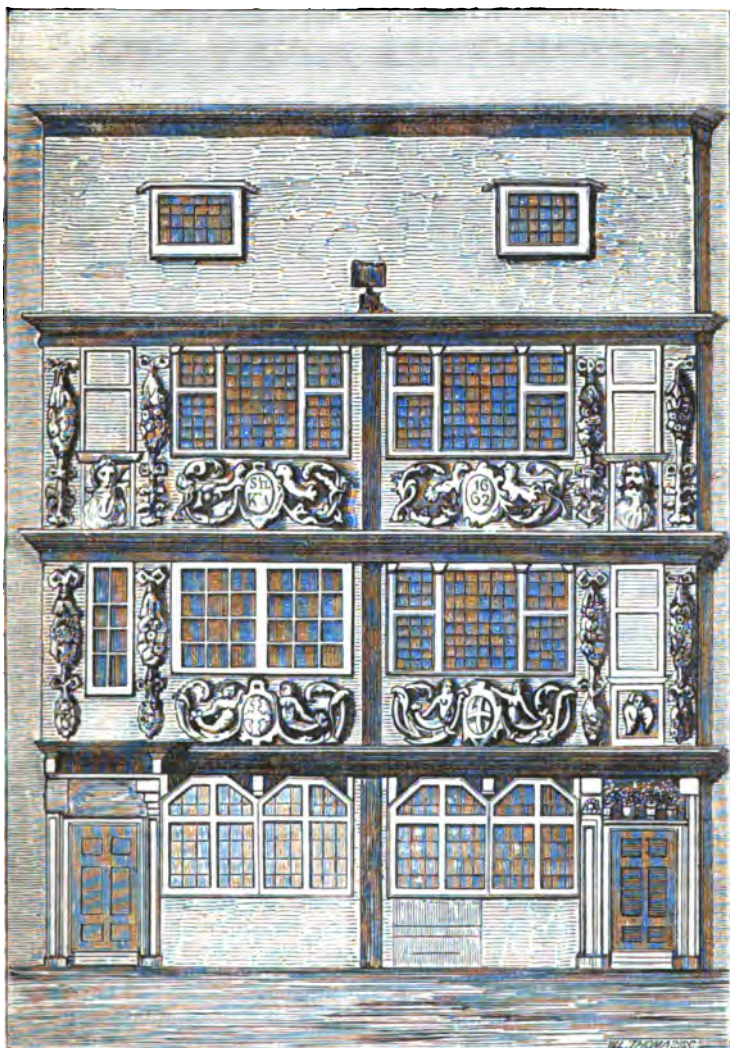
'The Great Fire burned out the show and dinner too, for a time, and the Mayor and Sheriffs rather sneaked slowly up to Westminster Hall than triumphantly progressed

thither, as they had been wont to do. Gradually the procession, hardly less affected by the Plague than it was subsequently by the Fire, resumed its old forms, and the streets had their Saturnalia again, particularly if royalty had been to the City that day. In such case the streets were illuminated, and, as the said royalty, with all the guards that had been drinking hard at various renowned inns in the City, rolled back again westward, the balconies were filled with roystering gentlemen, who tossed off their mantling bumpers, and saluted the royal diners-out with very tipsy huzzas.'

'A love of sight-seeing,' writes Mr. Fairholt, 'was a characteristic feature in our forefathers,' and the remark made by Trinculo in the 'Tempest,' 'that when they will not give a doit to a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see an Indian,' was a most truthful saying. Yes! the Londoners have always been great sight-seers, and the Lord Mayor's show was a sight worth seeing. It was formerly called a Riding, and originated from the necessity of the Lord Mayor elect presenting himself before the king at Westminster. That venerable institution, the Lord Mayor's coach, would have found it difficult traveling as the Strand and Charing were in times past, and one need not wonder that Sir John Norman before mentioned introduced water pageants. What these displays were we gather from a description of the pageant which attended Anna Boleyn from Greenwich (1533), and which 'was to be likewise as they used to do when the Mayor was presented at Westminster':—gay barges, streamers, sackbut, shawm, and other noises of music, made up these water pageants, the Mayor's barge being preceded 'by a wafter, or foist, full of ordnance, in which was a great dragon, continually moving and casting wildfire and making hideous noises to clear the way;' and so from Greenwich to Westminster, and afterwards from London to Richmond and Greenwich, when whitebait was discovered, and salmon was declared to be intoxicating.

The land pageants were all more or less like those already described, save that there were occasional attempts at punning realizations of the names of the Lord Mayors.

John Wells had three wells running with wine; that was a capital joke, and had no doubt a popular run. William Webb had a child representing Nature with a distaff spin-



HOUSE IN GREAT ST. HELENS. The Residence of Sir John Lawrance, Lord Mayor of London, A.D. 1665.

ning a web; rather a hazy metaphor, unless William came from the fens at Finsbury, and was web-footed. But the most strikingly original was when Sir John Leman was

Mayor, 1616. He actually exhibited a lemon tree in full fruit, displaying an amount of mild invention very much to his credit as a father and a citizen. The devices for these

pageants were numerous, but we fancy their general effect is pretty truthfully satirised by Clod in Shirley's 'Contention for Honour and Riches' (1633), who declares that he cares not a bean-stalk for the best 'What-lack-you' (or apprentice), and ridicules their galley foists and pot guns, their paper whales and ships that swim upon men's shoulders, and Hercules clubs that spit fire, and declares that the 'children, which show like a painted cloth, catch cold, and are only kept alive with sugar-plums,' and that

they all 'look upon the giants and feed like Saracens, till they have no stomach for Paul's in the afternoon.' From 1639 to 1655 no pageants were exhibited, nor again from the year after the Great Fire until 1671. In 1702 these great pageants ceased, their memory preserved by the Lord Mayor's coach—

'A thing of beauty and a joy for ever.'

the fly-borne aldermen, the men in armour, and the noisy mob of the great non-ablutionists of London.

And so we take leave of Old London City within the Walls.

FOUR HOURS IN LONDON.

BY A FRENCHMAN BROKE LOOSE.

(From the Unpublished Original.)

ALTHOUGH I am closely tied by the leg, and my eyes are none of the slowest to weary, I must, *ma foi!* retrace to myself the details of an excursion which I made on the 12th of September, 1865, and which singularly interested me. The London-Chatham-Dover Railway Company offered to amateurs the passage from Calais to the Palais de Cristal, together with entrance into the latter, the whole for the sum of five francs (four shillings) there and back. The circumstances seemed so favourable that one ought to take advantage of them. I wished to give a treat to my Young Hopeful, Daniel, who is beginning to mumble broken English; moreover, I have daily intercourse with English schoolboys, schoolgirls, and other people who frequently go to England, so that I had a feverish desire to behold London, in consequence of hearing it the continual subject of conversation.

In short, I make up my mind to go; and on Monday afternoon, the eve of starting, I am not a little annoyed to find that a mistake has deprived me of the tickets on which I reckoned. Daniel seems as vexed as myself. I manage, however, by a slight sacrifice of cash, to remedy the mishap. Some forty of our Petitbourg people take part in the expedition. Tuesday morning sees

us installed in an omnibus supplied by the celebrated and cynical Columbeau,* rolling along the road to Calais. A considerable crowd throngs the quay in front of the railway station. Very piquant bargains in the sale of tickets are being transacted, some of them fetching more than twenty francs. Three large and handsome paddle-steamers are moored to the quay, and are noisily getting up their steam.

For some time past I have been suffering from suburban gastric influences,† which threaten to render me an easy victim to sickness of the sea. I resign myself to the infliction, even reckoning that a natural vomituration may do me good, and save me from the necessity of having recourse to my diabolical emetics. The weather cannot be said to be bad. We quit the Calais jetties to the reciprocal shouts and hurrahs of the goers and the stayers. Once out at sea, at a certain distance, although the sky is not very clear, there is a tolerably pleasing view of Calais. The Blanez is only indistinctly seen. We steam along, discussing how we shall employ our

* A celebrity, within a radius of a dozen leagues; a cynic, because he knows his own mind, and speaks it.

† Our lively excursionist is an M.D., and therefore has the right to use medical lingo.

time on landing, and risking more or less bearable jokes touching the malady caused by the waves. Meanwhile, the water is but slightly inclined to set up its back. There, behind us, beside the jetty, is the beach which is the Calais bathing-place. There, scarcely a few days back, did I bathe so pleasantly with the families of Monsieur S. of Campagne and of Monsieur J. L. of Petitbourg—delightful souvenir of sweet sympathy and cordial joyousness! Instead of giving an appetite, has the sea air made me sentimental?

The French coast is disappearing. A sailing vessel poetically breaks the monotony of the passage. We exchange hurrahs. The sea is of a lovely bottle-green hue, whereas the Mediterranean is as blue as the sky. Down there, on the horizon, are the cliffs of England, and that white line above is Dover Castle. Courage! Perhaps, after all, we shall escape the terrible *mal de mer*! Meanwhile, I hold on tight to the bulwark, taking care not to look at objects in motion, and repulsing smokers as if they had the plague.

We approach. But, really, the general aspect of Dover is very cheerful. Is it because we are about to land, and are pleased at the idea of leaving the boat? The cliffs are crowned with enormous buildings, which people tell me are barracks. We touch land alongside a magnificent quay, still unfinished, and on which are ranged the Company's waggons which are to bear us to the Palais de Cristal. I joyously set foot on solid earth, openly confessing that the voyage appeared long, although it only lasted an hour and a half.

Daniel and I find ourselves in the same waggon with several acquaintances from Douai. The train rolls across Dover. It seemed as if it happened on purpose; but the first soldier whom we caught sight of was so little, so slim, so tightly packed in his scarlet coat and his little cap, that we could not help laughing in his face. Dover is more considerable than I fancied, and possesses remarkable stations. At last we are off. Roll, roll, ye wheels!

The long procession of carriages defiles, leaves the town, and passes through a succession of lengthy tunnels, during which we are plunged in profound obscurity. The country is beautiful, the fields neat and trim, and the horses well groomed, as if cleaned up for Sunday. A ploughman is at work with four of these horses. English extravagance and ostentation? Certainly the land is very up and down hill. The houses are coquettish, and breathe *le confort*. The trees are less lopped than they are in France;* there are, moreover, a great number of species that are rarely planted with us, such as hollies, &c. Hop fields are met with at every step. Effectively, they are the vineyards of England. Those troops of women and girls gathering hops almost recal the vintages of Epernay and the environs of Dijon. But I have scarcely the time to glance at the villages which flash past our eyes, and then we are in Cimmerian darkness as to all the names of this locality. Every passenger in our waggon knows the country not quite so well as he knows the moon. Parry and Ross, in the arctic regions, were accomplished topographers compared with us. We were Captain Cook and his followers fresh arrived at Otaheite. I have a sort of map of England, which I consult at hazard, the track of the railway not being there. Notwithstanding which I edify Daniel with a geographical lecture, and direct his attention to what he ought to notice and admire. One of the party, at least, is glad to have come; his countenance beams with the smile of satisfaction. Not only, like me, he has never been in England, but never in his life had he been on shipboard.

But look! There's a town to the right, a white church, and a remarkable steeple. I think I may affirm that it is Canterbury; for we have just crossed a little stream which my map designates by the name of Stour, and shortly afterwards we perceive the sea at a distance to the right.

* See what Cobbett has written, *passim*, concerning 'the beastly trimming of trees in France,' Cynical, that? Strong, but true.

We are at Faversham, a station which we particularly admire, because the train stops there half a moment. From the tap they send us some glasses of beer, which are drunk and paid for in the intervals of chaff which the merry French rattle at the serious English. At this stage of the journey everybody begins speaking English; that is to say, shouting 'All right!' accented more or less correctly. It is the grand rallying cry all day long, and the salutation addressed to all the workmen employed along the whole length of the railway. What especially gives the houses a graceful aspect (independent of their architecture and disposition) is the neatness of their materials. The bricks are quite polished and perfectly formed. Along the course of our road there are a quantity of brick-kilns in the act of fabricating these dear little bricks.

Daniel and I consume our ham sandwiches and swallow the half of our bottle of wine. Oh, the good wine! What a capital beverage! And how much more sparing we should have been of it could we have foreseen the horrible torments of thirst inflicted in this land of hops! But onward we roll. All right! We are merry as chaffinches, not to say noisy. My Douai neighbours spread a cold *déjeuner* upon their knees. They have a bottle of wine, but no corkscrew, a deficiency which makes them completely chop-fallen; their faces grow longer than the bottle itself. They ask me to lend them one. I hand them my pocket-handkerchief.

Doubting whether I am in my right senses, and even suspecting that I am not in earnest, they sharply remind me that a corkscrew is what they want. Then, rolling my handkerchief into an egg-shaped ball, thrusting it lengthwise into the hollow bottom of the bottle, and knocking it against the side of the wagon, I gently and gradually start the cork, to the amazement of the numerous and astonished spectators.*

* The reader is invited to practise the experiment against the first picnic of returning spring. He may leave the corkscrew at home, or steal it and throw it

All these gentry have very much the look of not knowing what it is to bivouac in Africa. I am a conjuror? Fiddlestick! I simply communicate the impulse of an elastic ball of silk to an elastic fluid, the air in the bottle, through an inelastic medium, wine, thereby driving, instead of pulling, the cork out.

Enfin, the moments pass; we look out of window, we chat, we smoke, while the train trundles on to its destination through a hilly country furrowed by other railways which frequently cross each other. Here comes a depression of land to the right, which allows us again to discover the sea. The sea, do I say? It is an arm of the sea! And all of us shout *La Tamise!* It is the mouth of the Thames of my map! In fact, look at the ships, even ships of the line, cut down and stranded in the middle of the river, the whole illumined by a splendid sun! Well, then, 'tis no such thing; 'tis not the Thames the least in the world, for in that case we should be at *Londones*, or, at any rate, at the 'end of graves,' which is not possible. And behold! as we dart out of the tunnel there displays itself to view a coquetish, clean, and wide-spread town, traversed by the pretty stream. This town is two towns, three, if you please—Strood, Rochester, and Chatham. What a pity I am not well up with Mr. Pickwick's adventures, which comprise such instructive details respecting these localities. The railway commands the habitations, which gives us an air of superiority, and would tempt us, were we weak-minded enough, to regard everything as inferior; in spite of which, the triple town is really very considerable.

And so the train whirls us along the rich and handsome county of Kent, which is soon (in 1866) to compete with us at Calais in the Grand International Agricultural Meeting. That town, which unfolds itself to our gaze, if I may trust my map, is Dartford. But I affirm

away, to insure the opportunity of displaying his skill. N.B.—Select sherry, or wine without crust or sediment.

nothing; I am gliding over Dream-land.

There is a sudden cry, *Voilà le Palais!* In fact, at no great distance, crowning the mountain, and sparkling in the rays of a brilliant sun, stands grandiose and splendid, I was about to say sublime, the *Palais de Cristal!* Ouil! It is surely that! The same which such multitudes of popular engravings have introduced to our cognizance. It is noble, fine, magnifique; and my pleasure would have been thoroughly complete if that handsome palace of glass had been the only end of my journey! To explain how matters stood:

* My name is —, M.D.; on the Gallic hills
My patients feed their flocks, all frugal swains,
Whose only care is (my wife's even more)
To keep their doctor dear, myself, at home.
But I had heard of "Lunnun," and I long'd
To follow to that "toon" some larky lads;
And steam soon granted what my wife denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my
bat,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her
light,

A band of billstickers, with brush and paste,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon our streets,
Covering our walls with many-coloured posters
Of boats and pleasure trains. The shepherds
fled.

For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended brow, and note-book full of
jottings,

Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The debate I led,
Till we agreed to Sydenham to go.
With, or without, th' approval of our wives,
(Said wives not choosing to go with us like-
wise).'

The *Palais*, therefore, *de Sydenham*, for me was only a secondary object. I had my own project in my head. Arrived at the station nearest to the palace, namely, Penge, I ask for tickets to London for Daniel and self. It is no use my talking to the *employé*, who does not know a word of French; we cannot contrive to understand each other. He will persist in giving me tickets for Ludgate Hill, when I tell him, over and over again, that I want to go to London. Here's a fix! At last, an individual, who speaks French well, explains to me that the Ludgate Hill station is

plump in the midst of the *Cité de Londres*. So everything is for the best. All right! While waiting for the train which was to transport us, we finish our bottle of wine. Immediately arrives the second train from Dover, bringing in the rest of our fellow-townsmen. At sight of me they exclaim that they are thirsty. I present them with the empty bottle.

We are soon off at that vertiginous rate of speed peculiar to the English railroads.* It is already eleven o'clock, three quarters; the weather is magnificent. At first we have a long tunnel; then come beautiful meadows and crowds of pretty habitations. We are at Herne Hill station; soon we stop at Elephant Castle, the residence, I believe, of Madame Dryden, the musicienne and harpist, and which is already the beginning of London. Hereabouts there is nothing but long, long houses, divided throughout their whole length into separate habitations. Each habitation has its own pretty little garden, its own first floor and garret, its own private entrance. I observe this arrangement everywhere. In France, in Paris, people lodge one above the other; here, they dwell side by side each other. Daily life is less in common, less mixed up together, perhaps, than in Paris. It is the family dwelling, and nobody else's. Consequently, the houses are low, and offer a succession of little slices of roof. The whole is of a ruddy hue, resulting from pavements, bricks, and tiles. Plaster and stone-colour are nowhere to be seen (?).

The weather, hitherto so fine, turns cloudy, and I apprehend a coming tempest; nevertheless, not a drop of rain falls, only a plentiful shower of blacks. The atmosphere is heavy, yellow, and thick, scarcely allowing us to distinguish a dark mass, which I hail as the dome of St. Paul's, and another, which must surely be the Tower of London. What a pity if our day is spoiled by a storm. Still, no rain nor thunder comes on. We advance,

* Our traveller, having seen so much of them, has a perfect right to note their peculiarities.

almost always above the houses, and the bustle of a great city forces itself on our notice. We are in London; and I am stupefied to learn that what I took for a threatening storm is nothing more than its habitual smoke-cloud, its customary covering, its daily cap, its ordinary sky, extinguishing the sun and exhaling nauseous odours. I confess I was fairly caught, having been so suddenly shot into this hazy nucleus of darkness while the sun was shining brightly outside it.

During the concluding moments of its march, the train passes rapidly over an iron bridge, through whose interstices we behold the *Tamise* now, alas! almost dry, that is, at low water. Alongside this bridge they are rebuilding another, and pedestrians cross the river on a vast and heavy footpath. But confound the fog, which prevents our seeing to any distance. At last we get out of the waggon, not knowing whether we are at Blackfriars or at Ludgate Hill station. We find ourselves in a broad street, and, *ma foi!* we set off in search of the Bank, directing our steps as we can. Here we are, then, trotting along, taking every pains, and having all our wits about us, to avoid the carriages, already very numerous. We remark the policemen, with their black headpiece and their severe aspect. They have generally good countenances, and they busy themselves in aiding the circulation. It cannot be possible for such dignified persons ever to make love to cooks or housemaids, for the vulgar motive of cold meat and puddings' ends. They might consent, perhaps, to marry ladies of fortune, if well-educated and highly connected. On our left is an iron gate and a large court-yard, in which boys in a singular costume are playing. They have yellow stockings, leather girdles, and naked heads. It is a school.

We inquire here and there the way to the Bank. What a crush of carriages, what a crowd, and yet what order! How the deuce do the coachmen manage to drive so cleverly? *Enfin*, I recognise in a little

place a monument which I have seen in an engraving. It is the Royal Exchange. The Bank is close to it, as well as the Bourse (?) and the Lord Mayor's lodgings. There is an equestrian statue which produces on me the effect of being Wellington's. It is here that I ought to find omnibuses to take me to Hackney. My friends say I must have been possessed by the evil one, to go to Hackney and back, with all London to see in the space of four hours. Never mind that. I had taken precise instructions; but these infernal omnibuses bear a heap of speckled and streaked inscriptions. So, disdaining to be continually asking for information, we get into one of those singular vehicles in which the driver's seat is placed behind.

I give him the address, Hackney, King Edward's Road, King Edward's Villa, No. 1000; and away we roll, admiring our coachman's *sang froid* and dexterity as well as the horse's docility and spirit. We enter into less animated quarters. An enormous signboard informs me that I am before the celebrated brewery, Barklay and Parkins, where the Maréchal Haynau, the hungarian woman-whipper was so well treated by the brewer workmen. We pass, on the canal of the regent, close to a lock, and we catch a glimpse of the Parc of Victoria. Every instant we cross the path of omnibuses covered with people. At last, after several fruitless attempts in Hackney, our cab deposits us in front of the house of missis B., where we admire a very coquettish interior. They cannot recover from their surprise at beholding us there, having so little time to spare. For my own part, I was very happy to have given them this mark of sympathy, and to find myself a moment in London in the midst of this excellent family.

To think that at four o'clock this morning we were still at Petitbourg, and here we are, at one, at miss B.'s, at the end of London! We cut short our visit and return to the corner of Hackney, to take a carriage which shall convey us back to the Banquet. Daniel does nothing but

tell me that he is hungry and thirsty. He buys some fruit, and we perch on the imperial of an omnibus which bears on its front the inscription Bank circus.

And we roll on, gazing with all our eyes, and especially aghast at the formidable movement of the vehicles of the Cité. We coast along the street Cheapside. But how can I describe this precipitous course, having no acquaintance with the localities which we traverse, and our emotions succeeding each other so rapidly! I can only trace the grand features of our itinerary, confessing that, although I saw a great deal in London, I had not really the time to look at it.

A lucky chance causes us to pass close to the cathedral of St. Paul. We almost make the tour of it, and admire its superb proportions. It is vexing that so handsome a monument should not stand in a Place more worthy of it and better isolated. Who is that haughty queen in front of the peristyle? In this country also there exist very ugly souvenirs of religious quarrels. But we glide along, and this is hardly the time to philosophise. We are at Ludgate Hill; then it is Fleet street. We have passed under a sort of triumphal arch which is probably one of the gates of the cité. This monument is ornamented with some remarkable statues in white marble, and that is all I know about it.

We are in the Strand, and through an opening in the street we perceive a bridge which, according to my calculations, ought to be the bridge of Waterloo. There is no end to this Strand. Here, at last, is an enormous building—the station of Charing cross. I recognise it, in consequence of the study I have made of the map of London these last few days. We are now in Trafalgar square. I hastily explain to Daniel what Nelson is, a naval battle, &c. It is pretty; it is good-looking. There is considerable gracefulness in this square;* but,

* Successive English critics, like sheep, each repeating his brother's 'Ba-a!' have made it quite a matter of course to cry down Trafalgar Square. Such of our

mon Dieu! what a difference between this Place and the Place de la Concorde at Paris. And our omnibus rolls incessantly. Here is Pall Mall. Here is the hay market, of which we catch sight of the theatre. We continue our route until the omnibus describes a hooked curve at the latitude of Oxford street. We get down at the spot named the Circus. I propose to Daniel to walk a little at *haphazard*.

The foot-pavements are handsome and spacious, and the centre of the street is made of macadam, on which the carriages roll with little noise. It seemed just now, in the cité, that the large handsome streets I traversed were laid with long and narrow paving-stones, compactly fitting one into the other, favourable to the horses' feet and to the movement of the carriages. Tumbrils are continually watering these streets, which in some places, as Fleet Street, are muddy; in some, macadam paving appeared to be the exception. It is the same in Paris, where they are returning to the old system.

We redescend Regent Street, which is much more calm and peaceable than our streets of the cité a little while ago. The crowding is considerably less, and the shops remind us of the handsome Boulevards and the Rue Vivienne at Paris. A man at a crossing sticks into my hand a card indicating an anatomical museum (for gentlemen only). But, my good fellow, I have seen of anatomies enough and to spare. Behold, in a magnificent shop, three large turtle, which set Daniel a marvelling. We return down the Quadrant, a broad curved street, with uniform and very lofty houses—handsome, but monotonous.

Still descending Regent Street, we find ourselves at the level of Pall Mall, in the Place de Waterloo, in the neighbourhood of the most considerable clubs in London. That column surmounted with a nude-

readers as presume to like it here find themselves backed by at least one unprejudiced supporter.

headed statue, is the Duke of York's. As to the statue of Nelson, caught sight of in Trafalgar Square, it offers a singular aspect in profile, in consequence of the two horns of the hat. The thick cable which lies coiled behind the unhappy hero of Naples, offends the eye by its strong resemblance to a heap of Bologna sausages.

How are we to disentangle ourselves out of this labyrinth of palaces and monuments? What do you say to it, Daniel? Are you not already tired of London? Would you prefer to return immediately to the Cristal Palace? 'I am hungry, and I begin to be tired,' is the only answer I can get from him. It is three o'clock; the weather is magnificent; for a moment I even behold the sun, and hasten to record the fact. Bah! Let us stroll a little further; we are not in London every day.

We therefore bravely return to cast a last look at Trafalgar Square, without having time to examine and analyze the statues which adorn it. On one side there is a church, which should be St. Martin, and at the back the national gallery, with its museum of pictures. But I care nothing about it; the only picture which would interest me here being at Windsor. It was painted by Holbein, and represents the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I., on the field of the cloth of gold, between Guines and Ardres, in 1520. This picture is of an extreme exactitude, and contains a multitude of precious details for the topography of the neighbourhood and the determination of the spot of the celebrated interview. It was engraved in 1770, at the expense of the London Society of Antiquaries. I possess a considerably reduced copy, which I value as the apple of my eye.*

* The adventurous discoverer has here mounted his hobby; and there is no knowing how far he will carry us, if we let him. He is, between us, a topographomaniac of the most untiring, learned, and ferreting type. He has collected a mass of literature, which has cost long years of labour, and for which no publisher would offer a sou. Old bones, demolished walls, dusty manu-

Perhaps this famous picture isn't at Windsor. Never mind; Windsor ought to be very curious to visit, and it would be one of my desires if ever I returned to England. Perhaps it is at another spot very dear to my memory, namely, hampton Court. Wolsey is so prominent in the history of Guines during the sixteenth century, that I should like to see the splendid and historical habitation of hampton Court. I have heard talk of its magnificent trees, and of a vine several centuries old. One is allowed to be a little home-topographical wherever one happens to find one's self; and I am always and everywhere interested by whatever touches, in whatever way, if not exactly the history of France, at least the history of Guines and its environs. That is how recollections of Wolsey crossed my mind several times while I was rambling about the streets of London.

[The hobby cocks his tail, pricks his ears, and sets off at a canter. We hold on, as well as we can, and try not to lose our seat behind.]

At least I should have been very glad, had I only the leisure, to go and take a look at one of the quarters of London which is connected with the history of Guines. I have read somewhere that, after the retaking of Guines and Hames from the English, Queen Mary gave to her fugitive subjects a plot of ground in the Faubourg of St. Catherine, London, to fix their residence thereupon. This quarter took the name of 'Hames and Guines gains,' which in course of time was altered into the strange corruption of 'Hangsman Gangs.' This spot is now the site of St. Catherine's Docks. Meanwhile we had continued our march, passing Whitehall, where I should have lost my time in hunting out the window where Charles I. was decapitated. This quarter owes its

scripts, non-existing fortifications, plans of towns destroyed by social earthquakes, and afterwards rebuilt on an utterly different basis, are his especial delight. Let the unfortunate, who has no hobby, cast the first stone at our friend.

name to a cross erected by Edward I. to the memory of his queen Eleanor. Charing Cross simply means *Chemin de la Croix*, the path of the Cross. And then we rush into St. James's Park, sighting the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, and gratifying Daniel with a glance of the royal residence, Buckingham Palace.

Ah, but! We are tired and hungry. This diabolical garden is much too big. Decidedly we must renounce London and take ourselves off; mustn't we, Daniel?—'I am an-hungered!'

We leave the park; a coachman perceives us. I signal him, and with a careless air give him 'Blackfriars Station' in my very best English. Yes!—*Roule donc!*—All right. We really begin to have had enough of it; and yet I am anxious, in the first place, to see a little of Sydenham Palace; to arrive not too late at Penge for the final departure; and above all, adds Daniel, to dine.—'I am dying of hunger!'

As we trundle along, we perceive *l'abbaye de Westminster*—another thing to see in detail in the interior. That enormous building, bizarre in form and immense in extent, stretching out its length beside the Thames, is the Parliament. We pass over the bridge of Westminster, and the river here offers nothing very remarkable. We plunge into the streets of the right bank* of the Thames; and our cabman soon descends us at the station of Blackfriars. There we encounter some terrible natives of Petitbourg; who are informed, as I am, that the train for Penge will not start for another half-hour, namely, at 3:53. We have, therefore, not been quite four hours in London!

Daniel recommencing his lamentations, we recross the river by the provisional bridge, and are again wandering through the streets, meeting at every step excursionists of our acquaintance, and vainly seeking a shop which sells something to eat. We can find nothing but

apples. Daniel makes believe to be satisfied with them. We regain the station of Ludgate-hill, which is nothing else than that of Blackfriars, left bank. And the train trembles, making a formidable succession of noises on the iron bridge. We recognize the spots which we traversed a long, long while ago. How long? Eh! It must have been at least four hours; and we have seen such multitudes of things in the interval. Near Elephant Castle the fog is suddenly dissipated, and we again behold the bright sun and the blue sky we left behind us. There is the Palais de Cristal, and we are arrived at Penge.

But here commence the greatest *ennuis* of our excursion. With our mind occupied, above all things, by the fear of missing the hour of starting homewards, we lay out our time very badly. Thinking to make shorter work of it, we get into a cab, to reach the Cristal Palace sooner. The dog of a coachman sets us down at a door, and slips away as soon as he has taken our money. The distance is considerable from Penge to the Palais, and always uphill. This entrance was not the one we ought to take, and we were obliged to go a long way round. The streets here are formed by charming houses, very *coquettes*, almost all preceded by a long flight of steps with a gentle slope, and dazzling from their cleanliness. Moreover, the neighbourhood has the air of being brand new, and is only built over in places. It is a town in the course of creation. Meanwhile, time flies, and I am beginning to be terribly fidgetty.

There are a score of different things to be done at once. And then, and besides, we must have some dinner, according to Daniel's notions. Also, I should be too much annoyed if we cannot penetrate, though only for a moment, into the palace. One can easily dine, too, there, they say. March, then! It is grandiose. The gardens, at the first glance, are superb. There are thick carpets of flowers of striking colours, hornbeam hedges still rather juvenile, jets-d'eau, and splendid

* Turn your back to the current, or the source, of a river, face the sea, or the mouth of the river, and you have the right and the left banks of French geographers.

staircases enlivened by statues. My own private taste would be rather for an immense park with tall trees and sombre alleys, through which you would discover here and there patches of verdant grass and pieces of smiling water. But, on reflection, I can understand that the ordainers of all these marvels were obliged to select a mode of garden which can be taken in at a single glance, and the view of which may be enjoyed from every point of the terrace.

As to the palace itself, an immense and imposing cage of glass, it is the grandest thing I have seen in this world. I have read the description of what it contains, but we are perfectly aware that we have not the slightest leisure to see a single object. The sounds of music reach our ears. *Le Duc de Galles* and his wife, they say, have come to do honour to the French excursionists. *Mais, Pour Dieu!* where do people eat? and what do they eat? After more or less disagreeable peripeties and quiproquos of the stupidest, we manage to obtain a pot of beer, cold beef, and cheese. All very dear and little recreative. Although the name of Barklay and Parkins blazes everywhere here, I find the beer detestable. The bread is not good and the beef has no taste. I sadly call to mind the *vin ordinaire de Montpellier* which we drank with such relish this morning, and which would be so acceptable now, in this our hour of distress.* If we could only, like the members of the *société de tempérance*, fall back upon water! But where to get it? Moreover, black Care is treading on our heels, urging us not to reach the station too late. By way of helping us, my watch falls

* So it is; one man's meat is another man's poison. English bakers' bread and London stout do not please everybody's palate. Our hero should hear Englishmen's opinion of '*vin ordinaire*,' cabbage-soup, meagre ditto with sorrel, unsalted boiled beef, and the salad bowl appearing with a frequency as if men were oxen. There are countries where mutton, pork, beef, pigeons, eels, and other good things are respectively eschewed as unclean or unholy.

into a fit of stoppages. Hard by, however, is a clock which reassures us just a little. We take a little turn in this phenomenal palace, and stumble upon inscriptions which inform us where to dine very well, and at fixed prices. It is too late now; the cup is swallowed. After a last look at the garden, and at the crowd, which fills without encumbering it, we reach the entrance adorned with a dozen tourniquets. We descend the hill confusedly, down streets streaming with weary excursionists, making, like us, for the station, which we reach more than half an hour too soon. There is shouting, and screaming, and pushing each other on the rails within the station, through which fast trains are passing and repassing. The employés have to take infinite pains to prevent accidents. At the arrival of every train our French folks rush to the waggons, in spite of the employés hollering '*Not Calais! not Calais!*' There is superlative confusion, hubbub, and row. The heat is excessive, and thirst becomes proportionally severe. The deuce take the beer! At last we are cooped in a long file of waggons; the train shakes itself and sets itself agoing, which thus supplies us with a little cool air.

We chat about what we have seen, and everybody pretends to have seen more than anybody else. Methinks, in this respect we have not been laggards. It is scarcely possible to run about London more extensively than we have done. In fact, those who tell us that they have visited in detail the Tower of London; those who have quietly dined in London, and nothing more; those who have seen the whole interior of Parliament House; those who state that they have carefully examined the inside of every public building—they have not had the time to wander about and stare as we have.

The excursionists who have not quitted the Cristal Palace are those whom now I envy the most. They tell me that the garden is of very different magnitude to what I was able to see of it, and that there are lakes and a veritable park. Some

also, alas! give an affecting description of the capital repeat they had for *DEUX SHILLINGS*. Collumeau proclaims delicious the coffee he drank for eight sous the *demi tasse*. We are gay, nay, slightly uproarious. Night begins to close in upon us, and my impression is that the prevailing sentiment amongst my comrades is thirst. Now is the time to regard with an eye of envy the provident folk who draw provisions out of their pockets, and swallow wine by tumblers-full. O, for a glass of wine! My doctoriat for a glass of wine—for a glass of anything, never mind what.

It is curious to study by starlight the country which we traversed in the blaze of day. Chatham and Rochester, with their nocturnal illuminations, produce a very pretty effect. But the interior of the waggon concentrates our attention. Many of the travellers fall asleep, others sing or talk at the top of their voice, while little intrigues are going on very amusing to the cool observer. But what thirsty weather! At times the train stops, and we intreat the employés in charge of it to let us get out, or allow some refreshment to be brought to us. Vain prayers! Ineffectual cries! Our thirsty excursionists are lashed to madness, particularly when they discover that the doors of the waggon are fastened with lock and key.

I still had hopes of procuring something when we came to Faversham. I was in torments, and I would not seek relief in smoking, on account of the fair sex who adorned our compartment. Once more the train stops in an almost desert spot. I address an individual phlegmatically planted beside the railway. I appeal to him in the most affectionate terms, and then I pitch at him the frightfullest names contained in my catalogue. Nothing to be had from him—nothing to drink. In my rage I shake the door of the carriage exactly as a wild-beast shakes the bars of his cage. O surprise! The door opens! I dart out on to the platform, to breathe just a little fresh air, and I seize by the throat a bale of goods which I had taken for a too imper-

turbable personage. There are no drinkables here to be obtained. Desert island! Sterile rock! Inhospitable shore! Howling wilderness! All alone, I stalk up and down the whole length of the train, while the other passengers envy my luck. I set to shouting, 'Who is thirsty? Who? Where?' A hundred voices instantly respond, 'I! I! I! This way! Here!' 'Ah! you are thirsty, are you? Very well; and so am I.' And then I remount inside my waggon, carefully holding the door ajar, to be a little less hot and a little less thirsty.

At last we reach Faversham, and the train comes to a standstill. I rush to the station, and after satisfying my need with a grand glass of good beer and a sandwich, I purchase pears and peaches, which I distribute to Daniel and the other occupants of my waggon. Our train is so long that it is really a considerable distance from our waggon to the station, or rather to the *buffet*. The employés show but little inclination to allow the passengers to get out. Very few, however, of the latter dare to venture, fearing to be left behind. For my own part, I laugh at their apprehensions, and wherever I go make plenty of bustle, assured that they will not start without me. At the last moment, a lad offers me long branches of hops. I take one festoon, which I twine round my hat, to carry it safely to Petitbourg.

It is black night, but the firmament is perfectly starry. Our travellers, after devouring my pears, resume their wonted cheerfulness. Daniel falls asleep on Madame D.'s shoulder. Happy lad! for a transient interval. The train stops in the midst of a town. We are at Dover; not the port, as this morning, but at the ordinary station. And here we are, a noisy crowd, re-descending the streets of Dover, and following those who appear to know the way. Our procession defiles; we recognise the port. The coffee-house keepers make signs to us, shouting invitations to walk in and drink. But our steamers are moored against the jetty; the embarkation commences and concludes;

the paddles beat the water with rapid strokes, and we soon are gliding over a tranquil sea, and under a gloriously bespangled sky. The aspect of Dover, seen from the roads, by night, is very cheerful. I take a farewell look at the cliffs, the castle, and the barracks; and then my thoughts wander to Blanchard, the first aeronaut who crossed the Channel. [Here the topographical pony ambles away, apropos to the forest of Guines, where Blanchard's balloon fell on a spot now marked by a column of stone, on which schoolboys, and others, delight to inscribe innumerable *nomina stultorum*. We have room, now, only to mention, first, that Blanchard pretended to have *directed* his balloon to the coast of France, and was glad to get people to believe it; secondly, that he allowed his English companion, Dr. Jeffries, to join him, only on the solemn condition of throwing himself out of the car, into the sea or elsewhere, after their balloon was exhausted, in case of need.]

While indulging in these reflections, I hear the authoritative order stop! We are safe at last in Calais harbour. Everybody jumps upon the jetty. A crowd of curious individuals is there, awaiting the return

of the excursion. It is nearly two in the morning, so let us try and find our way to the omnibus which is to carry us back to Petitbourg. Daniel, moreover, has fully made up his mind to take something at the inn before starting. And I? While our companions are gorging themselves with *café noir* and *gloria*, that excellent Madame Mierlot serves us, videlicet Daniel and me, with two enormous bowls of capital broth, a bottle of good wine, and a pyramid of thin bread and butter. Not an atom nor a drop of it is left. Never did I make a better meal nor one more restorative and reconsoing. How different to the horrible cheese and mustard of Sydenham! We are soon at Petitbourg, in our beds, enchanted with our day's journey. I dreamt that I was as rich as some people I know, and that I had treated myself to the pleasure of taking to London a score of young Petitbourgeois, selected for their intelligence, good conduct, and industrious habits. What a delightful satisfaction I gave myself at the expense of a few poor hundreds of francs!

(Signed)

Intrepid Traveller, Dr. C**s*n**n.
Licensed Interpreter, E. S. D.



THE CROCHETTERS.

[Addressed to three sisters, one of whom had requested the author to 'lend her a hand' in 'winding off.']

A WAY with your netting and knotting,
 A sad victim I am to your art:
 In your meshes I'm caught, and you're plotting
 To wind yourselves all round my heart!

When the hank I held out at your bidding,
 (Who can choose but be proud of your chain?)
 As each wrist of its threads you were ridding,
 What a tangle you made of my brain!

At see-saw you played with my feelings,
 And so crimson the thread as it flew,
 That it seemed all its inner revealings
 Jerk by jerk from my bosom you drew!

Then you praised me in accents so winning,
 Not to love you my heart had been steeled;
 My ideas you set fairly a-spinning,
 'Twas my head, not my fingers, that reeled!

Like 'sweet bells out of tune harshly jangled'
 Are my thoughts, now and then, it is true;
 But the skein I don't mind getting tangled
 If it be but unravelled by you!

My heart is all reticulated,
 When the mischief was done I scarce know;
 Though its network, I fear, must be dated
 A good many summers ago!

Shakspeare says, a true friend when you've found one
 To your soul with 'steel hooks' you should hug;
 And with three such crochettors around one,
 Where's the heart could escape from the tug?

Would you try *my* heart's truth, I conjure ye,
 Don't 'poetical justice' begrudge;
 Be the MUSES and GRACES my jury
 And Lord Chief Baron CUPID my Judge.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

PATTY'S REVENGE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

THREE years had elapsed. Was it weal or woe they had brought to Patty? It might be weal; that was yet to be proved: but if it were weal, the good kernel had been covered by a hard and nauseous shell.

Patty was not at Cranbourne. She was standing in the morning-room of a pretty rectory in one of the midland counties. The room had an untidy, neglected appearance; there were traces of womanly occupation about; but everything was littered and undusted, as if for days no housemaid had entered there.

There were changes in Patty's appearance. Her countenance told that the three years which had passed over her head had not been uneventful years to her: they had left their indelible traces on her face. The budding beauty of eighteen had developed into a decidedly handsome woman. The wilful, playful defiance about her had grown into womanly determination; there was an indescribable look come over her face, which told that the character which her lover had been so anxious to form and mould as he thought fit, was forming, was moulding—for good or ill as it might be, whether or no he had been the moulder.

Her dress was quiet, but scrupulously neat. There was far more softness in those blue eyes, fixed so earnestly on her companion, and drawing in eagerly each word that he uttered, than she had ever shown in days of yore.

Her companion was the country surgeon; he had for weeks been a constant visitor at Grangeham Rectory; for Patty's father was an aged man, and the illness from which he would never recover had summoned him to be in readiness for the great call which must shortly follow. It is said that, in a family, marriages always run in triplets, and that mis-

fortunes never come singly; and so it had proved at Grangeham. That morning, whilst their anxiety had been at its height on Mr. Mitford's account, Mrs. Mitford, an English matron, in the full sense of the term, younger than her husband by many years, whose description might fairly be summed up by saying that she was fat, fair, and forty, had slipped, with a teacup in her hand, from the top of the stairs to the bottom; bump, bump, bump she descended, with a noise resounding through the house like so many claps of distant thunder, till she reached the foot of the stairs, and lay there insensible. When she was raised up and conveyed to bed, the doctor, who happened to be on the spot, pronounced that her shoulder was dislocated and her arm broken.

The doctor was a family friend, the safe receptacle of the family sorrows, and family secrets, of all the houses within a circuit of several miles. He had introduced Patty into the world, and had watched with fatherly interest the twenty-one years' progress she had made in her journey. In the days when Patty Mitford was the tomboy of the country; when her mother sighed over her utter disregard of female accomplishments; when the strict governesses fought shy of her society for their well-trained pupils; and later on, when Patty certainly did affect to be fast, indulged in slang, and chose her companions from the cricket-ground sooner than the ladies' drawing-room,—the old doctor shook his head at the blame she incurred, and said, 'Ah, well! there's stuff in her; wait and see.'

And assuredly, though the doctor was a good man and a safe man, could he have had under his hands, on a bed of sickness, those who had brought the cloud over Patty's face, and subdued her ways, they would have received no gentle treatment from him—they would have suf-

fered, even though they had not died.

'Will the resetting cause my mother great pain?' inquired Patty, anxiously, of the doctor.

'Well, my dear, no doubt it is very painful; short and severe; it will soon be over.'

'Mother can bear pain so badly!' said Patty.

'Broken bones must be set,' he replied.

'Do you run up to the Hall,' he said, coaxingly; 'your father wants some grapes: you have provided everything I need; I will have in the coachman and the gardener to hold your mother, and before you return it will be all done.'

Patty shook her head. 'Impossible,' she answered; 'I must be near my mother, not leave her alone to your tender mercies: I will hold her head.'

'You're a plucky little thing,' he said, with the familiarity of an old friend, 'but you have not nerve enough for that. At the moment she screams most, and is in the greatest pain, your hold must be most firm; you will be getting soft-hearted, and it will all have to be done over again.'

'I can trust myself,' said Patty, firmly; 'let us go to it at once.'

The coachman was at hand; the gardener could not be found.

'Very unfortunate!' grumbled the doctor; 'every moment is of consequence.'

'I am afraid he is gone to the market-town, and will not return for an hour,' remarked Patty.

'We are in no state for spiritual consolation here!' exclaimed the doctor, as the curate of Grangeham was announced; 'our temporal perplexities are too great, and must be attended to first.'

'From what I have just heard, Mrs. Mitford must be much hurt,' said the young clergyman, turning to Miss Mitford.

'Give us a practical illustration of the merits of muscular Christianity,' interrupted the doctor; 'Mrs. Mitford's shoulder must be put in, and the arm must be set at once; I must have another man to hold her; will you do it?'

'I have never seen a bone set,' he replied; 'can you get no one else?'

'You're strong enough,' said the doctor, 'if you have the nerve; but come along—you must; Miss Mitford will set you the example.'

'Certainly, if I can be of any use.'

They had a dreadful scene in the sick-room.

Mrs. Mitford was one of those soft, pliant natures who have no courage, no power of endurance in them; it was a marvel how she had ever passed through the common ailments of life; it was not from her that Patty Mitford had inherited her nature. At the sight of the coachman and the doctor, violent fear took possession of her. Patty's reassuring voice had no influence upon her; and it was only by brute force that the 'painful operation could be performed.

Patty did her part bravely; but, as scream upon scream issued from her mother, and her whole strength was employed to keep her mother's head quiet, every particle of colour fled from her face, and the blood trickled down from the lip, which she had bitten in the effort she made to control herself.

The double setting was over. 'The invalid lay exhausted by her own screams. The doctor wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and muttered to himself—

'It would have been an easier job to have set the bones of half a dozen men!'

The clergyman followed Patty down stairs, and poured out a glass of cold water for her. She looked very white, as he said—

'You have a great deal of nerve: few daughters could have endured to assist at such suffering as you have witnessed to-day.'

'I could not have done it for any one except my mother,' answered Patty.

A few more words passed; for this was Patty and the clergyman's first meeting. He was the new curate just arrived to take the sole charge. The doctor came down stairs; and clergyman and doctor left the house together.

'Miss Mitford is very brave for so young a girl,' remarked the clergyman. 'I was watching her countenance in the sick-room.'

'She is a stunning girl!' replied the doctor, in a tone which challenged no denial.

Patty leant against the table; the autumn sun was pouring its evening rays into the room.

'It is the 17th of August,' she thought to herself, wearily. 'I would like just one half-hour to myself for thought.'

'Please, ma'am, master's bell has rung three times; but as you were with the missus, I did not like to tell you before.'

'I will come this minute,' answered Patty; and she hastened to another sick-room—the sick-room of her father, which was her habitual abode.

'How long you have been away!' said her father, complainingly.

'Yes, dear papa; I had to be with mother; she is hurt by a fall. Have you wanted me?'

'It is hot, and I am so weary,' said the invalid, fretfully, throwing his hands about.

Patty offered him some cooling beverage to drink, straightened the sheets, smoothed his tumbled pillows, and then kissing his forehead, she said—

'Now, what shall I read?'

'God bless you, darling!' he murmured. The fact was, he could not bear her out of his sight, and he had required nothing but her presence. 'Don't read,' he said; 'repeat something to me.'

'I only know one kind of poetry,' she answered; but she sat down, held his hand in hers, and began repeating, in a low voice, one simple Scotch song after another; she varied them with scraps from Tennyson's 'Idylls.' The old man was soothed at once: after she had been repeating for a few minutes, he cried—

'My dear child, I think a psalm or hymn would be more suited to me, lying on a death-bed, than those bits that you like to say; but I don't know how it is, your voice is sweeter when you say what you like yourself than when you say what I choose.'

'You see,' said Patty, merrily, 'I neglected my education in all good things, so I don't know the things that you like; but it does not signify; I know you listen to the sound of the voice, not to the sense of the words.'

She went on again, for she wanted him to fall asleep, which he soon did; then Patty rose quietly, and left the room.

'Call me if my father should wake,' she said to the maid outside the door; 'I am going into the garden for a short time.'

'Please, ma'am, Mary Jackson has been here; she wanted to see the missus; but I told her she could not; so she left a bottle, and wanted to beg for some port wine; missus had promised it to her,' she said. 'She wanted to know, as missus could not, if you would walk up there this evening, after eight o'clock.'

'To think of any one, hating work as I do,' said Patty to herself, 'having so much forced upon them! Leave me the bottle, Mary; I will fill it, and take it to the Jacksons myself.'

And then she tied on her hat, and stepped out into the garden. She stooped down at the geranium bed, and picked a sprig of the scarlet flower and fastened it into her band, whilst she muttered angrily, 'How can I be such a fool? But it is the 17th of August, and I don't feel like myself to-day!'

She went to a shady seat at the end of the garden, where she could hear and yet not be seen, and drew from her pocket a letter, which was crumpled, crushed, and bore signs of having been often read. She read it again and again, and all she said was, 'How could he? how could he? he did love me once!—I know he did!'

And what was it that had made this great change in Patty's life? Her love was not dead. She did not sorrow with the calm and softening sorrow that those feel who have been divided by death from those they love. He had not been false to her, won her love when he already loved another? No; he had only been the weak puppet of untoward circumstances. And all

those men and women who can lay their hands upon their hearts, and can say that they chose love, the true union of heart to heart, soul to soul—that one undivided love which is typified by the love of the Church to her Head—without being influenced unduly by connections, money, and position, may step forward and throw the stones at Henry St. George which Patty at one time felt that she could have thrown at him in her anger and scorn.

But she was in far softer mood that night. When Patty had returned to her own home, after parting from Mr. St. George at Cranbourne, for some time all had been bright and smiling. Her parents were pleased at her engagement; she enjoyed the congratulations and importance of a *fiancée*. But the pleasure beyond all other pleasures was the daily letter, in which Henry lamented his separation, spoke of their future together, and filled sheets with sweet nothings, which were delightful to her, but would not bear the criticisms of a third person. Her letters came daily, and she only replied to them when she felt inclined. After some delay, St. George's father wrote from Carlsbad: 'It did not interest him to hear about his son's foolish love affairs; he might fall in love, and out again, as often as he chose. As to an engagement, the idea, at his age, was absurd; and a marriage, with his prospects, would be ridiculous. He did not care to hear anything more about it at present, as he had gone to Carlsbad for peace, and not to be pursued by home worries; in that case he might as well have remained at home. He trusted that his son would have forgotten this foolish affair ere he returned home, but if he had not, it would be time enough to talk of it then.'

St. George did not mention this letter to Patty. He spent his Sundays constantly at Grangeham, and they enjoyed their fools' paradise. Patty felt that if she had engaged herself to him, without really knowing much of him, she was now giving her heart to him daily more and more.

When he departed by the Sunday evening train, and she opened the locket he had given her with his likeness in it, to have another look at the image, the original having left her, 'she gave it a sort of internal hug, and said, 'He is such a jolly brick! he is first-rate!' She could not bring herself to the young ladyism of saying, 'He is so nice, or he is such a darling,' though she knew that he would have preferred it.

Mr. St. George and family had arrived in London from Carlsbad, so announced the 'Morning Post.' Henry read the announcement, and hastened to Clarges Street with radiant face, although his heart beat more rapidly than was usual.

He did not anticipate the thunderstorm which broke over his head. His father would not hear of an engagement. What would he marry upon? Were his ways and habits those of a man who could maintain a wife on 500*l.* a year? he asked, sneeringly. Henry owned they were not, but Patty and he were content to wait until his father could allow them more. Henry argued, pleaded, and insisted that nothing on earth should separate him from her whom he had sworn to love.

Finally, his father appeared to relent. Whilst saying that Henry was too young to engage himself, he agreed that if his son would give him his word never to meet the young lady, nor to write to her for two years, he would that day two years give the matter his best consideration, and see what he could do for them, should they still be of the same mind. Henry could make no better terms; he was compelled to subscribe to those his father dictated; and it was with a heavy heart that he went down to Grangeham to spend his last Sunday with Patty.

At first Patty was indignant; she did not wish to enter a family who were prepared to receive her so ungraciously. She was a lady by birth; there had been Mitfords generations before there had ever been St. Georges. She released Henry from his engagement to her; he was free, welcome to leave her that

moment; but he reasoned with her; and when her anger cooled, she saw that, after all, Henry and she would be the sufferers if they did part, and she would be doing the very thing Henry's father was desirous they should do. No; two years could not last for ever. They paced up and down the shady walks of the rectory garden, saying last words, giving confident promises and pledges to each other. Patty vowed her thoughts would always be in London; he vowed his thoughts would always be in Grangeham; he never could be unconscious of her. Though he was in the midst of a crowd, in the whirl of London life, his heart would hold communion with her. If he looked into an opera-box, or gazed into the carriages in the park, it would only be to see if there were any one else in the world who had the same deep blue eyes which his Patty possessed.

They parted, and Patty shed more tears than she had shed the first time that he left. But there was so much hope to gild her future, and her faith in him and in his constancy was so strong, that her eyes soon lost their dimness.

Their social worlds were different; they heard nothing of each other. Sometimes Rose Melville would write to Patty, and say where she had seen him; but they were scrupulously honourable, and held no intercourse with each other. He was in the full whirl of a London season; his unoccupied hours were spent in the luxuriousness of his club, those enemies of domestic life, but his heart was with Patty, and thoughts of her were the key-note to his daily life.

Thus two years elapsed. Patty was impatient, and struggled, as a bird against the bars of its cage, against the stagnation of her life; but she had hope and unbounded faith to cheer her through her two years' solitude, and the increasing illness of her father was a constant occupation to her time. She read, in the lady's sheet of the 'Times,' the announcement of the death of the aged cousin whom Henry had spoken of as clinging too fondly to the things of this world, and she

knew that poverty would no longer be the bar to keep them asunder. Her heart bounded to think how nearly the two years of trial were at an end.

His name was constantly among the distinguished guests of some great ball or party of the season. There were kind friends in her neighbourhood who would remark, in a casual way, 'What a delightful family were the St. Georges! How universally Henry St. George was admired! Lady So-and-so would gladly welcome him as her son-in-law. It was a likely thing; he was always to be found near Lady Victoria, such a sweetly pretty girl she was; and then, too, she had such a nice little fortune!'

Every pulse in Patty's frame would beat to double-quick time when she heard such remarks; but though the darts might strike, they did not pierce deep. She had his own words. What could there be more true than the words of such a one as he? The two years had passed; Patty read to her father, walked with him, and joked with him, for, though infirm, the death stroke had not yet befallen him; but her ears were quickened; she was restless; for each time the rectory gate clicked, or the door bell rang, she expected that it was her love who was come to claim her for his own, to tell her that love and constancy had triumphed over every difficulty. Such would have been poetical justice; but in real life it fell otherwise, for Patty watched, and listened, and hoped, and scorned the thought of doubt, but her lover never came.

He, meanwhile, was in London, sorely perplexed, and troubled in mind: he had been much in Lady Victoria's society; circumstances seemed to throw them together; but he thought and dreamt of Patty. He was hearing constantly of Lady Victoria's charms, her connections, her money; and he found himself always comparing her and her surroundings with the rectory, and its inhabitants at Grangeham. As the two years' probation drew to a close, he often found himself wishing that Patty had some money. Unless his

father really did something handsome for them, how could they live in London, as he had been accustomed to live? He wondered how she had occupied herself these two years: had she tried to improve herself? Of course she was a thorough lady; still he wondered whether she would take a proper place amongst all his people. Society was made up of so many small conventionalities, it required a lifetime to learn them. No doubt he had done a hasty thing, still he meant to go through with it. He loved her far too dearly, and so on.

The two years had elapsed. Days passed: he could not make an opportunity to speak to his father: they were all together at their country house. Lady Victoria was staying there also, as his sister's friend. He had been riding with her in the morning; she had rallied him on his silence and gloom all the day. He had been thinking on what he owed to Patty; that night he must speak to his father. The conversation with his father was at an end; there had been no angry words. His father had begun by saying that he could give him only a very small allowance; that, though apparently so much wealthier, his affairs were involved; and if, under those circumstances, he would take the burden of a wife, the folly must be upon his own head. Then his father reasoned with him, pointed out to him the haste and the folly of what he had done, drew a picture of what his sacrifices must be if he persisted in marrying this girl. Placed side by side—pleasant chambers in London; friends to drop in and smoke with him at times; the ease, the luxury, the good dinners of a club; the *entrée* to the pleasantest houses in London; a stall at the Opera; the enjoyment of having his own horse to ride, all these were necessities of life to him; marriage with this love of his, would debar him from most of them: and Mr. St. George drew a picture of a small house, beyond the hallowed precincts of Belgravia; an untidy maidservant to answer the bell; cold joints for his dinner at least twice in the week, and constant

discussion how the servants' beer is to be reduced, or money found for the baker, who said he would call this morning. 'Believe me,' said the old man, winding up his graphic picture, 'the loveliest Phillis would soon lose her charms under such circumstances; domestic felicity is all very well, but I have seen no domestic felicity that could counter-balance pressing duns, increasing expenses, and diminishing resources. Please yourself,' he added, shrugging his shoulders as he rose from his wine, and adjourned to the drawing-room.

He had cut off the supplies, and his last words were a mockery. His graphic picture had told on a mind prepared to receive it.

Henry St. George allowed Lady Victoria to talk to him all the evening, and when he went to his room, he wrote a letter—the letter which Patty held in her hand, crumpled and half torn. He thought he was very miserable, but he was not; absence had cooled his love; and the difficulties seemed insurmountable.

He did not do it without a pang, nor without a thought of the pain he was causing those deep blue eyes he had praised so often. 'As all is at an end between us, there must be no warm expressions in this letter,' he said, and he repressed those that rose to his mind.

It was a very cold letter that Patty received, stating the bare fact that he released her from her engagement. Two years had now elapsed; he had besought his father to consent to their union; but his decided refusal left him no hope of ever being able to claim her as his own. He trusted that she would soon forget him, and find happiness in some one more worthy of her than he was, &c. &c.

Patty would not at first believe that letter came from him, it was so much more cruel than anything she had expected. Then she compared it with others he had written to her, only two years ago. 'My love, my life, yours till death, yours for a long eternity,' and so many other words they contained, written by the same hand which had begun, 'My dear Patty,' as he might have

begun to any stranger! 'He had ceased to love her! ceased to think of her! he was glad of his father's opposition!' The bitterness of those thoughts to Patty! In the first hours she felt as though her heart must break, from a blow so stunning, so fatal, to all the hope and faith in her nature.

She went with her new grief into the garden, there to do battle with it alone. Very bitter, and very angry, were the tears which forced themselves from her eyes, as she recalled all that had passed between them. 'He releases me from our engagement,' she thought bitterly; 'he need not have feared; one letter from him would have shown me that he had changed, and I should have hastened to loosen his unwilling fetters!'

And yet again she could not believe the evidence of her own eyes. In the few hours she spent in the garden, she felt as though she lived through years of feeling. She gave the letter to her mother, but her pity, and the condolences she offered, were insupportable to her.

'Mamma, I can't stand being pitied; I can't bear to hear it all talked about; he has changed his mind, that's all. Please don't say anything about it to me, and as little to other people as you can.'

Her mother obeyed her wishes, but made up her mind that Patty was devoid of feeling. Had she seen Patty alone in her room, fighting unaided with the sorrow she could not help feeling, she would have thought differently. Anger at him for his weakness, and his false promises, anger at herself for trusting him, and for sorrowing for him, now that he had proved himself unworthy, were her chief feelings; for he *had* proved himself unworthy, he had bartered his love for his ease!

She had in those hours of bitter solitude her lesson to learn. She had never known a will stronger than her own; and now the iron will of circumstances was teaching their unwilling pupil the lesson, that none are free to hold their lot in their own hands, and that submission is required of all.

One moment she hoped she might never meet him, see him again; another time she longed to see him, — in a crowd, at a ball, to go up to him, to look at him fearlessly, and ask him how he had dared act towards her as he had done. Then, again, she was only a young girl, and her heart was very sore, though she meant to be so proud, and she found relief in floods of tears, and sobs, with her head buried in her pillows. For it was only in her bedroom, with locked doors, that she held these struggles with herself. Help came to Patty in her first great trouble, for the Power that had undertaken to train her nature was merciful in his discipline; she did not recognize it as help, but it softened her, and took her out of herself.

Her invalid father had a stroke, and became bedridden. He loved her as the darling of his old age, and could scarcely bear her from his sight, and Patty was a nurse by nature. The old man watched her movements about the room, though he had no words at command to express his praise; the music of her voice soothed him, though he could not gather the sense of her words; she watched each little symptom, she fed him herself, she could make his pillows comfortable, move him, heavy man though he was, more to his liking than any one else could. A thousand little tender offices she performed for him; she loved to do them; and he, with the caprice of an invalid, scarce suffered any one else to be near him by day than her.

Hour after hour she sat by his bedside stroking his head gently, her thoughts partly with him, partly imagining to herself, the Park with its gay equipages, as Henry St. George had described them to her, and he seated in one of them, whispering the same soft words to the Lady Victoria she had heard about, that two years ago he had whispered in Cranbourne caves to her.

It was almost a happy day to her, the day she saw her father in his bath chair, suffering himself to be wheeled about the garden, and en-

joying the sunshine, which would so soon shine on him no more. The doctor found them together.

'Proud of your handiwork no doubt?' he inquired of Patty.

'My handiwork! rather yours.'

'No, no!' he replied, 'he's past my doctoring; loving thoughts, tender cares keep the faint spark of life a while longer. I have been in many homes, and when I have seen the senseless, selfish, helpless wives wearing the life out of a patient husband, I have said, "Heaven be thanked I never laid such a burden as that on my back!" Still, I ask but one thing of Providence, that I may die in harness; have no long sickness: it is the loneliest of all the world's loneliness, an old man on a bed of sickness without any one to tend him!'

'That can never be your lot,' answered Patty; 'I will come to you; you are an old father to me, and I will nurse you.'

'You will have others: when the time comes, it will be, "prior claims."'

'No, indeed, I shall not,' said Patty earnestly.

He shook his head and laughed.

'You don't know,' said Patty; 'I shall be ready to nurse.'

'I know this much,' answered the doctor; 'the man who had "nouse" enough to love you, and hadn't pluck enough to stick by you, was a fool, and I wish him no greater enemy than himself.'

Patty's face flushed, but she gave no answer; she might blame him, she could not bear that others should do so.

'Ah! well,' said the old doctor, 'the wound is not skinned over yet, I see: don't you examine it too much; to be always thinking of your complaint is a bad sign.'

'The wound is not very bad, I can assure you,' said Patty, hotly; 'it is just this, we did like each other, but we'—she winced as she said 'we'—'we have changed our minds. I dare say he is already engaged to some one he prefers, and I—I shall marry as soon—as soon as I am ready—when I have time.'

'I thought you would always be in readiness to nurse me,' remarked the doctor drily; 'well, there is one

thing I see, he has not taken all the spirit out of you. You have been so quiet of late, I thought it was all gone, but you're a bit of a Tartar yet!'

Patty laughed, as the old man intended she should do. If there was one thing in the world that dry, hard-headed old Scotchman loved it was Patty Mitford. And thus in constant attendance upon her father, and with little intercourse with the outer world, a year passed, and the first bitterness of her trouble had worn off. Her pride, and the strange resolve she had made to drive him from her thoughts, had been a great help to her. But the evening of the day when her mother's broken arm had to be set, all seemed to come back to her in its full force; it had been a fatiguing day. Then, too, it was the third anniversary of the day upon which she had been engaged to him—that day on which so many bright promises had dawned all to end in disappointment!

She read over the first letter he had written to her after their separation, and the last cruel letter she had received from him, and many hot tears fell upon them. At last she laid her hot and tired head upon the turf where she was seated, and sighed to herself, like another Enone, 'O mother earth, take me, for I am very weary!' He had been in the habit of repeating Enone's lament to her, in so touching a voice!

The voice of that wearisome maid sounded from indoors, 'Miss Patty, Miss Patty, you're wanted!'

She rose quickly, already ashamed of her faintheartedness. Was this all the spirit, all the courage she could show?

'Please, miss, Jacksons have been up again for the wine; the father is taken worse, and please, miss, master's bell has rung. Missis is all right, the nurse is with her.'

'My life is no better than a treadmill; so come, you old horse, go round your wheel,' muttered Patty, as she started to search for the cellar key.

It was the last time that Patty ever shed tears over her lover's letters; her father had another stroke that night, and she forgot all besides, in her watching by the slow death-bed.

She left her mother to the care of the nurse, whilst she remained with her father. During a fortnight he lingered unconscious, the doctor and the young clergyman were daily visitors, but Patty heeded neither: it seemed as if all the love of her nature had centred on this death-bed, and she must struggle hard to cheat Death of its prey.

Who ever won in that struggle, however fair the flower to be rescued, however loved the life to be preserved?

And this time, Death had laid his seal on an old man, full of years and honour; for it was the life of a good man that was drawing to its close. His life had been a living sermon to his parish, and to his household; and the faith and the humility of their pastor would bear fruit when he was sleeping the sleep of the just.

Consciousness returned to him one morning at early dawn. Patty happened to be up and at his bedside; she slept in his room; he knew her, took her hand, looked round the room as if in search of his wife. 'Mamma is sleeping in the spare room,' said Patty, with a thrill of joy that he was conscious.

He drew her towards him, as if he wished her to kiss him, which she did several times. She raised herself at last, fearing that she was tiring him; but he drew her towards him, and in the words with which the patriarchs of old blessed their sons, he blessed her solemnly, in her coming in, in her going out for evermore. Almost before the sound of the words had died from his lips, his features became fixed, his eyes brightened as if it were a vision from the invisible world which greeted them, and the loved spirit was fled.

Patty was ill: 'It was no wonder,' said the doctor, 'over wrought,—strength too severely tried,—on her nerves,—nature will have her revenge,—change of air, and peace, will do her good.' The rectory had to be vacated. All the sad farewells had to be gone through; the new incumbent was this muscular parson, as the doctor insisted upon calling him; and the doctor and the parson vied with each other in delicate con-

siderations for the two ladies. The young clergyman was so afraid of distressing them, one would have supposed he wished them never to leave the rectory. He was with them daily, and constantly devising some little plan for Patty's benefit. Her illness only showed itself in being listless and weak, and in a constant desire to be left alone.

'So you leave us to-morrow,' grunted the old doctor, as he entered unannounced into the drawing-room of the rectory. It looked desolate and unfurnished. Patty had drawn a chair close to the fire, and was seated with her feet on the fender, gazing into the dying embers. She looked very desolate in her deep mourning, and she felt very alone in the world.

'You will be sure to like Hastings,' said the doctor, 'and let me hear that you are strong again, in a month.'

'I don't feel as if I should ever be strong again,' sighed Patty.

'My dear child,' said the old man, taking one of her hands, 'preaching is not my trade: if you'd listen, I suspect the young fellow would preach you a better sermon than I can. This illness of yours is just this: you had a trouble, and more people have troubles than there are that have none; you would not feel it; you'd crush it alone. You gave it no outlet, so it's made itself one. Your strength and your spirits will come back with sea air; you've had to bear three hardish things, for leaving Grangeham is surely one; but there are many happy days awaiting you yet.'

'I had my happiness first, now it is all trouble.'

'Not you; you've just had a taste of what's in store for you. Well, I must be off to my wife, that means my cat.' He came back as he was at the door, and said confidentially, 'I got over my love troubles early in life, but I burnt my fingers so badly I never dared touch the fire again. Don't you do that; go to the fire again, but look what you're about when you do. Good-bye, God bless you!' He reached out his hand, but Patty jumped from her seat, and kissed him affectionately.

THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BARINGS OF LONDON.

TWO hundred years ago a Peter Baring was living at Gröningen, in the Dutch province of Overysseel. His son or grandson, Francis, was a Lutheran minister at Bremen, until the accession of William of Orange to the English throne opened the way for him to greater influence as pastor of a Lutheran church in London. John Baring, his son, was founder of the commercial house, now famous in every quarter of the world. Using the experience that he seems to have acquired in the factories of the continent, he set up a cloth manufactory at Larkbeer, in Devonshire. Making money there, he came to increase it in London; at first, merely sending his cloths to the American colonies and thence procuring, in exchange, such articles as he could be sure of selling to advantage in England. By strict honesty and close business habits, we are told, he won the esteem of merchants much greater than himself. They helped him on in his business, and before his death he too was a merchant of wealth and eminence.

Of his four sons, Francis, the third, born in 1736, was the most notable. Carefully trained during childhood under his father's own supervision, he was, in due time, put to school with a Mr. Coleman, author of several mathematical treatises of some note in their day. Mr. Coleman's arithmetic was not wasted on young Francis Baring. From him, it is recorded, the lad 'acquired the talent for which he was most distinguished; for in calculations made on the spot, admitting of no previous study, he was certainly considered as unequalled.' It is not clear whether, on leaving school, he went at once into his father's office or first served a sort of apprenticeship in the great house of Boehm. While yet a young man he became a merchant on his own account. At first, from the time of his father's death, he, and

his eldest brother John, were in partnership, pushing the interest of the Larkbeer cloth factory, buying, wherever they could be bought most cheaply, the wool, dye-stuffs, and other raw material required for its operations, and finding a market for the cloths when they were made, besides engaging in various other sorts of mercantile enterprise. Before long, John Baring retired from trade and went to enjoy his wealth at Mount Radford, near Exeter. Francis Baring carried on the business on a vastly extended scale. Having married an heiress in 1766, he became an East India proprietor, a holder of bank stock, and a great dealer in funds and shares. He was known all through life as 'a man of consummate knowledge and inflexible honour.' 'Few men,' it was said, 'understood better the real interests of trade, and few men arrived at the highest rank of commercial life with more unsullied integrity.' Lord Shelburne styled him 'the prince of merchants,' and turned to him as his chief and best adviser on all questions of commerce and finance during his brief time of office. Pitt, coming into power in 1783, regarded him with equal honour. To him he came for help in settlement of the difficulties on matters of trade that sprang up between England and the insurgent colonies of America. To him also he looked both in the management of the East India Company and in defence of the government measures, assailed by Fox and all the Whigs. Baring entered parliament as the champion of the Tories in 1784, and he retained his seat for more than twenty years. In 1784, moreover, the year of reorganization consequent on the passing of Pitt's famous bill, he became a director of the East India Company, to continue during many years its most active and influential governor. He was also for a long time one of the principal managers of the Bank of

England; and in 1797, when Sir William Pulteney introduced his bill for its virtual abolition, he wrote two powerful pamphlets on the subject, besides taking an energetic part in opposition to the bill in the House of Commons.

It was Baring who, in 1798, found a place for Charles Lamb in the India Office, the friend who introduced the poor author to the rich merchant being Joseph Paice, 'the most consistent living model of modern politeness,' as he is called in the *Essays of Elia*. He it was whom Lamb once saw 'tenderly escorting a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess.' The good man was grandson of an old Joseph Paice, born at Exeter in 1658, who became a wealthy London merchant, and was M.P. for Lyme Regis during many years. Joseph Paice, the younger, carried on the business. To his counting-house Lamb went from the Blue-coat School, to be transferred thence, in 1795, to the South Sea House, of which Paice was a director, before settling down, three years later, in the India Office. *Elia's* good friend was a good friend to everybody. Paice spent all his fortune, something over 30,000*l.*, in charitable ways. 'My whole annual income,' he wrote in a private note when he was about sixty years old, 'is 329*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*; out of which I steadily allow to my relations in narrow circumstances annually 95*l.* 9*s.*, and to established charities, over and above all incidental demands of a like nature, 35*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; and the remainder, to defray property-tax, board, apparel, and every incidental expense, is only 199*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*'

Joseph Paice was not a man to get on in the world. In Francis Baring, however, he had a steady friend and counsellor. Having exhausted the fortune left him by his father, and having no family to which to leave any wealth, Paice was anxious in his old age to turn into ready money, which he could apply in ways congenial to him, the re-

version of an estate in Kent to which he was heir. For many years Baring urged him to retain his rights. At last, finding him resolved to take the reversion into the market, the great merchant bought it himself for 20,000*l.* That had hardly been done before the original proprietor died suddenly, and Baring found himself master at once of property that he had expected to wait several years for. Thereupon he did what no one but a true gentleman, and a man of rare honour, would have thought of doing. He immediately forwarded to his friend a draft for 7000*l.* 'As I have maturely considered every circumstance that attaches to the question,' he said in the letter that went with the money, 'the result is what you will find enclosed, which it is absolutely necessary for my peace of mind should remain without alteration. I will not wound your delicacy with reasons why it should be one sum in preference to another; but I hope you will suffer me to assure you that neither myself nor any of my family will ever receive the return of any part of this sum, either now or hereafter. With this view you will permit me to request an assurance from yourself, which I know to be sacred, that you will not give or bequeath to the whole or any part of my family what shall exceed the value of 100*l.*'*

Well might Baring be called the Prince of English merchants. 'At his death,' according to the common and true judgment of his friends, 'he was the first merchant in England; first in knowledge and talent, character and opulence.' 'My dear sir,' Baring said to Paice on the last day of October, 1810, 'we have enjoyed a friendship of nearly

* For this interesting letter, as well as for everything else that is said above about the connection between Baring and Paice, we are indebted to a volume of 'Family Pictures,' by the authoress of 'Mary Powell,' Paice's grandniece. Several other facts about Sir Francis Baring and his sons are drawn from 'Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres; or, Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life,' by Mr. Vincent Nolte, for some time a sort of agent of the house in the United States.

seventy years.' It was a friendship very full of happiness to both men. Paice earnestly desired, it is said, that he might not survive his comrade; and his wish was curiously met. Paice died on the 4th, Baring met on the 11th of September, 1810.

Francis Baring had been made a baronet in 1793. He left property worth 1,100,000*l.* and a great house of business, to become yet greater and more remunerative in the hands of his sons. Of these sons, five in all, Thomas, the eldest, born in 1772, inheriting his father's baronetcy and the greater part of his property, took no active share in the business. William and George, the youngest, passed most of their busy years in India. Alexander and Henry took charge of the London establishment. Henry's share in the management, however, was of short duration. He was a great gambler and an almost constant frequenter of the gaming tables of Baden Baden, and other towns on the continent. Therein he made money, but it was not wealth that could add to the credit of the house of Baring Brothers. Therefore he was soon induced to retire from business; and for eighteen years the exclusive direction of affairs was with Alexander, the second son.

Alexander Baring was born on the 27th of October, 1774. He was educated partly in Germany and partly in England, before being placed, for commercial schooling, in the great Amsterdam house of Hope and Company, seventy or eighty years ago the greatest mercantile and banking establishment in the world.* The youngest partner in that house was Peter Cæsar Labouchere, whose friendship for

young Baring lasted through life. In 1796, he married the young man's sister Dorothy, and by her became father of the present Lord Taunton.

The French occupation of Holland, under Pichegru, brought the Hopes to England, and put an end to Alexander Baring's employment in their office. Having mastered the whole mystery of European commerce, he next determined to make personal observation of the younger commerce of America. His father sanctioned the project; but urged him to be careful on two points—to buy no waste lands in the New World, and not to bring a wife thence. 'Uncultivated lands,' said shrewd Sir Francis, 'can be more readily bought than sold again; and a wife is best suited to the home in which she has been brought up, and cannot be formed or trained a second time.' The young man, however, followed neither piece of advice. In 1798, soon after his arrival in the United States, he married the daughter of William Bingham, a rich merchant and influential senator, who bequeathed the sum of 900,000 dollars to his son-in-law. He also made wise investment of a great deal of money, some 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*, in purchasing and improving vast tracts of land in Pennsylvania and Maine, soon greatly increased in value by the growth of population in the United States.

Alexander Baring spent four or five years in America; there having General Washington for one of his friends. When he was about thirty he returned to England, to settle down as chief adviser of his father—soon as chief manager on his own account—in the London business. His wealth and his good sense made him, in spite of some personal disadvantages, as great a favourite in the fashionable as in the commercial world. Miss Berry, whose charming 'Journals' were published the other day, sat next to him at dinner on the 26th of March, 1808. He was, she said, 'rather a heavy-looking young man, with a hesitating manner; but very clear in his ideas, and unassuming in his manners.'

* The house had been founded near the end of the seventeenth century by Henry Hope, a Scotsman born in Boston, who, early in life, settled in Amsterdam. In Baring's time it comprised several members of the family, the principal being three brothers, grandsons of old Henry Hope: Adrian, who lived in Amsterdam; Henry Philip, who resided sometimes at the Hague and sometimes in England; and Thomas, best known as 'Furniture Hope,' the famous writer on furniture and costumes, and father of Mr. Benceford Hope.

Soon the whole world had proof of the strong will and wonderful power of organization that were beneath that modest exterior. With Alexander Baring's supremacy began the European fame and influence of the house of Baring. The young merchant-prince at once brought his wisdom to bear on every question affecting the commercial welfare of England. Entering Parliament, as member for Taunton, in 1806, he at once took rank with the great financiers and economists of half a century ago. His stammer and oratorical deficiency lessened the weight of his counsels; but they were always listened to with respect, and very often followed. In the budget of 1811, for instance, it was proposed to raise money by levying a tax of a penny a pound on all cotton-wool imported from all districts save British and Portuguese colonies. Baring showed that the measure would be fraught with twofold evil; that it would deprive England of great quantities of American cotton, even then found far more desirable than any that could be got from the East or the West Indies; and that, in keeping American cotton out of England, it would encourage American manufactures, and so cause further injury to our trade. The foolish scheme was withdrawn in that year, and, on its revival in 1813, being again opposed by Baring and his fellow-thinkers, it was finally abandoned.

In the meanwhile, Baring was taking a prominent part in other questions about America. In 1812 he supported Henry Brougham in his opposition to the famous Orders in Council of 1807 and 1809, directing stringent search, in all foreign vessels, for English seamen and contraband articles. Those orders, it was urged, had already proved very disastrous to the commercial and manufacturing interests of England, and were the cause of much needless misery to great numbers of British subjects. They were soon after made the excuse for the American declaration of war with England. In the House of Commons, Baring pointed this out, and found

in it 'good reason for condemning the ministry. As war had been brought about, however, he insisted that it must be carried through with zeal. He boldly advocated the blockading of all the ports of the United States; and when peace had been negotiated, in December, 1814, he angrily denounced the negotiators for supineness. The wisdom of his complaints has been since abundantly proved by the frequent disputes concerning right of search in the case of American vessels.

In all the commercial legislation of the latter part of George III.'s reign, and the whole of George IV.'s, Baring took an influential part. In 1814, he led the Opposition in a measure for establishing the price at which foreign corn might be imported, that price being paid for the protection of English grain. Therein he failed. Next year he succeeded in his resistance of the income tax. In 1821, in the discussions concerning the resumption of Bank payments, he advocated a modification of the established rules regarding currency. Something must be done, he said, to meet the growing wants of an increasing population, driven to all sorts of difficulties through scarcity of floating coin, and in the absence of its equivalent in paper. 'No country before ever presented the continuance of so extraordinary a spectacle as that of living under a progressive increase in the value of money and decrease in the value of the productions of the people.' On this occasion, Baring moved for a select committee to inquire into the financial embarrassments of the country, and to suggest remedies for the evil. In this, and in other efforts to improve the state of the currency, however, he failed.

In the management of his own commercial affairs he certainly did not fail. The greatest proof of his influence in the monetary world appeared in 1818. 'There are six great Powers in Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Baring Brothers,' said the Duc de Richelieu in that year; and with reason. Baring had just negotiated for the French Government a loan

of 27,238,938 francs, in 5 per cent. rentes, at a rate of 67 francs to the 100. By that means the restored Bourbons were able to buy off the projected occupation of France for five years by Russian, Prussian, and Austrian troops, and the convention of Aix-la-Chapelle was brought about. Baring's 'power,' however, did not end there. The sudden issue of State paper for the loan of 27,000,000 francs caused a depression of the Funds from 67 to 58, and consequently gave room for much wild speculation, and made certain the failure of many honest traders. Baring thereupon persuaded Riche-lieu to annul the contract for half of his loan, and at the same time induced the bankers who had joined with him in effecting it—the Hopes and the Rothschilds being the principal—to agree to the surrender. That restored the funds to something like their proper condition. All through the conferences of the plenipotentiaries at Aix-la-Chapelle, Baring was in attendance to answer questions, give advice, and see that the decisions arrived at were in accordance with sound monetary principles.

From that time the chief business of the House of Baring Brothers lay in the negotiation of foreign loans. Throughout Europe it was second only to the Rothschilds; among the American states it had the pre-eminence. Nearly all the merit of this must be assigned to Alexander Baring. Having brought the house, however, to the highest pitch of its greatness, he retired from all active part in its direction when he was only fifty-four years old. One of his nephews, Mr. John Baring, had, in 1823, joined with Mr. Joshua Bates, an American, in establishing a large commission-agency in Boston. Another nephew, Mr. Thomas Baring, had been for some time engaged in the house of Hope, at Amsterdam. In 1825, on the advice of his brother-in-law, Peter Labouchere, Alexander Baring resolved to take into partnership with him his son Francis, both his nephews, and Joshua Bates as well; and three years later, in 1828, finding that the young men worked

well, he left the business altogether in their hands, surrendering his part in the management, and appointing as a substitute his son-in-law, Mr. Humphrey St. John Mildmay. Henceforth the house was known as Baring and Company, to have for its principal directors, during more than thirty years, Mr Joshua Bates, who died in 1864,* and Mr. Thomas Baring, the present Member of Parliament for Huntingdon.

As early as 1811, Alexander Baring had been rich enough to buy an estate at Shoreham for 100,000*l*. He adorned it with almost the choicest private collection of paintings to be found in England. He was reputed an excellent judge of pictures; if now and then he made mistakes, his error was shared by other competent critics. Of this an instance occurs in Tom Moore's 'Diary,' where, by the way, we find ample proof of the witty poet's liking for

* Bates was born at Weymouth, near Boston, in 1788. For several years, beginning with 1803, he was a clerk in the great American house of W. R. and W. Gray. In 1815 or 1816, his employers sent him as confidential agent to the north of Europe. Returning to Boston, a few years later, he soon entered into partnership with John Baring, each partner providing 20,000*l*, with which to start the business. From 1825, when the business was merged into that of Baring and Co., to the time of his death, he resided almost constantly in London. For many years he was in intimate friendship with Coleridge, and during that period Bates's drawing-room was a famous haunt of the admirers of the great thinker and greater talker. Another of Joshua Bates's favourites was Prince Louis Napoleon. The close and trustful friendship existing before 1848 between the wealthy merchant and the modest refugee continued, without hindrance, we are assured, after the refugee had become Emperor of the French. Among many other proofs of his benevolent disposition, Bates spent 50,000 dollars in buying some of the best European books for the free library of Boston, and sent over another sum of 50,000 dollars to be funded for its benefit, the interest being every year applied to the purchase of more books. He died on the 24th Sept. 1864, leaving a large fortune to his only surviving child, Madame Van de Weyer, wife of the Belgian ambassador.

the good dinners and the good society to be met with at the merchant's table. One day in June, 1829, says Moore, 'Mrs. Baring showed me some new pictures that Baring had just bought. She told me of a picture of Rembrandt that Baring once bought at a very large price, which used to make Sir Thomas Lawrence unhappy, from its being a finer Rembrandt than that of Angerstein. After contemplating it, however, for several hours one day, he came to the conclusion that it was too highly finished to be a genuine Rembrandt; and, in consequence of this opinion of his, the picture fell in value instantly.' At another time, a picture which Baring had paid 5000*l.* for, as a Correggio, was in like manner declared an imitation, and accordingly reduced in price to 500*l.* or less. In 1826, Baring made a splendid addition to his gallery, by purchasing Lord Radstock's collection, including a Titian, priced at 1800 guineas, and a Giorgione at 700.

In other ways Baring showed an enlightened taste and disposition. His father had been one of the founders of the London Institution in 1806. In 1825 the son was chosen one of the council of the London University, just founded at a cost of 30,000*l.* In 1828 he presided at a festival at Freemasons' Tavern in celebration of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. It was through him, moreover, though more for commercial than any other reasons, that Sir Robert Peel was induced, in the following year, to abandon a project for bringing all the Friendly Societies in England under the management of the Government. This measure gave umbrage to great numbers, and, after vainly petitioning on the matter, they decided upon a system of coercion. On the morning before the bill was to be read a third time, bills were posted all over the country requesting all who had any money invested through the agency of Friendly Societies to draw it out if the obnoxious bill was made law. As the total deposits for the whole kingdom were very heavy, that proposal caused much excite-

ment in the money market. Therefore, in the evening, when Sir Robert Peel brought forward his bill, Baring rose and protested. 'Does my right honourable friend know what he is doing? This morning I was astonished to find the Funds fallen two per cent., with no apparent reason for the fall. Then I found that it was caused by the determination of these depositors to withdraw all their money from public use. Sir, this is a very serious measure, very serious indeed. I trust the House will not endorse it without grave consideration.' The result of that speech was the withdrawal of the bill, and the substitution for it, next session, of another, framed by the delegates of the Friendly Societies themselves.

Alexander Baring began political life as a Whig, the friend and supporter of Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and other liberal reformers. Soon after his retirement from business, however, he changed his policy. He was alarmed at the growing excitement of the English people on the question of parliamentary reform. 'It is impossible,' he said, in November, 1829, 'for rich capitalists to remain in a country exposed to tumultuary meetings. Great numbers of manufacturers have been brought to this country at various times from other countries, some to escape civil and some religious persecutions. But there is no persecution so fatal as a mob persecution. Every other persecution it is possible to find some means of softening; but mob persecution is unrelenting and implacable. Despotism itself is to be preferred to mob persecution.' Therefore he went over to the side of despotism. For his opposition to the Reform Bill his windows were broken in 1831, and from that year he sided on all questions with the Tories.

On the formation of Sir Robert Peel's new government in 1834, Baring took office as President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. In April, 1835, he was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. Henceforth, with one famous exception, he took no prominent part in public affairs.

The exception was in 1841. On Peel's return to power in that year the most pressing business before him related to a question on which Baring had had much to say seven-and-thirty years before. One of his complaints at the way in which peace had been established with America in 1814 concerned the question as to the north-eastern boundary line of the United States from British America. The difficulty arose from an inadvertence in drawing up the treaty of 1783, it being there left doubtful which of two lines of highlands were to form the separation. Hence there was debateable ground of nearly a hundred miles' breadth, and with an entire area of 6,750,000 acres. This was one of the grounds of quarrel in 1811, and in the pacification of 1814 Baring found great fault with the negotiators for leaving the question still unsettled. They had referred it to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. For seventeen years his Majesty studied, or pretended to study, the question without arriving at any decision. At last, in 1831, he proposed to reject both lines and take for boundary line the stream of the river St. John, thus giving to England 2,636,160 of the disputed acres. To this suggestion Lord Palmerston, who was then Foreign Secretary, readily acceded; President Jackson and the American Government also approved of it, but there was so much opposition raised by certain demagogues in the United States, who, eager to have all the territory in their own hands, declared that the King of the Netherlands had exceeded his authority in proposing a third line, that nothing came of it. Over and over again the English Government sought to effect an arrangement, but the Americans were obstinate. The dispute lasted ten years, and when Sir Robert Peel resumed power in 1841, it seemed almost certain to end in war. Peel,

however, determined to make one more peaceful effort. He appointed Lord Ashburton to proceed to Washington, and there effect, if it was any how possible, some sort of settlement. 'Lord Ashburton,' says Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan, who took part in the negotiation, 'was a nobleman well adapted to the occasion, from his connection by marriage and property with the United States. He was not a trained ambassador, but his general knowledge of business, straightforwardness, and good sense, were qualities far more valuable than those to be generally found in professional diplomatists, whose proceedings so often embroil instead of conciliating.' Lord Ashburton proceeded to the United States in March, 1842. There many of the commissioners appointed to treat with him were his personal friends, and his arguments took effect. He effected a compromise yet more favourable to England than that designed by the King of the Netherlands, Great Britain being left in possession of 3,370,000 acres, America of 3,413,000. This was the Treaty of Washington, or the Ashburton Treaty, signed on the 9th of August, 1842.

Lord Ashburton died, seventy-four years old, on the 13th of May, 1848. His son, William Bingham Baring, who succeeded to the peerage, had nothing to do with commerce, and the second son, Francis, who became Lord Ashburton a few years ago, soon retired from business. The Barings still flourish and draw money, through commercial channels, from all quarters of the world; but of the living we have not here to speak, and if we had, perhaps nothing more important, as regards their mercantile history, could be said than that they are good and zealous followers of the system of money-making established by old Sir Francis Baring and his son Alexander, Baron Ashburton.

H. R. F. B.



THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENING PARTY.

I.

TWENTY-TWO years ago, a middle-class evening party was to most of those immediately concerned, as unromantic an affair as it is at the present day. To the givers thereof, for example, it involved a considerable amount of prosaic trouble and annoyance. The host grumbled then, as now, when he came home from business and found the house arrived at the ultimate crisis of methodical madness,—the library given up to ices and lemonade, the dining-room table unnaturally elongated and covered with all kinds of extraordinary looking and highly decorated comestibles, and the handsome drawing-room furniture unaccountably translated and condensed into a holland-covered floor, a line of rout-seats round the walls, and the piano poked into the farthest available corner. The hostess and her daughters were of course plunged into the very depths of despair because something of vital importance had not arrived that was promised to be sent by five o'clock at latest. Infinite vexation of spirit was suffered because the Highlights had sent an apology at the last moment, and because the Browns had unreasonably asked to be allowed to bring with them their cousins, the Misses Smith, and they were overdone with young ladies already. Also, to make it more provoking, that delightful Mr. Crichton, who danced so well, and sang so finely, and talked so charmingly, and who had promised to bring a friend of similar delightfulness with him, was actually obliged to go off that very day, to Southsea, on some business connected with that tiresome War Office. Then again, it may be taken for granted that either the hostess's new velvet dress would not 'meet' at the waist—a compromise having to be effected with pins at the very instant that a thundering knock at the hall door gave notice of the arrival of the earliest guests—or else that some accident had happened to the

young ladies' tulle skirts, their delicate lily-of-the-valley wreaths, or their sashes, or their shoes, or their bouquets, which hindered that entire perfection of toilette for which they had striven with infinite ardour for many days before, and which shortcoming more than a 'little dashed their spirits' accordingly.

Then, from the guests' point of view:—how many fathers of families among them had pitifully bewailed the dismal necessity of leaving their cosy dining-rooms and evening papers—investing themselves in chilly waistcoats and stiff neckcloths instead of the comfortable, well-worn garments of every-day life, and going forth from the warm, home atmosphere first into the dark, damp night, and then into the blinding glitter and deafening babble of a crowded assembly! How many a mother had suffered sundry pangs of apprehension, and a steady burden of anxiety, for days past, over the difficulties of some home-made decorations for her daughters, involving a desperate conflict between the cheap and the tasteful, the economical and the becoming!

As for those to whom 'going out' was a matter of habit and routine, and large parties the nightly condition of their lives, they were the very people to whom the whole affair was most commonplace and prosaic. And in fact, viewing the subject from this point, there arises a perplexing question, namely—Why do people take so much trouble to give what it seems to cost other people just as much trouble to accept?

But it is a one-sided view of the matter, to say the truth. Social intercourse is an advantage not to be slighted; and it is a poor philosophy which contents itself with sneering at even mistaken efforts to attain that which is so wholesome in itself, and, under favourable conditions, so beneficial in its results. Some day, doubtless, we shall succeed in learning from our past failures, and rise to 'higher things' in this department of life,

on the 'dead ashes' of many dismal and profitless *réunions* that have gone before.

At present, however, it does not appear that we are gaining much ground. The ordinary evening party of 1866 is very similar to its ancestor of 1844. Except that polkas were then just coming into fashion, whereas they are now out of that charmed region; that the slow, graceful, German waltz had not yet given place to the violently-awkward exercise called the *valse à deux temps*; that the skirts were less expansive and head-dresses less ponderous than now; that the young ladies were, perhaps, a little shyer in look and speech, and that it would have certainly caused considerable astonishment if any of them had used slang expressions, or begun to talk in the 'fast' fashion which is now so little uncommon as hardly to arouse surprise in any one who is not very unsophisticated—except for these points of difference appearances were very much the same,—things went on in an almost identical routine, and were apparently guided by similar principles to those which may regulate any similar proceedings to-night, or to-morrow night, or some night next week. And, therefore, any description would be supererogatory—no tutoring of the imagination is at all required, in order to transport the reader to the drawing-rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, of Leicester Terrace, Regent's Park, on the occasion of an evening party given by them to their friends and acquaintance in the month of December, 1844.

Dancing was going on with great spirit in the larger of the two rooms, while in the other, the guests sat and conversed together, or looked at the prints and drawings (there were no stereoscopes, no popular photographs, even, in those days!) scattered on the table, or stood and watched the dancers, according to their several tastes and inclinations. This comparatively quiet and passive section of the gay throng was chiefly composed of middle-aged or elderly people. Not altogether, however. Two or three young

ladies were chatting busily and merrily together, on a sofa; and one evidently very happy young man had secured a *tête-à-tête* talk with a fair damsel, over whose chair he was bending with chivalrous devotion. A dark-haired girl was sitting half-shadowed by the sweeping drapery of the *portière*, turning over the leaves of a book; and near her, a young man was talking to an older one, while leaning against one side of the archway which connected the two rooms.

'So I hear you are probably going to India, after all, Hamilton,' said the elder gentleman. 'It's rather a sudden idea, isn't it?'

'Quite sudden—like the offer which gave rise to it, of an appointment worth eight hundred a year, to begin with.'

'Hum! That's tempting, certainly. You might go on working a good many years here before you made half as much.'

'I know. And in fact, it's so unusual a prospect, that I believe I shall not let it slip. I have to decide within a fortnight, and start in a month if I go.'

'The worst of it is the climate and its effects. It's not only exile, but possible loss of health that you have to encounter, you see. You do not arrive at your eight hundred a year without some sacrifice, after all.'

'What do you arrive at without sacrifice?' the young man said, with a peculiar look and tone, half sarcastic, half careless. 'Everything is bought at a price more or less exceeding its real value in this world, it seems to me. We are bound to pay for what we have, in one way or another; and it isn't worth while haggling over the terms, even if they appear rather extravagant?'

'You may make too great a sacrifice,' returned the other, in his matter-of-fact way—'health, for instance. What could make up for the loss of that first of temporal blessings?'

'Well—two or three thousand a year (and I should get that, you know, by the time I was used quite up) would go a good way to make even an invalid's life comfortable and

desirable. No—I don't see that the price, so far, is too exorbitant.'

'Ah! you talk like one who has never known the want of health and strength.'

'Or who has never done much good with them,' Hamilton said, again with a slightly sarcastic expression. 'If a man doesn't do the best he can with his possessions, perhaps the sooner they're taken from him the better.'

'I don't quite understand you,' the old gentleman said—and indeed once or twice before, he had looked somewhat mystified at his companion's discourse. And here the young lady with dark hair who sat so near them that she could not but hear all that passed, gave a rapid, unnoticed glance at the two speakers, and, a quickly repressed smile just curved the corners of her very expressive mouth. 'It seems to me,' he went on, 'that you've done very well all your life—you've acquitted yourself more than creditably in all you've undertaken. No one who knows you well would say you've misused any of your good gifts. A good son, a good man of business, a good—'

'Stop, I beseech you!' his young friend said, laughing. 'Don't let me suppose I'm listening to my own too flattering epitaph, already!'

'Not flattering—not a bit of it. It's plain truth,' persisted the other. 'I should like to ask your mother;—by the way, what does *she* say to this India scheme?'

The young man's face changed—the furtive fun went out of his eyes. He looked grave and earnest enough as he answered, simply—

'She says nothing against it. She is content that I should go.'

'Ah, I dare say! She sees the advantage of the thing for you, and so is willing to take her share of the sacrifice. I know how much—'

'I fancy the dance is over for this time, and we shall be in the way,' interposed his companion, moving from the position he had maintained so long. And, as he did so, a pair of brown eyes were once again lifted from the book they had been drooped over, and looked up at him with irrepressible interest. Again,

only for a moment—for the young lady's shy glance chanced this time to be intercepted by the very object of her observation—and although his quiet, grave, considering regard was not of an alarming or abashing nature, it was quite enough to cause her eyes to droop again with electrical despatch, while a warm colour stole into the cheeks that just before were so noticeably pale. And straightway she left her seat, and went to the table, over which she leaned, inspecting books and prints with scrupulously attentive interest, and conversing thereon with a lady friend already similarly engaged.

The conference between the two gentlemen was effectually broken up, for not only had the music ceased, and the throng of dancers come surging into the sometime quiet room, but now ensued the overwhelming descent of Mrs. Frampton upon the interlocutors.

'Mr. Crosby! won't you join a rubber, down stairs?' to the elder—and a more peremptory, 'Mr. Blake, you must allow me to introduce you to a partner,' to the younger, must in any case have put an end to the *à-à-à-à*. Mr. Crosby was not indifferent to the idea of whist, and betook himself forthwith to the region thereof, and the hostess laid a gentle touch on the arm of her remaining victim, who, to tell the truth, looked a very unwilling one.

'It's no use introducing me to a partner,' he said eagerly, 'for I never dance—I do it so badly. I can't waltz, and I've forgotten all the figures of the quadrilles, and I know nothing about this new twisting-about polka thing. Make me useful in some other way, please.'

But Mrs. Frampton was inflexible.

'You can walk through a quadrille—every young man can do that,' she said, sternly—'and there are two or three girls who have not been dancing, for want of partners. We are rather short of gentlemen to-night, and I assure you I expect that every man will do his duty on this occasion.'

It was impossible to make further objection, after this, and Hamilton

Blake resigned himself into her hands. He saw her keen, comprehensive glance at the partner-less ladies she had alluded to—the three talking together—and the pale, dark-eyed girl who was still looking at some drawings on the table.

‘Who is that young lady in the blue dress?’ he asked, and the hint was quite enough for the alert hostess.

‘An extremely charming girl, and I will introduce you to her,’ she promptly replied. And the next instant Hamilton found himself bowing before the blue dress, and heard as much of the formula of introduction as usually falls to the lot of man, that is to say, his own name, followed by an entirely indistinct and unintelligible murmur. And then the rustling skirts and bland presence of Mrs. Frampton bore away in some other direction, and the new acquaintances were left helplessly stranded upon each other’s conversational powers.

Their first efforts to float freely into open waters were even more awkward and unsuccessful than usual. Some sort of consciousness oppressed them both, to say the truth, and they found it equally difficult to maintain or escape from the customary commonplaces which initiate English intercourse.

‘Are we expected to dance?’ at last said the cavalier, as the music struck up and sundry couples proceeded to take their places. And Mr. Hamilton Blake duly offered his arm to Miss —, who smiled as she accepted it, with an irrepres-sible smile, arch and winning, that quite wonderfully changed the somewhat subdued character of her face, bringing out its latent colour and expression as the glinting sunshine lights up the shadowy waters of a stream.

‘Do you think it too much trouble?’ she asked him in words, as well as with that mischievous glance; — and then, apparently abashed at the sound of her own spontaneous utterance, she blushed, and tried to chasten her face into quietude again. But the ripples were visible enough, still; and

Hamilton watched them with eager interest, glad to have provoked them, though he was anxious too, to justify himself; and he began, with animation, to apologise and to explain, and, in short, entered on a species of defensive argument that appeared rather out of keeping with what had provoked it. However, the young lady listened patiently, and smilingly commented and replied, and it served better than a better means, perhaps, to the desired end of breaking the ice of formality and restraint so almost inevitable to newly introduced Britons. In brief, when they took their places in the quadrille, their ship of acquaintance might be said to be fairly under weigh, and a favourable breeze lightly swelling the sails thereof.

The dance, or measured promenade, being safely over, they duly followed in the wake of other couples who paced up and down the length of the two rooms. Their progress in friendliness might have been divined by any one who overheard their conversation, which had gradually become so much more in earnest than talk under similar circumstances usually is. Indeed it seemed that the lady, with her serious eyes and sweet voice, felt every now and then constrained to discipline her natural frankness into something more in accordance with conventional reticence. More than once she stopped short in something she began to say, as if checked by a sudden consciousness of her own tongue, a sudden apprehension that it was exercising itself too freely. And then, for the next few minutes, she would volunteer no remark, and replied to Hamilton in the fewest possible words. Most unluckily too, as Mr. Blake thought, on one of these occasions, before there had been time for a new accession of candour, a son of the house came to claim her for the waltz which was about commencing. She inclined her head very sweetly to her former partner as she accepted the offered arm of this new cavalier. Nevertheless the young man felt unreasonably aggrieved at this natural sequence of events, and was aware

of a species of emotion not unlike envy while looking on at the graceful dance (has it not been said that waltzing *was* graceful in those days?) in which he was unable to take part. Pretty as it was to see, he did not look on long, but turned away and wandered aimlessly into the next room, where he encountered some young lady acquaintances who deluged him with small talk and miss-ish questions and remarks, which, while he politely responded to them, made him involuntarily think of the different kind of conversation in which he had been engaged only a few minutes before. Certainly his late partner's was very unlike the usual talk even of young ladies. Perhaps she was 'clever,' though, and had a character to keep up for intellect and profundity? Pahaw! That would have been a disenchanting idea indeed; but he was too discriminating to entertain it for one moment. No—he felt sure that hers was a perfectly simple as well as earnest nature. Her utterances, whether serious or merry, had the artless directness of a child's, and when self-consciousness had any power over her it only held her silent. And what a sweet, girlish face it was, and how musical her voice, and how—he wondered what might be her name, after all; and during a break in the chatter of the demoiselles about him, he asked one of them if she knew who the lady was who was waltzing with young Frampton. She did not know, but supposed it might be one of the Jenkinses—a hypothesis which Mr. Blake negatived at once in his own mind: he was quite sure his dark-eyed, low-voiced friend could never be rightly described as 'one of the Jenkinses.' However, he pursued his inquiries no further. The waltz over, a general stir, an indefinite 'sensation' betokened supper; and Hamilton, unchivalrously ignoring the obvious claims of the lady to whom he had been talking, turned aside to seek his former partner, whom he found delightfully unprovided with an escort, and to whom, with much repressed exultation, he offered his arm.

So there was all the opportunity

afforded by the long-drawn-out supper, and during the joyous 'Lancers' immediately after, in which these two did not take part, but stood quietly regarding the dancers, and quietly talking, also—so quietly that no one noticed what with most young people might have looked 'so very like a flirtation.'

But, in fact, nothing could have been less like 'flirting' than the tone of their conversation.

It had grown more serious than ever—and Hamilton, whose sense of humour was keen enough, every now and then felt the strongest inclination to laugh at himself for his 'priggish' pertinacity in keeping the talk in such a sober key. If he had ever caught the dark eyes in the act of expressing amusement, by even the most transient gleam, it would doubtless have had an entirely disenchanting effect, but, in truth, there was no such possibility. This girl, girlish and simple as she was, and with plenty of capacity for mirth and banter when occasion served, was wholly in earnest now that she appeared to be so. She 'knew not seems:' her mind was very single and direct, and was incapable of duplex action; and her first shyness being somewhat modified, it was entirely natural to her to say straightforwardly what she thought on the several questions he presented to her notice. Once or twice, certain remarks of his, flavoured with that lazy, worldly philosophy which, or the affectation of which, was scarcely less prevalent among young men twenty years ago than it is to day—a remark of this nature would cause her to look up for a moment into his face, with instinctive wonderment, her soft eyes unconsciously asking the questions from which she restrained her lips. And he would answer the eyes, and eagerly reply to the unspoken remonstrance,—to the dumb astonishment, so much more artlessly eloquent than expostulation.

He was strangely interested—strongly attracted. Rarely in his life had he been more thoroughly in earnest; never had he felt more injured and provoked than when presently their conversation was cut

short by another of the exasperating interruptions incidental to a dancing party. A slim, unwhiskered youth obtruded himself on Miss ——'s notice. Bowing low, he reminded her of the 'promised dance.' Might he claim it now?—the music had already begun. He offered his arm. If for a moment the young lady hesitated, some swift consciousness hindered her from showing that she did so. She accepted the arm, and for a second time Mr. Blake beheld her swept from him by the inexorable routine of the evening. More than ever annoyed and disgusted, he turned away from the dancing-room and tried to find among the works of art on the table something to give him the appearance of occupation.

He was not really appreciating much in the beautiful book of illustrated poems he chanced to take up; yet when young Frampton approached him, and essayed conversation, he thought it rather a disagreeable interruption. There was not a great deal in common between him and this younger son of the house, whose interest in life at present appeared divided between smoking and waltzing; and Hamilton's share in the colloquy that ensued was at first small enough. Suddenly, he roused himself, and asked a question, with quite a new tone and manner.

'Girl I waltzed with before supper? Dancing now—in blue? Oh! you mean Julia Ferrers. She's a daughter of our medical man, Dr. Ferrers, and a stunning nice girl, too, by Jove!'

'Does Dr. Ferrers live in the neighbourhood?'

'Close by. We see a good deal of them. Think she's pretty?—Julia, I mean.'

'Dr. Ferrers is an interesting man, I believe?' said Hamilton, thus evading what he felt to be an objectionable question.

'Clever fellow—very large practice—and he takes a great interest in all sorts of scientific dodges, besides. They say there's not much tin, though, to be looked for with the girls—otherwise, I really—Julia's quite a flame of mine—'

Impertinent puppy! How Hamil-

ton would have liked to pull the small and cherished beard that just began to fringe his chin.

'Glad you admire her,' went on the unconscious youth, 'and we'll introduce you to the family with pleashaw, you know, if you're at all that way disposed.'

Mr. Blake desired nothing better than to be 'introduced to the family.' It was exasperating beyond measure to be constrained to say nothing but, 'Oh, very kind of you,' in a perfectly indifferent manner, to the offer thus invidiously made, so as to permit young Frampton to revert to a new subject, and chatter thereon until at last, happily, he was summoned to another part of the room.

The quadrille was finished now, and perhaps Hamilton might yet have another chance of speaking to Miss Ferrers. But fate was against him. The whiskerless partner monopolized her—and worse still, at this moment Mrs. and Miss Crosbie insisted on monopolizing him, Hamilton, and had a thousand questions to ask about his mother, and his married sisters, &c., &c. And actually, while he, with a polite aspect, but with fury at his heart, was answering senseless questions from Augusta Crosby, he beheld the one being who occupied his thoughts and his observations, prepare to depart. She was shaking hands with Mrs. Frampton, and the devoted, whiskerless youth was evidently going to hand her down stairs.

It seemed an age before he could break away from his fair friends, but in reality, it was with some abruptness that he made his excuses to them, saying he must go, it was later than he had thought, and so on. Then he turned to his hostess, and actually would not listen to her polite deprecation of his early leaving. He avoided young Frampton, fearing his 'remarks,' if he saw him quit the room so soon after Miss Ferrers. He need not have feared had he known—what he did not know.

The hall door was open, and a lady, wrapped in a cloak, was being conducted down the steps to a waiting carriage. He darted down, and would not be forbidden sharing in

the privilege of helping her into the vehicle, especially as he found that enviable task had been left to a footman.

'Good night, Miss Ferrers,' he said, and in a lower tone was about to add something—he hardly knew what—of a more impressive nature; when for the first time he saw the lady's face, which was some thirty years older than it ought to have been, and at the same moment rather an acrid voice said, 'My name is not Ferrers, sir, but I am obliged to you, all the same, for your attention.'

II.

Two or three evenings afterwards Mr. Frederic Frampton, while walking homewards through the cheerless winter street, was overtaken by a friend with a very rapid, determined step, who greeted him cordially, and walked beside him for some distance, conversing on things in general. Till, presently, young Frampton, in his frankly colloquial manner, observed—

'I say, what a jolly berth that is you're going to slip into. When do you start?'

'In ten days, if I go at all. But I've not decided yet, quite,' Mr. Blake said.

'Not decided! By Jove, I shouldn't have thought there'd be much indecision about it. I only wish some one would make me half as good an offer.'

'Ah! you see everything has its drawbacks. There are always cons as well as pros to be considered in these matters. I was very sorry,' the speaker went on, with abrupt irrelevancy, 'not to find your mother at home when I called yesterday.'

'Well, come home with me now, will you? and have some dinner with us. They'll be delighted to see you, and we'll have a quiet smoke in my room afterwards.'

'Thank you.'

'Oh! hang it, though, there are some people coming—Ferrers and the girls, and—no—we shall have to do the social thing to-night, worse luck. But all the same, come along, my dear fellah—that is, if you've no bettah engagement.'

'You're very kind—I should be very happy——' began and hesitated Mr. Blake, whose habitual *savoir faire* seemed not quite up to the mark, just now. And then he allowed his reply to be rattled into by Frederic's chatter.

'Talking of engagements reminds me of Julia Ferrers—girl you were admiring the other night, you know. Well, it's all up with us in that direction, by Jove!' said the agreeable young man, with an ostentatious sigh. 'She's booked, sir, safe and fast, and the fellah comes with them to-night to be shown off. Hope he likes it, that's all. I know I should ride precious rusty over that sort of thing.'

'And who is the gentleman?' inquired the other with suddenly regained composure. 'Was he at your house the other night?'

'Oh, no! He's not in our set at all. He's an army chap—Captain Grigson—queer name, isn't it? and of course, everyone says he's a first-rate fellow. We'll judge for ourselves about that. What a bitter night it is! The idea of broiling in India doesn't seem so unpleasant in these days, by Jove.'

'What would you have a week before Christmas? Fine, seasonable weather, I call it,' Mr. Blake rejoined cheerfully. 'Don't depreciate our British climate. There's none like it.'

'So much the better for the rest of the world, I say,' persisted Mr. Frederic. 'But what's the row, now? What are you examining your watch about?' seeing his companion stop under a gas lamp for that purpose.

'To calculate the time I shall have to get to my appointment,' was the reply. 'And I find, after all, I shall have not an hour to spare: I must ask you to excuse me to-night. It's later than I thought,' and he went on, heedless of remonstrance and persuasion. 'Make my best compliments at home, and I'll hope for the pleasure of looking in some time, before I leave England, that is, of course,—rather hurriedly,—if I do leave.'

'You'll leave, safe enough. No man could be such a fool as to throw up that appointment.'

'Never reckon on a man's incapacity of being a fool,' said Mr. Blake, laughing vivaciously. 'It isn't safe! Good night, good night.'

And Hamilton Blake walked rapidly away, and muttered to himself, 'That's settled, then. No more time or thought need be wasted there.' He strode on with half-savage energy and clenched his hands and compressed his lips, while thinking of his own exceeding folly. Why, he had actually been delaying this important decision with some weak, vague hope that he might again meet her before consenting to expatriate himself. He had actually felt more than once as if he could not leave England if Julia Ferrers were indeed all that he imagined her to be. He had been mad enough to believe, or feel as if he believed, that this quadrille partner, this acquaintance of a night, whose obnoxious name of Julia, even, he had begun to think well of, for her sake—this dark-eyed, sweet-voiced girl, of whom he really knew so little, yet insanely felt as if he knew so much—he had absolutely entertained and rejoiced in the idea that she might be 'the woman in the world for him,' and that the chief obstacle existing between him and the road to happiness was simply the difficulty of getting introduced to her family, in a natural and informal manner, to effect which object, had been the principal occupation of his last two days. And now, at the very instant when fate seemed to relent, and to offer him the very desideratum of his heart—lo! it had become a worthless mockery, and the tender thought of Julia Ferrers was utterly swamped by the bitter consciousness of—Mrs. Grigson!

He strode home, and that evening his decision was finally made; and when he kissed his mother, as he told her his fate and hers, he said—

'I shall never love any woman so well as I love you, mother. You will be in my heart and in my thoughts wherever I go, and the one hope I shall live for will be to come back to you and to the home I'll strive to win for you.'

Three weeks afterwards, Hamilton Blake's name duly appeared in the

'Times' list of passengers by the overland mail steamer from Southampton, and was there seen by a pair of soft dark eyes which lingered over it a little regretfully—perhaps a little tenderly.

'So he is gone!' she said to herself. 'I wish—I hope—I wonder—I am afraid I was very unpleasant—that I must have seemed to him very presumptuous. Yet I know he did not half believe the things he said. I know he was worlds better than what he chose to call his creed.'

'Have you found something specially interesting there, Lil, darling?' asked the grey-headed gentleman in the arm-chair, to whom she had been reading.

'No, papa; only I saw a name that I know,' she answered. 'There is another leading article you'll like to hear.' And Lil (surely rather a farfetched diminutive for Julia) went on reading, accordingly.

III.

It is credibly asserted and maintained by those whose knowledge and experience of such matters should constitute them good judges, that only an infinitesimally small proportion of serious love-affairs arise under the auspices of balls and evening parties. The fancy may be caught, say these authorities, the imagination may be impressed, and a transient feeling may thus be excited, on either or both sides, by some fascination of the hour—but seldom, very seldom, does the emotion rise to the dignity of a love that even pretends to be lasting.

Doubtless, this is quite true; and exceptions to the general rule are only just sufficient to prove it. One of these exceptions, however, it may be safely prophesied would have occurred in the case of our friend Hamilton Blake, had circumstances been less crossly unpropitious than they were. Even as it was, it is a fact that during his ten years' career in India—broken only by a brief visit to England and his mother—he appeared, from some cause or other, quite proof against the fascination of many fascinating women—formed no attachment, en-

tered into no engagement, greatly to the astonishment and regret of most of his friends and acquaintance. It is certain that he felt angry and impatient with himself whenever he recognised the curiously abiding influence of a certain memory, and when a certain vision of a sweet face that now was earnest, and again archly playful, came before him, and even the cadence of the musical voice rose to his ears—he would break away from such dreamings with a sense of bitter self-humiliation and a muttered ‘Mrs. Grigson!’ which generally ended in a mirthless laugh. Of course, this infatuated state of mind did not last: it soon yielded to the pressure of occupation and the change of thought that new scenes and new circumstances inevitably brought to him. He ceased to spend any time in recalling his brief acquaintance with the girl who had so strangely impressed him. Days passed, and then weeks, without the picture vividly presenting itself before him of the face in question. Yet, though it grew to be unrecognized, it may well be believed that the influence yet lived, and was powerful enough to keep him from falling under any other; while gradually time was moulding him into the middle-aged man of business, who of all types of human beings is least amenable to tender impressions. For the Anglo East Indian is middle-aged at eight-and-thirty, and that was Hamilton’s age when he arrived in England on a year’s furlough, and with the option before him of retiring with a sufficient pension, or going back again to make a fortune. He had no slavish love of wealth for its own sake, and if his mother had lived, it is tolerably certain he would have been content to remain with her, enjoying the competency he had already secured. But when she died, six months after his return, he decided to go back to the place which knew him, and to the pursuits which he knew. His sisters were engrossed in their husbands and young families: his old friends were scattered: he had lost the thread of connection, and could not find it again.

It must be a rare combination of circumstances which enables a man after ten years’ exile and ten years’ cessation of regular intercourse with his friends, to drop into anything like the same place with them again. Hamilton had no such exceptional luck, and he saw no temptation to remain in his native country. His arrangements were made, the day of his departure fixed, when a chance meeting with Mr. Frederick Frampton, now a flourishing solicitor, the head of a family, and master of a well-appointed establishment, resulted in an invitation to dinner for the following day, and acceptance thereof.

‘It’s only the Lloyds, and my sister and her husband, and the Grigsons, who are just arrived from Malta, and I’ve got some tawny port I think you’ll like, old fellow—so come, will you?’ quoth the thriving man, who still retained, out of business, something of the free-and-easy manners of his earlier years.

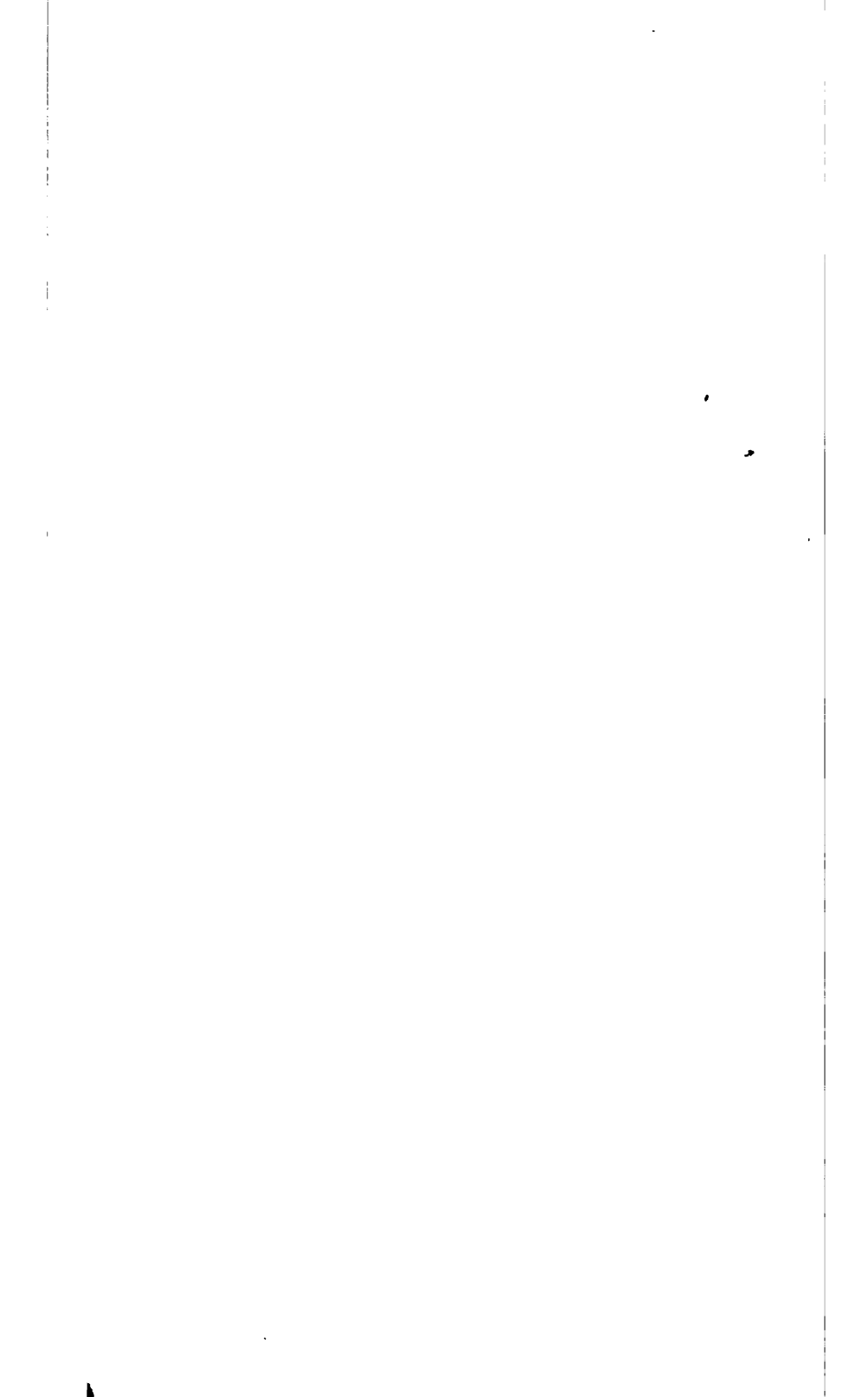
And Hamilton went. Whether the name of Grigson still retained any power to stir his pulse, it is needless to speculate—but he went; and he took down Mrs. Grigson to dinner, and conversed with her during the stately meal, apparently to his satisfaction. When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, however, he bent his steps to the seat occupied by Mrs. Boyce, formerly Miss Frampton, and began to talk with her of such limited sections of ‘old times’ as were common to both. By-and-by, one or two questions came easily and unremarkably from Mr. Blake.

‘Mrs. Grigson was a friend of yours before her marriage, I think? What was her name, then?’

‘Julia Ferrers. Do you remember her?’ counter-questioned the lady, with what seemed to him rather uncalled-for emphasis.

‘I fancy I have seen her before,’ he answered. And there followed a pause before he went on.—‘I recollect very well a Christmas party at your house, ten years ago. It was just before I first left England.’

‘Yes! How curious you should mention it. Do you know,’ said Mrs. Boyce, smiling and confidential, ‘I





Drawn by "Sartor.".]

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENING PARTY.

[See the Story.]



have never forgotten that party, and the fact that you were there—because Fred and I had such a dispute about you, at the time.’

‘About me?’

‘In this way.—Do you remember talking a good deal to a Miss Ross, that evening?’

‘I don’t remember the name,’ Hamilton answered truly enough, though a certain consciousness strangely thrilled him as he spoke.

‘Well, perhaps I was wrong after all, and Fred was right. But I know you did talk a great deal to her, and I made up my mind you were immensely interested. Poor Lillian was a sweet-looking girl in those days, with beautiful dark eyes and hair. I thought it only natural you should be struck by her, but Fred, who always admired Julia’s style and nothing else—laughed my idea to scorn, and declared you were *épousé* solely by Miss Ferrers.’

‘He was certainly mistaken there,’ Hamilton said, with a laugh which was not very spontaneous. ‘But,’ he pursued, ‘you have quite interested me. Why do you say “poor Lillian” of this young lady that I—that you say I was—’

‘Oh!’ said Mrs. Boyce, mercifully coming to his relief, ‘she has had so much trouble since those days. Her father was a very visionary sort of man, not at all practical, and he became security for some friend who died and left his affairs much involved. And so, the Ross’s, who never were rich, became poor, and then Mr. Ross fell into ill health. Lillian took to teaching to eke out their small means, while her father lived. But he died nearly two years ago. Poor Lillian! Since then, her hair has turned quite grey.’

With all his faults, and he had many, none of them lessened during ten years principally devoted to money-making, Hamilton Blake was of a steadfast and unforgetting nature, and there was a spring of tenderness deep down in his heart which the world and worldly interests had not as yet quite dried. All that was chivalrous in the man of business rose into vivid life as his unconscious companion said these words. And she went on talking without his

clearly apprehending what she said for some little while after that last sentence. The picture thus given—the realized contrast between the bright girlish face he still remembered, and the sad lonely woman, ‘her hair quite grey,’ absolutely caused a momentary spasm in his throat. And in that brief space, how the whole story of the evening long ago, and what had seemed his strange infatuation afterwards, flashed on him. It was a curious, perhaps fateful mistake that had led him to rest in the disagreeable belief that the girl who then so charmed and impressed him had since become Mrs. Grigson. But now—now that he knew better, was it not a piece of mere sickly sentimentality that made him feel thus drawn towards this lady, because, having casually met her ten years ago, he had believed himself inclined to fall in love with her?

Just at this point, he became aware that Mrs. Boyce was saying something that called for a reply.

‘I wish you were not going off again so soon. Next week, isn’t it, you leave? I should have liked you to come to my party on Wednesday. You would meet a great many old acquaintances. Can’t you come?’

Mrs. Boyce was a wise woman. Had she said in so many words that he would probably meet Miss Ross on Wednesday, our friend Hamilton might have felt self-consciously impelled to decline altogether the proffered hospitality. As it was, he said—if he might be permitted to leave it uncertain, he would use his best endeavours so to arrange his affairs as to be at liberty to come. It was possible he might join the mail at Marseilles instead of Southampton, in which case he should have some days longer to remain in London, &c., &c. And so the matter rested.

When Wednesday evening arrived, and with it some forty or fifty guests to the handsome abode of Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, that fair hostess quite confidently looked for the advent of Hamilton. And when, rather late, her confidence was justified by his entrance into the bril-

liant assembly, the gratification of her kind, matronly heart shone in her face, as she gladly greeted him and allowed herself ten minutes' talk with her old acquaintance.

'I want to introduce you to the Smythsons, and to Mr. Lexby, whom you remember as a boy, don't you? He's a rising artist now,' went on Mrs. Boyce towards the end of the ten minutes; 'and—oh, there are several people here whom you used to know. Lilian—Miss Ross—is staying with me just now. I wonder if you would remember her? That is she—sitting by the conservatory door. Let me re-introduce you—shall I?'

To tell the truth, he had already seen that quiet figure, clad in pale lavender, at the end of the long room. It was like looking at the shadow of his recollection, which was vivid enough still, of the bright, blooming, sweet-faced girl of ten years before. For, although the colours were faded, and the buoyancy of young, hopeful life was all gone from that expressive face, it *was* the same face—there was, for him, no mistaking it, even thus altered. Those were the same eyes, albeit dimmed and indescribably saddened now, which had spoken to his heart with an eloquence that he had found in no other eyes, ever since. He recognised all this, in his own mind, as he walked beside his hostess to the distant seat by the

conservatory door. And when at last he stood before her, and Mrs. Boyce went through the form of 're-introducing' them to each other, he saw the sudden glow of colour that came into her pale face, making it, for an instant, a girl's face again—and he knew that he was not altogether forgotten. And he took the vacant chair near her, and for the first time since that whiskerless youth (who was that well-bearded Mr. Lexby, to whose rising fame as an artist Mrs. Boyce had testified) had carried her away from him to dance a quadrille, Hamilton Blake interchanged words with Lilian Ross.

At an evening party we first encountered these two. At an evening party shall we leave them? I shall only add the brief dialogue that took place between Mr. Blake and his hostess when he took leave that evening.

'I may come and see you to-morrow?'

'By all means. We lunch at two. Come as much earlier as you like.'

'Many thanks. I——'

'You have decided to go by Marseilles, then, I hope?'

'Well—yes—if—in fact, it is possible my departure may be delayed—till the next mail, at least.'

'I'm delighted to hear it. To-morrow, then? Good night! good night!'



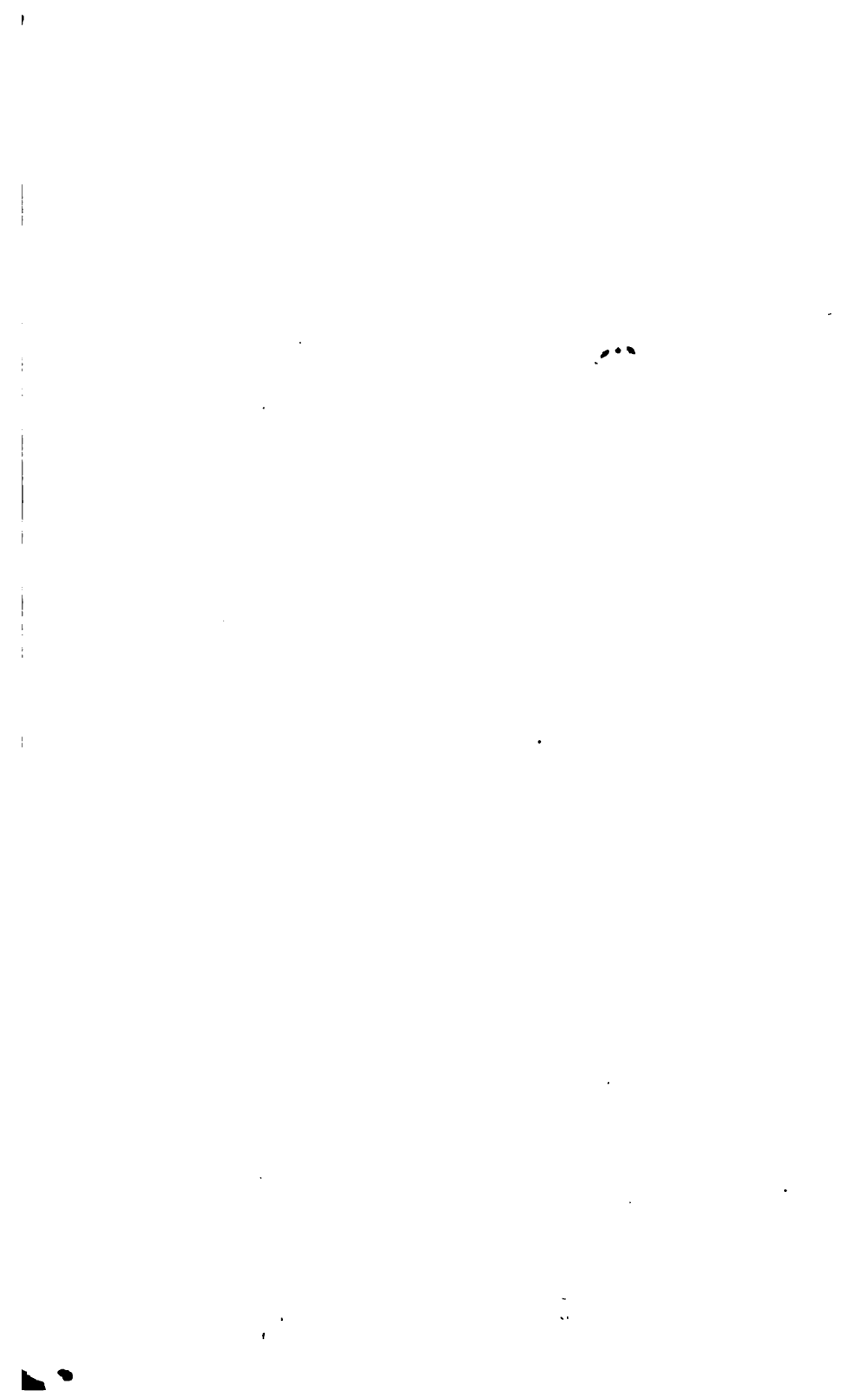




Drawn by G. du Maurier.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

[See the story.]



LONDON SOCIETY.

MAY, 1866.

SECOND THOUGHTS.—A TALE.



I DON'T think I ever knew what the perfection of comfort was until one evening in the summer of 1863, when all of a sudden I found myself in it with an old friend who had been spending a few days with me to settle the details of a trip together to the Continent.

Yes, certainly, it was the perfection of comfort. We had on dry flannels, and were stretched, with good stiff glasses of grog, within easy reach on the floor, each on a

thick rug doubled over a couple of seamen's chests shoved up against the wall on opposite sides of the little pilot's hut which stands among the sandhills at the entrance to Rakeston harbour. A fire of drift coal burnt cheerfully in a small crucible-shaped iron stove between us. There was just light enough to glance on Nick's red worsted stockings, and to show dimly the ghostly lines of the six lashed hammocks which hung side by side from the

death of Nick's father seven years ago. Mr. Darley had once been the family lawyer, and, even before he had bought an estate of his own in the neighbourhood, he and his family had been frequent visitors at Barnard Hall. It was from a childish friendship formed at the Christmas parties there, and continued almost without interruption ever since, that the flirtation had sprung up which had just ended in Nick's discomfiture. I heard the whole story from him again and again in the course of the next few days; for, now that the ice was once broken, he thawed very quickly, and poured his griefs into my ear whenever we were alone. I really was very sorry for him, for I knew how I should have felt that letter. I had only known her six months; he, poor fellow! had loved her for ten years. It had been, according to his own account, his one idea since he was a boy at school, and he was inconsolable now, and seemed quite unable to rouse himself up to anything. I had the greatest difficulty in stirring him up enough to start for Switzerland; and if it had not been for my mother and sister, whom I had promised to escort as far as Geneva, I am not at all sure that either of us would have left England at all. When we did start he was not a lively companion, and for the first whole day travelled with his hat resting on his nose, without speaking a word.

Fortunately our passage over the Channel was a very rough one, and Nick, who was never an over good sailor, was compelled, against his will, for a time to turn his thoughts away to other more immediate troubles.

There is nothing, as every one knows, like time and change of scene to take the edge off any sorrow; and nothing, perhaps, helps their effects more than another sorrow intervening. His shocking seasickness was, as it were, an awful black chasm yawning between him and his rejection; and when we landed at Boulogne his spirits had risen in a way that surprised us all. We had lovely weather, luxuriant fruit, and amusing com-

pany. My mother and sister, who both liked him, and had heard his story, did all that kindness could suggest to cheer him up, and by the time we reached Geneva, after a leisurely journey, he was quite himself again, merry and uproarious, the life of the party; and his confidences to me had been dropped for at least a week.

We had arranged—at his suggestion, I believe—to go with the ladies of our party as far as Chavronix, a solitary chalet, standing in its own pine wood and vineyard, on an isolated marble rock, a little way up the mountains between Bex and Aigle to the west of the Rhone above the Lake. A steamer was starting very soon after our train arrived, so we made up our minds to go on by it the same night as far as Lausanne without making any stop at Geneva. There was not any time to spare, and Nick ran to inquire for letters, while I hurried the luggage on board as best I could. My mother and Nick settled down quietly on one of the benches on deck to digest their letters as the boat steamed out. Neither Fanny nor I had any to read; so we leant together over the bows and devoted our whole attention to the enjoyment of some grapes and a light fresh breeze which blew in our faces, and was exquisitely refreshing after the dust and heat of the train. A heavy shower had just blown over, leaving the sky behind it as blue and sparkling as the lake below, and the distant mountains and trees on either shore and the sunny lateen sails of the fishing-boats glistened in the 'clear shining after the rain.' We had not been very long in that delightful state of dreamy abstraction which the full appreciation of beautiful scenery at once requires and produces by an adapting power of its own, when Nick joined us and broke the silence with, 'Jack, when you have quite done building castles up in the Alps over there, I have got something to talk to you about, if Miss Holmes will spare you for a few minutes.'

'Very well, Mr. Barnard, you may have him for a little while, as you

ask so prettily, but you must give him me back soon. He's very useful to tell me the names of the places. You must get me Murray first though; it's in mamma's bag there.'

'I have got such a queer letter from my mother, I can't think what she's driving at' (he had carried me off to the other end of the boat before he began to speak). 'Just tell me what you make out of it.' It was a short note, without any date, and written evidently in a great hurry. I read it through two or three times, and Nick lit a cigar and puffed away in silence.

'DEAREST NICK,

'We are all in a great state of excitement, and can't think where to write to you; but I think it just possible that a line posted to-day may catch you at Geneva. So I write for the chance to say that you will find letters from Mr. Darley waiting for you at Chavronix, where you said in your last you expected to be soon. James has the grey mare saddled to take this into Heldon, so I have not a minute more to write. Well, dearest boy, you were in low spirits when you left England. Take care you do not allow yourself to be too much excited now. I suppose this news will shorten your trip.

'Bless you, my dear son,

'Your loving mother,

'E. B.'

'Can Minnie have changed her mind?' he said in a low tone—'no, surely not. It can't be.'

'Can Minnie have changed her mind?' I had not thought of that. Yes, that's it: what else could it be? that must be it; and I tried to swallow the big lump in my throat, and said, 'That's it—of course it is. Nick, you are a lucky fellow, and I congratulate you—though it costs me something to do it. Of course that's it.'

I don't think he noticed the last part of my speech; but he snatched up the letter and read it through again. 'No, surely, she never would. It's impossible.'

'Impossible?' I said; 'why the

very same thing happened to a friend of mine this very year. There was he desperately in love with a girl who refused him flat, and sent him off to travel down in the mouth enough to kill himself; and then as soon as ever he had got nobody knew where, she found, on second thoughts, she was more in love than he was, and there was such a piece of work as never was to let him know. As luck had it, a letter to the Scilly Islands found him and brought him back quick enough, and they were married straight off. What's more, they're about as happy a couple as I ever saw. Impossible? bless you, nothing is impossible about girls, unless it is to understand them.'

I had worked myself up till I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Nick pitched his cigar over the side and watched it hiss into the water; then put his hand on my arm and said, with a coolness that seemed rather odd for a lover, and aggravated me intensely, 'It's a rum go and I don't know what to make of it. I want to ask you one thing; don't say a word about this to your mother or sister.' He did seem a little excited and coloured up scarlet, and I promised to keep his counsel. We should be at Chavronix, if all went well, the following night, so he settled it would be no use hurrying on before us, and we joined Fanny again, who saluted us as we came up. 'Well, Mr. Barnard, I hope you are ashamed of yourself. Your few minutes have been exactly an hour all but eight minutes, and here have mamma and I been missing half the pretty views by looking in stupid Murray to try and find out what the places were. I believe you went to smoke, and I've a great mind not to let you have that sketch for your chambers you made me promise you.' Nick coloured up and began mumbling out an awkward apology, just as if he had really been guilty of some terrible offence, till she interrupted him. 'Well, never mind, I'll let you off this time, as you're a friend of Jack's; so please tell me whether those are the Jura over there or not.'

I left them chatting away plea-

santly together, and went and sat down by myself in anything but pleasant thought. Till that night at the pilot-house I had not been sure that I was really in love with Minnie Darley at all. It was only now, as I stared down into the foam of the paddle-wheel, now that all chance was past, that I was finding out how much I really cared for her. We were nearly at Ouchy. I opened my pocket-book and took out an envelope with a faded violet in it, and threw it overboard. 'That's done. She is a flirt, like the rest of them,' and I went to see the luggage taken out.

We slept that night at the Hôtel Gibbon, and, after an early walk through the wood to the Signal Hill, which commands one of the most extensive views of the Leman, started off again by boat, past Vevay, and Old Chillon, and the little island, to Ville Neuve, at the head of the lake, whence we took the train to Aigle.

We left our luggage at the station, and made a small boy in a blouse happy with the promise of fifty centimes to show us the way to the house, which had been hired for some years as a summer residence by a widowed cousin with two little girls. A pleasant walk of half a mile up a narrow road, fenced in by a crumbling stone wall, half hidden in ferns, and overhung by walnut-trees, brought us to a grove of magnificent chestnuts, and through their huge twisted stems we soon caught sight of our friends coming to meet us.

'If you are not all too tired,' said Mrs. Grey, as soon as the first warm greetings were over, 'we'll take a turn on to my gazebo before we go home. Your boxes will be sent up, dear, in time for you to make yourself comfortable for a solid tea at six. I should lose my cook, in all probability, Mr. Barnard, if I attempted a dinner later than half-past twelve or one here; but I hope we shan't starve you.'

Mrs. Grey's 'Gazebo,' her favourite seat, was a great boulder of marble, ascended by natural steps. It was sheltered completely on three sides by rocks and pines, and looked out

over the tops of the chestnuts across the Rhone on to the grim profile of the 'Giant' on the other side of the valley, and the three rosy snow peaks of the Dent de Midi farther off to the left. It certainly was a charming spot, wild and lonely, so lonely, indeed, that Mrs. Grey had forbidden Emma and Edith to go there alone, and had never been over-fond of staying there herself after sunset, since one unusually severe winter that she had spent at Chavronix, her St. Bernard had been strangled in the night, and big round footmarks, four inches across, were found in the morning leading up to the gazebo, where the snow was melted by some beast which had been lying down there.

On a table of soft moss close by some rough wooden seats we found some wine and fruit awaiting us, and sat there chatting and telling our adventures till it was time to go in. 'There are some letters for some of you, Fanny dear, on the drawing-room chimneypiece,' said Mrs. Grey, when we had all met for tea; 'I forgot them when we came in.' Fanny was up in a moment, and danced back into the room with a disappointed 'Not one for me; what a shame! "Mrs. Holmes," two for you, mamma, and "N. Barnard, Esq.," such a fat one for you, Mr. Barnard; I'm sure it must have got another one in it.' Nick took it, blushed crimson, and put it in his pocket. It was from Mr. Darley.

Supper, as everything else must, came to an end at last; but after supper there was a turn on the terrace, and, after that, something else, which kept us with the rest of the party, and it was not till we were alone in the little bedroom we were to share for the night that Nick could venture to open his letter.

I don't know which was most eager. I looked over with him and read:

'Drayton Lodge, August 10, 1863;

'MY DEAR NICHOLAS,

'If you believed how painful it was to me to be obliged to send you the enclosure to my last letter, you will not, I am sure, doubt that it gives me the greatest pleasure to forward that which accompanies

this. Second thoughts, they say, are best. I fancy you will not quarrel with the truth of the saying in your own case. I think you had better come here at once on your return. There will be several business matters to arrange, and I may probably, by then, be able to say what allowance I shall be able to let you have. You must be moderate in your expectations at first.

'I hope Mrs. Darley may be able to persuade your mother to meet you here. Wishing you all happiness,

'I remain,

'Yours very truly,

'T. DARLEY.'

Nick stared at me. 'Well, old boy, I congratulate you,' I said, with a sickly voice, and the knob in my throat bigger than before; 'I wish to goodness I could not, but I must—so I do.'

Slowly once more he read through the letter, getting redder and redder every moment, till all of a sudden he threw it down into the middle of the room and burst out in a towering passion. 'Second thoughts, indeed! and mayn't I have second thoughts too, I should like to know? A likely thing that I'm going to be kicked and then whistled for again, like a dog.'

'Second thoughts, con—!' He stopped short and was quiet for a moment, and went on in a lower tone. 'Jack, I've been an ass! The fact of the matter is, I don't care a snap for Minnie Darley; but I love your little sister, Fanny, a thousand times more than I can say. No, stop; don't say anything yet, and don't go staring as if you had never read Romeo and Juliet, nor heard of such a person as Rosaline; but just listen quietly to me. I shall go right home to my chambers, and stick to the law night and day till I've doubled my dirty three hundred a year, and then I shall try my luck with Fanny. I've had two or three briefs this year, and I know I've got wits enough if I can only stick to it, and I will. I was thinking the whole matter over last night. I guessed you were right yesterday, so I sat up and wrote a letter to old

Darley to tell him I was very sorry for his daughter and all that; but that I'm blowed if I'll have her. I didn't put it exactly like that, of course, but I was firm and civil, and I'll send the letter first thing to-morrow morning. I wonder when the post goes? Have you got any stamps, by-the-by?'

I never was so taken aback in my life, and had literally a difficulty in catching my breath. There was a vague feeling of relief with it all. Minnie MIGHT get over it, and who could tell what might not happen then? but the complications before us were appalling.

'Let me see HER letter.' It was at my feet. I picked it up, tore it open, and looked for her signature, and read,

'Dear Sir,

'Your obedient servants,

'SMITH and SMITH.'

I suppose I opened my eyes wider, if possible, than they were before, for, in a second, Nick had snatched the paper out of my hands. It was a lawyer's letter, announcing the sudden death of old General Barnard, soon after he had executed a will which revoked a former one, bequeathing his money to build and endow two monasteries and a convent, and left all his property to Nick on his attaining the age of twenty-five.

Mr. Darley was named executor and trustee, with full powers to do as he thought best with the estates till Nick should come into possession. A dozen times, at least, we must have read it through. Nick at last broke the silence. '*Jack, on second thoughts I shan't send that letter to old Darley.*'

I seized hold of his hand and shook it so that his arm was stiff for three days after, and it was a mercy that he was not disfigured by having it permanently lengthened.

I have not much more to tell, and what there is is best told in few words.

Nick left us the next day but one, but before he went he caught Fanny (by accident, he says) alone on the gazebo.

What happened there I am sure

I don't know; but I do know that when I met them coming back through the chestnuts, Fanny ran and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, and Nick paid me double at least for his stiff arm.

Both of them, no doubt, thought it very cruel of my mother to refuse point blank to allow the wedding till Fanny was eighteen; but perhaps on the whole it was as well, for Nick in the meantime turned twenty-five, and was able to accept an invitation to stand as Conservative candidate for Heldon. When the appointed day, Fanny's birthday, came, I was in full orders, and had rung myself in as rector of Barnard.

I am not a good hand at describing a wedding, and am grossly igno-

rant of the difference between tartans and tulles; but Emma and Edith Grey were two of our bridesmaids, and as Nick and Fanny were going to the East, and did not want Chavronix for the honeymoon, Mrs. Grey lent it me.

The 'Times' must tell the rest.

'On the 14th instant, at the parish church, Barnard, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of the diocese, Nicholas Barnard, Esq., M.P., of Barnard Hall, county Chester, to Fanny, only daughter of the late Rev. R. Holmes; also, at the same time and place, the Rev. John Holmes, Rector of Barnard-cum-Drayton, to Mary, second daughter of T. Darley, Esq., of Drayton Lodge.'



HOW KATE DISCOVERED AMERICA:

'DO you know who discovered America?' said Charlie Fraser to me.

Now this question was asked after dinner at the club; and, as Charlie is a wit, it was not unfair to suppose that, at such a time, such a question was only intended to lead up to some brilliant joke; so, instead of taking it out of his mouth by making a smart reply (which of course I could have done), I merely gave a commonplace answer—

'Christopher Columbus, was it not?—or Vasco di Gama, or somebody of that sort?'

'Well, so I always thought till to-day,' said Charlie; 'but I find that such a belief is only another fallacy to be added to those that are taught in popular geography.'

I was rather impatient at this long preface, and felt another and stronger temptation to make a smart answer (honestly, I could have been very smart this time), but I was determined to go through with the joke, if there was one, so I merely blew three rings of smoke (an accomplishment in which I excel), and waited.

'Yes,' resumed Charlie, 'and what is more, I have a document to prove it. Take that home and read it.' So saying, he handed me a letter and left me, in order, I fear, to go, according to his custom, to the Arlington, and play five-pound points at whist till the next morning.

I glanced through the letter, which was written in a lady's handwriting, crossed and recrossed, at first somewhat languidly, but, as I got on, with increasing interest, until at last I became thoroughly absorbed in it, and was only roused by the waiter coming for the fourth time (after a deal of preliminary scowling) to tell me that the club was about to be closed. The facts the letter disclosed were so remarkable, that I think it only fair to lay it before the public in full, that eminent geographers may have the opportunity of discussing it, and, if necessary, that the Government may fit out an expedition for the

investigation of the matter, and the verification of the extraordinary geographical discovery therein recorded.

'On board the *Iona*, 6th October, 1865.

'DEAREST CHARLIE,

'I am sure you have wondered at not receiving a letter from me for so long, but when I tell you the astounding adventures that have befallen us, you will be glad that I am alive—and indeed all of us, though Nelly says she is quite certain that you will dine just as well, and, of course, at one of those dreadful clubs; but of course you will give them all up when we are married; and that all men are selfish,—but you are not, I am quite certain. You know we have had a great party staying with us at Dun Beg. Two gentlemen came from the North, where they had been shooting, but I do not believe they shot anything, or else why did they not—but I will tell you all in order, because I know you like it, and I am getting quite business-like. One of the gentlemen is a friend of yours, Mr. Felix Fellowes, of whom you were so jealous because I danced five times with him at Lady Gore Jowse's—so unreasonable of you! And I am sure it was only because he dances well—though he is very nice; and he can do other things than dance, too, as we found when—but I will tell you that in order. The other was a Mr. Tom Ruffler. He talked a great deal, and told us a great many clever things he had done and said himself—though he never did or said anything particularly clever while with us, so that we all agreed that he must have read all his clever things in a book. And he knew everything; and contradicted papa about botany, and wore red neckties and varnished boots; and smoked a pipe,—but I think it made him ill, because nobody ever really saw him smoke it; and he asked me if I knew a tobacconist in the village; so I gave him some of those beautiful little cigars you sent me, and I think he liked them, because he smoked seven in one morning.

'But I must not wander from our adventures. You must know that we had been living together in the house for a week without any fresh arrivals, and so we had all got tired of each other. We used to play at croquet, and that made us quite hate each other. Nelly would not speak to Mr. Fellowes because he once croquet'd her down the hill into the river, and would not go and fetch the ball or beg her pardon. And Mr. Ruffler talked a great deal about wanting to "play at golf"—he called it "playing at links," and always wanted to know if the golf was not too damp for the ladies to walk on (he meant the turf, you know); but I am certain it was because he thought it a good joke, because he never really did play, and when he did, it was very badly, for he broke two of the clubs and lost a ball. And Jack's alive is very stupid, if you get knocked down every time, and never catch anybody. Missie began photography, and took us in groups in our riding habits; but some of the chemicals got mixed up together, and the picture only came out once, and then we all had large feet, and nothing but white in our eyes, and Mr. Fellowes' neck was longer than his body, besides Missie making her hands quite black. We had a deal of music, but Mr. Ruffler pretended to despise it. He cannot understand anything but "Slap Bang" or a hornpipe, and actually laughed at me because I said I adored Mario—he called it Mariolatry. We danced reels every evening, of course; but my darling Viva got in the way one night, and Mr. Fellowes danced the double shuffle on her, so we decided that it was too dangerous an amusement. Viva is now the loveliest pug you ever saw; her nose is blacker and more turned up than any I ever saw, and Mr. Fellowes says he could hold her up by her tail without taking the curl out of it; but I would not let him try it. However, after a time we got tired of all these amusements, and to kill time I tried to teach Mr. Ruffler to sing "*Comme à vingt ans*," but he would sing up in his head, and pretended to teach me how to pronounce French, so that

failed. As a last resource, we asked papa to have the "Water Witch" fitted out, and take us for a day's yachting among the islands. And he made a joke, and said it was the *water* which he did not like; but he promised to take us over to the island of Staffa, which you know is quite close to us here, to pass the day and explore the caves. So on Wednesday week last we all went on board the "Water Witch," early in the morning. We were quite a large party. Besides Bunks (who was as obstinate as ever, and even more, as I think), and the sailors, there were papa, and Missie, and Nelly, and Miss Downie—and, do you know, Mr. Fellowes has made desperate love to her, and calls her *Jemima*, and we have all settled that they are going to be married. Missie took her photographic apparatus, and of course I took Viva, thinking the sea-air would do her good. Just as we were pushing off, we heard somebody crying out, "Ah, hi! Ah, hi!" and a figure rushed down to the beach. Mr. Ruffler said it was nothing but a head of hair; but it turned out to be Captain Dinochie. Mr. Ruffler said his hair would sink the ship; but papa said it was a wig, and we could throw it overboard in case of danger, so he came on board; but Mr. Ruffler behaved very badly, and pretended to think that his parting was disarranged, and offered to lend him a comb; then he said that as we had taken the captain on board, he was bored, and should take him off (he says that is a joke too, but I can't see it), and began to pull his whiskers (though he has not got any, but as if he had), and to imitate the way the captain says good-day.

'So we started to go to Staffa, which is just on the other side of Mull, and papa began to tell us about Dr. Johnson, who, it seems, had been there too, and who must have been a very selfish and disagreeable person. Shortly after starting, we sat down to luncheon and were very jolly, and had Bunks down to drink our healths. We asked him what he would like, and he said he would like some toddy, and should prefer "to make it in-

side," and he drank the whiskey first and then the water; but Mr. Fellowes gave him whiskey the second time too, and Bunks actually never found it out till he had drunk it all. Then Mr. Ruffler sang "*Le Postillon de Longjumeau*," but as it was in French, and he sang it very fast, nobody understood it, except when he sat astride on a chair and imitated the clacking of a whip, and shouted "*Houp-là! houp-là!*" Nevertheless, we all joined in the chorus.

'Ha! ha! ha! qu'il était beau,
Le Postillon de Longjumeau,'

until Bunks came down and asked us not to go on because it would raise the wind. Papa sang a song, too, about Paul Jones, a very good one, except that there was nothing in it but the chorus—

'You have heard of Paul Jones,
; He was a rogue and a vagabond,
; You have heard of Paul Jones, have you not?'

But he sang it in so many different tones of voice that we thought it was a different Mr. Jones in every verse.

'So all went on delightfully for about an hour, when Bunks came down again, and said he didn't like the look of the weather.

"Why not?" asked papa.

"Well, there's just a lot of scratches and scrawls, and mares' tails, and mackerel's backs just knocking about, and there's a dirty-looking bank out to the westward."

'Then papa said we had better go back, and they turned the ship round, but almost directly the sea became very rough, the wind began to blow a hurricane, and the rain came down in torrents. At first we laughed at it, and the captain told us how he had been shipwrecked coming from the Cape of Good Hope, and lived for four years on a desert island, and when they got home all the sailors' wives had married somebody else; upon which Mr. Ruffler said that if ever he married he should go to the Cape and get shipwrecked too, which made me think of you and feel very unwell. (All this time the sea was getting rougher.) Then the ship gave a sudden lurch, and threw a grouse

and a jam tart into Nelly's lap, besides upsetting all the whiskey over Miss Downie's dress. We all got very much alarmed, though Mr. Ruffler tried to make fun of it, and said he believed Miss Downie had done it on purpose to get double allowance. None of us laughed, and I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to joke at such a moment. Just then the ship gave another lurch, and poor Mr. Ruffler, who was hurt at what I said, turned very pale, and casting a reproachful glance at me, said he would go and look at the weather, and went on deck. Then we heard a dreadful crash, and a groan, which turned out to be the captain, who had fallen down among the crockery in the pantry; and when Mr. Fellowes went to him he would not get up, but said he would lie where he was and die like a soldier. You have no idea what a scene it was. The ship plunging and rolling dreadfully, every timber creaking, the chairs and plates falling about the cabin, and the wind howling through the rigging, so that one could not hear oneself speak. Jemima and Nelly and I became dreadfully ill, and had it not been for Missie, who kept up and cheered us, I am certain we should have died then and there. I cannot tell you how kind Mr. Fellowes was. He never for one moment thought of himself, but ran about all over the ship for us, brought rugs, cloaks, and cushions, put them on the cabin floor for us, and kept the lamp alight. I felt as great an admiration for him that moment as if he had been Mario himself.

'Papa had been on deck from the first, and so had Mr. Ruffler from the time he went to look at the weather. As Mr. Ruffler goes yachting every year, of course he knows all about it, and I wanted papa to ask him if there was much danger, but papa said he had been looking into the water ever since he had been on deck, was groaning, and would not answer. And that made us more miserable, because we thought it must be very bad indeed. The most dreadful thing was, that papa said we were sailing away

from the land because the wind was blowing towards it, and we were on a lee shore. We all prayed him, if he loved us, to turn round and take us home, but he said it could not be done, and so did Bunks.

'All night the hurricane continued. You may imagine that we could not sleep. We knew that we were going away from the land, and expected every moment that we should strike on our beam ends, and so spring a leak in them, and all go to the bottom. Towards morning I fell into a doze, and dreamt I was at the Opera. I thought it was the last act of the "Prophète," where the palace falls in. I heard the crash, and awoke with a start, to learn that our mast had been broken in two by the wind. Captain Dinoclie must have been dreaming too, for I heard him say, "Spare my life—I surrender."

'All was confusion. The morning had come, but the fog was thicker than ever; besides which the hurricane had increased, and the ship being quite helpless, was driven before it as if it had been a feather on the water.

'This was the 28th of September. None of us could move, and all day long we lay in the cabin quite unable to stir or even to talk, and expecting every moment to be our last. I thought of you, Charlie, and wondered what you were doing, and whether you were thinking of me at all. How I wished you were with us! I felt that I could have faced death by your side, but Nelly said it would have been no better, and that you would not care about it, though I am sure you would. And then I thought that all was for the best, and I would not have had you in danger for worlds; besides, you are a bad sailor. About the middle of the day a great sea broke our boat to pieces. Mr. Ruffler came down to tell us, looking very pale, but we were too miserable to care about it. He said that the wind had changed to the east, that we had been driving due west by the compass ever since we started, and were getting into the broad Atlantic. Papa was very anxious about provisions, and said we had scarcely

anything but some bacon on board; but it made us ill to hear it spoken of, and we all agreed that we should not be able to eat anything for a week at least. The captain crawled out of the pantry in the afternoon: such a sight! One of the lamps had fallen on him, and he was covered with oil. He was as white as a ghost; his hair was out of curl, hanging down quite limp, and his whiskers were all crushed up into nothing, so that we scarcely knew him. He took no notice of us, but called for somebody to come to him, and Missie actually had to help him across the cabin to the ladder, where he sat all day with his head in his hands. In the evening Mr. Fellowes lit a fire in the men's cabin, and made some hot whiskey and water, which he made us take, and we all felt very grateful and tried to go to sleep.

'For three days we lay in the cabin quite prostrate without any incident to relieve the horror and monotony of our situation. On the third day we were too weak and ill to care for anything. We had eaten nothing but a biscuit or two, but when we were all, as it were, at the last gasp, Mr. Fellowes found some brandy, and made us drink it by saying it was sherry, which I am certain saved all our lives.

'Oct. 2.—The wind still continued, and the fog too. Mr. Ruffler was very ill-tempered, and said we should soon get to America if we went on at that rate; and he kept saying that he knew from the first that we were going to have bad weather from the eastward, though I am sure he never said so. Miss Downie was very ill indeed, and wrote a last farewell to her family, which Mr. Fellowes put in a bottle and threw overboard. She then kissed us all, and said she should die happy, but in the darkness she kissed the captain, too, by mistake, and that revived her a little; and so the day ended just as the day before did.

'Oct. 23.—This morning Mr. Fellowes insisted upon our going on deck, saying it would do us good, and we dragged ourselves up the ladder. Never shall I forget the

sight. The mist was so thick that we could not see so far as the length of the ship. The sea was rolling mountains high, and the immense black waves, curling over with white foam at the top, were rushing after the ship, threatening every minute to sweep over it. The mast was quite gone, having been broken off by jibing over, as Bunks said; but a spar had been put up with a little sail upon it, and was bending almost double with every gust of the wind, which was howling in a most awful manner. Bunks was steering in order to keep the ship before the wind. It was too dreadful a sight for us, and we all went down again into the cabin; but I think the air had done us good, for we began to feel dreadfully hungry for the first time. We held a consultation, and found that all the provisions we had on board were a tin of wine biscuits, two jam tarts, part of a grouse pie, a haunch of venison, some bacon (the sailors had eaten most of it), two patés de foie gras, and some walnuts. Luckily there was plenty of water, and a large quantity of whiskey belonging to Bunks, besides some champagne and sherry, a dozen of seltzer-water, and a bottle of maraschino. Papa said we must all be put on rations; he then made out a list of all the things, and divided them by twelve, which was the number of the people on board, including Bunks and the crew. I begged hard to have Viva put on the list, but it was of no use, and I resolved to share my food with her to the last biscuit. Then papa ordered all the provisions to be taken into the pantry to be taken care of. What was our horror to find the venison on the cabin floor, half gnawed away and covered with dust. Everybody said it was Viva who had done it, and Mr. Ruffler wanted to throw her overboard, but I declared that I would follow her, and so her dear life was spared. We then had our rations served out—three wine biscuits, some walnuts, and a small piece of grouse-pie each, with some sherry and water. My pie was nothing but the back of the grouse; I could not eat it, and gave it to Nelly for two walnuts. The storm

still continued, and we all lay down to sleep very miserable.

'Oct. 4.—The first thing I saw this morning was Viva, who came out of the pantry licking her lips. Luckily nobody but me saw her. When we came to have our morning rations it was found that all the rest of the grouse-pie was gone. Of course everybody blamed Viva; but it was very unfair, for Captain Dinnochie slept in the pantry, and was just as capable of eating it, I am sure. The loss of our pie made us all very low-spirited, so we ate all the rest of the bacon to keep our spirits up, and drank all the champagne. After that we began to take a brighter view of things, and Mr. Ruffler said that perhaps some ship might be drifting our way through the "set" of the Gulf Stream, and then we might fall in with her. We put our heads out of the cabin one after the other, but could see nothing, for the mist was as thick as ever, and the storm, which had now lasted six days, not abated in the least; besides the sleet and rain drove right in our faces, and some got down Miss Downie's neck and gave her the most dreadful cold, so that she insisted on having some bottles of seltzer-water made hot to put to her feet. I cried a great deal, and so did Nelly, but Missie comforted us so much, and was in such good spirits, that we soon became almost reconciled to our fate. The captain never spoke a word the whole day, and did not come out of the pantry except for his rations. Mr. Ruffler said he was thinking of his hair; but he himself was very disagreeable too, and declared that if we did not fall in with a ship, he should insist on Viva being killed and cooked, to make up for the venison and grouse; and he offered to cook her himself in the Chinese fashion.

'Oct. 5.—This morning all the provisions left were the two patés de foie gras and the bottle of maraschino. We divided them, but felt very hungry after our meal and very thirsty, so that we finished all the water out of the tank. Our prospects were now, indeed, desperate. We had no food, and were still hundreds of miles from

land, though Mr. Ruffier said we could not, at the rate we had been scudding, be very far from the coast of Newfoundland. Towards night, however, the mist cleared up somewhat, and the moon came out for a short time. We all went upon deck to see it, and it quite cheered us. Towards morning the sea seemed to go down, and we heard a great commotion on deck, and could distinguish the voice of Mr. Ruffier giving orders. We rushed up the ladder at once, and there beheld land! How shall I describe our emotions? I cried for joy. Nelly looked at the land through the telescope for ten minutes before she would believe it. Miss Downie came up, too, and was so overcome, that, finding herself near Mr. Ruffier, she fainted away in his arms; but he handed her over to Mr. Fellowes, who carried her into the cabin. Then the captain came up, and spoke for the first time. He said the land was exactly like Scotland, and that made us all laugh very much, because, as Mr. Ruffier said, we had been sailing directly away from Scotland for six days. Mr. Ruffier himself said that it must be some part of Newfoundland, probably Cape Race, where the steamers touch. Bunks said he warn't no navigator much, but he thought he had been there afore. This made us laugh again, for we were in good spirits, but Bunks got very angry, and would not speak any more.

By this time we had drifted towards the land, and, as we had no boat, Bunks steered the ship as well as he could towards a sandy cove. At last she struck on the sand, but still some distance from dry land, because she draws ten feet of water, and the shore was shelving. Mr. Ruffier volunteered to swim ashore with a rope, and, taking off his boots and coat, dived overboard, very gracefully; but he had forgotten to take enough rope, and he was stopped, suddenly, underneath the water, or, as Bunks said, "brought up with a round turn." We thought he would be drowned; but he only said something very dreadful to Bunks, and then, when some more rope was let out, swam to the shore

with it. A larger rope was then tied on to it, and he pulled that ashore,—then another; and a packing case was so arranged as to run along it, by which, first, Miss Downie, and then all the rest of us were taken ashore. Missie, who always thinks of everything, brought with her some dry clothes for Mr. Ruffier, who dressed in a cave; and we then all started to explore the country. Mr. Fellowes had brought the gun which was given to Mr. Ruffier, in case we might find any game, which, he said, was probable. And we had not gone very far, before a number of strange birds, very like grouse, rose up and flew away. Mr. Ruffier fired twice at them, but missed, and said they were too far off. Then we came to some more, and he missed them too, though they were very near. Papa said it was wasting powder, and took the gun himself, and shot the next bird we saw. We all settled that Mr. Ruffier could not shoot, though he said he had killed a large number of deer in Scotland. We walked on through a pine wood and across some stuff just like the heather in the Highlands, which Mr. Ruffier said always grows in those latitudes—for he told us we were in the same latitude as at home. Suddenly, on arriving at the top of a hill, we came to the sea again, and found that we were, in fact, not on the main land at all, but on an island. All our hopes were overthrown in an instant. We looked at each other in blank despair, and slowly walked down to the shore, with a vague wish to be nearer the main land. Mr. Ruffier said he was quite certain that the island was not marked upon any chart, and that we should have to report its discovery to the Admiralty; and he resolved to take an observation of its latitude from the highest point. He left us at once to go back to the ship, in order to get a sextant and an almanac and materials for a tent; and we all sat down in silence, looking at the land we could not reach. Mr. Fellowes and Missie got together some dry wood and lit a fire, which cheered us a little; but our joy was of short duration, for Mr. Ruffier came back

suddenly, and, in an agitated voice, told us that the ship had disappeared. Even Bunks had deserted us; and we were now left perfectly destitute and helpless on a desert island. We held a council. The captain was quite violent, and said it all came of going to sea with a parcel of women. Mr. Ruffler could suggest nothing, except to cook the bird papa had shot. The only persons who seemed to be able to do anything were Missie, Mr. Fellowes, and papa, who made a kind of shelter for us with branches of trees.

'But our deliverance was nearer at hand than we imagined. Papa was looking over the sea, and suddenly started up and turned pale. We followed his eye, and what was our delight to see the smoke of a steamer plainly visible on the horizon. Then came an hour of dreadful excitement—hopes and fears chasing each other and every minute seeming an age. We tied a shawl on a long branch and waved it frantically to and fro. We piled all the wood we could find on our fire. We shouted till we were hoarse, and fired off our last charge of powder to attract attention. At first the steamer held on her course and seemed about to pass the island; but suddenly she stopped, turned, and came straight towards us. After that I remember nothing, till I found myself lying in a comfortable cabin,

the furniture of which was marked "Iona." The revulsion of joy and gratitude for our miraculous deliverance were almost too much for me. I felt that unless I did something I should go mad; and I resolved to sit down and write an account of our dangers and sufferings to you, dear Charlie, who, I know, are more interested than anybody in everything that concerns me. I have done. I shall send this to England by the first opportunity, and shall count the miles that lie between us, and the moments that pass before I see you once more.

'Your own loving,

'KATE.

'P.S.—Mr. Ruffler has just come down. He says we have got the yacht in tow; that there was a "local attraction" which made the compass always point to the west, and that we had been in a circular storm. It is a mercy we came across the Atlantic as we did.

'P.P.S.—Mr. Ruffler says that we were not in America at all, but on one of the small Hebrides near Mull, and that this is a steamer which runs from Inverness to Cronan, and that we shall be at Dun Beg this afternoon. I dare say he thinks that a very clever joke, but of course I do not believe it. And he says he shall write a tale about it; so if ever you meet one, don't you believe that either.'

T. G. B.



WAITING FOR THE WAGGON.

A London Street Photograph.

(BY THE 'LAMBETH CASUAL'.)

A NEAR cut to the Farringdon Street Station (they have, one and all, the misfortune to be villainously dirty cuts) from Islington, is through a narrow alley beside the Clerkenwell Sessions House.

Ordinarily it is a commonplace alley, and possesses no other uncommon feature than that there is a coal-shed in it, and that usually, just within the door of the coal-shed, and seated on an upturned coke measure, may be seen one of the queerest-looking old ladies in London. How many years she has sat on that measure is impossible to guess, a good many without doubt, for the iron hoop that edges it is worn as bright as a wedding ring. She is a tiny old woman; if she was to sit in the measure instead of outside of it, you would be able to see no more of her than her tremendous, snowy-white, long-frilled nightcap, heading the measure like the froth of a pot of beer. Her teeth, although long, are of not nearly so good a colour as the strings of her nightcap, and she has lean, long-fingered, dirty hands, and, as far as my observation extends, takes the money, and is grandmother, I should say, to the over-fat, middle-aged man who weighs the coals, and attends to the barrow business (they let trucks and barrows, as a board over the door informs you; over the coal scales there is another, on which 'no trust,' in chalk, is inscribed in a shaky but determined hand; that of the old lady, might be safely wagered), and who seems to go in considerable awe of her, and to comport himself as though if he did not keep a steady eye on her she might at any moment cut him off with a shilling.

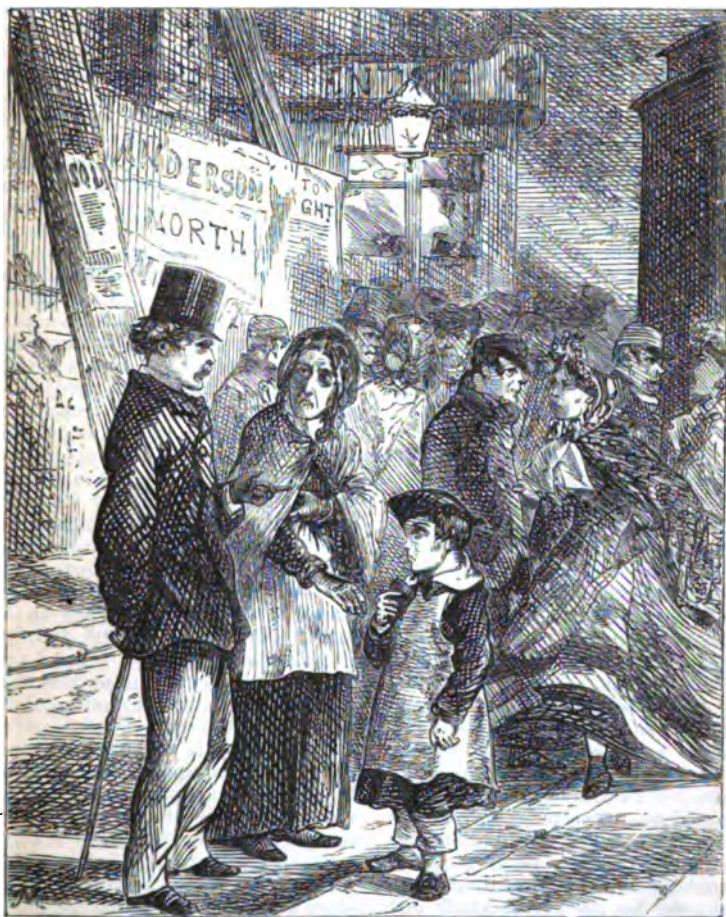
Several times I had passed through the alley in question, but always in the morning, and always, as I have before observed, found it just an ordinary poor-neighbourhood alley, but for the exceptional feature mentioned. One day, however, I chanced to have occasion to take

this way in the afternoon, when I found my alley in an extraordinary state of commotion.

It was a dismal January afternoon, damp, raw, and bitter cold, and fast approaching dusk. As I came on the entrance to the alley I saw a great black hearse-like vehicle blocking up the narrow road, and round about it, and crowded on the pavement opposite it, was quite a mob of people. My first thought was that the little old woman had at last fallen off the coke measure, had died, and was about to be buried. Poor old thing! I wonder, after all, if she *did* keep all her money under the bushel she sat on? I wonder if her fat grandson has discovered it, and whether he has yet found time to count it? I wonder—

But at that point there is an end to speculation, for now I had approached somewhat closer there was plainly to be seen a good five inches of nightcap frill projecting beyond the doorpost of the coal-shed, while what in the gloom I had mistaken to be a hearse, became a prison omnibus. I experienced considerable relief when I discovered that the occasion of the assembly was of not so melancholy a nature as I had at first surmised; nevertheless there was the crowd and there was the police van; what was the matter?

There were plenty of people about to tell me if I wanted to know (and I did want to know very much), but which among them should I ask? The majority of the members of the crowd were women; mostly of the fashionably dressed sort, with monstrous skirts and flashy shawls and magnificent bonnets: some had veils, but of the faces of those who had not, owing to the increasing dusk, little could be seen; nor was it at all necessary to see their faces, the object being to glean something of their character, for despite the magnificent bonnets, and the neck chains, and the finger rings, they stood in the attitude of basket-women, on the path, in the gutter, and leaning



Drawn by Wm. M. Connell.

WAITING FOR THE WAGGON.

against the posts, in close converse with hulking, crop-headed ruffians, with shawls round their throats and the peaks of their dogskin caps pulled down over their restless eyes; and with slim, black-coated prigs of fellows, with pale hands and faces, and with an ever watchful look about them, as though they might be called on at any moment to run a race with somebody and everything depended on catching the signal to be off, and obtaining a fair start; in close converse with such men as these were the splendid women whispering, and swearing horribly in whispers; which these men did *not* do; they swore horribly too, but when, in the midst of their whispering, they found it necessary to utter an oath or a blasphemy, they broke out of the whisper and did it in their natural voice. I never before heard blasphemy uttered in whispers, and I suppose it was the novelty that made it seem so much more awful.

Clearly these were not the individuals to whom one could apply for any sort of information. But they were not all of the above-mentioned hideous quality, at least, they did not seem to be. The exceptions were the solitary ones—women as a rule—with enough of the infamous brand, to be sure, to distinguish them from honest folks, but, still, with such woeful foreboding in their weary faces, so aghast and wide-eyed, such agony of fear and doubt and anxiety, that it was impossible to do aught than commiserate their concern without even being aware of its cause. Which, of course, in this advanced age, when to be real is to be vulgar, when my lady plasters her face, and is as finished an impostor as Bet Flinders of Seven Dials, who assumes, by the aid of chalk and slate powder, a galloping consumption before she sets out on her daily excursion; when swindling has become a science; when we look about us and discover these things and a thousand others of the same cut and fashion, to believe in what one sees becomes simply ridiculous, and if extensively indulged in would be a very direct means of sapping and undermining the British constitution, and lead to the

downfall of the lion and the unicorn in no time.

Here before me is a case in which I for one am not so silly as to believe. A little way past the coal-shed, and lurking in a doorway that is exactly opposite to the little black door in the stone wall already mentioned, is a woman and a boy. She is a young woman and wretchedly clad. The mud on the pavement is an inch deep, but the young woman has slippers on her feet—thin prunella things such as women wear about the house. But the slip-slop slippers do not impose on me. I bear in mind the story of the old woman who for more than twenty years lived like a princess. People pitied her so because of her incurable sores; the medical faculty pronounced them incurable, and unanimously declared that never before had they seen the like; it transpired that the wounds were of the old lady's own making—a biting acid being the agent employed. The other day there was to be seen on the way to Highgate a poor man tormented by elephantiasis, writhing and wriggling, as, seated on a doorstep, he exhibited his bare arm; now he is wriggling on a treadmill, an over-inquisitive Samaritan (how the rascal must have blessed him!) having discovered the cause of the painful malady in a length of whipcord bound tightly beneath the shoulders. When I reflect on these ingenious devices for exciting charitable emotions in the breast of the chance beholder, the slip-slop slippers win from me but contempt. I am equally proof against the shawl—a thin washed-out cotton rag, arranged so artistically that her sharp square shoulders are distinctly visible through it, and it is only made to cover her bosom by the aid of a stout brass pin, and much perilous stretching.

She is not at all an interesting young woman. Her nose is red and swollen through excessive grief (onions I should say), and from the same cause there is a red rim round each dull eye, rendered the more conspicuous because of the whiteness of her face. Her hair is untidy, and a wisp of it is looping over her forehead and down to her swollen nose almost.

The boy with her is, I must do her the justice to say, evidently not a hired boy. He is her own, as exactly like her as possible. Like her, he is pale; from head to foot he is pale; he wears a long white holland pinafore, a white collar, and a greyish pepper-and-salt Glengarry cap on his fair-haired head. Certainly the boy's 'get up' was superior to that of the mother. It was not overdone. He was a magnificent specimen of the regular pale-all-over boy, the child of 'poor though honest' parents. No doubt the reader has seen him, for he is wofully common, especially in neighbourhoods where mangling is done, and washing and ironing taken in, and carpets taken up and beat, and light porters' work done. If seen at mid-day, he will be found systematically devouring thick bread thinly buttered, which, being pale too, does not enliven his general appearance, which is that of having been frequently washed out and wrung out as a poor man's shirt is, with the common mistake of adding too much 'blue' to the rinsing water.

I felt so indignant at the woman's barefaced attempt to get up the little ruffian with her in the 'poor though honest' style, that I am determined she shall give me some sort of satisfaction. At least she shall inform me why the people are waiting. 'Anything the matter?' I ask.

'Nothing that I know of,' replies she, sharply, and looking another way, as though in no humour for conversation.

'But what are the people waiting for—what are *you* waiting for?' I repeat.

'It ain't no business of yours,' replied she, 'or else I wouldn't be ashamed to tell you. I ain't ashamed *now* to tell you,' continued she, defiantly. 'I'll tell you if you want to know, stranger as you are. I'm waiting for my husband. He's in there' (pointing at the little black door on which she had all along constantly kept her red-rimmed eyes), 'and I'm waiting to get one more look at him and a word with him if I can as he is getting into the van.'

This, then, accounted for the untidy hair and the swollen nose,

and one or two unbusiness-like tokens I had observed in the cadger and her son. She was not 'at work.' Her husband (perhaps it was the ghastly, smooth-frocked countryman who, panting and with an already fallen jaw, huddles over a hamper-full of stale chickweed and groundsel) had come to grief, and she had come to bid him good-bye.

'Your husband!' said I. 'What, then, is the matter? What do they accuse him of?'

'Of no more than he is guilty,' said she. 'They've put him away for six months for stealing an old stove not worth a shilling. What was the use of it to us? We had nothing to burn in it—nothing to cook at it. Never mind, they took him, and he's got six months. Just tell me, what am I to do but steal too? How is this child to be fed if I *don't* steal? I'll do it, by —, and before I get home this night too. Never mind, Joey. *You* shan't go short, Joe.'

Joe did cry, however, and hid his white face in a corner of the washed-out shawl. It was such a capital piece of acting that I gave Joe a shilling on the spot. It was well invested, for besides being a study of 'gaol-bird life,' it had gained me the information I required, at least it gave me clue enough to enable me to guess the rest. To-day had been a day for trying prisoners, and the gaol-birds having received their sentences, the prison-van was waiting to convey them to their cages. Those waiting about were the gaol-birds' friends and relations—kindred vultures and kites and butcher birds, and in many cases free only by grace of Police constable Bungle of the XX Division, and they were there to say farewell to the snared ones.

By keeping my ears open, too, I was presently put in possession of a fact which astonished me not a little. Some of the vultures in waiting, although well assured that their friends had been tried that day, knew nothing of the terms of their sentence, nor would they know until the culprit himself told them on his passage from the gaol to the omnibus. This was clear; for artfully listening to a conversation

going on between one of the magnificent women before mentioned and two of the hairy-capped ones, these scraps of it reached my ears.

'Six months indeed! You forget who tried him.'

'No I don't,' said the woman; 'it's a good six year since he was pegged here; he stands as good as a fust offence a'most. He won't get more than six months.'

'Well, they'll be comin' out in a minute, and if we don't shift nigher to the van, we shan't be no wiser than we are now.'

The speaker was right, for scarcely had they sauntered towards the ominous-looking vehicle than there was a bustle among the policemen, who ranged themselves in a double row extending from the prison to the van door, and then the little door in the stone wall was opened, revealing a passage lined with policemen and well lit with gas. The excitement among the mob began to be very great. Such as could pressed round the door through which the prisoners would presently emerge; but such of them who were kept back by the police, and lost all chance of a farewell peep at their friends, set up a shouting of their names—the deep voices of the bulldog men and the shrill voices of the women curiously mingling, in hopes that those called on would hear and answer. 'Peter! Peter! I'm here, Peter!' 'Johnny! Johnny Sullivan!' 'What cheer, Jack! Give us a word, Jack! Suke's here, Jack, lad!' 'That you, Teddy! Good-bye, old son!' 'Peter! I'm here, Peter!' The Babel was bad enough before the prisoners emerged, but when they did, being handed along the passage, and out into the street from officer to officer, with the greatest solicitude, the hubbub was truly deafening. Peter, a smart young pickpocket, responded cheerfully to the call for him, bawling to Jane that he was all right, and that she was to be sure to keep up her pecker. Next came a melancholy man, well dressed and with grey hair, whose pale face nobody recognized, and who passed into the van wofully cast down. Then came the person whom the magnificent woman

had protested would only get six months.

'There he is! There's Jerry! How much, Jerry?'

'Three stretch!' replied Jerry, mournfully, and in he went without another word. What a 'stretch' may be I won't attempt to guess; but when Jerry's friends heard that he was afflicted with three of them they stared at each other aghast, and one of the men said to the women, 'Now what do you think of your six months, Poll?' To which Poll replied nothing, but began mopping at her eyes with a laced-edged handkerchief in a very affecting manner. Then followed in quick succession Jacks, Teddys, and Johnnys. Johnny was a spry young thief aged about nineteen, and the young female waiting for him resolutely thrust both her hands (there was a ring on the marriage finger) on each side of a policeman's ears, and endeavoured to touch Johnny as he passed; this, of course, could not be allowed. 'Never mind, old gal; kiss the kid for me, will yer? It will soon spin round, don't yer know,' said he, his voice growing fainter as he penetrated into the van, the latter few words being cut off almost by the slamming of the door of his compartment.

Then came a great ruffian with handcuffs on, and looking still unsafe without a muzzle; then a woman, who playfully chuckled the officer on the van steps under the chin, and went in laughing.

'The brazen wretch!' said somebody at my elbow; and looking round there was my female friend with her little boy. At the very instant out came her husband. A gaunt, big-boned young man in ragged fustian, stained as though he had tried his hand at no end of things. He came out of the prison smiling, and evidently bent on smiling, but when he saw the woman and the boy he broke down.

'Good-bye, dear! Good-bye, Joe! You *must* keep up, you know, even for the boy's sake, and when—'

He was the last, and in a jiffy the doors were slammed to, and locked, the driver chirped to his horses, and there was an end to the business.

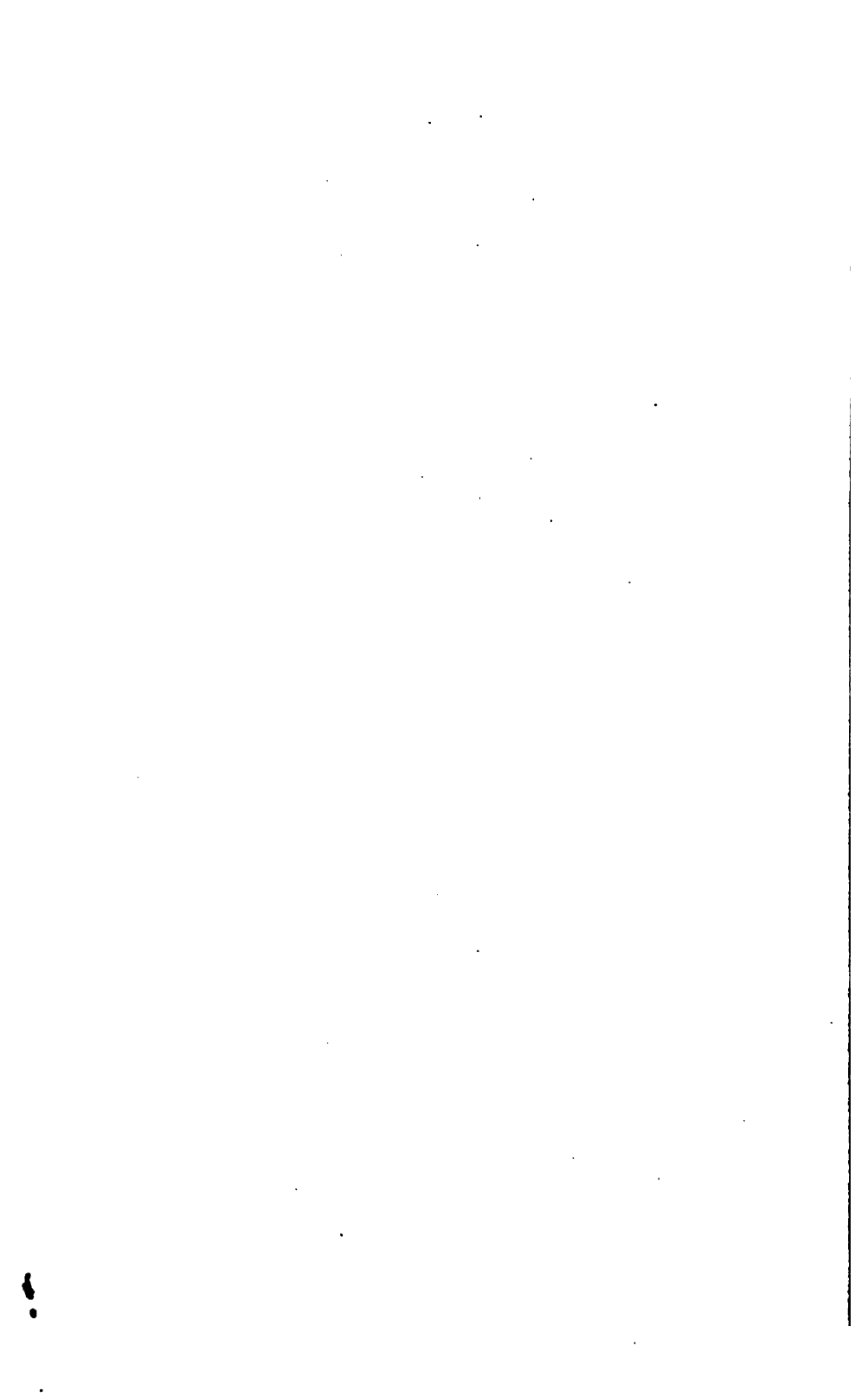
J. G.



MADemoisELLE TAGLIONI,

as "LA BAYADÈRE."

[See "Opera Illustrations"]



THE LONDON OPERA DIRECTORS:

A SERIES OF CURIOUS ANECDOTIC MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL MEN CONNECTED
WITH THE DIRECTION OF THE OPERA;
THE INCIDENTS WHICH DISTINGUISHED THEIR MANAGEMENT;
WITH REMINISCENCES OF CELEBRATED COMPOSERS AND THE LEADING SINGERS
WHO HAVE APPEARED BEFORE THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

By the Author of '*Queens of Song*.'

CHAPTER VII.

MM. LAURENT AND LAPORTE—DOUBTS AND FEARS AND FOREBODINGS—MADAME PASTA AND HER RIVALS—MADAME MALIBRAN AND HER CRITICS—REVOLT OF THE BAND—'STALLS' AT THE KING'S THEATRE—TAGLIONI—LARLACHE—MICHAEL COSTA—MR. MONCK MASON'S UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE—HIS TOTAL RUIN—FANNY ELLISLER—LA VIELLE GARDE—BENJAMIN LUMLEY—THE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF THE KING'S THEATRE—UNHAPPY POSITION OF MR. CHAMBERS—BANKRUPTCY OF LAPORTE—ALTERATION OF THE NAME OF THE KING'S THEATRE—THE OPERA-HOUSE OFFERED FOR SALE—TYRANNY OF 'THE CAVAL'—THE 'TAMBUKINI ROW'—M. LAPORTE'S FAILING HEALTH—SUDDEN DEATH OF M. LAPORTE—LUMLEY UNDERTAKES THE DIRECTION—'FAREWELL' OF RUBINI—IMMENSE FORTUNE LEFT BY HIM—SINGERS AND DANCERS INTRODUCED TO ENGLAND BY MR. LUMLEY—PURCHASE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY MR. LUMLEY—RIVAL OPERA-HOUSES—THE 'JENNY LIND EXCITEMENT'—THE 'OPERA FUS'—FINANCIAL SPECULATION.

MESSERS. LAURENT and LAPORTE began their work with some practical knowledge of the duties which they undertook. The former had been for many years one of the Directors of the Opéra Italien in Paris; he was therefore intimately acquainted with all the singers of the time, with their voices, peculiarities, capabilities, and dispositions, and the degree of popularity which each enjoyed; he was likewise in a position to exercise an influence over the different theatres of Europe, which enabled him to make the most advantageous arrangements for the King's Theatre.

M. Laporte was a distinguished French actor, much admired on the stage, and liked in private life. In many respects he was not only a clever but a specially remarkable

man. In character he was undaunted and independent, too much so, perhaps; he was gentlemanly and kindhearted, and possessed excellent qualities; but these very qualities, unhappily, scarcely fitted him to control an empire which was in a chronic state of revolt, open or tacit, against its rulers. He 'scorned petty observances;' he abhorred the perpetual intriguing and deceit by which he found himself surrounded. By his invariable good nature he obtained a certain supremacy over those about him; but what he gained in one way he lost in another, for he was so unwilling to coerce, so indolent and wayward in his command, so foolishly indulgent even when it was needful to be severe, that if he was loved he was very little feared. 'Subject as he was to occasional periods of despondency and depression,' observes Mr. Lumley, 'M. Laporte necessarily exercised a considerable influence over those around him by his vivacity, his clear-sightedness, his knowledge of the world, and that independence of spirit which was among his better qualities, although it sometimes so much overcame his discretion as to create for him bitter enemies. There is no doubt that in a great measure he possessed the key to the sympathy of his "subjects," and could, on most occasions, persuade an artist to comply with his requirements.'

He undertook to guide the affairs of the Opera at a period when it had become almost a republic—or rather a quarrelsome oligarchy—and no man ever had more difficulties to contend against, difficulties of every form and shape.

The King's Theatre was advertised to open the first week in January, 1828. As M. Laurent did not arrive from Paris, however, the Lord Chamberlain sent commands, only

two days before the one fixed for the commencement of the season, prohibiting any performance until the Directors should present themselves. The assignees of Mr. Chambers, who were lessors of the house, did not like the position in which they were placed. The sum of four thousand pounds for which they had bargained was not forthcoming, although the new management had agreed to place the money in their hands by New Year's Day; and it was not until M. Laporte appeared as Laurent's substitute, with two thousand pounds, that their doubts and fears were allayed.

For a week idle speculation was rife when it was found that the doors of the King's Theatre remained closed. The public began to be haunted by a foreboding that they would be deprived of the Opera all that season. Just a week elapsed from the night originally announced, and then the theatre really opened.

Even then matters were not definitely settled with regard to the management, although the names of MM. Laurent and Laporte were put forward, and the understanding 'among the parties concerned' was, that, unless the remaining two thousand pounds were deposited within twenty-four hours from the opening of the theatre, the season should be continued under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Mash, of the Lord Chamberlain's office. Finally, an arrangement was made, when M. Laporte became sole manager, M. Laurent withdrawing altogether.

Some changes effected by the new Director were seriously objected to. Those who came not only to see but to be seen, were wroth at the removal of the large chandelier, which was replaced by wax candles. Others were discontented because the manager rigidly interdicted any one from going behind the scenes unless on business connected with the theatre.

Complaints against the band were both loud and deep. In truth, the orchestra of the King's Theatre had been declining for many years. As to the chorus, it was wretched in quality and in quantity.

The brightest star of the season

was Madame Pasta, then in the zenith of her glory. A silly dispute was raised by the admirers of Veluti when she performed the character of Armande in 'Il Crociato,' a dispute which reached such proportions that the partisans on either side were guilty of many absurdities in the theatre and in private society. During the season la Pasta ventured on a daring experiment by undertaking the part of Otello. In this she created a painful sensation, but opinions differed as to the merits of her performance. The scene where, seizing Desdemona, she stabbed her with a poignard, was considered by some to touch 'the very verge of disgust,' by others to be 'a magnificent display of power.'

Madame Malibran was then exciting a furor of admiration in Paris, where she had made her debut the preceding year. M. Laporte offered her seventy-five guineas for each performance if she would come to England. This offer she accepted, and presented herself to the audience of the King's Theatre as Desdemona. Her reading of this character differed so essentially from Pasta's that the critics protested against it. Had she resembled Pasta, they would justly have charged her with being simply an imitator; as she did not resemble Pasta, and as she disdained the traditions of the stage, and chose to read the part according to the inspiration of her own genius, they slighted her as one of the innumerable aspirants who, from time immemorial, had advanced a claim to operatic laurels. Now, after the lapse of thirty-seven years, when the splendour of fame encircles the name of Maria Malibran, these criticisms read oddly. By the public, Madame Malibran was received with delight.

M. Laporte had also the good fortune to obtain the services of Mademoiselle Sontag, who was regarded by the Parisians as the rival of Madame Pasta, of Madame Pisaroni, and of Madame Malibran. Nothing was neglected by the manager which could stimulate public expectation prior to the arrival of the distinguished German soprano. Her beauty, her talents, her dramatic

powers, her 'romantic history' were dilated upon in exaggerated terms. A thousand and one anecdotes were circulated regarding her; dukes and royal princes, it was said, were dying of love for her, and fought duels with one another for the privilege of obtaining tickets to hear her sing. Paris, Berlin, and other great capitals were at her feet: diamond bracelets and the most costly gifts were offered to her by emperors. The various devices put in action succeeded so well that the musical and fashionable world was thrown into a ferment, and on the night of her début the front of the theatre was besieged by an immense crowd, which was not deterred in the attempt to obtain a glance at the fair songstress even by the acutest torments of heat and crushing, and the loss of divers articles of wearing apparel. Before the season was over, Sontag quarrelled with Laporte.

A foolish rivalry had existed between Sontag and Malibran, one of those bitter animosities which disfigure the history of Opera. M. Fétis, who was then in London, brought about a reconciliation, all the more easily effected as the two singers admired each other, and had nothing to do with originating the antagonism which had been fostered between them by partisans. M. Laporte took advantage of the newly-cemented friendship to produce pieces in which they could sing together.

The presence of these two young, fresh singers incited Pasta to redoubled efforts, for she dreaded lest her empire should be wrested from her hands. Never had she been more truly grand in her acting, or more unequal in her singing, than during this season.

At the close of the season, Mr. Ebers took a benefit, which was largely and fashionably attended.

It was admitted by all that M. Laporte was an active, liberal manager, and had done everything that could be desired to render the theatre attractive. He agreed to take the house for the following season at a rent of thirteen thousand pounds, having previously given eight thousand.

For the season of 1829 he engaged an excellent company—Malibran, Sontag, and Pisaroni were the principal ladies. Madame Pisaroni, called 'the Veteran,' from her knowledge of the exigencies of the stage, was a hideously ugly but most talented woman. The chief male singers were Donzelli, Bordogni, Zuchelli, &c. Donzelli had one of the richest low tenor voices ever heard. He was handsome, and had a manly bearing on the stage, yet he was a very indifferent actor. The vocal talent engaged had never been exceeded in variety, rarely in excellence. M. Bochsa was musical director. The leading dancers were Mlle. Pauline, 'the fascinating and fairy-like,' and Gosselin 'the gigantic.' The scenery, painted by Grieve, was superb, and universally admired for its beauty and effect. The public had not yet wearied of Rosini's music; this year 'il gran maestro' might be said to reign triumphant, a fact which greatly irritated the critics, who were tired of him, and who had found fault with him from the hour when first his strains were heard within the walls of the King's Theatre. Some unfortunate incidents marked the season, the most unfortunate of all being that the band revolted, and, with the exception of some inferior members, quitted the theatre, when M. Laporte was obliged to bring over some French musicians. It was feared that the importation of these French instrumentalists would lead to some unpleasant signs of disapprobation, but the audience proved indulgent.

In order to avail himself of every possible resource the house could afford, M. Laporte ventured on an innovation which at first met with serious opposition. He divided a number of the benches of the pit nearest the stage into single seats, which he denominated 'stalls,' and let them at fourteen shillings each. The seat turned up and locked, the key being committed to the person who took it for the night or for the season. After a time, as M. Laporte would not rescind this alteration, these 'stalls' were regarded as a great improvement, in-

deed, a pleasant addition to the comfort of the house.

In 1830 M. Laporte still conducted the Opera with the same liberal spirit. It was decided unanimously that 'a more active conductor of an establishment at once so onerous and expensive could hardly be desired.' He was becoming very weary of his situation by this time, growing daily more careless in maintaining discipline, and lax in his efforts to enforce order. 'Accordingly,' writes Mr. Lumley, 'the troupe followed the dictates of their own interests,

regardless of the general welfare of the Opera; whilst a few of the principal artists, finding themselves encouraged and supported in their course by some young men of fashion outside the walls, gradually acquired an unreasonable and confessedly mischievous influence over the management of the theatre.'

The celebrated Taglioni flashed before the London public this season. She was then in the bloom of her youth and beauty, and although she did not excite the fervour of admiration which she afterwards aroused, yet she was received



PASTA.

with great favour. Her Tyrolienne, danced in the ballet of 'Guillaume Tell,' gained for her golden opinions. She created an entirely new style of dancing, and assisted in reviving a taste for the art. Ballet had been visibly declining in England for many seasons past; the old school of dancers had almost ceased to exist, while no one had come forward to supply their place. In ethereal, fresh, piquant grace, in knowledge of all the possible resources of her art, Mdlle. Taglioni was equal to any dancer who had preceded her; her style was poetical, pure, and

perfectly elegant, but her powers as an actress were very limited, and her face had few changes of expression. She was light as a nymph, always graceful, seeming to float rather than move by any exertion. M. Perrot was the male dancer who appeared with her.

The season of 1830 was, however, chiefly memorable for the appearance of one of the most admirable artists of the century—Louis Lablache, whose coming marks an epoch in the history of our Opera. M. Laporte was fortunate in being able to bring before his patrons so

many brilliant singers, and so many charming dancers. In the following season, 1831, he introduced Rubini, the king of tenors.

To attempt to speak of these great stars in a few hurried words would be worse than useless, although the spell of their names offers a temptation to linger over them if only for a moment. Happily, the memory of each is so fresh that it is scarcely necessary to even record them.

At this period the influence of Rossini's music was becoming de-

cidedly weakened, and other maestri began to divide his kingdom.

The only Italian prima donna during the season of 1831 was Madame Pasta. Taglioni and Perrot returned to England. Two new ballets were produced, one of which, 'Kenilworth,' introduced to the English public the name of Michael Costa, which was destined afterwards to be a household word with all lovers of music.

This distinguished Italian composer and *chef d'orchestre* was born in Naples in 1810. He was the



MALIBRAN.

pupil of the celebrated Tritto, one of the most eminent musical professors in Italy. Signor Costa had scarcely left the Conservatorio when he secured an engagement at one of the Neapolitan theatres as composer and director of the orchestra. He subsequently composed some operas, which met with more or less success. In 1828 he visited England for the first time.

The King's Theatre passed in 1832 into the hands of Mr. Monck Mason, who took it at a rental of sixteen thousand pounds. Mr. Mason was

not a speculator in the ordinary sense of the term—he was a musical enthusiast, indulging in bright dreams of raising the Opera to a height which it had never yet attained in this country. Some time before this he had written the libretto and composed the music of a small opera. He entered on his rule with ardour; he spared neither money, time, nor the closest personal attention, in his desire to render the performances unique. He engaged an excellent company of Italian, French, and German singers;

he almost completely reorganised the entire establishment; the orchestra was placed under the command of Signor Costa, the chorus was remodelled and clad in appropriate costumes, the Messrs. Grieve rendered the scenery unequalled for beauty and magnificence, at a prodigal outlay. The audience part of the house was renovated, a new chandelier being added to the profuse decorations. The list of performers and of operas new to the public was long. One fatal mistake was, however, committed by the new manager—he failed to engage any Italian prima donna of the first rank. Although Giudietta Grisi was liked in Paris, she did not please here; her voice was harsh and limited, for which her real dramatic talent did not atone in the eyes of her London audience. After this one experiment she never returned to England. One of the most remarkable singers whom Mr. Mason introduced was Signor Tamburini.

The season commenced with Donizetti's 'L'Esule di Roma,' to which Mr. Mason had composed an overture. Partly from its merit, and partly as the work of the manager, this overture was received with favour.

Under Mr. Mason's direction, German opera, in its original form, was presented for the first time in London. The famous Schröder Devrient created an extraordinary sensation in the opera of 'Fidelio.' The production of this work was an event which exercised a marked influence on the history of music in this country. At the close of the season, Mr. Mason brought out 'Robert le Diable,' which was then turning the heads of the Parisians. To mount this piece cost the Director six thousand pounds. The scenery, which was painted by the Messrs. Grieve, was exquisite, and exhibited some new and ingenious effects. The composer came over for the purpose of superintending the production of the work, but so many delays retarded the preparations that he was obliged to leave London before even one rehearsal had taken place. The singers for whom the work had originally been written

were engaged by Mr. Mason, the only changes in the cast being the substitution of Madame de Meric for Mdlle. Dorus, and Mdlle. Heberle for Taglioni, who had 'created' the part of the Abbess. Madame de Meric was a clever artist, and a good singer, but never obtained much favour here. Heberle was a charming dancer. Scarcely had the piece been finally produced, when the singers began to quarrel with the manager. Madame Damoreau led the conspiracy. She refused to perform for one hundred guineas a night, which she considered a pitiful scale of remuneration. For many reasons, 'Robert le Diable' was a failure, and fitly closed a season which ended in utter disaster. Not only did Mr. Monck Mason find himself totally ruined when he closed the doors of the theatre, but the victim of merciless ridicule and unjust lampoons, directed against him from all sides, although he had only erred in trying to achieve too much, and in recklessly throwing away everything he possessed in his ardent love for art. After this evil season, he disappeared from the region of the King's Theatre.

M. Laporte resumed the direction when Mr. Monck Mason's season came to its melancholy close. With the hope of rendering the establishment attractive, he engaged some admired dancers,—the ethereal Taglioni, Leroux, and Montessu, and the lovely sisters Ellsler, two incomparable artists. It was some time before Fanny Ellsler—a beautiful girl, an exquisite actress, a faultless dancer—could gain here the favour which she deserved, for the public have invariably refused to accept two idols at once. It was long ere it was discovered that if she had not the pathetic and tender elegance of Taglioni, she was endowed with a daring, piquant grace and rare mimic powers, which none could approach. The following season, 1834, another charming dancer appeared—the beautiful Duvernay.

In 1834, the music of Bellini began to creep into favour. Half a dozen new singers were engaged that year—the greatest of them being la Grisi. There was a Ger-

man company, but it was 'beneath mediocrity.'

Year by year M. Laporte's position became more intolerable. He had scarcely a voice in the selection of operas, he was hardly allowed to choose the performers, although with him rested the responsibility of making the house attractive, and if operas, singers, or dancers failed to please, he was blamed. The leading Italian singers formed a cabal, and domineered over the musical world of London and Paris, making terms for themselves. With the object of rendering themselves invincible, they framed laws, from which the prima donna alone was exempt, if it suited her to claim immunity. They determined that they should either be engaged in a body, or not at all. They were encouraged by the younger members of the aristocracy, and found such support afforded them that they were able to domineer with impunity over the luckless Director of the King's Theatre. The band obtained the sobriquet of *La Vielle Garde*, and later of the *Cabal*.

'From all the evidence, afforded by the annals of the theatre at this period,' observes Mr. Lumley, 'it would scarcely be unreasonable, much less cruel, to suppose that the constant insubordination, the incessant annoyances, and the wear and tear of mind, occasioned by the habitual warfare between manager and artists, materially hastened the death of M. Laporte.'

It was in the year 1835 that Mr. Lumley, then a very young man, who had just commenced practice as a solicitor and parliamentary agent, was requested by M. Laporte to assist him in a legal capacity. This led to a close friendship, which was destined to exercise an influence over the entire career of the young solicitor.

The affairs which were placed in the hands of Mr. Lumley were of the most complicated description, and required a cool, clear judgment in the person who might attempt to disentangle them. Many persons were suffering most seriously from the miseries entailed by the long-standing chaos into which the

financial affairs of the theatre had fallen. For years before this and for years subsequently, poor Mr. Chambers had been incarcerated in the Fleet prison, as he obstinately refused to acknowledge the legality of his bankruptcy. His pitiable case had become famous in legal annals, and had long been a matter disputed and fought over in various courts. His daughter was greatly compassionated, her position being a very unhappy one. The assignees had been obliged to abstain from taking any steps towards disposing of the property, for an adverse decision in the Court of Chancery would have rendered any sale null and void, and would have been attended with unpleasant consequences to these gentlemen.

M. Laporte would, in all likelihood, have been placed in as uncomfortable a situation as Mr. Chambers, had not Mr. Lumley succeeded in convincing the creditors that more was to be gained by permitting him to be at large than by confining him in prison, as it was only by personal exertions that he could possibly raise funds wherewith to satisfy their demands. Within a few days of his arrest, he regained his liberty; but a crisis was hastened, terminating in his bankruptcy. The assignees, fully conscious of his abilities as a director, and knowing him to be a man of judgment and practical experience, agreed to let the house remain under his control, and, with the express stipulation that he should have the sole and entire management, granted a year's lease of the premises to his own father.

Having passed through his bankruptcy, he resumed, the following year, the weighty duties of managing the King's Theatre. 'The confidence inspired in Laporte by the services I had rendered him,' says Mr. Lumley, 'induced him now to urge me to undertake the superintendence of the financial department of the theatre. Won over by this earnest solicitation, influenced, probably, by love of art, flattered and gratified as any one might have been, by the confidence of a man so highly gifted as was M. Laporte

with talent and ready wit, I at length consented to postpone my intention of going to the bar.' When any one remarked to Laporte on this strange confiding of all his best interests to one so young, his invariable reply was, it is said, 'He is not yet old enough to have been spoiled. *Voilà!*' It was no sinecure post which Mr. Lumley accepted.

In 1838, the name of the King's Theatre was altered by command to Her Majesty's Theatre.

About 1840 an arrangement was effected between the assignees of Chambers and the other conflicting parties, when the assignees found themselves in a position which enabled them to offer the theatre for sale. Fears were entertained by Laporte that the house might fall into the hands of persons whose interests would be inimical to his own, and he strongly urged Mr. Lumley to exert himself to the utmost to obtain the means of buying the property, being desirous of taking a fresh lease under the new proprietary, for a certain number of years, at a fixed rental. After a time Mr. Lumley succeeded in raising sufficient funds to buy the theatre, and soon a provisional contract was in preparation, to serve until the title could be investigated and the purchase completed.

The latter part of M. Laporte's management was entirely embittered by internecine wars, especially by the tyranny of la Vielle Garde. This band of singers had resolved on usurping all power, on taking everything into their own hands, reducing the Director to the position of a salary-paying automaton. Vainly hoping to frustrate the schemes of this clique, M. Laporte in 1840 took an unwise step. He designedly omitted to engage Tamburini, whom he replaced by Coletti, who was a popular singer in Italy, but whose name was scarcely known here. Unfortunately for the success of M. Laporte's plan, Tamburini happened to be a great favourite with the public, while they did not care to hear Coletti.

La Vielle Garde were not to be foiled so easily. Determined to contest every inch of ground, they

enlisted the partisanship of the young and fashionable patrons of the Opera. The famous 'Tamburini Row'—one of the Opera scandals of the period—was the immediate consequence of M. Laporte's first and last effort to free himself from a tyranny which was well-nigh insupportable. The grand battle was fought the night when Cerito was to appear for the first time in England. Towards the conclusion of the opera, the 'row' commenced, the signal being given from the 'omnibus box,' which was filled with some of the aristocratic admirers of the prima donna who commanded the cabal. The storm rose to terrific proportions, and the house was speedily the scene of such an uproar as had not taken place there since the days when Catalani refused to sing until her exorbitant demands were satisfied. Several times M. Laporte advanced, and endeavoured to obtain a hearing, but he was each time perfectly inaudible, his words being drowned by 'yells, hisses, and shouts.' A brief and stormy conference was subsequently held between the manager and the occupants of the boxes during the disgraceful scene, and at last the curtain rose for the ballet. For more than an hour the dancers stood trembling at the wings, waiting for the chance of beginning. At length, the party of noblemen (with whom was a young prince of the blood) who occupied the omnibus box, leaped on the stage, and waving their hats, shouted victory, a cry which was received with mingled cheers and hootings. Then the curtain fell. When the doors closed, M. Laporte walked out with Mr. Lumley to breathe the fresh air. 'It was a calm, clear night,' says the latter, relating the details of this memorable row, 'contrasting strongly with the storm which, but an hour before, had raged within. We talked over the occurrences of the evening. "I must give in," said Laporte, "and treat them as spoilt children." "But if you give a child what he cries for," I rejoined, "he will soon learn that crying is the readiest means of gaining his wishes." "Yet most

nurses do this," was Laporte's laconic reply.'

The clique won the day, and yet more, obtained the sympathy of the public, which imagined that the 'row' was a genuine expression of general indignation.

There were loud and bitter complaints against M. Laporte in 1841 because he was apparently tardy in arranging new and striking ballets for the opening of the season. 'Even the dependency of M. Laporte at this period,' to again quote the words of Mr. Lumley, 'arising, probably, from the state of his health, about to give way entirely, seems to have proceeded as much from difficulty in providing good dancers and attractive ballets, as from the annoyance occasioned by the obstructions and manœuvres of the vocalists. Although conscious, from time to time, that his strength was failing in mind as well as in body, M. Laporte seems, during this last season, to have rallied occasionally, and to have manifested some of his ancient energy, vivacity, and spirit.'

But Laporte was thoroughly worn out by the jarring conflict of his administration, to which he had never really been equal. He retired to seek repose and relief for his overstrained mind on the close of the season, going to his house on the banks of the Seine, near Corbeil. Mr. Lumley, almost equally fatigued with the turmoils of the distracting season just past, and by various heavy professional labours, also left England and went on a continental tour.

The two friends parted with the understanding that they were to spend a week together at Corbeil in the autumn. At Strasburg, however, the first letter which Mr. Lumley opened gave him the sad intelligence of the sudden death of his friend. Laporte had died of disease of the heart, aggravated, probably, by the trials and emotions under which he had for so long a time suffered.

'The blow was startling,' continues Mr. Lumley. 'Horses were immediately ordered, and I set off in hot haste for Paris.' Mingled

with the deep regret which he felt was a curious sense of relief—for he was sure that now he would be enabled to give up all connection with the theatre, and return to his strictly professional career.

On arriving in Paris he found that he had been appointed joint executor of the late M. Laporte's will with Mr. Henry Broadwood, M.P. His own more urgent business affairs, however, compelled his return to London, in order to come to some understanding with the assignees of Mr. Chambers relative to the matters in abeyance between them and Laporte's estate.

Mr. Lumley was now more than ever desirous of freeing himself from the trammels of opera management; but he was finally persuaded by numerous friends to undertake the very position which, he felt assured, had hastened the death of his friend Laporte.

With the season of 1842, then, Mr. Lumley's management commenced. He had not accepted the dangerous office of Director without being fully conscious of its snares and perils. During the time when he had been associated with M. Laporte he had become intimately acquainted with the working of the vast and complicated machinery which he took now under his supervision, and he had already gained a considerable influence over all the persons connected with the establishment. No man, perhaps, ever possessed more persuasive powers than Mr. Lumley was endowed with, or knew better how to coax a refractory performer. He had, too, an innate spirit of order; he was young and hopeful, and, in truth, the greatest difficulty to be surmounted was 'the incessant attempt to grasp supreme power on the part of la Vieille Garde.' That difficulty, however, would in itself have been almost sufficient to deter many men from venturing to assume the government of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Lumley succeeded in coming to terms with the assignees of Mr. Chambers with regard to the rent of the theatre until the sale could be completed. Having paid the sum which they demanded, the new

Director threw open the doors of the Opera-house for the season of 1842. Happily he had a liberal subscription, and received tangible proofs of encouragement from the frequenters of the theatre.

It was in the season of 1842 that Rubini bade the stage farewell. His last appearance drew crowded houses. For some time he had been trying to summon resolution to tear himself away from the scenes of so many triumphs, but had found it impossible. When advised by Lablache to retire while his laurels were yet green, he sighed, and answered, 'Ah, if you but knew how difficult I find it to resolve on relinquishing a hundred pounds a day!' When he died he left property to the amount of ninety thousand pounds.

For twenty years Benjamin Lumley held the direction of the Opera-house, with varying fortunes, as he relates in a lively, pleasant manner in his 'Reminiscences.' The first year was disturbed by discontents, intrigues, troubles of divers kinds, conspiracies, and rebellions.

Signor Costa ruled for many years as musical conductor.

To enter on a detailed chronicle of Mr. Lumley's management would be superfluous, as he has told his own story so recently and so minutely. He introduced to England for the first time many distinguished singers and dancers, and several new operas and ballets. Among the singers were Jenny Lind, and the Mesdames Tadolini, Frezzolini, Sophie Cruvelli, Parodi, Castellan, Caroline Duprez, Piccolomini, Tietjens; Gardoni, Calzolari, Fracchini, Ronconi, Beletti, Fornasari, Staudigl, Giuglini. The principal dancers who appeared for the first time in England during his management were Rosati, Ferraris, Lucille Grahn, Marie Taglioni, Adèle Dumilâtre, Guy Stephan, Pocchini, and St. Léon, with numerous minor stars. He introduced, after their lengthened absence, Madame Sontag and the ethereal Taglioni.

In 1845, Mr. Lumley completed the purchase of the Opera-house from the assignees of Mr. Chambers, for which he gave 105,000*l.* Inde-

pendently of the confusion which the disputed bankruptcy of Mr. Chambers had involved the theatre, the affairs of the establishment had for many years been in a state of inextricable and interminable litigation. Actions in all possible courts of law, chancery suits, bankruptcies, had hovered over the place like clouds of imps, and encumbered the property on all sides. The completion of the sale had long been retarded by the impossibility of any settlement being come to between the assignees of Mr. Chambers and the representatives of Mr. Waters. It was imperatively necessary to await the result of an appeal pending in the House of Lords; the investigation of the title and the arrangement of the various and conflicting interests having claims upon the property, before the legality of the sale could be assured. Finally, a decree of the Court of Chancery settled the difficulties existing, and after the lapse of about fifty years the property was freed from its numerous legal encumbrances. Previously to opening for the season of 1846, Mr. Lumley entirely renovated and freshly decorated the house, at a cost of ten thousand pounds.

1846 was a year of confusion and perplexity, a year of disappointment and vexation both to Mr. Lumley and to his subscribers. A second Italian Opera started into being, under the title of the Royal Italian Opera, at Covent Garden Theatre. Signor Costa joined the singers who organized this rival establishment, and quitted Her Majesty's Theatre, where he was succeeded by Mr. Balfé. Perhaps the only singer who remained faithful to the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre was Lablache. The secession of so many distinguished artists, and of a major part of the orchestra and chorus, which followed Signor Costa, left Mr. Lumley's house in a deplorable plight. It was with difficulty that the manager could organize a new company and a new orchestra.

The principal speculator in the Royal Italian Opera was Signor Persiani, whose chief reason for starting it was that his wife had not received an offer of an engagement

from the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre. He provided the greater portion of the funds necessary for the establishment of the house. With him was associated Mr. Beale.

Signor Joseph Persiani was a composer, and had produced two or three operas, some of which met with a moderate success. He was born in 1805. Like Signor Costa, he had been a pupil of Tritto.

La Vielle Garde eagerly joined the new Opera, and sang at reduced salaries in order to assist the establishment.

When it was bruited that a second Opera-house was about to open, the news was laughed at 'as something too wild to have any reality;' and it was not until it was positively known that the architect was already in possession of Covent Garden Theatre, with a plan for its entire reconstruction, that the rumour gained credence. The progress of the works was rapid, but they were of so complicated a nature that they were still in course of process when the rehearsals commenced. The company was most attractive, and comprised the magic names of Grisi, Mario, Persiani, Tamburini, Ronconi, with the dancers Fanny Elssler and the spirituelle Adèle Dumilâtre. Afterwards came the youthful Mdlle. Alboni, almost unheralded, to gain a success second only to that achieved by Jenny Lind. This young singer had been heard at Milan by Mr. Beale, who mentioned her name and extolled her merits to Signor Costa, and offered her an opportunity of appearing in England.

The scenery, costumes, and decorations of the new house were magnificent, and the establishment opened triumphantly, in spite of a prophecy that the Lord Chamberlain would refuse his licence, as a privilege had been granted to the old King's Theatre 'for the exclusive production in perpetuity of Italian Opera.'

Mr. Lumley relied for success, in this season of 1847, on the coming of the 'Swedish Nightingale.' She did come, and created such an excitement, that although nearly twenty years have elapsed since the April night when her first notes were heard, the scene is vividly remembered by those who had share in it, and those who simply knew by hearsay of the terrors of a 'Jenny Lind crush.'

The ferment into which the public mind was thrown during that season—1847—seems now scarcely conceivable. Many feuds, some savagely bitter and acrimonious, have been recorded in the pages of musical history; but probably none of them exceeded in violence and animosity the war carried on between the partisans of Her Majesty's Theatre and those of the Royal Italian Opera. This war was styled at the time the Opera Fuss. As for the 'Jenny Lind excitement,' that will not be forgotten while the memory of Her Majesty's Theatre endures.

The speculation into which Signor Persiani and Mr. Beale had entered was not successful in a pecuniary point of view, and these gentlemen did not attempt a repetition of the experiment.

E. C. C.



UNREQUITED.

I.

FEW and low were the words I spoke,
 Doubly brief was the cold reply ;
 Yet in that one moment a man's heart broke,
 And the light went out from his eye !

II.

In a little moment of time,
 The bright hopes of a life all paled ;
 A brave man knew he had dared the leap,
 And a proud man knew he had—*failed* !

III.

Failed ! 'tis often a fatal word,
 Fraught with the spirit's pain ;
 For to fail in *some* of the ventures of life
 Is never to try them again.

IV.

If the fowler hang o'er the cliff,
 Upheld by a treacherous rope,
 Should the frail thing break or the strong man blanch,
 He is lost—and beyond all hope.

V.

So I set *my* hopes on a word,
 Launched a shell on a boisterous sea ;
 And the waves up-rose, and my shell down-sank—
 It can never come back to me !



UNREQUITED.

SULKERIES.

I AM about to speak upon a question of domestic architecture. I have no new theory to propound concerning ventilation, or drainage, or other sanitary arrangements; nor have I anything to say about overcrowded dwellings, and the number of cubic feet of air each person ought to have allotted to him in his sleeping-room. Such questions, unlike the houses and bedrooms they relate to, have been already thoroughly ventilated. My intention upon this occasion is to advocate the universal adoption in every dwelling-house of an institution without which no family residence can be deemed complete. I would maintain that every house imperatively needs a 'sulkery.'

In houses already built, and occupied, it may, perhaps, be advisable, rather than incur the expense and annoyance of fresh buildings and alterations, to adapt some existing apartment—some out-of-the-way housekeeper's room, some long disused lumber-room, even some ancient coal-cellar (if dry, and capable of admitting daylight)—to the purpose; but in all new erections, proper provision for a 'sulkery' should form as essential a part of the architect's plan as the dining-room itself.

It is quite possible—so slow is mankind at large in comprehending any novel idea—that I may be asked, 'What is a sulkery?' I answer, simply, it is a kind of sanctum, a retreat—a den, if you will—in which the head of the house can, when afflicted with ill-temper, shut himself up, away from all other members of the family, and there remain in strict seclusion, until again fitted to associate with his kind.

The bachelor living in chambers cannot appreciate the necessity of a sulkery. He has but to turn the key of his outer door, and isolate himself from the world. In well-appointed houses there is the 'library' and the master's 'study.' But these, though somewhat approaching it in character, are neither of them, strictly speaking, a 'sulk-

ery.' Your library is open to your family, your guests. Even your study is accessible. Your wife, your sons, your daughters, your very housekeeper may intrude upon you there. They will, if properly behaved, declare their reverence for the apartment by knocking at the door before they enter, which they would probably not do with any other room. But that is all: they still come in. But in your 'sulkery' proper there is none of this. No knocking at *that* door! Once get a 'sulkery' thoroughly established, and there needs no painted caution of 'Trespassers beware!' There is an understood prohibition, a *lex non scripta*, which says plainly as though the words were stuck up in black and white, 'No admission *even upon business!*'

Not even upon business of the most pressing, urgent kind can admission to the sulkery be allowed. No matter who may want to see its occupant, he is 'not at home.' Nor need there be any hesitation in making such an assertion on the ground of its untruthfulness. The man who requires the seclusion of his 'sulkery,' is, in fact, not 'in.' How can a man be 'in,' who has so recently been *put out*?

The 'sulkery' should be, whenever practicable, in some outlying wing of the main building (I have known a case, as I have already hinted, in which a very satisfactory one was constructed out of what had been a coal-cellar). It should, if possible, be situated on the ground floor. The man who is in need of temporary seclusion in his 'sulkery' will not be in a good state of mind for mounting staircases. It should, above all things, be well apart from the rooms commonly used by the family. No sound of life's ordinary business, still less of anything like mirth or enjoyment on the part of other members of the household, should be allowed to penetrate its walls. Lacking this precaution, the 'sulkery' would be deprived of all advantage to the patient.

I have said the patient. Shall I

recall the word? Why should I? A family is, after all, a microcosm; and that which passes in the world at large has ever its counterpart in the restricted circle of a household. Society builds lunatic asylums—*maisons de santé*, what not?—for those of its members whom it would not be well to leave at liberty; so in the little world of a family under somewhat similar circumstances I would have a 'sulkery.'

For what is it, in truth—this anger, this ill-humour, this sulking—call it what you will—what but a temporary madness?

You doubt it? Then let me ask what you say to this? Here is a certificate for you; drawn up in all accordance with the forms prescribed by law; one upon which no keeper of an asylum could refuse to receive a patient; and yet it is but the description of a very angry man:—

'I, the undersigned A. B., hereby certify that I have personally examined C. D., and that the said C. D. is a person of unsound mind, and a proper person to be taken charge of and detained under care and treatment, and that I have formed this opinion upon the following grounds, viz.:—

'1. Facts indicating insanity observed by myself.

'His aspect is wild and menacing; his eyebrows are knitted; his eyes wandering and sparkling; his lips are retracted, his canine teeth shown; his nostrils are dilated; his speech is loud, vociferous, and incoherent; he walks about the room, breaking the furniture, and asserting that he is surrounded by enemies.

'2. Other facts indicating insanity communicated to me by others.

'His wife tells me that his language is blasphemous, contrary to his usual manner; that he threatens to take her life or his own; and that he accuses her, without the slightest reason, of having "aggravated" him; she being, in reality, a perfect lamb for quietness and amiability.

'His man servant informs me that his master is totally incapable of remembering the nature and uses of objects around him; so much so, that on his offering him the boot-

jack, he, instead of applying it to its proper purpose, seemed to imagine it to be a warlike weapon, and at once hurled it at my informant's head.'

Now, who shall say the patient described above is fit to be at large? No, let us slightly paraphrase Hamlet's address to the fair Ophelia, and bid him

'Go, get thee to a sulkery.'

For the patient thus described, as for those to deal with whose more lasting madness society has built asylums, the first essential is seclusion—total seclusion, where his disorganised mental state will lead him to do no harm, either to himself or others. We have retreats for down-right madmen, whence they not unfrequently depart restored to reason. For the momentary madman, carried away by anger and ill-temper, let us have 'sulkeries' at home. An hour or two of solitude and reflection for such would work a wondrous cure, and, I have little doubt, prevent a week or more of 'grumpiness' and ill-humour.

The sulkery may or may not have books in it. That entirely depends upon the usual habits (whether studious or otherwise) of the patient. But as we have already said, it must *not* be the library. There must be no excuse for any one's intrusion in search of any particular book. The occupant of the sulkery must be alone—quite alone, during his treatment. I have been for some time debating in my own mind whether or not the sulkery should have a bell to communicate with the servants. Upon mature reflection I think the bell should be allowed. It will tend materially to calm the patient's mind to know that, while no one can come near him unless he chooses, he has still the power of summoning a human being to his presence when he pleases. The bell is not at all likely to be used, but it will comfort him to know there is a bell. In fact, when the bell does ring, it may be taken as a sign of the patient's speedy convalescence. As soon as he is in a state to ring for servants, he is very nearly fit to mix once more with his fellow-creatures.

The sulkery should contain writing materials, pens, ink, and paper; especial care being taken that they are kept in the very highest state of excellence. A scratchy pen or cloggy ink is more calculated to neutralize the benefits sought in the sulkery than anything of which I know. Good pens, good ink, and paper should be always there—but on no account either sealing wax or postage stamps!

The patient should be allowed to write anything he pleases, but to send nothing off. No letter or other writing must be despatched from the sulkery, until the writer has time to read and reconsider it after his cure is complete.

The sulkery should be built as far as possible away from the hall door. The sound of the knocker, or door-bell, must not be allowed to penetrate its walls. A postman's knock, or a tradesman ringing at the bell, especially about the time the quarter's bills are falling due, is apt very seriously to retard the patient's recovery. Should his avocations be such that immediate attention to his correspondence is absolutely necessary, it may possibly be advisable, though I am far from recommending it, that his letters should be pushed under the sulkery door to him. But even to this rule there must be an exception. Under whatever circumstances, and all orders he may have given to the contrary notwithstanding, no letter, on the outside of which is printed in black ink, 'On Her Majesty's Service. Private!' and which looks, feels, or smells like a claim for Income Tax must be allowed to reach him until he emerges cured from the sulkery.

As to the style of diet for the patient under treatment, I scarce know what to say. It must vary with the requirements of each particular case. Under no circumstances must 'humble pie' be insisted upon as a portion of his food. This would seriously retard his recovery.

Where the attack is acute, violent, and sudden, there will be no food needed in the sulkery at all. The cure will probably be effected in an hour or two, and the patient sufficiently restored by dinner-time to

take his place at the family table, as though nothing had occurred to him. Or if not this, he will, by the time that he gets hungry, have so far recovered as to be able to ring his bell (an act in itself, as I have already said, denoting convalescence), and order what he wants. In cases, however, which seem more of a chronic character, in which the patient keeps to his sulkery for days together, he must of course be fed. Considerable care will be required in such cases. Not only must the kind of food he likes best be studied, but the time and mode of supplying him therewith must be considered. It would never do for an intrusive servant to burst in upon him without ceremony whenever it seemed, in such servant's judgment, time to lay the cloth. This would defeat my whole scheme of sulkeries. No; the patient's habits must be watched. He will of course occasionally step out for fresh air and exercise. At all such times advantage should be taken of his absence silently to place a meal upon his table, and at the same time to dust, arrange, and in winter time make up the fire in the sulkery. Nor let it be thought that these brief absences would be too irregular and uncertain to be trusted. I have noticed among those patients whose lengthened dwellings in their sulkeries has induced me to distinguish their cases as chronic, an extraordinary tendency to make their apparently fitful and wayward strollings-out coincident with meal-times. Of course there is no method in their madness, but so potent is the influence of habit on the human mind, that they almost invariably turn out just when it is time to lay the cloth. But then, let it not be forgotten the chronic cases are not the most severe ones.

And now a word about this walking out for air and exercise which is so necessary for patients whose attack lasts more than a few hours—for those who let the sun go down upon their wrath, and keep to their solitude beyond a day. How are they to go out for ever so short a time from their sulkeries, and yet keep up their seclusion? The question is a difficult one, I grant. It

would be well if every sulkerly could have its own exercise ground and pleasure garden attached as our asylums have. But, considering the value of land, especially in or near great cities, this is more than we dare hope for. In fact, the patient, when he goes out, must in a great measure take his chance. His immediate family, of course, know that he does not wish to be approached or spoken to. But none the less is he at the mercy of any chance visitor or friend who may drop in. All I can say in such a case is—the worse luck for the friend or visitor! Worse also for the patient doubtless.

A friend of mine once hit upon an admirable mode of insuring seclusion even while he walked about among his fellow-men, when such seclusion was required by his frame of mind. My friend invariably had two hats in wear, a white one and a black one. I will do him the justice of admitting that it was the latter that was far more frequently seen upon his head. Why this eulogium? you will ask. What superior merit was it in him that his hat was more often black than white? I will tell you. At the period of which I speak, my grand idea of sulkeries had not been given to the world. My friend had no retreat in which he could, when necessary, shut himself up till he regained his temper; so he resorted to the plan of different coloured hats. It was thoroughly well known to all his family and friends that when the hat he wore was white, he was in an ill-humour, and was on no account

to be spoken to; and so go where he would, he was to all intents and purposes secluded. In fact, my friend's white hat—like the yellow flag hoisted by ships in quarantine—was a well-understood signal, and cautioned all who saw it to keep at a respectful distance.

It would be a great aid to my proposed institution of sulkeries if signalling by divers coloured hats were universally adopted.

But I have said my say. I have enunciated the broad principles of my idea—have thrown out such hints for the working out of its minor details as seemed to me necessary. I claim no copyright or patent in the notion. I shall not register it like Pepper's Ghost, nor will I enter it at Stationers' Hall; I claim no royalty for the use of it, nor will any colourable imitation of it be met by an *ex parte* injunction. I give the notion to the world at large. Society may make use of it without any infringement of any patent.

In fact, I want it done. The more it is adopted the better pleased shall I be. I seek no personal reward; I am careless even of fame. I do not so much as ask that my name shall go down to posterity in connection with the institution. But believing honestly that it would be conducive to the happiness of humanity I do wish for its general adoption, so that—in the words of advertising purveyors of sewing machines and other domestic requirements—there shall be 'no home without a—sulkerly.'

B.



THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XX, AND LAST.

THE COMMERCE OF THE PRESENT.



WATT'S WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER.

IN former chapters we have attempted, by sketching the lives of some of the most famous and influential English merchants, to illustrate the character and progress of British commerce during several centuries. Here, by way of conclusion to our narrative, it will be well to pile up some notes on the general condition to which commerce has been brought, in the present day, by the ever-increasing wants of civilization, and the ever-growing enterprise of the merchants and manufacturers who set themselves to satisfy those wants.

In 1865 there were brought into Great Britain and Ireland, for domestic use and for exportation, about 200,000,000*l.* worth of goods of all sorts; while the value of British

and Irish produce and manufactures despatched to various parts of the world, amounted to 165,862,402*l.* To effect these transfers, 44,510 vessels, with an aggregate burthen of 12,164,253 tons, entered the British ports during the year; and in the same period, 12,817,442 tons of goods were exported, in 48,181 vessels. Of the total quantity of articles produced or manufactured at home for home consumption, and conveyed from place to place by rail and waggon, canal and cart, it is not easy to make an estimate. It is enough, however, to give occupation to an immense machinery of traffic, and to afford employment to half the population of the country, as merchants, manufacturers, shopmen, clerks, or labourers. Farmers

and their subordinates, even, are members of the mercantile community. The corn and cattle that they produce and send to market are really the grand staple of our trade. To understand the extent and ramifications of English commerce, we must look first at the appliances by which the nation is supplied with necessary food, and at the natural products which are the basis of all manufacturing and mercantile energy.

If farmers are merchants on a small scale, it is the chief business of many of our wealthiest and most influential merchants, strictly so called, to eke out our insufficient native supplies of food with importations from foreign countries. Of wheat, 3,580,313 quarters were last year reported as having been grown for sale in England; and in addition thereto, 21,342,000 cwt. were brought from other parts, about two-fifths being from Russia, a third from Prussia, Denmark, and the German States, an eighth from France, and a fifteenth from the United States and British North America. In 1864, on the other hand, the abundant crops of America furnished nearly half of the quantity brought from abroad, and there was a corresponding diminution in the supplies of Eastern Europe. In 1862, again, a year of scarcity to England, no less than 41,033,000 cwt. of wheat were collected from foreign countries, to supply the deficiency. So it is with barley, oats, and other grain. Whatever is required to complete the supplies necessary to meet the wants of the English market, is imported from Europe or America. Always, however, the trade of London is chiefly in foreign grain. In 1865, the London Corn Exchange saw the transfer of 974,295 quarters of wheat, and 587,006 of barley, three-tenths of each being British, seven-tenths foreign; while of 2,252,653 quarters of oats disposed of in the same market, only a tenth part was grown in Great Britain and Ireland.

Considerably more than half the bread eaten in England is thus made of foreign grain. More than half our meat is of native growth;

yet the quantity brought over from the Continent is very considerable. Last year 283,271 head of oxen, bulls and cows, 914,170 sheep and lambs, and 132,943 pigs were imported into the United Kingdom; making a total of 1,330,384 beasts, against 813,338 imported in 1864, and 608,823 in 1863; so that, if eastern Europe has sent us the cattle-plague, it has also sent us cattle enough to replace, over and over again, those that we have lost by disease. No one knows how many beasts are slaughtered and disposed of in country districts. It appears, however, that in 1865 there were 346,975 cows and oxen, 1,514,926 sheep and lambs, and 32,179 pigs brought to London for sale at Smithfield market.

There is hardly a single kind of food, from hams to caviare, and from potatoes to truffles, that we do not get from abroad. All the farm-yards of Europe help to meet the necessities of the population of England, too numerous to be fed exclusively with native produce. For many articles of diet that are now almost necessities of life, we are altogether dependent upon foreign countries. So it is, especially with sugar, tea, and coffee. Of sugar, 509,357 tons were received in England in 1865, nearly half coming from the British West Indies and British Guiana, about a fourth from Cuba and Porto Rico, a little from Brazil, and most of the remainder from the Mauritius, India, Java, and the Philippine Islands. For the same period, the imports of tea amounted to 43,448 tons, about one twenty-fourth being East Indian and Japanese, the rest Chinese. Of coffee, more than thrice as much being entered in British ports and reshipped for foreign sale, 13,722 tons were imported for home consumption; two-thirds being the produce of Ceylon, a fourth coming from Jamaica and other British possessions, and most of the rest from Central America. Real Mocha coffee is a thing now rarely sold. In the year 1865, every inhabitant of the United Kingdom, including children, consumed, upon an average, a pound of coffee, three pounds and

a quarter of tea, and forty-one pounds of sugar.

With tea and coffee the wholesale dealers ought to do nothing beyond importing and retailing them to the grocers. If they mix with them sloe-leaves and chicory, to speak of nothing worse, they do it in despite of the laws of honest trading. But in sugar-refining, legitimate occupation is found for a great many huge establishments, with several thousand labourers employed in them. Bristol still is, as it has been since the days when sugar was first brought over by its merchants from the West Indies, the head-quarters of this branch of trade; and the refining works of Messrs. Finzel, Son, and Company, facing the Avon on one side, and Counterslip on the other, are now the largest in the world. Built in 1846, to replace others that had been burnt down, they are constructed almost entirely of iron and stone, the cost of erection being about 250,000*l*. In them work is regularly given to more than five hundred persons, besides the expenditure of as many tons of coal every week, in the employment of steam-power, equal in all to about 800 horse-power. Here the coarse brown sugar, darkened and tainted by gluten, lime, and caramel, is purified and allowed to shape itself in its natural crystals. This is done by first melting it and passing it through bag-filters, made of thick cotton cloth, which is placed in a thick metal tube, and closed at the bottom, so that no outlet exists for the liquid except through the meshes or interstices of the cloth. Much cleansed thereby, the liquid is next poured into a filter of bone-black, or animal charcoal, which takes from it all remaining impurities, and yields a colourless syrup ready to be crystallized in the vacuum pans—vessels furnished with steam-pipes, which keep every portion of the syrup at boiling-pitch, while an air-pump extracts most of the water contained in it. After that, the molasses, or uncrystallizable part of the sugar, is drained off, and the remainder is hardened into conical loaves.

Bristol is famous as the centre of other branches of industry, outgrowths of the old trade of the town. All the world knows of the quaint manufactory in which the Messrs. Wills prepare for use a large portion of the 17,122 tons of tobacco that annually enter the country, and serve as a sort of food to vast numbers of people; and of the yet older establishment in which the Messrs. Fry convert the raw cocoa-berries into various beverages and sweet-meats. In Bristol, also, is one of the largest and oldest breweries existing, started in 1788, with the special object of providing porter for the West Indian market, though now finding most of its business with the neighbouring counties, under the name of the Old Porter Brewery.

Burton-upon-Trent, however, is, of course, the metropolis of the brewing trade. There, Allsopp's Brewery alone covers thirty acres of ground, giving employment to nearly a thousand workmen, and producing, on an average, nearly 50,000 gallons of ale each day in the year. The Emperor of the French, it is said, after a visit to Allsopp's works, engaged some experienced men to introduce the method of brewing there adopted into France. But he could not take home the Trent, and without Trent water it is impossible to produce Burton ale.

Besides the vast quantities of ale and beer consumed in England, 516,366 barrels, valued at 2,060,369*l*., were, in 1865, sent to foreign countries and the colonies. On the other hand, 23,100 puncheons of brandy, 33,500 puncheons of rum, and 114,250 pipes of wine were received from abroad for English use. All the rum came from the West Indies; most of the brandy from France. Of the wine, nearly half was Spanish, about a quarter Portuguese, and a fifth French, the remainder being chiefly Italian and Rhenish, with a very scanty supply from the Cape. It is satisfactory to learn that Cape wine is being banished from the market. In 1859, more than 8,500 pipes were imported; in 1865 there were hardly 450 pipes, and of these

not half were sold. The much-abused Cobden Treaty is steadily taking effect in encouraging a healthy preference for the light wines of France, Italy, Greece, and Hungary, not only over such vile concoctions as Cape port and sherry, but over the inferior and doctored products of Spanish and Portuguese vintage.

Nor does there seem to be any real ground for dread as to the working of the Cobden Treaty in another way. Alarmists have threatened us with a speedy emptying of our coal-mines; and we have been told that, while it is the duty of every English householder to be as careful of his fuel as he can, our governors have acted very wickedly in sanctioning the sale of it to foreigners. It is true that the continental states are every year obtaining larger stores of coal from England; and in 1865 the exportation amounted to 9,189,021 tons, reported to be worth 4,431,492*l.*; but we can spare them that and more. The best statisticians tell us that, assuming our inability to work the mines at a greater depth than 4000 feet, the known coal-fields will be able to meet all probable demands for the next thousand years. Before the thousand years are over, we may be certain either that new supplies will be discovered, or that new modes of working, enabling us to get lower down than now is possible, will be found out, or that advancing science will detect some altogether new ways of producing light and heat. That contingency is the likeliest of all. Surely, before long, the coal-fire will be as antiquated as the yule-log, and for striking a light the match will be as old-fashioned as the flint.

At present, however, King Coal is monarch absolute. We cannot cook our food or warm our houses without it. Without it those wonderful manufacturing establishments that are the chief causes of our commercial greatness in modern times could not possibly be carried on.

In England and Wales there are seventeen coal-fields. By far the largest of them is that of South

Wales. Out of the fuel which it contains might be shaped a mountain with a height three times that of Snowdon, and a base of a thousand square miles. Its greatest thickness is 10,000 feet, exceeding that of any other in the world, save the basin of Nova Scotia. Its present yield is 9,000,000 tons a year, and the same annual produce may be drawn from it for two milleniums to come. Next to it in size is the Derbyshire and Yorkshire coal-field, which yields more than 12,000,000 tons a year, and can go on doing so for seven centuries without being exhausted. In it there are 541 collieries, spread over a surface of 760 square miles. The great Durham and Northumberland basin, which furnishes Newcastle coal, covers an area of 460 miles, and contains 268 collieries, whence are dug about 16,000,000 tons of coal each year. The Lancashire district, with half the area, yields about half as much coal, though giving work to 390 collieries. The other English deposits are all much smaller, and, taken altogether, do not furnish as much coal as the Durham and Northumberland district. Some of them, like the famous Coalbrook Dale field, in Shropshire, are already nearly exhausted. In Scotland there is one vast deposit touching the southern slope of the Grampian Hills, with an area of about 1720 square miles, at present yielding less than 10,000,000 tons a year. Altogether, Great Britain now produces nearly 70,000,000 tons each year, less than half that quantity being drawn from all other parts of the world. Even if there be excuse for fearing that we are using up our fuel too fast, it is evident that we are using it to wonderful advantage. 'We are living,' as Robert Stephenson once said, 'in an age when the pent-up rays of that sun which shone upon the great carboniferous forests of past ages are being liberated to set in motion our mills and factories, to carry us with great rapidity over the earth's surface, and to propel our fleets, regardless of wind and tide, with unerring regularity over the ocean.'

The chief commercial advantage

resulting from the increase in the coal trade has been its advancement of iron mining and iron manufacture. In 1741, before charcoal and coke furnaces were introduced, only 17,350 tons of iron were produced in the whole of Great Britain. In 1848, the quantity was eighty times as great. In 1857 it had risen to 3,659,447 tons. In 1865 it was certainly not less than 4,200,000 tons. Of Scotch pig iron, about 1,164,000 tons were produced, chiefly in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire. Quite as much came from Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, and about 40,000 tons from Flint and Denbighshire. Of the English iron-fields, the Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire district yielded about 750,000 tons, the Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Cumberland about a third as much. From Staffordshire and Worcestershire were drawn some 900,000 tons, and from Shropshire and its neighbourhood about a quarter as much. The market worth of this pig-iron was not less than 12,000,000*l.*, and it was reduced from about 12,000,000 tons of iron-ore by means of nearly 700 blast furnaces.

In most of these furnaces the same rule is observed. 'The crude iron,' says Mr. William Fairbairn, 'is melted in a hollow fire, and partially decarbonized by the action of a blast of air forced over its surface by a fan or blowing engine. The carbon, having a greater affinity for the oxygen than for the iron, combines with it, and passes off as carbonic acid.' This constitutes what is called the refining process. Partly purifying the iron, it adds to it other impurities drawn from the fuel, and these and others have to be removed by puddling. Here the iron is separated from the fire by a bridge or partition and lodged in a reverberating furnace formed of iron plates fastened by iron tie-bars and lined with fire-brick. A current of hot air induces the flame to play upon the iron. 'In the furnace the iron is kept in a state of fusion, whilst the workman, called the puddler, by means of a rake or rabble, agitates the metal so as to expose, as far as he is able, the whole

of the charge to the action of the oxygen passing over it from the fire. By this means the carbon is oxidised, and the metal is gradually reduced to a tough, pasty condition, and subsequently to a granular form, somewhat resembling heaps of boiled rice with the grains greatly enlarged. In this condition of the furnace the cinder or earthy impurities yield to the intense heat and flow off from the mass over the bottom in a highly fluid state. At intervals in the process, portions of oxides of iron, hammer-scales, scoriae, and, in some cases, limestone and common salt, are thrown upon the molten iron, and form a fluid slag, which assists in oxidising the carbon and removing the magnesia, sulphur, and other impurities of the iron. The iron at this stage is comparatively pure, and quickly becomes capable of agglutination. The puddler then collects the metallic granules or particles with his rabble, and rolls them together, backwards and forwards, over the hearth, into balls of convenient dimensions, about the size of thirteen-inch shells, when he removes them from the furnace to be subjected to the action of the hammer or mechanical pressure necessary to give to the iron homogeneity and fibre. It is thus reduced to the form of a flat bar, and is then cut into convenient lengths by the shears. These pieces are again piled or faggotted together into convenient heaps and reheated in the furnace. As soon as a faggot thus prepared has been heated to the welding temperature, it is passed through the roughing-rolls to reduce it to the form of a bar, and then through the finishing-rolls, where the required form and size are given to it, either round or square bars, plates, or the like.'

Most of the iron used in England is of English extraction, although in 1865 there were 51,464 tons imported from foreign countries, the chief being Sweden. Most of the copper is of foreign production, the imports of last year being 556,588 tons, of which half was Chilian. It is principally with iron, copper, and the mixture of copper and zinc in brass that the great tool manufac-

tories of the country are carried on, wonderful sources of profit in themselves, and yet greater sources of profit as agents in the manufacture of cotton, wool, and other staples of our national wealth. If we look at one or two of the numerous monster establishments devoted to iron manufactures throughout the country, we may form some notion of its importance. One of the most notable of all is that founded at Manchester in 1817, by the same Mr. Fairbairn from whom we have just been quoting. Of his personal history a charming sketch appears in Mr. Smiles's recent volume of 'Industrial Biography.' In the works now carried on by Messrs. Fairbairn and Sons, are comprised a vast foundry and forge; a great boiler-yard, with machinery for rivet making, shearing, and punching; a bridge-yard in which iron bridges of all sorts and sizes are manufactured in bits and sent to all parts of the world ready for putting together; a millwrights' factory containing blacksmith's forges, with turning, planing, and fitting shops of various kinds; and a huge engine yard with every appliance for making and rubbing up all descriptions of steam-engines.

Yet larger is the establishment of Messrs. Platt Brothers and Co., at Oldham, known as the Hartford Works. In it more than 5000 men and boys are constantly employed, to whom at least 250,000*l.* are paid each year in wages alone. Its various forges, foundries, work-shops, and yards cover twenty acres of ground, and consume each week about 500 tons of coal and 150 tons of coke, which, by help of fifteen steam-engines, with an aggregate power exceeding that of 2500 horses, convert some 450 tons of iron every week into machinery of various sorts. The iron reaches the works in the crude state to which it is reduced by the blast furnaces. It is puddled and brought into a malleable condition before being conveyed to the smiths' shop, there to be submitted to an iron-cutting saw capable of revolving a thousand times in a minute, and passing in each revolution through a trough of

cold water to prevent it from becoming too hot by friction with the metal. The iron bars thus cut into the proper lengths are next pressed between revolving rollers, which give them a perfectly smooth and uniform surface. Then they are conveyed to the turning and fitting shops, 'which,' we are told, 'for extent and completeness stand unrivalled in the world. On the floors of the buildings set apart for these processes, hundreds of turning lathes and of planing, shaping, slotting, boring, and screw-cutting machines are to be seen at work. In one room we see a planing machine with a bed large enough to hold one half of the framework of a large power-loom, the cutting tools of which are so adjusted that all the portions of the frame which require planing are acted upon at one time; while in another we find a shaping machine, manufactured at great cost, devoted to the production of a tiny bracket. One turning lathe will be found reducing the face of a huge cylinder—the chisel, as the cylinder turns slowly round, paring the hard metal with as much apparent ease as though it were chalk; while at another, an active lad is turning off small iron screws by the gross.' The different parts of the various machines that are to be produced are forged and shaped in different rooms. They are finally taken into the fitting-up rooms, there to be put together and prepared for distribution to the wholesale dealers and shipping agents. All sorts of machinery are made in this vast establishment, but its chief business is in the construction of appliances for cotton and woollen manufacture. It is calculated that in it could be produced each week the entire fittings and furnishings for a mill of 20,000 spindles for preparing and spinning either cotton or wool, as well as for a weaving shed of 200 looms in which the yarn thus manufactured is to be made into cloth.

Enumeration, in the order of their use, of the chief of these machines will enable us to understand the general process of cotton manufacture. The first machine produced at the Hartford Works is for use,

not in England, but in the cotton-growing countries. The Messrs. Platt are famous for their double-acting Macarthy gins, by which eight pounds of clean cotton may be separated from the pods and seeds in an hour by an ordinary workman, and an adaptation of the Macarthy principle to steam power, which can do the work four or five times as quickly. The cotton thus cleaned being brought to England and sent to the cotton mill, is first submitted to a machine called the opener, by which the fibre is opened up, and any dirt, sand, dry leaves, or other impurities mixed up with it are removed. Special need for this machine has arisen by the forced substitution, during the last few years, of Indian and other cotton for the cleaner produce of America. Surat cotton, that till lately was almost worthless, and that is still unavailable for old-fashioned machinery, can now be purified and smoothed out so as to uncoil without injury to the fleece. Then it is passed on to the carding machine. By this the fibre is combed and freed from finer impurities. One carding engine is sufficient for the coarser yarns; those intended for more delicate use are submitted to two, a breaker and a finisher. 'The cotton which enters the carding engine in a fleece leaves it in the shape of a narrow riband called a sliver, which is then passed in succession through various machines, known as the drawing, slubbing, intermediate, and roving frames. The object of these machines is the same throughout, the drawing, straightening, and elongating of the cotton fibres, until, when it leaves the roving frame, the sliver assumes the shape of a softly-twisted cord, which is now ready for the throstle-frame or the spinning-mule, by which it is further extenuated and twisted into yarn. The throstle or water-frame is chiefly used for spinning twist for warps or coarse numbers, while the finer qualities of twist and the bulk of the weft are spun upon the mule.' When, a hundred years ago, Hargreaves invented his spinning-jeuny, every thread of cotton was spun sepa-

ately and by hand. Now, many of Platt's mules contain twelve hundred spindles, each one able to do the work of several dozen men, and adapted to produce every sort of thread, from the stout twist used in the manufacture of rough cotton sheetings to the slender threads which go to the making of the most transparent muslins.

When the cotton is made into calico or muslin, it is subjected to further mechanical operations in bleaching, printing, and dyeing, and then it passes into the hands of the wholesale dealer or warehouseman. Often all these businesses are conducted by the same masters, the millowner having at once spinning, weaving, and printing works in one or other of the great cotton districts, and monster warehouses in such great centres of the trade as Manchester or Glasgow. At other times the businesses are distinct. The establishment of Messrs. James and William Scott and Company at Glasgow, for example, is confined to spinning and weaving. Their works, however, cover five acres of ground, and give employment to more than two thousand people. In the spinning-houses 125,000 spindles are constantly at work, using up some 1,200,000 pounds of cotton in a year and in the weaving-houses 15,000,000 yards of muslin are annually produced by 2000 looms. Quite as large is the printing establishment of Messrs. James Black and Co., of the same city, whose works in Dumbartonshire contain five-and-twenty printing machines, each of which finishes about 1,000,000 yards of calico or muslin every year. These concerns seem large enough, but Mr. John Rylands, of Wigan, adds to spinning and printing works as large half a dozen other businesses of equal magnitude. About forty years ago, when he was thirteen, he spent the pocket-money allowed to him by his father, who made a living for himself as a draper, in buying a little warp and weft, which his old nurse helped him to turn into calico. That he sold, and so was able to buy other material, and thence step by step to build up an extensive trade for himself. The

trade has grown wonderfully, all the more so through the energy which has enabled him to keep all its ramifications in his own hands and under his own directions. He now obtains coal from collieries of his own, procures flax from fields in Ireland of which he is the proprietor, and is himself the importer of the cotton wool that he uses, besides taking personal supervision of the spinning, weaving, bleaching, and printing works at Ainsworth, Gorton, and Wigan, in which more than 4,500 workmen are employed; and he has a splendid warehouse in Manchester. The finest of all the Manchester warehouses, however, is that lately completed in Portland Street for Messrs. S. and J. Watts.

The statistics of the cotton trade afford wonderful illustration of the extent and elasticity of English manufacturing and commercial energy. In 1860, the last year of prosperity previous to the famine caused by the American war, 'the number of spindles employed,' says Mr. Bazley, 'was about 32,000,000, and the number of looms employed would be about 340,000. The productions in the machine-making trade had doubled within ten years. Bleach works, print works, and dye works had been largely extended during the same period. The fixed investments, including the value of land and the rights to water, amounted to not less than 60,000,000*l.* sterling, to which must be added a working capital of 20,000,000*l.* Add to these again the value of merchants' and tradesmen's stocks at home and abroad, the value of raw cotton and subsidiary materials, and of bankers' capital, and the grand total of capital employed in the trade will not be less than 200,000,000*l.* sterling.' In 1860, 1,079,321,000 pounds of cotton were used in the United Kingdom, 85 per cent. of the whole being American, 8 per cent. Egyptian or Brazilian, and 7 per cent. East or West Indian. In 1862 and 1863 less than half that quantity was consumed, and in 1864 a little more than half. In 1865, when the greatest difficulties of the famine were overpast, the consumption had risen to 718,651,000 pounds, but of

that the American proportion was only 17 per cent., whereas the supply from Egypt, Turkey, and Brazil had risen to 27 per cent., and that from the East and West Indies to 56 per cent. Not only had the machinery to be adapted to the working up of the inferior qualities introduced in these large proportions, but, what was a much more notable achievement, these inferior qualities had to be sought out in the new districts from which they came, and fresh kinds of commodities had to be sent off in exchange for them, in lieu of the commodities required in the American market. The mean of exchange has not yet been by any means reached. In 1860 our imports from India, China, Brazil, and Egypt amounted to 37,000,000*l.*; our exports thither to 30,300,000*l.* In 1865 the imports had risen to 94,600,000*l.*, the exports to only 38,300,000*l.* Our export trade with these countries has still to be more than doubled, and in doing so it will certainly confer vast benefit upon several departments of commerce. This will be some compensation for the miseries caused to the Lancashire and Lanarkshire operatives by the cotton famine.

The recent derangement of the cotton trade has also been helpful to many branches of domestic manufacture, especially to the woollen and linen trades. The increased price of cotton gave encouragement to the flax growers of the north of Ireland to extend their cultivation, and the increased price of cotton goods led to a larger sale of linen articles. In like manner foreign countries, and yet more the Australian colonies, were induced to send us additional supplies of wool, which were promptly manufactured and speedily disposed of. In 1865 there were in Ireland 251,552 acres of land devoted to flax cultivation, the entire yield of the year being between 40,000 and 45,000 tons; and in the same year the arrivals from foreign countries amounted to 95,656 tons, of which three-fourths were Russian. The stock of linen yarn thus made available for the mills of northern Ireland, Yorkshire, and Scotland, and the price at which it

could be bought, were each about 20 per cent. more than in 1860. There has been about a similar advance in the woollen trade, the raw wool imported in 1865 being 93,434 tons, half from Australia, a sixth from various parts of Europe, and the remainder from India, South Africa, and other places.

There is no great difference between the manufacture of cotton and either linen or woollen goods. Many cotton mills, indeed, were utilized, during the famine years, by application to the sister trades. The greatest linen factory in the world is that established in Dundee by the late Mr. Edward Baxter, and wool is a source of wealth, especially to all the Yorkshire towns, with Leeds and Bradford at their head.

Much more noteworthy, however, than any of the old-fashioned woollen manufactories is the leviathan set of mills near Bradford, built in 1854 by Mr. Titus Salt, and known as the Saltaire Mills. Mr. Salt began life as a small farmer near Leeds, his father being a woolstapler of that town. In 1834 he started business on his own account as a spinner. Just then alpaca wool—though first brought into England in 1811—began to attract notice for its superiority over all other wools in length, lustre, and softness, those advantages being, in the judgment of many, quite counteracted by increased difficulties in carding and weaving occasioned by the length and thinness of the fibre. Mr. Salt set himself to overcome these difficulties, and turn the advantages to the best use. In 1836, when he made his first purchases, about 560,000 pounds of alpaca wool were sold in England at an average price of tenpence a pound. In 1865 there was a market for 2,793,498 pounds, valued at about half a crown a pound. This increase is chiefly due to the energy with which Mr. Salt has applied himself to the manufacture of alpaca goods. From the first he has been at the head of the trade, and twelve years ago his already vast business led him to construct the huge establishment and attendant village of Saltaire. The village and its neighbourhood afford lodging to nearly

5000 workpeople employed in the building itself. This building covers an area of about twelve acres. It is six stories high, 550 feet long, 50 feet wide, and about 72 feet high. The machinery, worked by two steam-engines with an aggregate force of 1250 horse-power, comprises 1200 power-looms able to produce 30,000 yards of alpaca cloth in a day, or more than 5000 miles in a year.

In woollen, linen, and cotton manufactures, England stands unrivalled. Other kindred manufactures, in which other countries largely participate, the chief of all being silk, add vastly to our national wealth. Besides all the quantity used at home, 1,409,221*l.* worth of silken goods were exported in 1865. In the same year the exports of worsted and woollen manufactures amounted to 20,102,259*l.*; of linen manufactures to 9,155,358*l.*; and of cotton manufactures to 46,903,796*l.*

In 1865, too, the exports of iron and iron manufactures, including unwrought steel, were valued at 13,451,445*l.* Articles made of steel alone, or of steel mixed with iron, including all sorts of cutlery and industrial instruments, were sent abroad in the same year to the value of 956,801*l.*, the quantities prepared for use at home being many times greater than that. For these and other kinds of hardware, Birmingham is, of course, the central place of manufacture. 'The toyshop of Europe,' as Burke called it, has grown, by reason of its hardware trade, to become the fifth town in Great Britain, inferior only in size and commercial importance to London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. In it iron manufactures are still carried on, as in the days when Boulton and Watt startled the world, and conferred upon commerce the greatest boon of modern times, by the construction of the first steam-engine at their Soho works; but its chief business consists in the making of smaller and more miscellaneous articles, such as pens, pins, beads, and buttons, screws and snuff-boxes, and, among choicer commodities, swords and guns, glass, electro-plated and

papier-mâché goods. Pin-making, by itself, gives employment to one of the largest establishments in Birmingham, that of Messrs. Edelstein and Williams, besides many smaller ones. In this, as in every other trade, machinery has effected an entire revolution during the last thirty or forty years. Mr. Babbage, in his 'Economy of Manufactures,' published in 1832, tells how ten persons had to work seven hours and a half in order to produce a pound of pins. Now nearly everything is done by machine, and hand labour is employed only in guiding this machine. 'An almost semi-intelligent thing of iron and steel,' says Mr. Measom, whose gossiping accounts of our chief lines of railway and the districts traversed by them, have helped us to several scraps of information—'a machine with innumerable cranks and levers, rams and hammers, and a cylinder, toothed file-like, receives from a horizontal drum the end of a hank of brass wire, pulls sufficient for a pin into its voracious maw, and swallows it; the work of digestion goes on; a clicking and rapping sound is heard; the previously straight bit of wire reappears with a head, and drops down into a slit, the head uppermost, the point downwards, to be against a revolving steel roller, the surface of which is toothed; the friction of the roller causes the pins to rotate, while the end of the wire is being sharpened and converted into a point: the pin now made is forced out, and drops into the receptacle prepared for it, a perfect pin, to be cleansed by boiling in a solution of tartar, and made white and silver-like by being boiled in a solution of tartar and tin, and, after papering, to be selected—the boiling, whitening, and selecting being the only operations in which human labour or intelligence is required in the making of a pin.'

Pens, in the present stage of manufacturing art, require a greater share of hand labour than pins. At Mr. Gillott's Birmingham establishment, known as the Victoria Works, a hundred and twenty million pens are made each year by machinery

guided by four hundred women and a hundred men. 'The steel,' says Mr. Measom, 'is procured from Sheffield. It is first cut up into narrow strips, and carefully pickled by immersion in diluted sulphuric acid, and then reduced to the proper thickness by being passed through metal rolls. In this condition it is fit to be made into pens, and for this purpose it is passed into the hands of a girl, who, with a punch fitted into the screw of a hand-press, and a corresponding bed, speedily cuts out the blank. The next process, namely, that of perforating the small hole which terminates the slit, and removing any superfluous steel likely to interfere with the elasticity of the pen, is also done by a female. The incipient pens are now in a condition to have the maker's name and any ornamental device stamped upon them. For this purpose they are annealed in large quantities in a muffle, and, after being cooled, they are placed under a large stamp, in which is held the device to be impressed, cut in steel; the hammer of the stamp falls, and the marking and ornamentation are complete. Up to this stage the future pen is a flat piece of steel. It is then transferred to another female, who, by means of a press and die, makes it concave if it is to be a nib, and forms the tube if it is to be a barrel pen. Hardening follows. By this process a number of pens are put into an iron box, which is placed in a muffle when the whole is of a uniform red heat, they are plunged into oil; and then the superfluous oil is removed by agitation in a revolving tin cylinder. At this stage the pen is as brittle as glass; but the tempering which follows imparts elasticity. After that the pens are again placed in a revolving cylinder, with pounded crucible, sand, or some other cutting substance, the abrasion of which, by the revolution of the cylinder, speedily discloses the natural colour of the steel. Next follows the grinding of the nib by submitting it to the emery-wheel. The pen is then in a condition to be slit, the slitting being the most peculiar of the many processes of steel pen making. A chisel or wedge

with a flat side, is fixed to the bed of a press, and the descending screw has a corresponding chisel or cutter attached to it, which passes down, and is most accurately fitted. The pen is laid on the lower chisel; the screw is made to come down, and with it the upper chisel, by which a slit is made, and the pen completed. The last stage is the colouring, brown or blue. This is done by placing the bright steel pens in a revolving iron cylinder, under which is a charcoal stove, until the desired colour is arrived at. The final brilliancy is imparted by immersing them in gum lac dissolved in naphtha.

As with pins and pens, so it is with the thousand and one other articles for which Birmingham is famous, perhaps the most notable of all being the electro-plate manufactory of Messrs. Elkington, in Newhall Street. There the clever contrivance by which persons who cannot afford to buy goods made throughout of silver may obtain articles almost as good, for present use at any rate, at a quarter of the cost, which was not invented thirty years ago, gives employment to nearly a thousand workmen in one of the largest and handsomest buildings in Birmingham.

But a detailed enumeration of the various manufactures of Birmingham would require a volume, and a dozen volumes would not suffice for even a brief description of all the manufacturing contrivances and appliances that give occupation to at least a million Englishmen and Englishwomen. Some few of them, like the homely trades of bootmaking and tailoring, observe the rules adopted centuries ago, though here, even, the sewing machine is now effecting a revolution; in a great many others, like woollen and linen manufactures, the old trades are carried on in new ways; and in many others again, like electroplating, both trades and ways are new. Of these last, one very noteworthy illustration is in the history of the india-rubber trade. In 1770, Priestley called attention to the newly-found substance as useful to artists in obliterating pencil marks.

In 1771, a London instrument-maker named Nairne, living opposite to the Royal Exchange, began to sell it in cubical pieces of half an inch size, for three shillings each. It was not put to much more important use till 1823, when the late Mr. Charles Macintosh, of Glasgow, patented his famous waterproof clothing, and started a manufactory in Manchester. Shortly afterwards, his partner, Mr. Hancock, discovered the vulcanizing process, and thus led the way to numberless fresh applications of the substance. Messrs. Macintosh's works are now carried on in a building six stories high, and covering more than two acres of ground; and there are upwards of six hundred india-rubber manufactories, large or small, in operation in various parts of the world, producing articles, valued at 880,000*l.*, each year. Of these at least half are in Great Britain.

All the thousands of men who have brought their various branches of manufacture to perfection deserve to be ranked as merchants. They it is who give chief occupation to the merchants proper. These latter are, in fact, principally agents for procuring from foreign parts certain manufactured goods and vastly greater quantities of raw material to be handled by the English manufacturers, and then distributed for use among English buyers, or sent abroad in their altered state by the foreign merchants. It is curious to note how many of these merchants really are foreign merchants, by virtue of their nationality as well as the character of their traffic. The true Englishman seems best adapted for manufacturing energy, for the management of vast numbers of men who can be under his personal supervision, and of machinery which, however immense, he can inspect with his own eyes. As a merchant, he generally fears to embark with the boldness necessary to eminence in his calling, or if he does embark, he is apt to fail. There are, of course, many notable exceptions, but they prove the rule. By far the greater number of our foremost merchants are either Germans or Americans. Sir William Brown,

the great merchant of Liverpool, though an Irishman by birth, was an American by education; Alexander Henry, of Manchester, was an American; and Mr. Peabody, perhaps the foremost merchant in all London, by reason of his vast commercial dealings, as well as by reason of the munificent way in which he applies some of the proceeds of those dealings, is also an American. Yet more numerous are the Germans, headed, in the last generation, by the Rothschilds, and now famously represented by the house from which Mr. Göschén has sprung. Germans have the double advantage

of being better linguists than Englishmen, and of possessing greater aptitude in estimating the wants and capabilities of foreign markets.

Germans, too, are generally very careful in managing their businesses for themselves. Englishmen are glad to shirk the trouble, trust to agents or subordinates, and now-a-days rush madly into all sorts of speculations carried on by joint-stock and limited-liability companies. This is the great curse of modern commerce. It is not strange or unadvisable that great private undertakings which, like that of Overend, Gurney, and Co., have ad-



SALTAIRE.

vanced, under private management, to such vastness that they can hardly be carried on without the addition of fresh capital and the introduction of fresh managers, should be turned into joint-stock companies; and there are other enterprises which, like banks, cannot be conducted safely without a larger guarantee than private capitalists can generally give; or which, like railways or docks, cannot possibly be entered upon without greater resources than any single speculator, though a Rothschild or a Thornton, has command of. But nine-tenths of the companies now formed, under the Limited Liability Act, have no

such excuses. A great many of them are projected in dishonesty, and worked unscrupulously, until the inevitable failure ensues, showing a waste of all the capital invested, and gain to none but the moneyless projectors. Many others are undertaken honestly, but by men unfit for business, and in furtherance of plans that are generally unbusiness-like. They, too, are certain, sooner or later, to fail; and experience proves that many, even of the companies established from good motives and conducted in honest ways, are utterly untrustworthy. They have all this element of weakness; that they are built up with money

in which the actual managers of the concerns have but little interest, and that, therefore, the money is spent more recklessly, and responsibilities are assumed more fearlessly than would be the case if the capitalists looked after their own business, or if the managers had to bear the whole or any adequate share of the risk.

Some good results, however, are springing from this prevalence of joint-stock companies. The advantages of applying the principle to banking and other huge and responsible concerns are plain to every one. We believe there will be another, and till lately quite an unlooked-for result, which will lead to an entire change in the system of modern commerce. In the early days of civilization nearly everybody was a merchant. Every one who had grown anything on his own fields, or made anything with his own hands, or brought anything from foreign countries by his own labour, himself took it to market, either to barter it for something else of which he was in need, or to dispose of it for money, and with that money to make purchases to his taste. As society advanced, it became expedient for certain classes to devote themselves to productive labour, and to leave the business of buying and selling, on a large scale, in the hands of other classes specially prepared or fitted for the work. So it has been for several centuries, and while commerce has advanced trade has become more and more restricted in its character, none being able to enter upon it prosperously who do not give to it all their energies. The most energetic have been most successful, and during the last hundred years merchant princes have acquired influence and wealth unparalleled in the history of earlier times. Now it is no uncommon thing for a great merchant or manufacturer to make a thousand pounds every day of his life, and that by the employment of several thousand subordinates. There are cotton-spinners and iron-masters with five, ten, or even twenty thousand persons in their employ; and our greatest mer-

chants, like the Baring or the Rothschilds, if their immediate servants are much fewer in number, are really masters of far greater numbers, since both manufacturers and their workpeople, and ship-owners and their sailors, contribute to their maintenance, and look to them, in return, for the employment that gives them subsistence. As society progresses, it becomes more and more evident that commercial enterprises, to be thoroughly successful, must be carried on in more and more gigantic ways, as thus the new appliances of machinery can be used most economically, and all the expenses of production can be most reduced. But this arrangement, of subjecting thousands to a single individual, and of allowing by far the greater share of the profits to enrich that single individual, while the thousands have to be content with their weekly earnings, which, whether much or little, are at any rate kept always at the lowest possible point by competition in an overstocked labour-market, is manifestly unjust. The injustice has afforded some excuse for the numberless strikes and combinations that, during the last two or three generations, have squandered vast quantities both of money and of the physical strength that goes to the making of money; and, if they have ruined some rich masters, have brought terrible sufferings upon thousands and thousands of the labouring classes. We believe that the end of strikes is at hand. Working people themselves are learning the folly of any such violent measures, and are entering upon a much sounder course of action. This is the good result which we anticipate from the modern development of the principle of joint-stock companies. If the monied classes are playing at forms of commerce in which several hundreds or thousands of shareholders work together for some common end, working men are saying that they, too, will form co-operative societies, and manage trades or manufactories in which they themselves will be partners as well as labourers. In Rochdale, Manchester, and else-

where this disposition is very apparent. Already there are some large establishments in which business is successfully carried on by companies of workmen, under the guidance of directors chosen from and by themselves. In other instances, the masters have wisely noted the signs of the times, and taken their labourers into partnership with them, taking for themselves a fair remuneration for the capital they embark and the machinery and the like which they have set up, paying the men at market rates for the work that they do, and then equitably sharing all the profits with them. This practice, once adopted and found successful, must certainly be extended. Before very many years are out, we believe it will be very generally

adopted; and if so, some of us may hope to live long enough to see an end of the long and grievous differences between masters and workpeople, by the combination of masters and workpeople in one strong, united body. Then will begin the real enfranchisement of the labouring classes: then we may reasonably talk about manhood suffrage and equality of political rights.*

H. R. F. B.

* Most of the statistics given above are drawn from the Board of Trade returns for 1865. We have been much helped by an elaborate supplement to the 'Economist,' sketching the commercial history of 1865, by similar memoirs in various country papers, and by separate memoirs in other papers, especially the 'Manchester City News.'

UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

By MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER V.

IT has been said that great men lived, but they lacked a poet, and have died. In revenge, how many thousand flies have been uselessly embalmed in poetic amber! How many popular blunders, prejudices, and fallacies have the bards preserved, until the bards themselves get quoted as history! The Tower of London, to whose outside we are about to introduce you, has had its walls inscribed with many a bardic legend, and millions believe that the Tower was built by Julius Cæsar, because Gray has told them so—

'Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.'

But, in spite of Mr. Gray, and according to 'a fayre register Book of the Bishops of Rochester,' it was not the First Cæsar, but the First William (1078), to whom London owes its lasting shame. The Conqueror began the old White Tower, William Rufus completed it; and the Red King was evidently the man to deal with refractory builders and

stonemasons; for it is recorded that he compelled the building of the Tower until many men perished thereby. It was the employers, it seems, that practised striking in those days.

The Tower is the history of England in stone. To study that history would occupy the whole space set apart for these jottings. We shall therefore detain you but a few minutes on what, in old times, was doubtless the safe side of the moat.

Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt and confined in the Tower, has left in a volume of his poems an illumination representing the fortress at that period. It is a view of the Tower nearly five centuries ago. The Duke, you will see, has ingeniously shown the interior and the exterior at the same time; and could, we have no doubt, have complied with the difficult requirement of the dramatist, who desired the representation of a moon behind a cloud, and been, like the Irish bird, 'in two

places at once;' for you will observe that the Duke is writing his poem, looking out of the window, and receiving a friend at the same time. He also gives us a notion of the rush of waters through old London

Bridge, and which accounts for the 'spilling of,' to quote an old chronicler, the Duke of Norfolk's party, long years ago.

Rufus added a deep ditch, and Edward III. built the Church of St.



CONVENT OF ST. CLARE. (From an Old Print, 1757.)

PARTS OF THE NORTH AND EAST WALLS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. CLARE, OR MINORESSES, as they appeared after the Late Fire.

[This Convent, for the reception of Poor Ladies of the Order of St. Clare, was founded by Blanch, Queen of Navarre, and her husband, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, in 1293. The fire happened on Thursday, the 23rd March, 1797. The walls were of Caen stone and chalk, the timber was oak and chestnut.]

Peter's ad Vincula, now sadly disfigured by alterations. We concur in opinion with Lord Macaulay, that it was barbarous stupidity which transformed this interesting little church in the Tower into the likeness of a meeting-house in a country town, as in truth there is no sadder

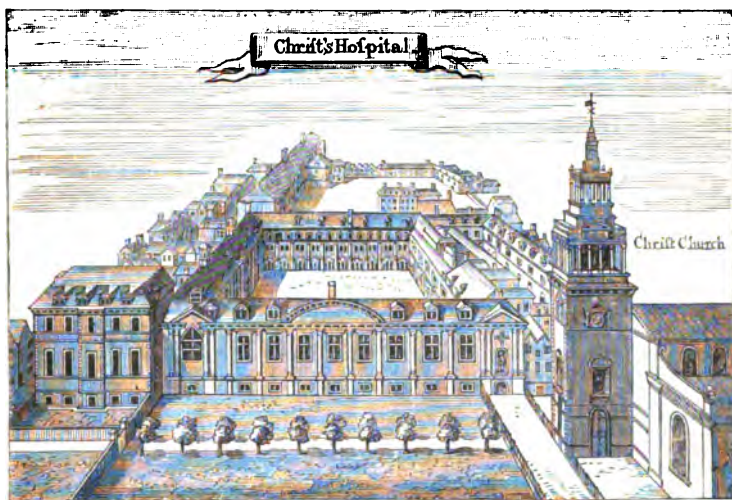
spot of earth than this little cemetery, when we remember who sleep there, and how they were done to death. Beneath the altar lie Anna Boleyn and her brother Rochford (1536), without any memorial of their resting-place; Catherine Howard, the last of the Plantagenets (1542);

the venerable Countess of Shrewsbury (1541); Cromwell, Henry's minister (1540); the brothers Seymour, both beheaded, one by order of the other (1549); John Dudley, Earl of Warwick; the Duke of Northumberland (1553); and so, as Stow says, there lie two dukes between two queens, and all four beheaded; Lady Jane Grey and her husband (1553-4); Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, and the murdered Overbury (1613); Sir John Eliot (1632),

whose body Charles I. would not allow the younger Eliot to remove from the Tower; Okey the regicide; Monmouth (1685) beneath the communion table; Rotier the medallist; the Jacobite Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Lovat. Talbot Edwards, who so gallantly resisted Blood when he stole the crown, sleeps in the nave.

So leaving the Tower's story untold, let us walk to the Minories.

The Minories derived its name from the *Sorores Minores*, or Nuns



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. (From an Old Print.)

[This Hospital (formerly a House of Grey Friars) was first founded by that pious Prince Edward y^e 6th, & has since received many Donations from other Persons; by which Charities poor Children to the Number of about 820 Boys, and 80 Girls, are not only provided with Lodging, Diet, Clothing, & Learning, but when discharg^d y^e House are bound out Apprentices, & some of the Boys who have made large advances in Learning are sent to y^e University. The House is divided into handsome Wards, where the Children lodge, and a particular Ward to w^{ch} y^e Sick are remov'd. For their Instruction here are a Grammar School, a Mathematick School, a Writing School, a School where y^e Girls learn to Read, Sew, & Mark, & of late Years y^e Boys have been taught to Draw. This Hospital is under y^e Care and Patronage of y^e City, & by y^e prudent Care taken thereof it has produc'd many famous for Wealth, Learning, & Serviceableness to y^e Publick.]

of St. Clair (1293), whose convent stood in this street on the site of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and was founded by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, the wife of Edmund, brother of Edward I., and the order continued until the suppression, when the site was granted to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The nuns of St. Clair sold milk to Stow, three ale pints for one halfpenny, always hot and the same as milked, and strained. That was before the discovery of the 'chalk formation' in London lacteal. We wish some Sisters

of Mercy and milk would open in London a dairy of St. Clair now-a-days. After the dissolution, armourers' workshops were erected. The Spa Field rioters, when on the way to the Tower, robbed the gunsmiths' shops in our time. The ladies, strange to say, have been great encouragers of the Minories' armourers, so says Congreve to Sir N. Temple.

'The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deformed themselves, yet forge those stays of
steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.'

What should we say if any lady wore 'steel' now-a-days?

The old convent fountain is in Haydon Square, where Newton lived when Master of the Mint. Regulations for the government of the Mint were first issued by Athelstane, A.D. 928. Stow says, that in Edward I.'s time, 1278, the Mint was kept by Italians, the English being ignorant of the art of coining. Edward III. formed the operators into a corporation, consisting of a warden, master, comptroller, assay-master, workers, coiners, and subordinates, and the first entry of gold brought to the Mint was *tempo* Edward III., 1343. Charles II. had tin coined into money, and James II. sent gun-metal and pewter for the same purpose. Sir Isaac Newton was warden 1699-1727, during which time de-based coin was called in.

Let us pass into Spital-Fields, or Lolesworth, as it was called (the burial-place of our Roman conquerors), where stood the Priory and Hospital of St. Mary Spittle, 'strongly built of timber, and with a turret at one angle.' its ruins were revealed as late as the last century. At the north-east corner of Spital Square stood the pulpit-cross, in the open air, and where the celebrated Spital sermons (still continued at Christ Church, Newgate Street) were first preached, and at which the bluecoat boys were condemned to be regular attendants. The pulpit-cross was destroyed in the civil wars. The old map of Elizabeth's time shows Spital-fields an open space, but before another century numerous buildings had been erected here and elsewhere in the suburbs of the City. The celebrated Lord Bolingbroke lived here, as did Culpepper the herbalist, hard by the Priory in Paternoster Row.

Tarleton, the player at the Curtain Theatre, kept an ordinary in those pleasant fields! and in Cock Lane, now Pelham Street, Milton's granddaughter, Mrs. Clark, was allowed to keep a chandler's shop, and, certainly, a 'New Defence of the People of England' was more needed than ever. Queen Caroline (wife of George II.) sent her fifty

guineas, and on April 5, 1750, 'Comus' was played for Mrs. Clark's benefit, and realised one hundred and thirty pounds.

Here the weavers most do congregate, the loom having been first introduced by the poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French, and who soon produced fabrics as good as those of France, and worth 300,000l. annually. The Spitalfield weavers are great birdfanciers, and singers at their work. Falstaff had been among the weavers, and so had Ben Jonson. 'I would I were a weaver,' says Sir John, 'I could sing all manner of songs.' 'He got his cold,' says Ben, 'sitting up late and singing catches with weavers.' Spitalfield and Coventry weavers—we speak on the authority of Mr. John Timbs—have very small heads, varying from six and a half inches to six and three-quarter inches, and the medium size of an Englishman's head is seven inches. There's a nut for the phrenologists to crack!

Moorfields and Finsbury bespeak their swampy origin. In Edward II.'s time Thomas Falconer, Lord Mayor, had broken a way through the wall, built Moorgate, and made 'causeys' for the citizens to walk towards Islington and Hoxton. The fields were ditched and drained, and afforded walks for the peaceable citizens and their dames, or, as Shadwell says, 'haberdashers walking with their whole fireside.'

Here were the bleachers and laundresses, 'whose acres of linen,' says Davenant, 'show like the fields of Carthage when the five months' shifts of the whole fleet are washed and spread.' The walks and grass-plot shaded by trees were called the City Mall.

In the old time, we are sorry to say, it was the fashion for fine ladies to swear. We find Hotspur actually scolding his affectionate Kate for using too gentle an oath, a tameness worthy, he says, only of city dowdies.

HOT. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.

HOT. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'd'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath: and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet guards and Sunday citizens.

Here was the muster-ground for the train-bands of London, formed at the threatened Spanish invasion, and their first place of meeting was in Artillery Close; but when the alarm was over they dissolved, and left the Artillery garden to the Tower gunners. The train-bands were re-formed in 1610, and, when the civil war broke out, they sided against the king, and did good service at Newbury, Brentford, and elsewhere. They mustered about twelve thousand, and Cromwell esteemed them highly. That distinguished equestrian, John Gilpin, you remember, was a train-band captain of London town, and the famous Honourable Artillery Company are their lineal descendants.

Here the weavers, despite the smallness of their heads, did by the boldness of their hearts, as Pepys records, gallantly thrash the butchers in a set battle, and drove them out of the field, and then went forth offering roof for a butcher! And here the old diarist (and so also Evelyn) saw the tents and sheds raised by the houseless Londoners, when the Great Fire had consumed their city.

Secondhand bookstalls were formed under the trees in Moorfields, to be represented in later years by the Temple of the Muses, built by James Lackington, who made 5000*l.* in one year by the sale of old books. A coach and four horses were once driven round his shop by a consummate master of the ribbons.

The Common Hunt was kept here at the Dogge House; and that city 'meet' must have been a sight to have seen, with the Swordbearer perhaps as huntsman, and the Remembrancer as first whip, in his funny fur cap, which looks as though he had been so frightened 'that each particular hair doth stand on end,' a lunatic apparition which may remind us that Old Bedlam Hospital stood on the south side. It was

built after the model of the Tuileries, which gave the French king great offence accordingly.

A barbican, or watchtower, built on high ground, and whence a man might view the whole city towards the south, and also into Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, and also every other way, says Stow, gave the name to a spacious thoroughfare connecting Finsbury with Aldersgate Street. It was once the mart for old and new apparel. In Dryden's time Barbican had fallen into disrepute.

'A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains.'

The Clerk's Wall (*fons clericorum*) gave the name to the locality where formerly stood the magnificent monastery of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and where King John resided, and more than one of our sovereigns held councils within its walls. Wat Tyler's mob destroyed the whole commandery, and beheaded the prior in the courtyard, now the site of St. John's Square. The last prior but one rebuilt the monastery late in the fifteenth century, and his successor died of grief when the priory was suppressed. Five years later the church was a storehouse for the king's nets and tents for hunting, the rest of the site being given to Lord Lisle for his service as High Admiral. The church was afterwards blown up by gunpowder, and the materials used by the Protector Somerset in building old Somerset Place in the Strand. The gate was, however, preserved, and remains to this day as the Jerusalem Tavern. Cave the printer occupied it beforetime, and the names of Johnson, Savage, 'poor and friendless,' Goldsmith, 'glad of back-work,' and Garrick, make the spot classical. Johnson there ate his plate of victuals behind a screen, his dress so shabby that he durst not make his appearance; and Garrick, an actor worthy of his 'Critics,' played the 'Mock Doctor' in the room over the archway, the other parts in the farce sustained by the journeyman printers. In St. John's Square died the bold Bishop Burnet, and near there formerly stood the house of Oliver Cromwell, where

some suppose the death-warrant of Charles was signed.

In Clerkenwell stood also the Nunnery of St. Mary, when the River of Wells, or the Fleet, ran trickling to Holborn Bridge, and a Coppice and Wilderness, and Saffron Gardens, and Vineyard, all preserved by localities so named, stretched away to the village of Islington. The pass to that then distant region was so dangerous that people waited at Wood's Close—now Northampton Street—until they mustered in good force, and were then escorted on their way by an armed patrol. A friend informs us that an old gentleman of ninety-five (who claims to be a descendant of the first lord mayor) remembers being one of such a party. Here resided many noble folk, among them the eccentric Duchess of Albemarle (1669), who, when a widow, and immensely rich, became so elated by her wealth, that she vowed she would marry none but a sovereign. The first Duke of Montagu won the mad lady by declaring himself to be the Emperor of China. He married her—for her money—and kept her in such strict seclusion, that her friends demanded her production in open court. The Duchess survived the Duke many years, and died at ninety-six—constantly, it is said, treated by her household as a sovereign, and served on the knee.

Near the northern end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell, stood the Red Bull Theatre in Red Bull Land, and the place retained its name until the beginning of the last century, when it was called Woodbridge Street. When the 'poor players' were suppressed by the Puritans they assembled at this place during Christmas and Bartlemy Fair time, under the direction of Alexander Goffe, the celebrated woman-actor of the Blackfriars Company. Drolls, put together by Robert Cox from the comic scenes of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and others, were very popular at the Red Bull, and the nearest approaches to the regular drama which the actors dared to attempt. A collection of these drolls—now extremely rare—has a curious frontispiece with a singularly

incongruous variety of characters upon the stage. *Sir John Falstaff* and *Dame Quickly*; *Clause* in the 'Beggars' Bush,' *Changeling* and *Simpleton* from a piece written by Robert Cox, whilst *Tu Quoque Green* is advancing from behind the curtain with a label in his mouth. Before the suppression of the theatres the Red Bull appears to have held but an inferior position, for in a poem addressed to Sir W. Davenant (1633), it is described as

'That degenerate stage

Where none of th' untuned kennel can rehearse

A line of serious sense.'

Some months before the Restoration the Red Bull was reopened, and on the king's arrival the company took the name of the King's Servants, and soon after removed to Vere Street, Clare Market, fixing themselves at last at the Cockpit, Drury Lane.

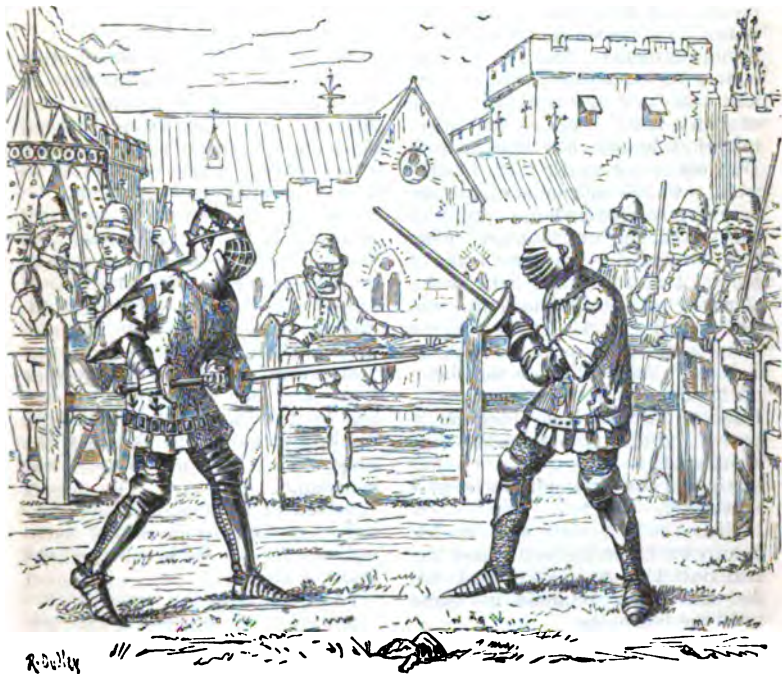
Hicks' Hall—everybody has heard of Hicks' Hall—whence the miles on the great north road were measured, and some have wondered where it 'formerly stood!' It was in St. John's Street, opposite Ben Jonson's Windmill Inn, where Formal invited Brainworm, that he might 'bestow a quart of sack upon him.' It was named after Sir Baptist Hicks, who built it in 1612. In this hall the good Lord William Russell was condemned to death. Who forgets 'that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side,' and whose wifely devotion was the single ray of sunlight upon a scene of dark and cruel tyranny?

Thomas Britton, the musical small-coalman, lived at the corner of Jerusalem Passage, and had his musical meetings in a low narrow room over his coal-shop, and to which all the fashion of the time sought admission, Britton himself playing the *viol da gamba*. Perhaps from him comes the slang word for chorus—'Coal-box'—if we might mention anything so ungenteel. Near the well in Ray Street was the bear garden of Hockley-in-the-Hole, where noblemen, ambassadors, and bobtail met to witness bull and bear-baiting, and the whole science of defence, until Figg, the prize-fighter, opened his booth in Tottenham Court Road.

Broughton had a booth also behind Oxford Road (1742), and schools for teaching boxing as a science were opened in different parts of England. Mendoza taught at the Lyceum in the Strand (1791), and boxing was greatly patronised up to 1830; since that time it has been going out of favour, though the public enthusiasm was aroused when Tom Sayers (5 ft. 8 in.) drubbed Heenan, the Benecia Boy (6 ft. 1 in.), April 16th, 1860, Tom fighting with one arm broken. Sayers died last year.

Numerous spas and medical wells were once in fashion at and about Clerkenwell, but they have given way to bricks and mortar, and left no wreck behind—not even Bag-nigge Wells garden, rendered pictorially famous in later times by Seymour, as the locality where 'the two teas and a brandy and water' ran away without paying.

The parish clerks of London were famous actors of mysteries, and in 1390 they came to Skinner's Well, near to Clerken Well, and did enact



THE TILT YARD—COMBAT À L'OUTRANCE.

interludes, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and nobles being present (we are very glad we were not); and in Henry V.'s time they played one which lasted eight days, and was 'matter from the Creation of the world'—one would almost think to the end of it. We once knew an unappreciated poet who had written a tragedy in thirty acts, and which he proposed to play five acts every night during the week. The subject was the

entire history of Poland, but the parish clerks beat him hollow.

It is Michaelmas Sunday, if you please, in Richard II.'s time (1377), and to celebrate the marriage of Charles VI. of France the king hath commanded a tournament, the English knights challenging all comers. There are, says Froissart, threescore knights apparelled for the jousts, each knight attended by a squire riding a soft pace; then threescore ladies of honour mounted

on fair palfreys richly dressed, and each lady leads a knight with a chain of silver, and on they come with a vast number of trumpets and other minstrelsy. The twenty-four challengers have their armour garlanded with white hearts, and their necks with crowns of gold, and so on to where the queen awaits them in Smoothfield, or Smithfield, as it is better known. It was sometimes called Ruffian Hall, from its frays and common fighting with sword and buckler, and deserved the name for many a day later, and until the market was removed. Here was fought the combat of *Horner* and *Peter* in Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.' The scene of the dramatist is founded on fact. 'A certain armourer had been appeached of treason by a false servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given to fight in Smithfield; but the armourer's friends gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort that he reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt.' Dramatic justice was done, however, on the false servant. He was convicted of felony and judged to be hanged, 'and so he was at Tyburn.' Why they should have taken the culprit to Connaught Terrace, Edgware Road—the site of the old Tyburn tree—we cannot say, the Elms (now known as Cow Lane) being at hand, and where the gallows stood. The trial by battle was abolished only in 1819, shortly after a most fearful crime had roused the indignation of the nation, and the lawyers discovered that the miscreant who was guilty had a right to his wager of battle. There also, as Master Tommy knows, Wat Tyler was stabbed in the throat by Lord Mayor Walworth; hence it was thought the dagger in the City arms—but, no; the dagger was there before the valiant Mayor was even a London 'prentice.

How blest are we that have not vulgar minds!

Here, also, were kindled the martyr fires of London from the accession of Henry IV. One of the first martyrs was John Bedby, a tailor, in 1410, and the last is said to have been Bartholomew Leggatt. But the punishment by fire for other crimes

than keeping a conscience was long retained, as Evelyn speaks of seeing a miserable creature burning who had murdered her husband. We believe, however, that such agonies were shortened by strangulation. Among the old woodcuts in the first edition of 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' is the burning of the brave, good, and witty Anne Askew, and from that it appears the martyr fires were usually kindled just outside the gates of St. Bartholomew's Priory. Bones marked by fire have been found buried there. Should not the place have a martyr's monument?

In Henry VIII's day three prisoners at different times were boiled to death; one, a cook, put poison in his caldron, and, all things considered, received poetical justice; and in Queen Mary's reign 177 persons suffered by fire in Smithfield. In 1575, Elizabeth being Queen, two Dutchmen, Anabaptists, were burned with much 'roaring and crying,' as the chronicle records with a sort of strange wonder that Anabaptists should not like to be burned. Matters, however, changed greatly for the better, and roods and church images were the victims of martyr fires; and St. Bartholomew's day was kept as a day of triumph for the Protestants, the booksellers displaying only Bibles in their shop windows.

But enough of these sad memories; and let us seek for pleasanter recollections in the other uses of old Smithfield.

The first fairs were formed by the gathering of worshippers and pilgrims about sacred places, on the feast days of the saints enshrined within them. Grant of tolls to a fair was then a concession from the Crown of no mean value; and Prior Bayere, jester at one time to Henry I., and founder of St. Bartholomew's, very knowingly secured those of Bartlemy Fair to the uses of his church and hospital; for shortly before the demolition of monasteries, St. Bartlemy received about 300*l.*, equivalent to not much less than 3,000*l.* now-a-days. When Sir Thomas Gresham, the Lord Mayor, with the aldermen and citizens of London, saw how matters were going with

the religious houses, they petitioned Henry VIII for the governance of the three hospitals, St. Mary, St. Thomas, and St. Bartholomew, for the 'aid of poor and indigent people, and not to the maintenance of priests, canons, and monks, carnally living as they of late have done.' The king granted the City's prayer, provided it would find the requisite funds for the support of the hospitals: and five hundred marks a year were voted forthwith: a tax which was, in fact, a poor's rate; and the hospitals for the sick have grown and multiplied in the land—thanks, in no small degree, to the enlightened liberality of the medical profession.

All goods were sold *absolutely* at fairs, however bad the title to them of the seller, saving only the rights of the king. This, we suppose, was called fair dealing. The resident traders were compelled to close their shops during fair times, which was pleasant. For many years fairs continued to be the chief resorts of traders, and stewards of country houses made purchases at fairs a hundred miles away from home as late as the sixteenth century.

As every fair was called after the saint whose feast-day it celebrated, the one we wish you to visit was called St. Bartholomew, or, in the spirit of abbreviation distinguishing the commonality of London, 'Bartlemy,' in the same way as an omnibus is called a 'bus,' a cabriolet a 'cab,' and the City the 'stee.' Our fair was granted, as we have said, to Rayere, the king's jester, by Henry I. A clever, cunning fellow was Father Rayere! as Henry I., according to Fabian's 'Chronicle,' had divers monitions and visions, and Rayere was just the monk to make the most of them. When kings dream it is bad for their pockets, or, rather, for those of their subjects.

St. Bartholomew was the principal cloth fair in England until the time of Elizabeth, and when our fine broadcloths were sent to Holland to be dyed, the art not being understood in England until introduced by one Brewer, from the Low Coun-

tries, 1667. The first cloth weavers, composed of seventy families, came over from the Netherlands, on the invitation of Edward III. The clothiers had their stands in the churchyard, and Cloth Fair still marks the site. Fit persons were appointed by the Merchant Tailors' Company to attend to test the measures to be used by their silver yard. Mercers especially frequented fairs, and sold gay haberdashery, toys, and even drugs and spices; whilst others dealt largely in silk and velvet, and eschewed the haberdashery traffic. Our old friend Dick Whittington was a mercer, and no doubt had a stall at Bartlemy Fair.

As the frequenters of fairs were here to-day and gone to-morrow, it was necessary that their disputes should find immediate settlement; so there was a court regularly called the Court of Pie-Poudre, which had to do with fair business only, and gave as summary judgments as our County Courts, and probably, like those, generally found for the plaintiff. Pie-Poudre is corrupted from the French for 'dusty-feet.' The ancient Scotch law-writers called a wandering trader a 'dustifute.'

When the City obtained a share of the tolls, the fair was proclaimed by the Lord Mayor at the entrance to Cloth Fair. His lordship then called upon the keeper of Newgate, and had a cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar, and the custom only ceased on the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood. One Sir John Shorter, maternal grandfather of Horace Walpole, and Lord Mayor in 1688, lost his life by letting the lid of the tankard flap down with too much force. His horse started, his lordship was thrown to the ground, and never recovered the tumble. He should have studied either good manners or good horsemanship. The mayor was evidently not master of the horse.

When the hospital of St. Bartlemy was disposed of to the City, Sir Richard Rich, Chancellor of the Court of Augmentation, was very early in Smithfield. At the time when he was Solicitor-General, he gave a turn with his own hand to the rack by which Anne Askew was

tortured; so he was quite at home already in Ruffian's Hall. Rich had an easy conscience, betrayed his friends, and served his sovereign and himself. As Chancellor of the Court of Augmentation, he augmented his own income by purchasing Bartlemy Priory and all its belongings for 1,064*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*—he was very particular, like Mr. Mantalio, to 'the dimnition threepence,' you see—and so continuing to buy similar bargains, he became very Rich indeed, and was made Lord Chancellor in the next reign; when, to quote Mr. Morley, the admirable historian of Bartholomew fair, 'The way of society was not the less surely forward and upward because it was marching with soiled feet on a miry path.'

Well, Rich—Lord Rich now—bought St. Bartholomew, and there had his town mansion, and all the tolls of the fair and the market which had pertained aforetime to the old Priory. Oh, Father Rayere! where be your jibes now? and all that you thought your houses for ever? There is now remaining of the old Priory only fragments of walls—one called Middlesex Passage—and part of the great crypt overhung by the wreck of the great hall, now divided into compartments, and used as a tobacco factory. The old church of St. Bartholomew the Great is externally as it stood in Rayere's time, and within is a portrait statue of the monk jester.

The descendants of Lord Rich became Earls of Warwick and Holland; one of whom, a temperate supporter of the Puritans, was Parliamentary Admiral, and Cromwell's fast friend, and helped to robe him as Protector. To Warwick's grandson Robert, Cromwell gave his youngest daughter Frances for a wife; and when doing so, threw sack-posset over the ladies' clothes, daubed the stools with sweetmeats, and pulled off and sat upon the Admiral's wig—possibly after the wedding breakfast.

The Bartlemy property then passed to Elizabeth, heiress to Sir Walter Cope of Kensington. She is supposed to have originated Lady Holland's Mob—a riotous assemblage of

the showmen and traders at Bartlemy, some five thousand strong, which proclaimed in its own way that the fair was opened. Lady Holland's grandson married Charlotte Middleton, the daughter of a Welsh baronet. The earl died, and the lady afterwards remarried Mr. 'Spectator' Addison, and for that reason we have told you the pedigree of the Lord of Bartlemy Fair.

So let us enter Bartlemy Fair, as it was in the days of Ben Jonson (who has founded one of the best and most valuable of his comedies upon the fair) and in subsequent years. We will take the utmost care of you, ladies, and will warrant that no one shall offer you the slightest impertinence, and that there shall be the amplest room for the amplest millinery. Now, then! The first object we behold is a Miss Tom Thumb. Listen to the showman:

'A Wonder of Nature: a girl above sixteen years of age; only eighteen inches long, having shed the teeth seven several times and not a perfect bone in any part of her, except her head; yet she discourses, reads very well, sings, and whistles—all very pleasant to hear.'

'Here's the much-admired Gyant-like Young Man of prodigious bigness.—If he lives three years more and grows as he has done, he will be bigger than any of those gyants we read of in story. He can already reach with his hand three yards and a half.'

'In houses of boards, men walk upon cords
As easy as squirrels crack filberts.
For a penny you may see a fine puppet play;
And for twopence a rare piece of art.'

'We've patient Grisel here, and Fair Rosamond
there,
And the History of Susanna.'

And a hundred other wonders.

Here are your 'Bartholomew birds;' your 'sword and buckler man;' your 'Kindheart if anybody's teeth should chance to ache.' Here's your juggler 'with a well-educated ape to come over his chain for the King of England and back again for the Prince, and to sit still for the Pope and King of Spain.' Here's 'Leatherhead, the hobby-horse man!' 'the too proud pedlar, who is put

up with the pride of his wares.' Here's 'Trash the cake woman, whose gingerbread progeny' is scandalized by her neighbour as 'made of stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey.'

'Buy any peas? buy any peas?' of the costard-monger; or listen to Nightingale the ballad singer—

'Now the fair's a-filling.

O for a tune to startle

The birds o' the booths here billing

Yearly with old St. Bartle.'

'Buy any ballads? new ballads?' Make way there, for here comes Ursula, who wastes her youth and prime in roasting pigs. Pluto's underground residence, heated by volcanoes, is a cold collar to her booth. Over it is writ in large letters—

'HERE BE THE BEST PIGS, AND SHE DOES
ROAST THEM AS WELL AS EVER SHE DID.'

Quick! a bottle of ale to quench her who is all fire and fat, and who fears to melt away to the first woman—a rib again. More ale and a whiff of tobacco, if you wish her to hold life.

She charges threepence a pipe—the tip of your little finger would fill the bowl—though her tobacco is mixed with coltsfoot. She will have six-and-twenty shillings profit on her barrel of beer, and fifty shillings a hundred on her bottled ale! Five shillings apiece is the price of her pig, and sixpence extra to ladies, if she sees that a lady is in an interesting condition, and particularly urgent on her husband to treat her. 'Have you any corns on your feet and toes?' If so, here's the corn-cutter; or, will you 'buy a mouse-trap, or a tormentor for a flea?' Here they are to hand. Take care of your pockets, for there is Zekeil Edgeworth the civil cut-purse, 'he of the horn thumb, on which he nicks the pocket.' Hear what he says to his 'pal' the ballad-singer: 'All the purses and purchases I give to-day, bring hither to Ursula presently; here we will meet at night in her lodge and share!' (Wicked old pig woman.) 'Look you, choose good places for your standing in the fair when you sing,

Nightingale.' So our every-day thieves are no cleverer than their forefathers.

Here are the posturers, fire-eaters, mountebanks, and nostrum-vendors. Here's one who declares (like all his craft) he is not 'an upstart pill-gilding apothecary; no, he's a physician that has travelled most kingdoms in the world, and not a person to fill your ears with hard words; not bothering you with the nature of Turpet mineral, Mercuri Dulcis, Balsamum Capiviet, Astringents, Circulations, Vibrations, and Scaldations. *Tantum?* No; he will present you with his cordial pills, being tincture of the sun, having dominion from the same light, to comfort mankind and to cause all complexions to smile or laugh in the very taking of them,' and so on. When he has ended his appeal, the Jack-pudding will dance on the tight-rope, until his master recovers breath.

'Here's Dives and Lazarus, and the World's Creation,

Here's the tall Dutch woman, the like's not in the nation;

Here's the booth where the high Dutch maid is;

Here are the bears that dance like any ladies.

Tat, tat, tat, tat, says the little penny trumpet;

Here's Jacob Hall that does so jump it, jump it.'

Jacob Hall, the Leotard of the seventeenth century, was a celebrated rope-dancer, and reputed rival of King Charles in the affections of Lady Castlemaine, as is well known to the readers of Dryden, Pepys, and other writers of that day. He had, by reason of his lady patroness, a booth at Charing Cross, and was considered a nuisance to the parish. Hall was a great favourite with the quality, and was followed by them and Lady Castlemaine to Bartlemy Fair, where they purchased fairings, as even did dear Lady Rachel Russell, as she writes to her husband, in 1680, three years before his judicial murder.

There are records of other rope-dancers, whose feats are quite as astounding as anything presented by M. Blondin; and Joseph Clarke was a famous posture master, who could imitate every sort of deformity, and so disguise his identity, that he paid successive visits to an eminent surgeon, who did not recog-

nize his former patient, but examined him for all kinds of horrible dislocations and contortions: his portrait testifies to his wonderful twistibility.

Among the piemen none were more famous than Ford, or Tiddy Doll—Tiddy Doll the gingerbread baker, immortalised by Hogarth, in the picture of the Idle Apprentice's execution at Tyburn. Tiddy's disappearance from his usual station in the Haymarket, in 1752 (when he had gone to the country fairs), occasioned a Grub Street account of his murder, which sold amazingly. Tiddy Doll was well made and handsome, and dressed like a nobleman, in a white coat laced with gold, ruffles, silk stockings, laced hat and feathers, and clean white apron. His usual address was, 'Mary, Mary, where are you now? I live, when at home, in Little Ball Street, two steps under ground, with a wiscum, and a wiscum and a why not? Here's your nice gingerbread! It will melt in your mouth like a red hot brickbat, and fill you like Punch and his wheelbarrow!' Poor Tiddy Doll was drowned during a frost fair on the Thames by the breaking of the ice.

Charles II. made Killigrew Master of the Revels, and all ballad singers, mountebanks, prize-players, and the like had to be licensed by him. 'Bartholomew fairings' were oftentimes political pamphlets and drolls, sometimes against the Pope, and sometimes against the Puritans, who had closed the theatres, but could not put down Bartlemy. To Bartlemy Fair we are indebted for the pride and delight of every nursery—Bartlemy babies, as they were called—*dolls*, as they are now named. The modern origin of the word we are inclined to believe was from an old word of endearment, quoted by Richardson, of 'pretty little poll—doll'—a pretty little Mary Dorothy. Some have supposed that these darling images were named Idols, the *i* having dropped out on the way up the nursery stairs. Every mamma has seen them adored in a way to justify such a supposition.

Elkanah Settle—once the feeble rival and antagonist of Dryden, and who disgraced himself by his ani-

madversions on the last speech and confession of Lord William Russell—here at Bartlemy Fair was manager of the pageant of the burning of the Pope, and afterwards turned actor in Mrs. Myon's booth at the fair, and played the Dragon in a green case of his own invention.

Dr. Young alludes to this circumstance in his epistle to Pope:

'Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield, dragons hissed at last;
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.'

He ultimately obtained admission to the Charterhouse, and died there Feb. 12, 1723-4. According to a writer in 'The Briton,' who thus speaks of him, 'He was a man of tall stature, red face, short black hair, lived in the City, and had a numerous poetical issue, but shared the misfortune of several other gentlemen—to survive them all.'

At Bartlemy Fair also, principally at the George Inn Yard, Smithfield, Henry Fielding, one of the greatest of the great English prose writers, kept a theatrical booth for nine years. 'The Booth,' says his handbill, 'is very commodious, and the Inn Yard has all the convenience of coach-room, lights, &c., for quality and others, and shall perform this evening at four, and every day during the Fair, beginning exactly at two and continuing every hour till eleven at night.' Fielding's connection with Bartlemy Fair continued for nearly ten years, and was a great source of income to him. He ceased to be manager when he joined one of the Inns of Court. In the 'Daily Post' of Aug. 30, 1732, we read: 'Yesterday the Prince and Princess went to Bartholomew Fair, and saw Mr. Fielding's celebrated Droll called the "Earl of Essex" and the "Forced Physician," and were so well pleased as to stay to see it twice performed.'

Drury Lane and the other west-end theatres closed during the fair, and some of their best actors played at Bartlemy, tempted thereto by the increased pay of the booth. Amongst others, Dogget, the giver of the 'Coat and Badge,' Cibber, Fat Harper, who, like Stephen Kemble,

played Falstaff without stuffing, Yates, and Edward Shuter,

'Who never cared a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense or put in.'

Mrs. Pritchard, and other names famous in dramatic annals, the last distinguished manager being Master Richardson. We were once introduced to the celebrated Muster Richardson, and were presented with a free admission to his 'Theater, as one of the purfession.' The drama was called the 'Wandering Outlaw, or the Hour of Retribution, concluding with the Death of Orsina and the appearance of the Accusing Spirit.' We did not enjoy it very much, as the rain came through the canvas, and the principal tragedian and the ghost had the influenza. Richardson claimed to have had under his management the elder Kean, Wallack, Barnes, the favourite pantaloons, and other celebrities. He had a fine appreciation of genius, that Muster Richardson, and left a gentleman of the Fair—the original 'Mazeppa' at Astley's—a handsome legacy because he was a *bould speaker*. We will not detain you longer in Bartlemy Fair, which died of inanition about 1849, after giving the City authorities a great deal of trouble; but we refer those who take an interest in such matters to 'The Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair,' by Mr. Henry Morley.

From gay to grave, from the players' booths to the prison, to which, we dare say, the Fair and its temptations led many in their time. So passing by Snow Hill—once called Snore Hill—remembering that at the Star, then Studwick the grocer's sign, died that good man John Bunyan—let us pause at the Old Prison of Newgate, originally Chamberlain Gate. It was a prison in the reign of King John, and rebuilt by Sir Richard Whittington's executors, and his statue (with the Cat, mind), placed in a niche on the wall. (J. T.) It was merely a tower which stretched across the west end of Newgate, yet until Charles II.'s time it was sufficient prison-room for the City and county. After the Great Fire it was restored by Wren, and burnt by the rioters in 1780, the

keys having been thrown into the basin of water in St. James's Square.

The prisoners were formerly crowded together in dark dungeons, and the foul air caused the gaol fever, of which they perished dozens by the day, and on one occasion sixty persons died from this pestilence in the Sessions House. Our prisons were very dreadful places in former times; women were packed in Newgate like slaves in the hold of a ship, having only eighteen inches of sleeping room, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, drinking, and dressing up in men's clothes, whilst the males added card-playing and gambling of all kinds.* Garnish, or footing, or chummage, as it was called, was demanded of all prisoners, 'pay or strip' the order of the day, and money or clothes went towards the riotous entertainment of the older prisoners, who added something to the garnish. The untried were mixed with the convicted, and the young and repentant with the hardened and profligate offenders. Some were lavishly supplied with luxuries by their friends, others were nearly starved, having to cook and provide their own food, and the wardens derived great profit from supplying the prisoners with various articles. Some women that Mrs. Fry saw were destitute of clothing and unfit to be seen, and one girl spent ten shillings in beer in one day. We have reformed all this indifferently well, and in some cases have run into the other extreme.

A late humane governor, Mr. Wontner, lost his life in saving that of May, convicted with Bishop and

* The 22 & 23 Charles II. c. 20, s. 13, recites:—'That whereas it has become the common practice of the gaolers and keepers of Newgate, the Gate-house at Westminster, and sundry other gaols and prisons to lodge together in one room or chamber and bed, prisoners for debt and felons, whereby many honest gentlemen, tradesmen, and others (prisoners for debt), are disturbed and hindered in the night time from their natural rest by reason of their fetters and irons, and otherwise much offended and troubled by their lewd and prophane language and discourses, with most horrid cursing and swearing, much accustomed to such persons, &c., &c.'

Williams for burking an Italian boy. Bishop and Williams having confessed that May was innocent, Mr. Wontner travelled to Windsor and back during the night, and arrived with the reprieve just before the hour of execution. The exertion brought on an attack of which the excellent governor died.

The gallows used to stand on what is now Connaught Terrace, and the Tyburn procession was one of the grim things of the past. It was John Howard who caused the gallows to be removed from Tyburn to the Old Bailey, and need enough for the change, when sixty persons have been seen on one Sunday in the condemned pew. The names of the more hardened among the prisoners were often found cut on the wood-work of the pew. The *Old Press Yard* was the place where prisoners were *PRESSED* when they refused to plead in order to preserve their property forfeited to the Crown. A horrible cruelty, and it was thought a humane thing to allow friends of the prisoners to pile quickly additional weights on the victim to hasten his death. Now, if a prisoner will not plead, we record a plea of 'Not Guilty' for him, and try him just the same as if he had spoken. The press-yard was the last memorial of the old torture.

Stow could not tell the original of the Poultry Compter, pertaining to one of the sheriffs of London, it having been so kept and continued time out of mind. It ceased to be a prison in 1804. The Marshalsea and King's Bench were both very old prisons. Ludgate was a free prison, and all freemen of the City were imprisoned there for debt, trespasses, and contempt. The poor prisoners begged at a grate (as they did within our recollection at the Fleet), and handsome Stephen Foster, who was Lord Mayor in 1454, is said to have won a rich widow whilst so supplicating charity. The happy pair built a chapel at Ludgate, and made some provision for future destitute inmates—

'So that for lodging and water prisoners here naught pay,
As their keepers shall answer all at dreadful
doomes day.'

Among the City prisons of the past was the 'Fleet'; it is a glad tiding to know their numbers grow less and less with the advance of time and its teachings. The old prison originally belonged to the See of Canterbury, and the wardenship was held by several eminent persons, together with the custody of the Palace at Westminster. The rents of the shops in Westminster Hall belonged to the said warden, and pretty fellows some of them were, guilty of all sorts of crime and cruelty. Edward VI. and Mary sent thither many victims of religious bigotry, and Bishop Hooper laid there until sent to the stake at Gloucester, his bed having been a little pad of straw with a rotten covering. It was the prison of the Star Chamber, in full activity from Elizabeth to Charles I., and many a man distinguished by piety, learning, and patriotism was shut within those gloomy walls; 'Freeborn' John Lilburne, and Prynne, the Puritan denouncer of plays, among the number.*

After the abolition of the Star Chamber, the Fleet became a prison for debtors only, and those committed for contempt, but the wardens continued their extortionate

* William Prynne's '*Histriomatrix*; or, a Scourge for Stageplayers,' was a severe attack not only upon the stage, but also upon dancing, hunting, public festivals—especially the keeping of Christmas—decking houses with ivy, bonfires, maypoles, music—especially church music—new year's gifts, images, curled hair of men and women, and the wearing of perukes. It declared 'that our English ladies shorn and frizzled madams have lost their modesty; that they that frequent plays are damned; and that princes dancing in their own persons was the cause of their untimely ends.' Among the heads of the index of the work was 'Women actors notorious——' and this was unjustly made to apply to the queen, who had a short time before (but after the publication of the book) acted in a pastoral at Somerset House. The sentence passed upon Prynne by the Star Chamber was that his book should be burned by the common hangman, that he should be excluded from the bar of Lincoln's Inn, degraded from the university of Oxford, stand in the pillory at Westminster and Chespide, lose an ear at each place, be fined five thousand pounds, and imprisoned for life!

fees and loading debtors with irons. This state of things continued until Bembridge and Huggins (wardens), and some of their servants, were tried for murder, and acquitted. Hogarth has immortalized the principal scoundrels in his 'Trial of Bembridge.'

The Fleet was twice burnt—once by Wat Tyler, and again in the riots of 1780. The mob politely sent notice to the prisoners of their intended coming, and on being informed that the lateness of the hour would be inconvenient, the rabble postponed their visit until the next day. No such instance of true politeness occurred during either of the French revolutions, that I remember.

The rules and day-rules of the Fleet may be traced to Richard II.'s time, and gave the prisoners the liberty of going abroad, with certain limits, on the payment of heavy fees, and on the obtaining of good securities. The Fleet and Queen's Bench were the only prisons in the kingdom having this privilege, and there is a story told of a prisoner having a day-rule (as these permissive orders were called) from the force of habit determined to spend it in the Fleet. A man was also said to have so far gained the confidence of the gatekeeper of the Fleet as to be allowed to spend, occasionally, an evening at a public-house opposite the prison; but on one occasion, having overstayed his time by a quarter of an hour, he was threatened to be *locked out* altogether the next time he offended. The poor prisoner was so alarmed at the possibility of such a catastrophe that he never went out again. This story is true, and what a tale it tells of an utterly hopeless and friendless man.

There is one serio-comic associa-

tion with the Fleet to which we must refer, the Fleet marriages, and which were held—although illegal—to be valid and indissoluble. These marriages were performed sometimes in the chapel of the prison, and at others at alehouses and brandy-shops. The parsons were generally inmates of the Fleet and the rules thereof, and, necessarily, profligate and vicious, and in no way deterred by the penalty of 100*l.* for solemnizing clandestine marriages. Any one could be married for five or six shillings—sailors were capital customers. A Captain Saunders, Member of Parliament, stated in the House that he had once given forty of his crew leave to go on shore, and they all returned married. Others, of high degree, were occasionally buckled together by these clerical blackguards; in some cases, to procure an antedated certificate, or to conceal the fact of their union; and, occasionally, even their names, as shown by an entry: 'William — and Sarah —; he dressed in a gold waistcoat, like an officer; she, a beautiful young lady, with two fine diamond rings and a black high crown hat, and very well dressed.' Some overseers had paupers married at the Fleet to get rid of settlements—many an unwilling swain consenting rather than go to prison.

The first person who dispensed with banns and licences was Adam Elliott, and the register shows entries of 40,000 marriages in twenty-seven years. This gold-ring digging was put a stop to; but after some delay, Elliott was allowed to resume his vocation. During his suspension the Fleet marriages began. The books—some 300 large ledgers, and about 1000 mere pocket-books, in which the Fleet parsons made their entries—were bought by the Government in 1821.



PATTY'S REVENGE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

THREE more winters had passed over Patty's head. Three more summers, with all their pleasant enjoyments, had come and were gone; it was autumn once more. Patty was standing before the cheval glass in her own room, taking a last look to see that her dress was all that it ought to be before she started with her mother to join a large pic-nic party to a favourite spot on the Welsh coast, some miles distant.

She bore little resemblance to the Patty who had left Grangeham three years ago, more to the one who had played croquet at Cranbourne six years since. She was the same Patty Mitford, and yet she was changed. She had matured from the wild girl into the handsome woman. She was as smiling, frank-looking, and bright as she had been six years ago; there was more of gentleness than of defiance in the expression of her blue eyes; and her manner was less that of some one bent on amusing themselves, and more that of a person accustomed to study other's wishes than it had been in days of old. However much Patty had suffered in body or mind; however weary the days had been, or however long some wakeful nights had seemed to drag; however hard the uprooting of old ties and associates had been; and however difficult the forming of new ones might have proved, that was at an end now, and Patty looked, as she felt in her pretty white muslin dress trimmed with blue ribbons, and her little white hat ornamented with natural flowers, happy, and ready to enjoy herself.

'My dear, we shall be late,' said her mother, bustling into the room, ready dressed, to do her part as chaperone to her daughter.

'Is the carriage round? I am ready,' answered Patty, and the two ladies went down stairs.

As they proceeded to their des-

tination they exchanged sundry remarks.

'It is to be a large pic-nic,' said Patty. 'Mrs. Rawdon told me that as many as seventy people would be there. I wonder if we shall meet any people that we know, and do not expect to see.'

'I dare say,' answered her mother.

'I wish the dear old doctor had not left us yesterday,' said Patty; 'what fun it would have been, having him with us!'

'Indeed, my dear, he is very well in his way, but not presentable at such a party as we shall meet to-day.'

'Such honour, uprightness, and truth as his ought to be presentable anywhere,' answered Patty, testily.

'Ought to be, if you like,' replied her mother, 'but it is not.'

Mrs. Mitford and her daughter had chosen a pretty sea-bathing place in South Wales as their home when they left Grangeham, and there Patty had regained her health, and formed new friends. The old doctor came to see them, and the young clergyman often found his way there. As Patty became stronger, she seemed to find much pleasure in rallying him, and even quarrelling with him, much to her mother's distress, for Mrs. Mitford had had hopes, but Patty's manner dispelled them.

'It is too trying,' said Mrs. Mitford. 'Patty will never marry; she actually seems to dislike all the young men we meet, except him, and with him she is always quarrelling. It will be too bad if she never has a home of her own at all, and all because of that wicked young man; for I do call it wicked to change your mind, under certain circumstances.'

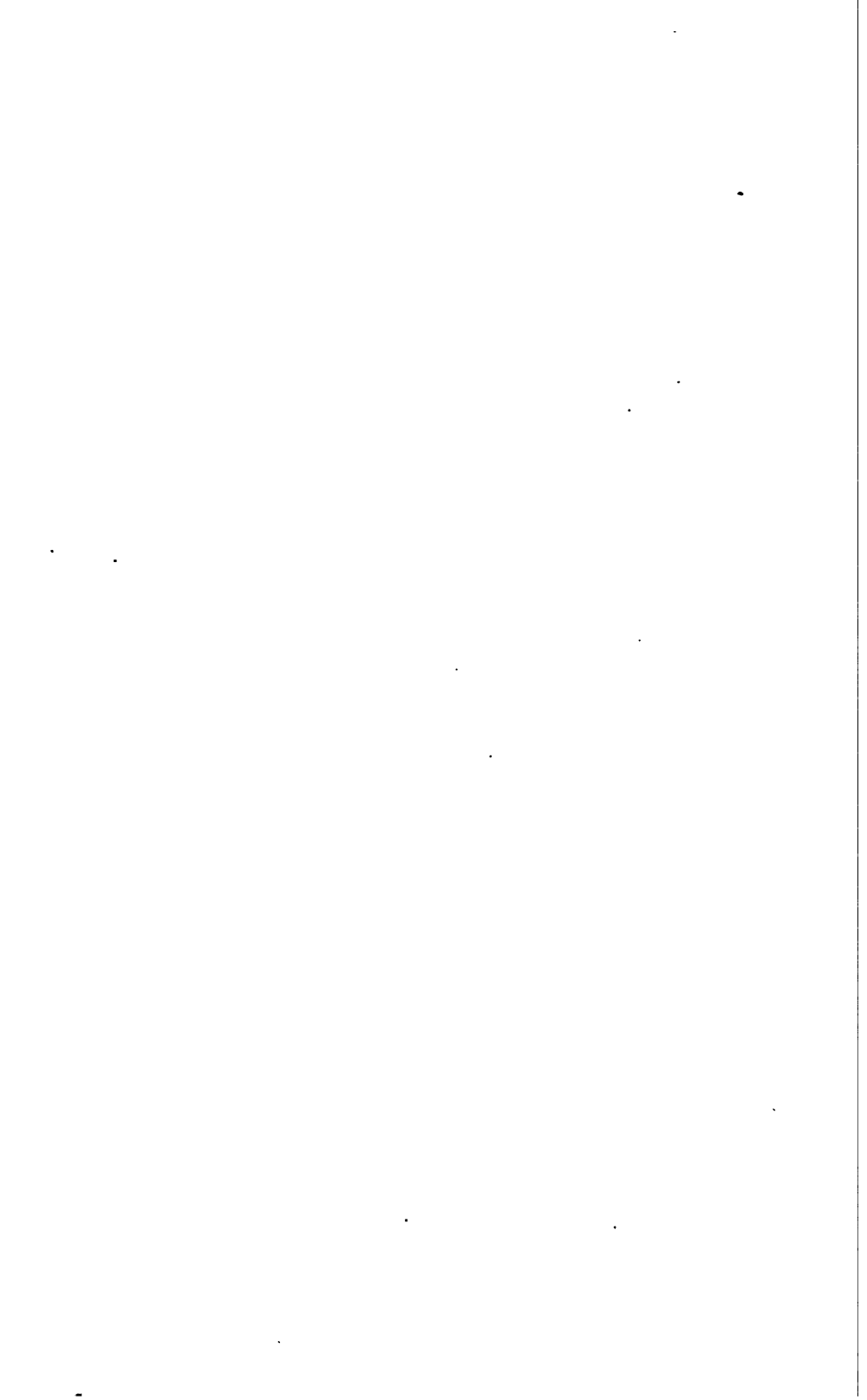
'Oh! Mr. Paget, what an unexpected pleasure,' exclaimed the old lady, as their carriage stopped at the gate which admitted the in-



Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.]

IN PERIL.

[See "Fatty's Revenge."



vited party into the grounds of the ruined castle near the sea, where the pic-nic was to be held. 'How came you here?'

'I had an invitation, and hearing from the doctor whom I should meet if I did come, I accepted it,' answered the young rector of Grangeham.

It would be difficult to say to what party he had originally belonged, for he joined himself to the Mitfords, and remained with them the chief part of the day.

Fred Paget, the young rector of Grangeham, whom the doctor would only call 'our muscular parson of Grangeham,' was a pleasant, gentlemanlike young man. He was very good-looking on a large scale, strong and active; he wore a clerical beard, soft and silky enough to be an object of envy to all youthful aspirants to that manly ornament; he was an earnest parish clergyman, popular in the pulpit, popular at the cricket-club, popular at all diocesan meetings, patronized by the village oracle, the doctor, by whom he was even thought worthy of Patty Mitford, and with whom Fred Paget was, and had been for some time, much in love.

He had watched her now for four years with growing affection; he meant to be sure of his ground before he took the leap. Of course he had known every circumstance of her former life—there were plenty of people to give him that information—he had watched her at her father's death-bed, he had seen her daily during her ill health, he had constantly seen her at her new home, and now he thought the time had come to try his fate.

The dinner was spread on the grass under the shadow of large elm-trees: they sat down upwards of fifty people. There were some people there whom every one knew, and there were some people there whom no one seemed to know; but the weather was favourable, and the party were very merry. Every one who was acquainted with Miss Mitford, agreed they had never seen her in better looks nor in better spirits. Fred Paget felt more convinced than ever that such a trea-

sure must be secured ere some one else stepped in, and won his prize.

The pic-nic party, after dinner, sauntered about in twos and threes, as is the custom at pic-nics. Some explored the ruins; some clambered about the rocks; some searched for wild flowers and ferns; and some strolled into the woods. Of the latter number were Patty and Fred Paget. He had succeeded in dividing her from the remainder of the party; the opportunity must not be lost, it might soon be at an end. He asked her quite abruptly, 'could she care for him? Would she share with him her old home, Grangeham Rectory?' Before she could reply, he went on speaking. He assured her his affection was no hasty thing; he had known her, watched her, loved her for four years; he had waited, and waited until now; she knew him well, just as he was, but she could not know how deeply her image was impressed upon his heart.

Patty's heart beat quickly, but she felt as if she could not make an answer. True, it did not take her by surprise, for she had for some time felt these words must come from Mr. Paget some day.

'Do you know the past?' she said slowly.

'Of course I do,' he replied; 'there is nothing that any one could tell me about you that I do not know. Oh, Miss Mitford, I have given you four years' faithful service; I wished for you to be my wife since that first day I saw you at your mother's bed. I said to myself, when your father died, the love of such a daughter is worth any pains in the winning, and I have nursed my hope ever since. Grangeham is unchanged: I wished you to return to your home as you left it, only instead of being unhappy, come back as happy as human love can make you.'

Patty gave no answer.

He placed his arm on hers and stopped her, then looking into her face he said—

'Miss Mitford, these words of mine cannot have surprised you; I want to hear you say that you will give me your heart at Grangeham as well as your presence.'

Patty reached her hand to him, and laid it in his, and he was quite content.

'Does the doctor know this?' were Patty's first words.

'He met me at the station this morning, and said, "God speed, old fellow." I read in his face that he guessed my errand.'

There was much to be told. Patty related the whole course of her engagement to Mr. St. George; she spoke of it fully, as she had never been able to speak of it before, but she owned that the last sparks of feeling towards him had died out, when she read in the paper the announcement of his marriage, a year ago, to Lady Victoria Powyss.

They sauntered on unconsciously for some time, until they emerged from the wood and found themselves not far distant from the elm-trees, where the whole party had dined.

'It is getting late,' exclaimed Patty, awaking to the consciousness that she had been absent from her mother upwards of two hours; 'I wonder where mamma is? Do you know, I think if you will go and find her, and bring her here, I will wait on this seat till you return. You have said so much these two hours, I should like to reflect upon it, whilst you are away.'

Fred Paget had secured his treasure; he was quite satisfied that he had now obtained the last crowning ornament to take to Grangeham, and make his home a perfect paradise on earth; he turned away with buoyant step to seek Mrs. Mitford, and impart to her his news; he felt no fear as to the reception he should meet from her. Patty was calmly, quietly happy,—her heart was at rest; she was thoroughly attached to Fred Paget, thoroughly at her ease with him. The seat where he had left her was in a quiet spot surrounded on three sides by trees, and looking out from the top of the cliffs on to the open blue sea. She heard the hum of voices, and the sound of laughter in the distance, but they did not approach her; nothing interrupted the 'pleasant current of her thoughts, except the voices of birds, crickets, and the

numbers of young hares and rabbits that gambolled about, enjoying the declining day. One young girlish-looking figure was walking close to the cliff edge intent on wild flowers, but she was at least twenty yards from her, and never even raised her eyes from the ground where she was walking. A man who appeared to be a coastguard, walked past, and addressed the young lady; Patty thought he was warning her not to walk so near the edge of the cliff; the girl looked up and thanked him, and Patty distinguished a face, gentle, fair, and quiet, one that seemed to have been familiar to her in her dreams. She did not task her memory as to where she had seen the face before, and the two figures passed out of her sight.

Engaged to be married! Pledged to share his home, and give her love to another, and that one not Henry St. George! It seemed strange, when she recalled the feelings of six years ago. She repeated to herself the two names, Henry St. George, Fred Paget, to hear which made most music to her ears,—the latter undoubtedly; and had the two been standing before her, for her to make her choice, unto which she would belong for life, it was to Fred Paget without doubt she would turn,—he would shield her, guide her,—(and Patty thought she often required guidance), and tenderly care for her through life. In the happy consciousness of that feeling, Patty felt charitable to all, and more gently towards St. George than she had allowed herself to feel for long.

She was dreamily enjoying these reflections when she was startled by a loud scream, a scream of danger and alarm, followed by a fainter one. Patty jumped up, and rushed towards the scene from whence she had heard the screams proceed. She ran about twenty yards from where she had been sitting, to a lonely spot where the edge of the cliff was so overgrown with bushes and underwood that it was difficult to distinguish where the steep descent of the cliff commenced.

It was an awful moment for Patty. The young lady had not heeded the advice of the coastguard:

she had wandered from the footpath on to the close underwood, in her anxiety to secure some wild flower, had missed her footing, and had fallen some way down the steep cliff. She was hanging, as it were, in mid-air, quite alive to the danger of her position, clinging on to the branches of a bush of wild broom, her only support and bar against falling down the steep precipice into the sea, which was dashing and roaring against the rock, some thirty feet below her.

The danger was imminent, and no help was at hand; Patty looked vainly around for some of those voices whose laughter she had heard in the distance.

'Save me, save me! Oh! Henry, I'm dying, falling. Henry! Henry!' cried the poor girl.

Her voice thrilled through Patty's whole frame.

'Hold fast!' she called out; 'I can help you,—don't be alarmed,—hold fast, and you are safe!'

'I cannot,' called out the girl; 'I feel the root shaking. I have no hold for my feet.' But the human voice gave her courage, and she made a fresh effort to cling to the rock, and not hang her full weight on the bush.

In less time than it takes to write them, the thoughts flashed through Patty's mind—'It is scarcely possible to save her: I shall perish in the attempt, and I am very dear to some one,—she, too, is precious to some Henry.' Patty's resolve was taken: she looked around for some means of deliverance,—nothing was at hand. She must let something down for the girl to cling to,—what could it be? Her flimsy dress and light shawl were useless.

Another scream from the girl,—'I am falling—I cannot hold out any longer!'

'For God's sake, one minute more!' exclaimed Patty.

She had pulled off her crinoline, and the strong white petticoat above it, it was the work of a moment to loop the calico petticoat into the crinoline, and let it down to the place where the girl was clinging on; she raised one hand carefully, but she could not catch the crino-

line. Patty threw herself on the ground, grasped firmly with her left arm a young tree, and held the calico petticoat with her right hand as carefully as she could; her only support was the trunk of the tree to which she clung, and the help it was to her, in pressing her knees into the ground.

Neither uttered one word; both realized the peril of the girl's loosening her hold of the broom for the impromptu ladder Patty had devised; she did it carefully, first with one hand and then with the other, and as she finally left hold of the broom, a stone loosened and the roots of the bush gave way. Had it occurred one moment sooner, the young girl would have been dashed to atoms on the projecting rocks, or had she escaped from them she would have been swallowed up by the seething waters beneath. In moving her hold, she found a slight rest for her feet, which helped to support her.

The two young girls hung between life and death; each moment seemed an hour; neither of them ventured to move, not even to scream for help: the crinoline ladder was so slight they dreaded each moment that it might give way. It was fruitless Patty's attempting to drag up the other girl from her dangerous position; all she could do was by stretching her own arm to its fullest extent, to lend her some support, and ardently to long that some help would come.

They were in their perilous position about three minutes, but each second seemed a minute, each minute appeared an hour. With every nerve in full tension, they heard each sound with painful distinctness—the voices of birds, the hum of summer insects, the chirping of the grasshopper, the sound of human mirth receding from them, so close to them and yet so unconscious of their agony—the very ticking of their own watches, which told how each second fled away, and warned how each second might be the last; above all was the angry splash of the coming tide, which seemed to them to say with each returning wave, 'How soon, how soon shall

we bear you away to an unvisited grave?" Patty might save herself, perhaps; if their ladder broke there was no hope for the unfortunate girl below her.

At last Patty thought she heard approaching footsteps, but they came from both sides. 'I am losing consciousness,' she thought with horror; 'if I do, we shall, indeed be lost.'

Then she heard a dear and well-known voice — 'Patty! Patty!' sounded in her ears. She tried to answer, but the sound of the sea drowned her voice; she heard every movement distinctly, but being below the level of the footpath she could not make herself heard. The footsteps came near, and then they receded, and her heart sank within her, to know that help was so near, and yet so far away. She recognized the coastguard's voice —

'I doubt there's been an accident.'

The answer, 'Good Heavens! — where?'

'About here,' answered the man. 'I heard screams, and there was a young lady: I warned her off the edge a little time past.'

'Patty!' exclaimed Fred Paget in a voice of horror.

'There were two on 'em,' said the man, searching the cliff as he spoke, 'not her as was on the seat.'

Patty made one more effort. 'Help! Fred,' she cried, and the men heard her.

They redoubled their efforts, and in a few more seconds they discovered the two girls.

Patty was almost exhausted; she thought her arm must drop from its socket, and the other girl still clung, almost unconscious, to the crinoline that supported her.

They were saved from imminent death. The men drew them carefully to the top of the cliff. It was a matter of no small difficulty to save the young girl, but the coastguard was at home among these rocky points, and at last he laid her on safe ground.

Fred clasped Patty in his arms, and whispered, 'My brave, my noble darling!'

'Don't say anything now,' she

whispered, 'I don't want to be foolish.'

She was very tremulous, and the sleeve of her dress was stained with the blood which came from her strained and bruised arm; but she soon rallied, and stooped over the form of the poor girl who was laid on the grass. The girl was quite unconscious; they loosened her dress and unfastened her boots: Fred Paget hurried away for some water, whilst Patty gently raised her head. The coastguard drew off her gloves.

'I do believe she's no girl; she's a married woman. Here's a wedding-ring on her finger. Poor thing, poor thing! I am afraid it will go hard with her.'

Patty looked into the small delicate face before her, lovely in its deadly pallor, half-concealed by the coils of flaxen hair which had escaped from their fastening and hung about her, and she felt that she had rescued from death her rival—the girl who had won Henry St. George from her! Patty felt it; she had never before met her face to face, but she had seen her photograph. She had dreamt of her, thought of her often; often pictured to herself her first meeting with her rival, and now she knew that Lady Victoria St. George was resting on her knees, and saved by her from an awful death.

By this time many people had collected round them, and there were inquiries on all sides who the young lady was. How came she to be alone? Her dress and appearance betokened distinction, and yet no one claimed acquaintance with her.

The crowd opened, and a stately, elegant lady came forward. She said in a composed manner, 'Victoria, my dear Victoria, are you hurt?' But Victoria made no reply.

'I think, my lady,' said the coastguard—for Mrs. St. George was the style of person to whom the title, my lady, seemed naturally to apply — 'we should get her away as soon as we can.'

'The carriage must be waiting for us,' said the lady. 'Do you think she is much hurt?'

'I hope not,' said the coastguard. 'She owes what of life she keeps to

that brave miss yonder—she is a brave 'un.'

He thought sufficient notice was not being taken of Patty's brave deeds.

'He will not know how to thank you sufficiently,' said the lady, and Patty understood, though no one else knew who the 'he' spoken of was.

Lady Victoria was laid in the carriage waiting outside the park for them, and Patty and Fred Paget got in with her. She was still insensible; it seemed as though colour and life never could return to those pallid cheeks.

Mrs. St. George heard the outlines of the accident, and then said, 'Victoria always was devoted to wild flowers; my dear son, her husband, is in town for a few days; we were staying here for country air on Lady Victoria's account; it will be a dreadful blow to him.'

It was on Patty's lips to say, 'Does he love her so very dearly?' but she checked herself.

Patty found her mother waiting for her at the door of their house where the carriage stopped to put her down. Mrs. St. George said at parting, 'They shall thank you themselves; his gratitude to you will be eternal.'

Fred went with the carriage to see Lady Victoria to her house, and to telegraph to her husband, Henry St. George.

Mrs. Mitford had felt tired, and finding that her daughter had left her for so long, she had quietly returned home, begging another married lady to bring Patty home with her party, so that her engagement to Fred Paget and the subsequent adventure were equally unknown to her.

When she saw a grand carriage stop at her door, and a powdered footman hand her daughter into the house in the miserable state in which Patty was, she was greatly surprised, and overwhelmed Patty with questions, which Patty was quite unable to answer.

'What is the matter?—what is that blood on your sleeve?—why are you so pale?—and, my dearest child, where is your crinoline?' exclaimed Mrs. Mitford.

'Up a tree, mamma,' said Patty, laughing. It was true, for it was hanging on the shrubs on the cliff. Patty laughed at her own joke, but the excitement of the afternoon had been too much even for her, and she alarmed her mother by ending in a hearty flood of tears, from the midst of which she imparted the events of the last few hours.

When Fred Paget returned, he found Patty lying on the sofa; she was pale and quiet. She wore a loose white dressing-gown, for her arm was too swollen and painful to bear the pressure of a dress; it had been bathed and bandaged, and numerous splinters had been extracted.

Fred, with the eyes of a lover, thought, often as he had admired her, he had never seen her so lovely as she was this evening; it was well that Mrs. Mitford found she was busily engaged upstairs, and left them to themselves, for there was much to say; it came out slowly and by degrees. Patty was always returning to the subject of young Lady Victoria, speculating and wondering about her.

'I don't much wonder that he forget me for her,' she said once, 'she has such a sweet look—so gentle.'

'I do,' replied Fred; 'and for the matter of that, when people are in a fainting fit they generally are gentle.'

'Did you see him?' said Patty.

'No, I telegraphed for him; I did not leave her until the doctor came. He said she was not seriously hurt, only suffering from the dreadful shock. She had spoken to that stately lady, they said, before I came away, and inquired for her husband.'

'She seems very fond of him,' said Patty.

'I say, Patty, I am not of a jealous turn, but I shall be soon, if you go on so about them.'

Patty turned to him with the frank smile and the clear, open expression in her eyes which could not harbour deceit.

'No, Fred, you need not be jealous; with him it was novelty and excitement, with you it is real affection and calm satisfaction. I am so

glad everything has ended just as it has done.

'I think we have heaped coals of fire on his head,' said Fred.

'Don't say that,' she said; 'I am too content with the world to have a feeling of anger towards any one. Real life is stranger than fiction; in a novel they would say such a meeting as this was improbable, highly sensational.'

Fred laughed.

'You need not abuse Henry,' said Patty, who was more talkative than usual; 'you rather owe him something. When I was engaged to him I was awfully fond of slang, rather fast, and too independent. I think he and life in general have sobered me somewhat.'

'It was those very qualities which made you plucky enough to save life in the way you did.'

'No, Fred,' said Patty, 'that was courage and nerve; the one is not a necessary consequence of the other.'

Patty had such a restless night, that by six o'clock in the morning she rose, and went out on to the beach, hoping that the peace of the early morning might soothe and calm her.

If any one interested in Patty's vicissitudes is unaware how nature looks on the beach at any time between dawn and seven o'clock in the morning, I recommend them this very autumn to make the experiment, and see if the pure, calm freshness of the early morn, the vast expanse of sand washed by the sea, and as yet unmarked by human foot, have not the soothing, invigorating influence upon them which they had on Patty Mitford.

She had walked until she was tired before she seated herself on the edge of an upturned fishing-boat, and sat gazing into the sea, scarcely framing into thoughts her intense thankfulness that she was as she was, and not buried in that treacherous deep, calm and smiling though it now was, where she had so nearly been.

Footsteps were approaching, some sailor she supposed—they stopped.

'Can you show me the nearest turn from the beach to the George Hotel?' said a voice—she knew it

of old. She rose to her feet; Henry St. George stood before her. He recognized her, and looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet.

'Patty!' he exclaimed; he glanced at her bandaged arm; 'they said it was a Miss Mitford: I never thought it was you. Your brave deed saved the life of my wife!'

He could not utter words of thanks, confused, surprised, overpowered as he was by the sudden meeting.

Patty would have escaped if she could have done so, but she could not, and she looked at him with a composure she was far from feeling.

'Can I ever thank you enough?' he murmured, for the silence was embarrassing.

'Mr. St. George, I would rather not receive your thanks—I should have done the same for any one. I hope Lady Victoria is better?'

'Better, oh, yes, much better, thank you,' he said, hurriedly. He stood near her, as if he could neither move away nor speak; the silence was awkward to both.

The ease of manner and composure St. George had prided himself upon seemed quite at fault. Patty was the first to be equal to the occasion.

'It is no use pretending to meet like strangers,' she said; 'I hope your wife will soon be better. Perhaps you are not aware that I am on the point of being married to one who is far more suited to me than any one I ever knew before.'

'Patty,' exclaimed Henry, 'had there been any prospect, any hope, I should never have given you up.'

'Hush!' said Patty, proudly. 'I was only a child then; I thought love stronger than ambition, it was a child's mistake. I am very glad things are as they are; I hope your choice is as fortunate as I know mine to be.'

'How can I thank you! That you of all people should have perilled your life for my wife!'

Patty smiled her old sweet smile, which once had had power to bewitch him.

'It was my revenge. Even you must allow I had a right to some revenge. Good-bye!' She reached

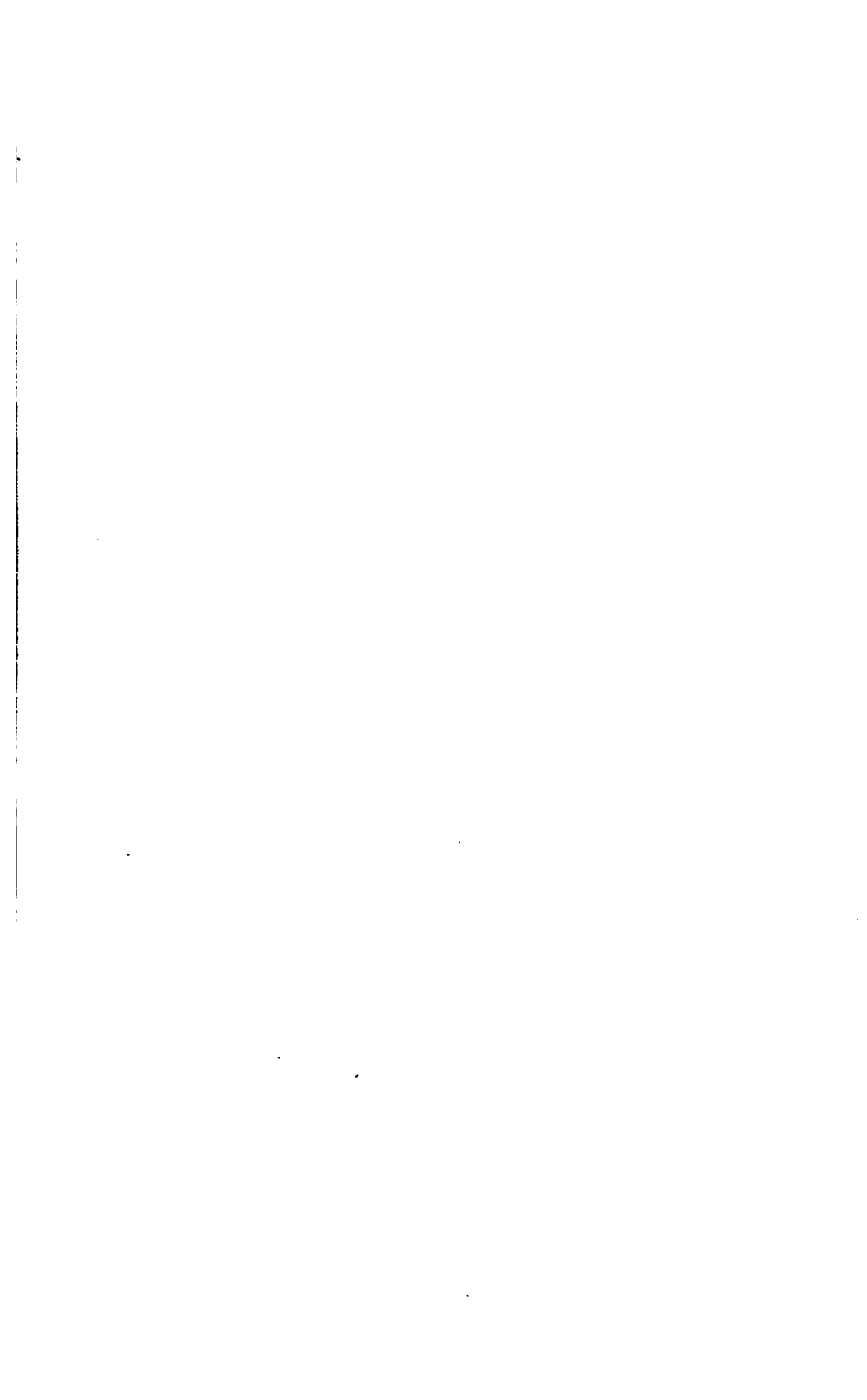




From the Painting by Hayler.]

THE OPERA BOX.

[See the Front.





him her hand, which he silently took.

'Fred dear,' said Patty at breakfast the same morning, 'mamma and I are going to leave, this place is too exciting for us. I really can't stand so many coincidences and rencontres.'

If there are any in this nineteenth century who still cling to the notion of loving once and for ever, which as Mrs. Poyser aptly said, 'must for ever be like the hen who sits brooding over addled eggs,' let them pay a flying visit to Grangeham Rectory; let them look on the lawn there, and see Fred Paget, and Mrs. Fred, the

old doctor, and Master Fred, a happy group, amongst which it is hard to say which is most content with things as they are at Grangeham Rectory. There is happiness, too, in the house in town, where Lady Victoria sits, and copies letters for her husband busy with political pamphlets; but Patty is the first to own that the free country life where her lot is cast is more suited to her, with 'dear Fred' by her side, than the duties of the member's wife, which would have been hers had she filled the place that Lady Victoria now occupies.

THE OPERA BOX.

TIS the Gretchen's piteous story
That I hear yet do not hear,
And its wailing, warning accents
That awake nor awe nor fear;
For I move in a dream Elysian,
I have only ear and sight
For a voice that sweetens music,
And a face that brightens light.

It came with the curtain's rising,
That face of a faultless mould,
And the amber drapery glistened
With the lustre of woven gold.
I could hear a silken rustle,
And the air had fragrant grown,
But the house from my sight had faded,
And I looked on that face alone.

In the midst of the grand exotics
That blossom the Season through,
It is there, a rose of the garden
Fresh from the winds and the dew;—
Fresh as a face that follows
The hounds up a rimy hill,
With hair blown back by the breezes
That seem to live in it still.

So fresh and rosy and dimpled—
But, oh! what a soul there lies,
Melting to liquid agate
Those womanly tender eyes!
How it quickens under the music
As if at a breath divine,
And the ripening lips parted
Drink in the sound like wine!

Passionate sense of enjoyment,
 Absolute full of delight—
 They are hers as the sorrowful story
 Awakens her heart to-night;
 And those strains deliciously tender
 Hold her in mute suspense,
 Delighting each quick perception,
 Regaling each subtle sense.

River-like, slowly and broadly
 The music dreamily flows,
 And the tale of sin and repentance
 Draws to its terrible close:
 And she listens, wrapt and musing,
 Till stirr'd by some happy thought,
 Some phrase of silvery sweetness,
 Some cadence airily wrought.

The music surges and ceases
 As the sea when the wind is spent,
 And the blue of heaven brightens
 Through cloudy fissure and rent.
 It ceases and all is over,
 The box is empty and cold,—
 And the amber drapery deadens
 To satin that has been gold.

W. S.

ORIGIN OF THE PINK MAY.

WHITE as the white moon o'er the Latmos hill
 That watched Endymion in his rosy sleep,
 The silvery May—in every petal pure
 As star-formed snows that crest the mountain-peak
 Of Ossa, looking to the rising sun—
 Watched for the opening of the Rose of June.
 His young eyes, closed beneath their mossy fringe,
 Not yet with glowing beauty flushed the world:
 Not yet those lips, that breathed the breath of sleep,
 Sent forth the sweets which are the songs of flowers.
 So, gazing on the earth-born where he lay
 In that shrined beauty which betrays how fair
 The inner spirit worthy such a shrine,
 The May-thorn, drooping all her crescent boughs,
 Unto the Sun-god offered up her prayer:—
 'Lift, Sir, lift those lids of mossy fringe,
 And send thine arrowy beams across those eyes!
 Come with thy light that, like a racing steed,
 Shall chase the slumbers of my Rose of June!
 Come with thy hoof of fire, and strike the ground
 Till that a murmuring rivulet shall spring
 And whisper of me in my Rose's ear
 That I may see his beauty ere I die!'

Then, flooding all the heights with hues of morn,
 As borne on Iris' wings, up soared the Sun;

And a red ray, that undercrept his lids,
Woke the fair Rose-Endymion. Full he turned,
With open heart, to greet his guardian May.

But, like the moon, no more the white-starred May
Sent out a silvery thought to greet her Rose.
Abashed she stood before the lord of June,
His sudden gaze athwart her beauty thrown
Set all her stars aglow. Quick blush on blush
Deep-dyed her petals with an amaranth tinge.
Her paler sisters, elder-born, who ne'er
Looked on the glory of the Rose of June,
Die in their whiteness. But she lives to show
How more than beautiful is beauty's self
Rayed in the tender blush which seems to tell
'Pure whiteness is but hidden.' Fair are they,
And keep their fairness. But the May, last-born,
Red as the Rose blooms ever to this hour.

ELLEANORA L. HERVEY.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE boating men at Cambridge who seven-and-thirty years ago conceived the idea of sending a challenge to the University of Oxford, to row them a friendly eight-oared match, little dreamt that they were inaugurating a tournament which in after years should become one of the great sights of London—a gala day, second only to the Epsom Derby, established half a century before. Little did they think that the University boat-race would ever occupy such a proud position in the thoughts of Englishmen as to be for weeks the topic of conversation from John o'Groat's to the Land's End; or that it would ever cause the dwellers in modern Babylon to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and to breakfast at six, that they might be present on the banks of the Thames between Putney and Mortlake by half-past seven, on a March morning, to see the spectacle. But so it was!

The blue riband of the water—be it light, or be it dark—vies with the blue riband of the turf for popularity; but whether it be the absence of those debasing influences which are unavoidably associated with what is not inaptly termed the national pastime of Englishmen, or whether it is the noble sight of eighteen gallant young men—the

flower of the Universities—contending (as Mr. Denman happily expressed it at the dinner after the late race) for that which could not possibly be estimated in money value, and which no amount of money would tempt any one of them to lose or to abandon—viz. honour, we know not; but certain it is that no other contest is so generally looked up to, not only by the upper classes but even by the masses, as the impersonation of all that is manly, of all that is honourable, chivalrous, and gentlemanlike as the now annual race between the eight-oared crews of Oxford and Cambridge;—no competition in which, after it is brought to an issue, we can with so much justice say, in the words of the song written for the occasion,

'Freely we acknowledge that the best men won.'

The Iron Duke is related to have said that the battles of the world were won on the playgrounds of Eton; so also we may assume that the destinies of this mighty empire are not altogether uninfluenced by the effects which these and similar contests exercise in training the characters and dispositions of our embryo councillors, law-givers, and divines. Long may they prosper!

Before entering into any of the

details connected with the race of the present year of grace—1866—it may not prove uninteresting to give a short summary of the contests from their very beginning.

At the instance of Cambridge the first match between the Universities was arranged in 1839, and the rival eights met on the 10th of June. The locality selected was one of the most lovely spots on the bosom of the silvery Thames, far away from the smoke and din of London, far away from flood tides and ebb tides, far away from Putney or Mortlake. Are there any of our readers who have not voyaged by water from the old stone bridge at Maidenhead to the charming little village of Wargrave? If there are, we would advise them to take the earliest opportunity of visiting the finest scenery—the most beautiful combination of wood and water, which abounds between those points. To those who are acquainted with the river, we need but mention Cliefden, Cookham, Marlow, Hurley, Medmenham, Hambledon, Remenham, and Henley. It was at the last-mentioned town that the pioneer of the three-and-twenty matches which have now been rowed came off—Henley, celebrated for its beautiful reach of water and for the regatta which is yearly held there. It may perhaps seem strange, but although the Oxford and Cambridge University crews have more than once competed against one another for the Grand Challenge Cup, yet on one occasion only, and that the first, was the race between the Universities rowed at Henley as a match.

The present regatta course extends, against stream, from the island below Fawley Court to Henley Bridge—rather more than a mile; but this distance was not considered long enough, and the two boats started just above Hambledon lock, three-quarters of a mile lower down the river, and rowed up-stream to the bridge, in the presence of a goodly number of University men. The Oxford crew had the best of the race over the greater part of the course, and won their maiden victory by several boats' lengths. There now came an interval of seven

years, the second match having been rowed in the month of June, 1836. On this occasion, and for the first time, the race took place in London (the course being from Westminster to Putney), and Cambridge gained her first match. The second race on metropolitan waters was rowed in 1839, three years subsequently, and Cambridge again won easily. In the succeeding year another success fell to the share of Cambridge, but it was dearly bought, a most determined struggle taking place over the whole distance, and the victory being only gained at the close by three-quarters of a length. In 1841 Cambridge were for the fourth successive time the winners; but Oxford scored her second victory in 1842. After another interval of three years a match was rowed in 1845 and was won by Cambridge, this being the first occasion on which the present course—from Putney to Mortlake—was the arena of the strife. In 1846 Cambridge again won a capital race by two lengths, and on this occasion both crews used outrigger eights. Once more the customary gap of three years intervened, the next contest taking place in 1849, but, as if to make up for lost time, two matches were rowed in that year. The first was won by Cambridge, but the second—which was decided in December—terminated in a foul, which was adjudged against Cambridge. Ten races in all had up to this time been rowed, out of which Cambridge had been successful seven times and Oxford three. After this there was no contest until 1852, when Oxford won, and repeated her victory in 1854—1853 having passed without a match.

Another interval elapsed until 1856—since which time the race has been an annual one—when Cambridge won by a length or thereabouts after a close contest. The following year witnessed the success of Oxford, and 1858 that of Cambridge. In 1859 the weather was most unpropitious, and the water so rough that the Cambridge crew, who were strong favourites, sank just above Barnes Bridge, their boat filling under them from the waves, which incessantly broke over her;

but they were astern at the time. A splendid match took place in 1860, and after a neck-and-neck race up to Chiswick, Cambridge managed to win by a length and a half: this was her last victory up to the present day. The easy successes of Oxford in 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864 are not yet forgotten; and the splendid match of 1865, remarkable for the long lead which Cambridge acquired at one portion of the race, only, however, to be ultimately rowed down by Oxford, is still fresh in our memories. When the match of 1863 had been decided, twenty races had been rowed, out of which Cambridge had won ten and Oxford ten, and if to the latter are added the victories of 1864 and 1865 it will be found that Oxford was two matches ahead of the sister University. This brings us down to the present contest, which, although scarcely so remarkable in its features as its predecessor, was yet for many reasons a more brilliant and memorable affair.

For weeks preceding the 24th of March, on which morning it was settled that the race should this year be rowed, the interest taken in the crews and their doings was unusually great, and it culminated on the appearance of the two eights on the London river. It was generally reported that Oxford had a stronger and more dangerous crew than any they had sent up for the last three or four years, and there is no doubt but that the raw material was of the very best, but it certainly was not made the most of; and although when in training on the Isis in their heavy tub-boat there was every promise of their coming to the post a splendid and almost invincible eight, yet, whether it was owing to the change from the heavy to the light boat, or whether it was on account of the absence of their great coach, Mr. George Morrison, to whose counsels of late years they have owed so much, it is indisputable that they became, if anything, worse, instead of getting better, the improvement they had in previous years made after their appearance in town having been as rapid as it was marked. The Cambridge crew, on the other

hand, were said to be very inferior—in fact, not up to the calibre of their predecessors; and if such had been the case it would not have required much discernment to discover that they had no chance in the race. Owing to these rumours, and likewise to the repeated changes made in the crew even up to the eve of their departure from Cambridge, the Oxonians were strong favourites, but the result proved that there were no good grounds for jumping to such a hasty conclusion.

The Cambridge crew, contrary to their usual custom, were the first to arrive at Putney, and they repaired, as is their wont, to Mrs. Baker's, the Star and Garter—where they are always looked after with the greatest care and attention—on Wednesday, the 14th of March: the same afternoon they went afloat for the first time, and after paddling up to Mortlake, rowed the course throughout on the ebb, giving considerable satisfaction to the lookers-on. On the following day, Thursday, they took to their boat between twelve and one o'clock, and rowed all the way from the aqueduct at Putney, to Mortlake at racing pace. In the afternoon the Oxford crew arrived at the White Lion hotel, their usual quarters; but by reason of their boat not making its appearance until quite late in the evening, they were unable to do more than pull steadily up to Chiswick Eyot and back again. The water at the time was very rough, especially in the Putney Reach, as the wind met the ebb tide and raised a heavy surf, so that, notwithstanding every allowance was made for the unfavourable circumstances under which they first went afloat, they appeared so entirely at sea that a great number of the spectators were at once prejudiced against them, and certainly they did not present a very imposing appearance. The attendance of lookers-on gradually increased day by day, a large troop of horsemen regularly accompanying the crews during their practice, to say nothing of foot passengers, of whom there were droves; but the Thursday preceding the morning of the race presented the appearance of a regatta

day, especially towards the afternoon. In the morning the Oxford eight rowed several short trials with a picked crew of watermen, on the ebb, and in each spin had the best of the struggle before they had gone far. Soon after four o'clock an enormous concourse of spectators assembled on the tow-path at Putney in anticipation of seeing the Cambridge men row a quarter of a mile race with a twelve-oared crew of the London Rowing Club, and they were rewarded by seeing the Oxford crew row three or four spurts with a Kingston eight shortly before five o'clock, after the conclusion of which the Cantabs embarked from Simmon's yard, and with the twelve, went to the aqueduct to start. After several brief essays, the two crews turned round off Craven Cottage and paddled back to their respective boat-yards. In consequence of the Oxford crew starting at a steady, well-defined stroke when practising with the Kingston eight, and on account of Cambridge going off at a very rapid pace when rowing the London twelve-oar, the majority of the lookers-on made up their minds that the Cambridge was the better crew; but although their rowing was much the neatest, and the men were better together than their opponents, there was a strong everlasting sort of long drag about the Oxford crew that could not fail to command the respect of boating men, although the uninitiated overlooked it, and paid more heed to superficial appearances.

Friday—the day immediately preceding the race—was, as is usual, devoted to practising starts, the accepted rule being not to allow any hard work to be done so shortly before the match, but to give the body rest, and to afford the men the opportunity of gathering up their strength for the efforts of the morrow, which would be sure to tax their powers and endurance to the uttermost. It had become generally known that in consequence of the westerly wind the neap tide could not be depended upon after a quarter to eight o'clock in the morning, and that it would be indispensable that the men should be afloat by half-

past seven. Preparations were accordingly made for retiring to rest at an unusually early hour, and breakfasts were ordered for five o'clock on the following morning. The aspect of affairs was by no means promising, for as the evening drew in, a gale of wind was blowing, accompanied by a heavy driving rain, and fears were expressed that if daybreak did not usher in a lull to this war of the elements, one or both crews might fare badly, and perhaps afford a repetition of the memorable sight in 1859, when the Cambridge boat disappeared under the feet of her gallant crew; only with this difference, that should such a *contretemps* occur, Oxford was generally considered to be the most likely sufferer, as she had the smaller boat of the twain, and the heavier crew.

The morning of Saturday, the 24th March, broke fine and clear after the storm, and the sun shone out brilliantly, but after a while violet-tinted clouds made their unwelcome appearance in the sky, although the downfall which they heralded providentially held off until the afternoon, and allowed the multitudes which thronged the shores of the river to disperse, every one his own way, with twofold feelings of congratulation:—first, because they had seen a magnificent race, which fully recompensed them for their early rising, and which they would have been sorry to have missed; and secondly, because they had been vouchsafed fair weather for the enjoyment of the spectacle. On our arrival at Putney shortly after seven o'clock, the first thing that struck our attention was the line of barges moored off the Star and Garter, to which the steam-boats had to make fast in order to prevent the crews being incommoded and endangered as has hitherto been the case. Some distance above the tier of barges which stretched across the river, two lighters were moored for the competing eights to start from; and by requiring the steamers to make fast well astern of them, the crews were enabled to have a fair and satisfactory start. The plan was ably carried out by the

Thames Conservancy Board, and afforded unqualified satisfaction to all concerned. It was a good thought, but originated, if we are not mistaken, with a gentleman well known in the aquatic world, although now past taking an active part in the sport himself. Crowds of spectators had collected at Putney, Hammersmith, Barnes, and Mortlake, and there was a fair attendance of ladies, considering the unearthly hour at which it was necessary for them to be astir.

Shortly after half-past seven o'clock the crews wended their way down to their boathouses, and proceeded, amidst great cheering, to embark. The Cambridge crew were first afloat, but were almost immediately followed by Oxford, who, as in the last four or five years, had won the choice of station, and took the Middlesex side, the Cambridge boat being just outside them, and as nearly as possible in the centre of the river, where the tail of the neap flood tide was slowly making upwards. As a rule the Fulham station is the best, but it is questionable whether, on this occasion, the Cambridge men had not as good a position as their opponents, even if not a better one, because the tide was flowing faster in mid-stream than along shore, and the breeze which blew across the river from Putney raised a disagreeable surf under the Middlesex bank, of which Oxford had the benefit, whilst Cambridge, by their windward station, escaped it; and provided Oxford were unable to clear their adversaries before crossing the water in Crab-Tree Reach, of which there was little or no chance, Cambridge would have had the advantage of being under the lee of the tow-path bank until arriving at the foot of Chiswick Eyot; so that the outer position, as it happened, was by no means the worst. The delay at the starting-point was of the briefest possible duration, for directly the boats got into position, the crews pulled off their blue jackets, and held themselves in readiness to go directly the starter gave them the signal, which he did about ten or twelve minutes to eight o'clock.

The Oxford crew had rather the best of the start, and immediately led by six or seven feet; but Cambridge, true to her traditions, soon made up her lost ground, and was alongside Oxford in a very few strokes. On they went up the first reach, neither crew having any perceptible advantage, the Cambridge coxswain keeping his boat out very wide as he made for the first bend in the river; the Oxonian, on the contrary, steering close in under the bank. So they passed Craven Cottage, still level; but after turning the corner, the bow of the Cambridge boat slowly showed ahead, and off the wharf opposite Fisher's Bridge was, perhaps, a quarter of a length in front. This lead was maintained by Cambridge whilst crossing the water in Crab-Tree Reach, until just before arriving at the bend below Messrs. Cowan's factory, when Oxford steadily overhauled the leading boat; and previously to coming abreast of the soap-works wharf the two eights were again on even terms, the excitement of the multitudes at Hammersmith becoming intense as the two crews were discerned making for the bridge, oar and oar. From the soap-works to the Suspension-bridge the Cambridge crew once more improved their position, and having the inside of the bend again showed in front, making such good use of their time and opportunity that they passed through the centre span of the bridge—on which the spectators had occupied every available square inch, chains included—with a lead of nearly three-quarters of a length, the Oxford boat being just outside them on their starboard quarter. The selection of the centre of the bridge by the Cambridge coxswain can hardly be regarded as a prudent step, because he was keeping his boat out in rougher water than was necessary; whereas by taking the Surrey arch he would have cultivated smoother water under the shelter of the bank, and would have been, comparatively speaking, out of the wind. Directly after clearing the bridge, Oxford commenced to gain (as was pre-

cisely the case last year), and once more drew up alongside Cambridge, about a couple of hundred yards above it. The race now seemed about to commence afresh, for although the same relative positions were maintained as far as the Doves, yet on turning the bend of the river, opposite the oil mills and waterworks, Cambridge, on the inside, again forged ahead and led by a quarter of a length, although Oxford was not to be shaken off. As the crews entered Corney Reach, the water became very rough, the foul wind raising a considerable surf, and neither of the boats appeared to make particularly good weather of it. At the bottom of Chiswick Eyot Oxford, not to be denied, again came up level with Cambridge, and the race was as exciting as ever. Last year Chiswick church was the landmark off which the match came to a crisis, the long steady pulling of Oxford rowing Cambridge down just after passing the top of the Eyot. On the present occasion, however, there was but little to choose between the crews as they passed the church; and although the Cambridge men were kept too close into the bay on the Surrey side, yet as they turned the corner opposite the white cottage, and entered Barnes Reach, they were positively a quarter of a length in front. At this critical juncture a danger of no small magnitude loomed ahead, in the form of an unwieldy sailing-barge reaching athwart the course of the two racing boats. The Oxford coxswain, seeing at a glance how matters stood, kept away for the Middlesex shore so as to steer clear ahead of the obstructive barge; but the Cantab, being in a momentary dilemma, not knowing whether he should pass ahead or astern of the craft in question, all at once made in towards the Oxford boat, and not allowing sufficiently for the rate of the barge's progression, had to make a second sheer so as to go clear, and this step lost him the lead which he held but a moment before. On getting into the open water off the bathing-place in the Chiswick fields, the two eights were once more

on level terms, but the Oxonians, taking advantage of the opportunity, made their effort and steadily commenced to draw away from their rivals, although the latter used every exertion to retrieve the fortune of the day, which was evidently going against them. Foot by foot Oxford increased her advantage, and, notwithstanding a determined spurt from Cambridge shortly before reaching Barnes Bridge, passed under the railway rather more than a length ahead, and finally arrived at the flagboat stationed off the Kew meadows, the winners by about three lengths. The time occupied actually amounted to nearly twenty-six minutes; but the bad tide, which had turned before the race was quite finished, and the foul wind—considerable obstacles to contend against—fully accounted for it.

This makes the sixth successive victory to the credit of Oxford, who reckon with the year, the last time Cambridge won having been in 1860. On that memorable occasion the race was most exciting and very closely contested throughout, the boats having passed through Hammersmith Bridge nearly level, and Cambridge having just managed to shake off Oxford in the upper part of Corney Reach. Since then the successes of Oxford have worn an air of monotony; but the match of 1865, which has now fallen into the shade when compared with the gallant struggle of the present year—alike honourable to victor and vanquished—raised the drooping spirits of the boating men of the Cam and their friends, who cannot be otherwise than proud of the performances of the crew which Mr. Griffiths brought up to Putney in March. The present race was won by Oxford by strength alone, for although a more powerful and bigger crew than Cambridge, they were neither so finished nor so well together: they were ready, but at the same time they were very rough.

In the evening of the boat-race day, the crews and their friends were, as is customary, entertained at dinner at Willis's Rooms by the Thames Subscription Club, under the presidency of the Hon. George

Denman, Q. C., M.P.—himself an old Cambridge University oar—who proposed the health of the Oxford and Cambridge crews in an able manner; and while congratulating the former on their success, spoke some appropriate words of consolation to the Cambridge men. With the toast he coupled the names of Messrs. M. Brown, President of the O.U.B.C., and R. A. Kinglake, President of the C.U.B.C. The former gentleman, who briefly returned thanks for his University, paid a well-merited tribute to the efficiency of the arrangements which had been adopted at the starting-post, and which had succeeded in instilling something like order into the hitherto unruly and chaotic mass of paddle-steamers and tug-boats. Mr. Kinglake said that although fully aware

of the fact that his University had been defeated half a dozen times in succession, he deprecated any excuses being made on their behalf, but yet he could not but be sensible of the many difficulties he had had to encounter before he was enabled to decide upon a crew for Putney, for which some allowance he thought ought to be made. In an amusing manner he alluded to the steady progression his crew had made towards victory since 1863, when they saw little or nothing of Oxford after the start; but on the present occasion they had managed to keep with them nearly as far as Barnes, and he did not despair but that next season Cambridge would manage to stop in front until the winning-post was passed: we sincerely hope he will prove a true prophet.

‘ARGONAUT.’



MRS. BEAUCHAMP'S LITTLE PLANS.

A Tale of Social Tactics.

ANY message for Hiltonbury?" said Mr. Frederick Greville to his sister, Lady Gascoigne, one fine morning early in April, as he entered the drawing-room at Hirst Castle prepared for riding, and drawing on his gloves.

"Oh! You are going there again, are you?" returned his sister, with a laugh.

"Now no chaff, my dear Fanny, I beg; it is quite uncalled for. Yes, I am going there again. Lord Wilmington particularly begged me to come over to-day, and look at a plan for his new stables: he knows I understand that sort of thing, and that's why I am going."

"Oh! yes, I see," said his sister, still smiling, "and I need not expect you back till near dinner-time, I suppose. Are you going to ride Stella?"

"No, I'm going to try Richard's new chesnut. What a beauty he is! And you'll see I shall make him as quiet as a lamb, and break him in for a lady's horse if you would like to mount him."

"Oh, no!" cried Lady Gascoigne, "it makes me shudder to think of such a thing, and, indeed, I don't half like even your riding him. Two of the grooms have been thrown, and I am sure he is a most dangerous animal. Now do be careful."

"Have no fear for me. I'll manage him, I can promise you. Well, you've no message, you say?"

"No—stop" (for she saw by her brother's face that he wanted one). "Yes, I was thinking, the weather is so mild, we might have some archery next week, and Violet and Blanche like it of all things. If you'll wait half a minute I will write a note and ask them to come."

So the note was written, and Mr. Greville rode away with it.

Lady Gascoigne was a tall, slender, elegant woman of about nine-and-twenty, most amiable and affectionate to her relations and intimate friends, but considered cold and haughty by those who did not know

her well, or whom she did not wish to know. She was one of a large family very highly connected, and had married Sir Richard Gascoigne, one of the greatest *partis* in her own county, when she was only eighteen. Her favourite brother Frederick stood next her in the family, being at this time seven-and-twenty. Though not the eldest son, he had succeeded to an immense fortune through the rich widow of an uncle who had no children or near relatives of her own, and had greatly delighted in the handsome face and lively manners of her husband's nephew and namesake. Young Greville had just returned from three years' wandering about the world, and amongst other changes, he found that, during his absence, his friends Violet and Blanche Seymour, Lord Wilmington's daughters, almost children when he left, had grown up into handsome young ladies; and that Violet, especially, was the very loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life, a circumstance which may possibly be supposed to account for his riding over to Hiltonbury every second day.

"My dear, are we to ask these people to dinner or are we not?" said Sir Richard, coming into the drawing-room just as his brother-in-law had ridden off.

"What people? Oh! the Beauchamps you mean. No, Richard, I think not. The Major is all very well, but I really cannot endure that woman: she is perfectly odious, and doesn't know how to behave herself."

"Very well, my dear, then we won't ask them; that settles it." And Sir Richard went off, not looking quite satisfied with the decision.

The Beauchamps had just taken for a year a little place called Thurston Lodge, about three miles from Hirst. Sir Richard had once sat next the Major at a public dinner and took a great fancy to him, he being, indeed, a most agreeable







Drawn by "Baker."

MRS. BEAUCHAMP'S LITTLE PLANS.

[See the Story.



and well-informed man; so when he discovered who his new neighbours were, he persuaded his wife to call, but Mrs. Beauchamp was very inferior to her husband, and Lady Gascoigne felt no desire to pursue the acquaintance further.

The case of the Beauchamps, in fact, was a marked instance of those eccentric and extraordinary alliances so frequently contracted by military men, alliances unsuggestive of either pleasure or profit, and the result apparently of dull quarters and time hanging heavy on their hands. For such-like passing discomforts, these strong-minded ones take to themselves a remedy wholly irremediable, and of which one cannot but think they must heartily repent as soon as they find themselves in civilized society and a popular station once more.

Mrs. Beauchamp had been a Miss Thomson, the sister, it was said, of a village doctor in an obscure part of Ireland where the Major had been quartered. He had no excuse, however, in the shape of bewitching Irish beauty, for Miss Thomson was an Englishwoman, very plain and several years older than himself. 'How it came let doctors tell.' The facts are, that there they were tied together for life, and that the Major was attached to his wife like a good man as he was, though unable occasionally to help feeling an uncomfortably hot all-overish sensation when mixing in general society with her.

In the course of the forenoon of this same day, Lady Gascoigne happening to look out of one of the front windows of the drawing-room, beheld Mrs. Beauchamp hurrying up the approach at full speed; no joke to her, for she was of a very large size and easily overheated, when her naturally florid complexion assumed the deepest crimson hue, as on the present occasion. In due course of time she was ushered into the room, and scarcely waited to wring Lady Gascoigne's hand before throwing herself into a chair, and there gasping for breath, unable to say a word.

'You seem quite exhausted,' said her Ladyship, too surprised to be

frigid; 'let me ring for a glass of wine,' and her hand was upon the bell; but Mrs. Beauchamp waved a violent dissent with her parasol, tugged fiercely at her bonnet strings, which she finally succeeded in loosening, tore the pins from her gay shawl, and threw it back, and at length speech returned to her. 'My dear Lady Gascoigne,' said she, still panting at intervals, 'this visit—so unceremonious—you must excuse—your brother, Mr. Greville—'

'My brother?' said Lady Gascoigne, taking alarm; 'he has gone out to ride; nothing has happened, I hope?'

'Nothing alarming, I hope and trust,—a slight accident—lying at our house,' and Mrs. Beauchamp took to panting again, whilst Lady Gascoigne rushed from the room to put on her bonnet and order the dog-cart, as the lightest and speediest vehicle, to be got ready: it was soon at the door, and she jumped in and drove off, entirely forgetting her visitor. Hearing the sound of wheels, however, that lady, having now recovered herself, rose and went hastily to the window, and seeing the dog-cart proceeding on its way without her, she threw up the sash and bawled lustily to the groom to stop. Lady Gascoigne looked round, and beholding the portly form half stretched out of the window and waving a large pocket handkerchief as a signal of distress, whilst intense anguish at the idea of having to walk back was depicted upon the rubicund countenance, she could scarcely refrain from smiling though so full of anxiety about her brother. She would not lose a moment, however, by turning back, so called out to an under-gardener near, to order the pony-carriage for Mrs. Beauchamp, and went on in haste to Thurston Lodge. Mr. Greville was extended on a sofa and scarcely yet conscious. The village doctor, who was with him, gave, however, a sanguine opinion, suggesting, at the same time, that their London physician should be telegraphed for to save all anxiety.

Lady Gascoigne eagerly accepted Major Beauchamp's offer to take the dog-cart and go to Marston, the

nearest town, for this purpose, and hastened him out of the house. On his way he had to pass by the gate of Hirst Castle, and not far from it he met the pony-carriage, Mrs. Beauchamp seated in it and overflowing it considerably. Although of anything but fairy-like dimensions, and several years older than her husband, she kept up the juvenile, gushing line, in her relations with him, with the most praiseworthy perseverance. The Major, of course, had no intention of stopping, and drove on, merely calling out an explanation as he passed, but his wife screaming after him, 'Charles! Charles, my love!' in despairing tones, he was obliged to pull up.

'What is it?' cried he, looking back.

'Charles, I am so ill; I ran the whole way to Hirst. You know I am not strong, Charles, and I feel very ill. Let the servant go on and come back with me.'

'Nonsense, my dear, I must go; it is a most important matter; you don't look bad at all, and besides you will find the doctor at home to look after you if you require it.' And he went on once more; when that well-known fatal signal, a shrill scream like a railway whistle, smote upon his ear, and looking back he beheld Mrs. Beauchamp, in as limp a condition as her proportions would admit of, hanging over the side of the pony-carriage. What could he do? It was impossible for him to forsake the flaccid partner of his joys and sorrows in this pitiable state, so most unwillingly he descended from the dog-cart and went back to her assistance, not wholly unconscious of the absurdity of the position or of the furtive grins which passed between the servants.

After divers proppings and haulings on the part of her husband and the groom, Mrs. Beauchamp once more reared herself into a sitting posture and gazed languidly and reproachfully on her spouse, her bonnet having assumed a strange and fearful shape, owing to its late predicament.

'Come now, Betsey, my dear, you are better, aren't you? do you feel all right?' said the Major, who, in

spite of his invariably seeing these sudden attacks of illness come to a speedy and favourable termination, could never get over the weakness of feeling a certain amount of alarm when they made their appearance. (And this was most praiseworthy conduct, for the production of that sensation on his part was the very end and object of their existence.)

'Better, Charles,' murmured the invalid.

'There now, then, you must get home as quickly as possible, and go and lie down. I shall make all the haste I can.'

'You will not leave me! Charles, surely you will not leave me!' and there was again a plain tendency to forsake the perpendicular and droop over the side of the pony-carriage.

'No, no,' said the Major hastily, dreading lest the railway whistle should not be far off. 'Certainly not. I shall send on the groom,' and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote the message on it, and desired the man to make all speed to Marston.

At Thurston, meanwhile, Dr. Smith had turned every one out of the patient's room. Miss Turner and Miss Wright, two young ladies from Leeds, nieces of Mrs. Beauchamp, who were on a visit to their uncle and aunt, took possession of Lady Gascoigne and drew her into the dining-room, eager to pour forth the whole history of the accident, of which, it appeared, they had been eye-witnesses. Marianne Turner, the elder of the two, was a short, fat, little creature, with a pretty fair complexion but not much beauty besides; whilst Isabella Wright, was tall, dark, and handsome after a rustic fashion, with bright rosy cheeks and brilliant black eyes: some of her ways of using the latter had been known occasionally to be dangerous to the noble sex, and caused members of her own frequently to designate her as a minx.

Marianne finding it quite useless to cope with her cousin on the score of looks, had given it up, and now prided herself on her conversational powers, which she deemed

of a most brilliant order, and a free use of slang added greatly to the piquancy of her flow of language, in her own estimation at least. 'I can tell you all about it, Lady Gascoigne,' she began eagerly. 'I was there, and saw your brother spilt, and rushed to pick him up.'

'So did I,' said Isabella, who strove to put in a remark occasionally, but who generally found herself perforce reduced to silence in her cousin's company.

'You were not so near as I, Isabella. Oh, I had no end of a fright, I assure you, when I saw how bad he looked!'

'I thought he was dead at first,' interposed Miss Wright.

'Nonsense, Isabella; I told you at once that he was merely stunned, so you could not think that. But he *did* look queer, certainly; it was a horrid little cad with a rattle who did all the mischief.'

'He frightened the horse,' said Miss Wright, 'and—'

'Of course, everybody knows that; fortunately a farmer passed by in his trap, and he gave him a lift to Thurston.'

'Dr. Smith came—'

'Isabella, it was *I* who sent for Dr. Smith, so surely I ought to know most about it! Yes, the doctor came immediately—in fact, he was close by at the time, which was fortunate.'

Lady Gascoigne seemed scarcely to comprehend all the chattering round her: she sat down in an easy-chair and anxiously awaited a summons from the doctor. The sound of wheels was presently heard, and rushing to the door, she saw, to her surprise, Major Beauchamp assisting his wife to get out of the pony-carriage, and looking a good deal ashamed of himself.

'What is it? have you been [to Marston?'] said she eagerly.

'I was taken ill by the way,' replied Mrs. Beauchamp with importance, 'very ill indeed; my husband met me, and could not bring himself to leave me—in fact, it would have been out of the question, considering the state I was in.'

'I am very sorry, Lady Gascoigne,' said the Major; 'it was

most unfortunate, but I wrote the message on a piece of paper, and desired the groom to make all possible haste.'

'It was most kind of you to think of going at all,' replied Lady Gascoigne, concealing her vexation as much as possible. 'Godfrey is very stupid, but he would surely be careful on such an important occasion.'

The doctor now made his appearance with a cheerful countenance. 'Your brother is very well,' said he, 'and you may go in beside him; it is a tolerably severe sprain, and he must not be removed for a fortnight—but he is as well as can be. It is a pity we were in such haste to telegraph, for the great man will only laugh at us when he comes! You will send for Mr. Greville's valet, I suppose, and I shall be back in an hour and help to get him to bed.'

Lady Gascoigne's relief at this favourable report was immense, and she hastened to her brother, who looked wonderfully well, but was much afflicted at the prospect of having to be laid up for a fortnight.

'The idea is intolerable, my dear Fanny—and in this place too! If I were only at Hirst, I should not mind it at all.'

'Oh, yes you would,' replied his sister laughing; 'it would not suit you to be tied by the leg anywhere; but you must be philosophical, and the time will pass far more quickly than you suppose.'

'I trust the old Catamaran will keep out of my way, that is all; the Major himself isn't a bad sort of fellow.'

Shortly after this the dog-cart drove up, and the bell was rung furiously. Major Beauchamp and Lady Gascoigne met at the door, having each come out to hear what Godfrey had to say.

That promising youth looked pale with excitement and apprehension. 'If you please, my lady, if you please, Major,' said he in much agitation, 'I'm very sorry, the wind was so high—I took the paper out of my pocket just before I got to the station, to see that it was all right, and it blew right off, across a field

and into the river. I tried 'ard to catch it, but it warn't of no use.'

Lady Gascoigne administered a severe reprimand to the culprit, but she would not let the Major start off again as he was bent on doing, to atone for what he felt might have been avoided, had he had the firmness not to give in to his wife. 'There is really no necessity for telegraphing,' said she; 'my brother is as well as possible, and Dr. Smith, I have no doubt, will be quite pleased at Godfrey's piece of stupidity.'

So instead, the Major went into the dining-room where his wife and nieces were, and told the sad tale, giving vent to his feelings in much stronger language than was his wont. 'There now, Betsey; see how annoying that is, and all owing to your folly; you could have done without me perfectly well, and it might have been a case of life and death with Mr. Greville;' and he left the room and the house, banging the doors after him.

Mrs. Beauchamp sank upon the sofa, and gazed wildly on her nieces. 'What did he say, girls? My folly? My *folly* was it? and I could have done without him? Ha! ha! ha! ha!' And she there and then fell into hysterics, which speedily brought the whole household into the room, as well as Lady Gascoigne and the doctor, who had just returned. After the usual remedies, and a firm remonstrance from Dr. Smith, who perfectly understood his patient as to 'giving way,' the lady came to herself a little, and began to recount her sorrows in broken accents. 'My folly,' she feebly murmured, 'my folly! and has it come to this? Is this the end—is this really the end of all? of our pleasing strolls by the banks of the Ballymahone, of our shoppings in Leeds, of our happy marketings at Marston? Oh! Charles, Charles! he forsakes me; pity and protect me!' And giving herself thus over into the charge of society generally, she threw herself with some violence against the manly chest of Dr. Smith, who staggered beneath the shock, but skilfully recovered himself.

'Law, aunt,' interposed Mari-

anne at this juncture, when another fit of hysterics was imminent, 'don't be nonsensical; it's not the end of anything except your cap, which you've made a most awful object with all that tumbling about.'

'Have I, my dear?' said the aunt in a wonderfully natural voice, becoming suddenly restored to composure by this alarming intelligence.

'I must see to it; help me upstairs.'

And she disappeared into the recesses of her bedchamber, where she awaited the return of her husband. He, it is to be supposed, made the *amende honorable* in a manner most satisfactory to her feelings, judging by her radiant countenance and extra-infantine demeanour towards him on her return to the midst of the family at dinner-time.

In two or three days Mr. Greville was well enough to be carried into the drawing-room, where he afterwards made his appearance daily. He chafed greatly at first under his enforced quiescence, but his naturally good spirits soon came to his relief, and he began, as usual, to extract amusement from everything within reach. The young ladies contributed largely in this way, though scarcely, it must be confessed, in the manner they themselves supposed. Every morning he found them in gorgeous array awaiting him; it is to be hoped they possessed the ornaments of meek and quiet spirits; but in any case they did not neglect that other adorning of plaiting the hair, and putting on of apparel.

Isabella had a soul for art, and was always found bending over a sketch. There was little variety in her subjects. A ruined castle constructed on Tower of Pisa principles, a few colossal cabbages in the foreground, supposed to be trees, and a very cloudy sky, generally made up the picture. Mariame, on the contrary, usually had some abstruse volume before her, and was crammed up on one point whereon she enlarged, and gave forth her views for Mr. Greville's benefit and secret amusement, rejoicing greatly

that Isabella's inferior capacities entirely prevented her taking part in the conversation; and, mind, so she flattered herself, had a decided triumph over matter on those occasions.

But Isabella by no means agreed with her; she was quite aware that she was handsome, and felt sure that Mr. Greville thought her dark eyes preferable to her cousin's platitudes, and she was right; though, indeed, he was extremely indifferent to both. It is a pity poor Dr. Smith was not then aware of this fact, as it might have saved him some uneasy thoughts; and it is certain that he was treated with much greater coolness at this time by Miss Wright than in the days before the accident. Many friends, of course, came to visit Mr. Greville, rejoicing the soul of Mrs. Beauchamp, who generally contrived to see them either on their arrival or departure, and flattered herself that her *entree* into the best society in the county was fairly achieved. Amongst others, Sir John Tremlett, the rich rector of a neighbouring parish, came very often, and Marianne's reading at once took the direction of works in the 'Essay and Review' line, from which she extracted many startling theories calculated to upset an ecclesiastic of weak nerves. Another reverend gentleman also shared in this privilege, Mr. Jenkins, a young curate, tutor to Lady Gascoigne's eldest boy, who brought books and messages almost daily from Lady Gascoigne to her brother. Mr. Jenkins was a good-natured little man, with rosy cheeks and round eyes, taking a serene and comfortable view of things in general. Nor, curates being but mortal men, was he above speculating, when he found that Marianne came from Leeds, as to whether any of the wealth of that affluent city clove to her or not?

One morning Mrs. Beauchamp entered the drawing-room where the usual party were seated, ushering in a little withered old maid dressed in an immense mushroom hat, a linen dress very much tucked up over a dark petticoat, and a boy's

handkerchief carelessly knotted, boy's fashion, round her neck. Untidy in every other respect, her boots and gloves were faultless, but then her hands and feet were faultless too. This lady was Miss Ponsonby, an aunt of Frederick Greville's, and, unlike her species generally, whatever an ill-natured world may say, as cross-grained and disagreeable an elderly maiden as could well be met with anywhere. It really appeared to be the object and pleasure of her life to make every one she fell in with feel uncomfortable, and she succeeded, as people will who are persevering in any line whatsoever.

'Here, my dear Mr. Greville, is your aunt, Miss Ponsonby, come to see you,' said Mrs. Beauchamp, 'and I'm sure it is the greatest pleasure to welcome another relative of yours under our roof. Let me introduce my niece, Miss Ponsonby, and how do you think your nephew is looking? Charming, I'm sure; he is quite an Apollo Belvedere I tell him, though he must not be concealed—No, no,' added she, archly, 'that would never do—would it, Miss Ponsonby?'

'How do you do, my dear?' said that lady, going up to her nephew and giving him a dab on the cheek by way of an embrace, without noticing this speech. 'You are surprised to see me I dare say.'

'Yes, indeed,' returned Mr. Greville, who appeared more surprised than pleased at the unexpected apparition. 'I thought you were in Paris; where have you dropped from?'

'From Hiltonbury; I changed my mind about Paris and came down there. Fortunately I found my room, the only room I can endure in that house, unoccupied, so here I am. Lady Wilmington and the girls were going over to Hirst, so I thought I would get them to drop me here, by the way, and they will pick me up by-and-by.'

'That was very kind of you,' replied Mr. Greville, a sudden access of affection coming over him when he found in what company his aunt had so lately been, 'and how are they all at Hiltonbury?'

'Oh! very well: Lord Wilmington doesn't take half enough exercise and is getting far too stout in consequence; and Lady Wilmington complains of headaches; but if people will eat mushroom sauce what can they expect? a thing I never touch myself.'

'Oh! how true that is,' cried Mrs. Beauchamp, lifting up hands and eyes as calling upon the chandelier to testify to the genuineness of her opinion. 'Mushroom sauce! not to speak of the danger of being poisoned by toadstools, it is a dreadful, dreadful thing. My dear husband used to be so fond of it, but I knew it would bring on apoplexy and gout, so during our happy wedding tour I said to him, "Charles, promise me you will never again touch mushroom sauce." He would not promise at first, but as I had several sleepless nights in consequence, and never lost sight of the subject for a moment, he at last did so; and I do believe, Miss Ponsonby, he has never repented it to this hour.'

'Ah!' said Miss Ponsonby with a sniff; then turning to her nephew, she continued her amiable report of the family whose hospitality she was enjoying.

'Blanche is as great a hoyden as ever; as to Violet, her family consider her a beauty, that is evident, though I should think they get no one to agree with them, except, perhaps, that idiot, Sir Edward Harrington, who is busy making love to her: it will be a match, I suppose, and a suitable one. I never thought Violet very bright.'

Mr. Greville could scarcely preserve an unmoved appearance at this intelligence, in spite of knowing that his aunt's sharp eyes were upon him, rumours having, of course, reached her of the marked attention he had been paying Miss Seymour. However, he said, as carelessly as possible, 'It *would* be a suitable match, I think, for Harrington is a capital fellow, and has lots of money, whilst you won't meet with such a girl every day. Pray is Miss Harrington at Hiltonbury?'

'Yes, she's there too. Now *there's* a handsome girl, certainly, if it

were not for her distressingly high colour. If there's a thing I cannot endure,' continued Miss Ponsonby, fixing her piercing glance upon Isabella's cheeks—more deeply crimson than usual, owing to the inspection she had been undergoing, 'it is a high colour.'

'I don't agree with you there,' replied Mr. Greville, glancing in the same direction, and feeling for Miss Wright's embarrassment. 'I don't care for your marble beauties, they are always so inanimate.'

Isabella gave him one of her most dangerous glances in reward for this, not lost upon Miss Ponsonby, who looked sharply from one to the other two or three times as if to detect an understanding between them.

'My dear Mr. Greville, how exactly you and the Major agree in your ideas,' chimed in Mrs. Beauchamp. 'I had in my more youthful days—not so very long ago,' ('Oh dear no,' said Mr. Greville), 'rather a brilliant complexion, and my poor dear papa used to say to me (in the utmost playfulness and affection), "Who do you think will ever marry such a full moon?" Being a child of peculiarly sensitive feelings this sank into me more deeply, perhaps, than my papa could possibly have supposed; so in after years, when Major Beauchamp came to our neighbourhood in Ireland, and it began to be evident that my brother's house was specially attractive to him (not the first who had found it so, I assure you, Miss Ponsonby, by a great many!), I took an early opportunity of asking him what he thought of Miss M'Cool, a neighbour of ours, and considered a beauty by some people, though I can't say I ever saw it. "Miss Thomson," said he (Thomson was my name previous to marriage), "Miss M'Cool is a fright," or words to that effect. "Who could be otherwise with such a want of colour?" The relief to my mind was great—not, you understand, Mr. Greville, that I was rejoiced that dear Sarah M'Cool should be thought a fright—for we were the dearest friends, and had it not been for an unfortunate mis-

understanding before the happy day arrived she would have been my bridesmaid; but it *did* relieve me to find that your marble complexions were not considered the height of good looks by *all* the world.'

'Only by a few benighted individuals, I should think,' said Mr. Greville, smiling.

Luncheon was here announced, and shortly afterwards the Hilton-bury carriage called for Miss Ponsonby, who departed to scatter her little darts elsewhere.

'Well,' said she, as she settled herself comfortably in the carriage, 'that is a queer set of people at any rate, but Master Frederick seems to be particularly comfortable and at home amongst them; and it's quite evident he is carrying on a great flirtation with a niece of Mrs. Beauchamp's, an uncommonly handsome girl,' continued Miss Ponsonby, surveying Violet steadily as she spoke, 'and there could not be anything so dangerous as his being thrown so much with her. I really wonder at Fanny, she is so foolish in all her arrangements.'

'I suppose,' said Lady Wilmington, laughing, 'that she scarcely arranged Frederick should be thrown at that particular spot?'

'No, no, of course not; but she should never have left the house for a moment under the circumstances. However, the mischief is already done, that is evident; and that dreadful woman will never leave Thurston; so Fanny will reap the fruit of her folly in having a set of vulgar connections at her very door.'

In spite of the doctor's original opinion, it was almost a month before Mr. Greville could go to Hirst, and the time passed slowly over his head. The only little incident he met with was a memorable interview with Isabella one evening in the garden, in the course of which her mind may perhaps have been disabused of some false notions which had taken possession of it. But this she never divulged to any one; and as she looked by no means miserable in consequence, and as Dr. Smith also, by some mysterious

means, grew brighter from that date, the only thing which remains to be regretted in connection with it is, that it was partially witnessed by Violet Seymour, who rode quickly past with Miss Harrington at the time, saw the earnest conversation, and thought of Miss Ponsonby's words.

The happy day at length arrived when Mr. Greville was to leave Thurston. Lady Gascoigne came over in the carriage for him, and cordially thanked the Beauchamp family for all their kindness and hospitality, inviting them, at the same time, to come to Hirst the day following but one to play croquet and dine, and remain the night, which they gladly agreed to.

'There can be but one end to all this, Charles,' said Mrs. Beauchamp, triumphantly, as they returned from watching the carriage off, 'but you know you never believe your poor wife, though you always find she is right, now don't you, my dear? Poor Mr. Greville! I am sure I don't know whether he or Isabella looked saddest at parting—that girl might have adorned a coronet—but I really cannot grudge her to Mr. Greville.'

'Pooh, my dear Betsey,' said the Major, bursting out laughing, 'you are counting your chickens a very long time before they are hatched, I can tell you that; and pray what have you settled for Marianne?'

'Oh! as to Marianne, it is quite evident what her fate is to be: I never saw any man so decidedly struck as Sir John Tremlett; I am sure her conversation amuses him; she is really a remarkably clever, talented girl. How glad I am I got them to stay with me, and I am sure my sisters ought to be very grateful. The weddings must take place at the same time, and I shall make you give me such a lovely bonnet, you naughty, naughty Charles!'

'I'm willing to promise a hundred pounds for the bonnet you will wear on that occasion,' was the Major's response, but his wife only wondered at his blindness, and congratulated herself on the happy state of affairs.

Next day Mr. Greville drove over to Hiltonbury with his sister, and received a hearty welcome from his friends there. The young ladies had gone to an archery meeting some dozen miles off and were not expected back till late, which was a disappointment, but Lady Wilmington promised they should all go over next day to join the croquet party and dine.

Miss Ponsonby put her arm through her nephew's and walked with him on the terrace. 'Well, my dear,' she said, 'and was there a tender parting between you and the florid young woman at Thurston?'

'Oh, very tender,' replied he laughing. 'I could scarcely tear myself away; but, you see, the fatal wrench is made, and I survive.'

'Ah! but what does she say to it? I must tell you, Frederick, I could not quite approve of what I saw. I'm afraid you have been putting foolish notions and expectations into her head—a bad return, indeed, for the hospitality of the uncle.'

'My dear aunt,' returned Mr. Greville, always irritated by her ill-natured comments and pieces of advice, 'pray don't talk nonsense—and leave me and my affairs alone. I am not a likely man to abuse any one's hospitality,' and he turned to Lady Wilmington; but he amused his sister on the way home by telling her Aunt Jane's latest crotchet.

'There certainly is something between him and that girl,' Miss Ponsonby again commenced that evening in the family circle. 'He could not bear any allusion to the subject, but fired up directly when I ventured to speak of her. Oh! how foolish Fanny has been!'

'Dear Violet,' said Miss Harrington to her friend, at night, as she lingered in her room a few minutes before going to bed, 'I know I ought not to say anything about it, but I was so glad to see you a little kinder to poor Edward this evening; he looks quite a different being. Ah! Violet, if that could only be, you know how very, very happy it would make me and us all.'

Violet made no reply, and Miss Harrington feared she had offended her.

'Don't be angry, dear,' she said gently. 'You know me well enough to be sure I would not say anything to annoy you for the world; but I am his sister, you know, and it is natural I should wish to plead for him, when I see what a state of mind he is in. Say you are not angry, before I go.'

'Oh! no, Alice,' said Violet, the colour rising to her cheeks. 'I am not angry, but I am sorry your brother thinks of me in this way, for I am sure—that is, I don't think I should ever be able to return his feelings.'

'Never mind, dear,' said Alice, 'if it is to be it will be—and if not, why it won't; but we shall always be the dearest friends all the same.' And she rose and gave Violet a warm embrace and went to her own room, thinking of the little hesitation, and reflecting, 'If Edward will have patience I am certain she will take him.' Whilst Violet recalled once more the scene in the Thurston garden and Miss Ponsonby's words, and thought with some bitterness, 'If Sir Edward really cares for me so very much, why should I not make him happy? I may as well do that as anything else, since—' and here her meditations abruptly broke off.

On the following afternoon the Beauchamp party made their appearance in due time at Hirst Castle, and found a small party assembled on the lawn, sitting under the trees. Sir Richard immediately carried Major Beauchamp off for a long walk, and Lady Gascoigne was obliged to devote herself to her uncongenial neighbour, the task being alleviated, however, by the gratitude she felt for the kindness shown to her brother during his illness. In spite of Sir John Tremlett's presence, Marianne was speedily tussling with Mr. Jenkins on some knotty point, far out of both their depths, but none the less enjoyable for that. A game of croquet was presently arranged, and Mr. Greville's ankle quite preventing him from standing about to play, he sat on a rustic seat, hard by, and good-naturedly gave Isabella the advice which she very much required, as she had rarely indulged in the

pastime before. This circumstance afforded Mrs. Beauchamp unbounded delight, and she could not help hinting her satisfaction to Lady Gascoigne with her own special good taste. 'It seems so strange,' she began, her broad face beaming with infinite exultation, 'that Mr. Greville should have been thrown, as one may say, at our very door! Things are brought strangely about in this world, Lady Gascoigne. I declare this reminds me of the Major and myself in those happy days before we were married; the sight of young people's happiness brings back one's own, and I have no doubt the same thoughts have been occurring to you of late, Lady Gascoigne.'

'What an intolerable woman!' thought her ladyship, who did not in the least comprehend the drift of these remarks.) 'I am quite ashamed, Mrs. Beauchamp,' she exclaimed aloud, 'that I have not offered you any tea all this time—do come and have some.'

The tea-table stood under a spreading pear-tree, and by it were seated Marianne and Mr. Jenkins, in such close conversation that Mrs. Beauchamp thought it behoved her to look after Sir John Tremlett's interests, and said, with dignity, to her niece aside, 'Marianne, my dear, don't bring that young man out of his place—remember he is only the tutor!' But Marianne owed no allegiance to her aunt, so merely tossed her head and went on as she listed.

The Hiltonbury carriage drove up about this time, and Miss Ponsonby's sharp eyes darted over the lawn in an instant.

'Would you believe it?' cried she, as she took in everything at a glance, 'there is that whole set of people from Thurston and Frederick playing croquet with his crimson beauty! Upon my word, Fanny is an idiot. I could scarcely have believed this even of her.'

The afternoon went on, but somehow Mr. Greville did not enjoy it much. He was detained by Lord Wilmington long after the time for dressing for dinner, and rushing into his sister's room on his way to

his own, he found her ready to go downstairs.

'Now then, Fanny,' said he, 'of course you have arranged everything rightly about the going down to dinner?' (There was now no reserve on a certain subject between them.)

'That is rather a difficult matter,' replied she, 'and I have been considering it. What am I to do with these girls? Mr. Jenkins can take one, and I thought you would take the other, for, you know, you can easily contrive to sit next Violet—and I really don't like to make Sir Edward a scapegoat. These girls appear to me to have no manners at all, and it would be too much of a penance to inflict one on a comparative stranger.'

'Oh! confound it, Fanny, that won't do. Why, if I have stood them both for a month, surely Harrington may put up with one of them for a couple of hours! No no, you must let me take Violet,—though she would scarcely speak to me this afternoon,' he added, dejectedly. 'I am afraid Harrington has been making good use of my absence.'

'You conceited fellow!' said his sister, laughing. 'Well, if your absence has done mischief, your presence will put it all to rights, no doubt. But go away now, for you are far too late.'

The fates were against poor Mr. Greville on this occasion—he was far too late; the party had left the drawing-room, and he found Violet and Sir Edward seated together, whilst there was a vacant place for him by Isabella on the other side of the table.

Miss Seymour was certainly a very lovely girl, of a tall, slight figure and the fairest complexion, with really golden hair and dark-blue eyes, 'a sight to make an old man young.' Mr. Greville had very little conversation to bestow on his companion, as his attention was much distracted by watching his opposite neighbours a little way down the table. Violet had never looked more beautiful, he thought; she was dressed in demi-toilette—a pretty embroidered white muslin

with quantities of floating blue ribbons; her eyes sparkled, and her colour was rather more heightened than usual, in consequence, perhaps, as Mr. Greville reflected with a deep pang, of something her companion was saying to her. As this idea took more strongly hold of him, he gave up all attempt at entertaining Isabella, and abandoned himself to jealous watching, which annoyed his sister very much, and she gave an early signal for the ladies to retire.

Mr. Greville soon followed them to the drawing-room, and thought himself lucky when he saw Violet seated on an ottoman a little apart from the others. He joined her immediately, but felt at once that there was an indefinable alteration in her manner—a sort of stiffness which in former days he had never experienced. This he might perhaps have overcome, but that Marianne, all flushed and excited with her conquest of Mr. Jenkins, rushed presently over to them and plunged volubly into conversation.

'Oh, Mr. Greville! what a dreadful man that Mr. Jenkins is; one never knows whether he is in fun or in earnest. I'm sure he's a most dangerous creature: I dare say, Miss Seymour, you have noticed that? He reminds me of one of our curates in Leeds, Mr. Hinxman—not in appearance, you know, for Mr. Hinxman is tall and thin, and wears spectacles, but they have the same dreadful way of going on. I had such fun at dinner!'

This sort of thing lasted till the rest of the gentlemen appeared, and Mr. Greville ground his teeth at his ill luck, for Violet was called upon for music, and after that a round game was proposed; by the time it was over the carriages were announced. Mr. Greville contrived to get hold of his friend Blanche (with whom, in bygone days, he had had many a romp), on her way down stairs, and to say to her in as *degaçée* a manner as possible, 'I say, Blanche, can you tell me what is the matter with Violet? she won't have anything to say to me at all.'

'Nonsense,' said Blanche, laughing; 'your imagination has grown lively since your accident. Besides,

perhaps she thought you had no right to speak to any one except you know who. Ah! I have heard all about you from Miss Ponsonby, sir; so don't imagine you have a secret from me!'

'What on earth do you mean?' said Mr. Greville; 'I have no secret that I am aware of.'

'Oh! then it is public, is it? but I can't stay to congratulate you now: good-night!' And she jumped into the carriage after the others.

Mr. Greville was puzzled for a moment, but instantly concluded that Blanche was 'up to some of her nonsense.' No one could possibly be further from his thoughts than poor Isabella Wright, but he felt a terrible suspicion that Sir Edward Harrington was going to prove a successful rival; and, irritated and unhappy, he went straight up to bed, feeling that he could not stand the tongues of Mrs. Beauchamp and Marianne any more that night.

The next day the Thurston party went off after luncheon, to the infinite satisfaction of their hosts.

'My dear Fred,' said Lady Gascoigne laughing, as she threw herself into a chair with an air of relief, 'the next time you take it into your head to be thrown, I beg you will avoid the neighbourhood of Thurston Lodge.'

'By Jove! I should think so,' returned her brother. 'Do you notice what an ass Jenkins makes of himself with Miss Turner? I told him they would each have 10,000*l.*, and he has been going in strongly for her ever since. The Wright girl isn't quite so bad, though she is a perfect fool, too. However, Dr. Smith does not think so, I suppose. There is quite a little romance in that direction, and I was let into it, and have promised to try and get Smith the vacant appointment at Carlow Hospital. The aunt is to be kept in the dark till then, for the girl said the doctor would certainly be forbidden the house unless he could show he was in a position to marry. I expect to hear of the appointment every day.'

'Well, that is a very suitable marriage, I consider,' said Lady

Gascoigne; 'but I do wonder at Mr. Jenkins. Are you going over to Hiltonbury to-day?'

'Yes; I *must* go: though I am afraid it is of little use. Violet's manner is quite altered to me.'

Lady Gascoigne could not conceal from herself that there was an alteration certainly, but felt sure no man in the world could possibly be preferred to her brother; so she laughed at his despondency, and told him he was far too faint-hearted, and must pluck up heart of grace if he meant to succeed. On his return shortly before dinner, he reported that he did not know whether his visit had been satisfactory or not. 'Violet's manner is so odd,' he said, 'sometimes I could almost swear that she likes me, and the next minute she is as cold as possible. At any rate, I am determined to know the worst to-morrow, for I can't stand the suspense any longer; especially with that fellow Harrington always about the house.'

Accordingly, he presented himself at Lord Wilmington's at an early hour next morning, and told his errand with a beating heart.

'My dear fellow,' said Lord W., looking surprised and moved, and grasping both hands of his friend, 'this is most unfortunate and unexpected. Some little reports have reached me of your having very different ideas in your head—all nonsense, of course, and ridiculous gossip. I confess I have often wished and hoped that you might one day be my son-in-law; but it grieves me to tell you I have been authorised by my daughter this morning to accept Sir Edward Harrington. I need scarcely say I would have preferred you to any man living; but of course it was a matter for Violet herself to decide.'

Very little more passed between them; and, on his return to Hirst, he ordered his things to be packed, and told his sister he should start for the Continent that afternoon.

'I can't stay here, Fanny, I can't indeed,' he said; 'I must have some knocking about to help me to get over this, though I don't expect that I ever shall. There is not another girl in the world like her.

Write to me at the Grand Hôtel, and forward my letters there for the next few days. I shall tell you my plans when I know them.'

He went off immediately, leaving poor Lady Gascoigne utterly taken aback by the unexpected event of the morning. And grief for her brother was mixed with a certain feeling of anger at Violet for the misery she had caused him.

Having passed the day in an utterly unstrung and unsettled state, the next morning she felt an irrepressible desire to go over to Hiltonbury, and accordingly went immediately after breakfast. She found Lady Wilmington just stepping into the carriage to come to her.

The girls were in the drawing-room, she said; and Sir Edward Harrington had gone off the day before directly after receiving his favourable reply, having some appointments with his constituents, which would detain him for ten days in his own part of the world. So they went into the boudoir together, where they had a long private confabulation, and the full enormity of Miss Ponsonby's mischief-making powers became known to both of them in the course of it.

They went upstairs afterwards to the drawing-room, where the two girls and Miss Ponsonby were sitting.

'Good-morning, Fanny,' said that lady; 'you've come over with congratulations, I suppose? And pray when are we to congratulate *you* on this wonderful match you have arranged for Frederick? I am sure you deserved to succeed, for you have been most persevering in your endeavours to bring it about; and the family owes you many thanks for the brilliant alliance.'

'Aunt Jane,' said Lady Gascoigne with great sternness, 'I find that you have been making the most unwarrantable, unheard-of statements about Frederick, which have perfectly astounded me, even from you, as you know what bitter experience we have all had of your love of, I must call it, mischief-making before this. I do not believe you really thought Frederick was capable of marrying a girl like

Miss Wright, which makes your saying so all the more wicked. Miss Wright is going to be married to Dr. Smith, our village doctor here, and Frederick has been extremely kind in promising the doctor an appointment to admit of the marriage taking place. You have surprised and shocked me, Aunt Jane, beyond all measure.'

Miss Ponsonby was for once extinguished by the wrath of her niece, and only made some inaudible mutterings in self-defence. Lady Gascoigne shortly afterwards returned home; and the next day Lady Wilmington went to her looking harassed and depressed. 'It is just as I thought,' said she; 'Violet came to me as soon as you had left, in great distress—the poor girl is in a dreadful state of mind—but how to set things right I cannot tell. Her father declares nothing shall be done, that she has acted foolishly and must abide the consequences, for he won't have Sir Edward treated dishonourably; you see men always think of that; it is always "honour," not happiness with them in such cases. Alice Harrington is looking as sulky as possible, too, this morning; she evidently suspects something.' But Lady Wilmington did Alice Harrington injustice. She *did* suspect something, certainly, and could scarcely be expected not to feel indignant at the idea of any one's trifling with her brother's feelings, but she was not sulky, and, moreover, had the sincerest regard for her brother's real happiness as well as for her friend's. So she went to Violet as soon as her mother had gone to Hirst, and made her confess everything. By the time Lady Wilmington returned, she and her maid had already started to join Sir Edward in the north. The next morning but one brought a letter from Sir Edward renouncing his claim to Violet's hand, in a way which raised him higher than ever in the estimation of all concerned. He could not conceal what a sacrifice and grief it was to him, but declared that her happiness was far dearer to him than his own, and

that he could not, therefore, think of going on with the engagement.

On the third day, Lady Gascoigne telegraphed to her brother, 'Come here at once, I have something important to say to you.'

A few days later, Frederick Greville and Violet Seymour stood together alone in Lady Wilmington's boudoir.

It was a glorious morning; the grass and flower-beds still lay sparkling with dew. And the early sunbeams danced in the river which flowed at the foot of the terrace. Everything looked bright and beautiful outside, and there was a world of perfect happiness in the eyes which gazed upon the lovely scene.

'And you believed it, Violet!'

'Oh, Frederick, how could I be so foolish?'

That is the whole of the conversation which can be allowed to transpire; but it may perhaps be lawful to overhear another which took place at Hirst the same afternoon.

Worthy Mrs. Beauchamp had for some time been feeling uneasy at the non-appearance of Mr. Greville, with the expected proposals for Miss Wright's hand. Isabella herself was anxious to see him, fearing he had forgotten all about the doctor's appointment, and she openly wondered, and watched occasionally at the window for his coming; on which occasions Mrs. Beauchamp kept up a little sort of sympathetic sighing which puzzled her niece a good deal, as she felt sure her secret had been preserved. At last, without consulting her husband, who she instinctively felt would forbid it, the good lady made her way on foot, as on a former occasion, to Hirst, though not in the same frantic haste, and found Lady Gascoigne in the drawing-room. The latter was so rejoiced at the favourable turn things had taken, that she received her visitor with unwonted cordiality, never suspecting for a minute that Miss Ponsonby's wild notion had any existence in that foolish brain.

'My dear Lady Gascoigne,' said Mrs. Beauchamp, after carefully polishing her heated countenance with

a voluminous pocket-handkerchief, 'it is so delightful to be able to come over in this friendly way, and to feel that we shall be still nearer and dearer friends, I fondly trust and hope, before very long' (Heaven forbid! thought her ladyship). 'Now, I have come on a delicate mission this afternoon, but one for which,' she added with a self-complacent smile, 'I think I am justified in believing myself to be perfectly suited. Dear mamma used to say, "All my daughters have sensitive feelings and great tact, but Betsey is really remarkable for them;" without vanity, Lady Gascoigne, I believe I am so still.'

'I have no doubt of it, Mrs. Beauchamp.'

'And, therefore, though I am taking what is generally a gentleman's part—a father's or an uncle's—I *felt* that I was so equal to it, that I would not even confide it to my dear husband, who, I fear, will quite scold me when he finds I have walked all the way here and back.'

Here Mrs. Beauchamp thought of the Hirst pony-carriage, and made a pause, and gave a little sigh as of prospective fatigue. Lady Gascoigne, who was getting very tired of all this prosiness, took no notice of the hint, but begged to know what the particular mission in question was.

'Ah, I am sure now, dear Lady Gascoigne,' replied Mrs. Beauchamp, in her archest manner, and playfully shaking a fat forefinger at her ladyship, 'you know very well what I mean, and you should help me out. But now, when one has nieces in the house, and a young gentleman pays marked attention to one of them—in fact, shows unmistakeably that he is desperately in love, and the young lady evidently returns the feeling, and still no actual proposal is made, don't you think there must be some little shyness or misunderstanding on the part of the young man which kind and judicious friends might remove? Now you are the natural person for me to come to, and what do you think should be done?'

('Oh! it is about Mr. Jenkins,' thought Lady Gascoigne.)

'I don't know that anything

should be done,' she said aloud; 'if they are in love with each other—'

'If? my dear Lady Gascoigne!'

'Well, since they are in love with each other, it will all come right in course of time, and I should advise no interference at present, at any rate.'

'Very well; I am sure your advice is good, and I rely on it. If you saw occasion, you know you might say to a certain young gentleman that no obstacle stands in his way, and Major Beauchamp and myself shall be only too proud and happy to welcome him to Thurston as a nephew.'

'What a dreadful woman!' reflected Lady Gascoigne, 'and how I do pity Mr. Jenkins!'

She told Sir Richard the story when he came in, and they agreed that, as it would give their fatal neighbour a pretext for coming continually to the house, it would be better to ascertain Mr. Jenkins's views. An interview accordingly took place in the study, and Mr. Jenkins having confessed to an attachment for Miss Turner, which he had reason to believe was returned, signified his intention of proposing in form as soon as his prospects should be a little more definite. Sir Richard instantly promised him a curacy, and made amicable arrangements for his leaving Hirst without delay.

'Perhaps I had better set that poor woman's mind at rest,' said Lady Gascoigne, on hearing the result, 'so I shall write her a note,' which she did in the following terms, and sent it straight off by a servant.

'DEAR MRS. BEAUCHAMP,—Sir Richard has been speaking to Mr. Jenkins this afternoon on the subject about which you came to me this morning, and finds that he had every intention of proposing to your niece as soon as he should be provided with a curacy. Sir Richard having now promised him one, there is no further obstacle, and I wish Miss Turner every happiness. It will interest you to hear that my brother, to whom you were so kind during his unfortunate accident, is engaged

to Miss Seymour, Lord Wilmington's eldest daughter, which gives us all great pleasure.

'Yours truly,
'F. GASCOIGNE.'

It would be little to say that Mrs. Beauchamp might have been 'knocked down with a feather' on receipt of this epistle, for she was actually knocked down without the aid of one at all. Both the girls rushed to her, afraid, from her ghastly appearance, that she was really ill, and it was some minutes before she could speak. At last she gasped forth some words which proved to be a query as to whether she had or had not been a mother to the two.

'Yes, yes,' said Marianne, 'of course; at least you've been an aunt, and that's much the same thing; but, goodness gracious, what is the matter? can't you tell us that?'

'My poor, innocent, injured girls,' exclaimed the lady, recovering voice and colour suddenly, 'oh, how little do you know what is coming upon you, my poor Marianne! To think of the degradation, the bare suggestion—a curate—a tutor! Oh, what a day this is! and Isabella, my child, I cannot think of *you*. What will become of you? But that infamous young man shall find that he cannot outrage society in this way with impunity. Summon up all your courage, my dears, and read this; remember your uncle and I will stand by you, and protect you to the last.'

The girls eagerly seized the epistle and read it through. At the end, to their aunt's astonishment, they looked at each other, and tittered audibly.

'Are you quite mad?' said the furious lady, 'or have you no feeling

whatever? I insist on an explanation.'

'Law, aunt, don't be so ferocious,' said Marianne, who was not easily intimidated; 'I can't think what on earth you mean. You've no occasion to object to Mr. Jenkins, I'm sure; he is a very clever, well-informed man, and I don't intend to object to him, I can tell you.'

'And I don't know what you can mean, aunt, about me,' said Isabella, plucking up courage, and thinking this a favourable moment for divulging her little mystery. 'Mr. Greville has been so kind to me and to Dr. Smith, and I've just heard that he has got him an appointment, so that we shall be able to marry directly, and Dr. Smith is coming to see you to-morrow.'

After one piercing shriek, poor Mrs. Beauchamp lay prostrate during the rest of the day, feeble murmurs of 'Jenkins!' 'Smith!' alone escaping her lips at intervals in tones of ineffable scorn and disgust. Time, however, it is said, at last healed her wounded spirit, and she even came by degrees to regard her unwelcome nephews with favour.

In about six weeks Frederick Greville and Violet Seymour were quietly married at Hiltonbury, and though Miss Harrington was not present at the ceremony, she and her brother a year later paid a long visit at Germistown, Mr. Greville's country house. Sir Edward was always regarded with feelings of the warmest gratitude and affection by both Mr. and Mrs. Greville, and when he married—as in due course of time he did—Germistown was lent him on the occasion, and he brought his pretty Irish bride there for their honeymoon. Of them, as of the other personages in this story, it only remains to be added that 'they lived happily ever afterwards.'

L. L.



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THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS:

And how she was Won and Lost.



WE were inconveniently situated, Phil and I. In a situation indeed that would have rendered more susceptible individuals in a state of mind quite unfit to enjoy the Christmas festivities so closely approaching.

Phil had been, I must say, awfully extravagant; and much as I sympathized with him, I could not blame the 'gov'nor' for sending him a cheque for 50*l.*, with the information that he might right himself as he could, for that he (the 'gov'nor') was sick of paying his bills and setting him going again, and was firmly resolved to wash his hands of the whole 'affair.'

The 'affair,' who happened to be
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seated beside my fire, with a glass of brandy and water near him, and a meerschaum in his mouth, folded up the cheque carefully and slipped it in his waistcoat pocket, and then tearing up the paternal letter, quietly relighted his meerschaum with it.

'It's shabby of the gov'nor, I must say,' he said, with a patience that, compared with my indignant disappointment, was Job-like and beautiful. 'But it's no use making a row about it, so there we are where we were before.'

'It won't even pay your tailor's bill,' I muttered; thinking selfishly to myself, 'much less leave you a pound to lend me.'

'Of course it won't; the gov'nor

didn't intend it should. It's a Christmas box,' Phil answered seriously, smoking away like a Turk.

I pointed to a little basket that lay beside my writing table. 'I don't know how full yours is,' I said solemnly, 'but mine won't hold any more. I've about a dozen by each post from those confounded tradesmen, graduating in insolence.'

'So have I, for that matter,' interrupted Phil. 'But I never read them. I never could stand being blackguarded, and that's what dunning's been allowed to reach in a country that prides itself on its freedom and its constitution. Why,' continued Phil, warming with his subject, and gesticulating in a manner that lent additional grandeur to his sentiments, 'don't we pride ourselves on the sacredness of the domestic hearth? Is not every man's house his castle? And yet, through the medium of this liberal, this enlightened government, the post is allowed to invade its sanctity, and pour on the pure white breakfast cloth a heap of insults, sufficient to make the blood boil within one, and spoil one's digestion for the day!'

'There should be some law,' added Phil, more quietly, and sinking back meditatively in his chair, 'to prevent this intrusion on a man's privacy—some fine or even heavy punishment should be inflicted for transmitting, by such means, insults dishonouring equally to the British tradesman and British gentleman. Blackguarding's forbidden in the streets, why should it be permitted in our homes?'

'Never mind the whys and the wherefores,' I answered, rather crossly, 'the thing is, and there's an end of it. The question is, Phil, what are we to do? Do you know I'm deucedly hard up?'

My friend did not answer for at least twelve whiffs; then he said in his calmest manner—

'You're not of a reflective disposition unfortunately, Jack, or else I should recommend you to light your pipe and leave it to Fate to suggest some idea. With me the case is different. Provide me with a weed

and a glass of grog, and if you were to perch me at the top of Mont Blanc, or plunge me in the depths of a coal mine, reflection would claim me as her own.'

'I think then, my dear Phil,' I replied, with the shadow of a sneer, 'it is time you set your reflective powers to work. Fifty pounds won't do you much service, if I am rightly informed as to the extent of your liabilities.'

'I am perfectly aware of that, and yet you see I am calm as a marble Jupiter. Such is the force of my self-reliance.'

'Come Phil, what's up!' I exclaimed in a coaxing tone, for I knew enough of my friend's affairs to value his self-reliance at its proper worth.

Phil raised his glass to his lips, and for a moment there was silence. Then laying it down, he said energetically, 'Jack, I am disgusted with my kind! I feel almost Byronic.'

'So do I,' I grimly responded.

'There are times,' continued Phil, again falling into those gesticulations which he had acquired at the best private theatricals, 'when I feel that I could almost—' I thought he was going to say 'commit suicide,' and as I was contemplating entering the Church, I thought it an excellent opportunity to begin preaching; but he only added, after another communication with the glass beside him, 'Marry!'

'Good heavens!' I said fervently. 'At your age, Philip! Why you must be mad; besides Blanche has not got anything, and she's awfully extravagant, I warn you, and with not an idea of sewing even a button on a fellow's shirt. You'd better go back to the coal mine, or ascend Mont Blanc, and think again.'

'Your glass must have been stiffish, Jack, you're uncommonly witty. However (not for the first time either) you're hitting a little beside the mark. I did not mean marry Blanche, poor dear! Much as I adore her, I am perfectly aware that "nothing a year and find yourself" would neither suit her nor me.'

'Then what do you mean? I hate guessing riddles—speak out.' I fear I did not speak with my usual

amiability, but circumstances were trying and so was Phil, particularly when he had on the 'marble Jupiter' mood.

Instead of answering, my friend took from his pocket a small note written on delicate pink paper, and scented with the delightful odour that had once been sweeter than the rose to my senses, as pervading every article that had the felicity of belonging to Gertrude Thornly, Phil's youngest sister.

This he threw at me in a manner that, had he not been my dearest friend (and Gerty's brother), I should have quarrelled with him on the spot.

Smoothing it out, for the wretch had crumpled it up in a way that he certainly would not have done Blanche's embossed notes, I cast my eyes over the dashing caligraphy, and after some difficulty, for I must say Gerty wrote with the same dash she did everything, I made out the following:—

Thornly Hall, Dec.

'MY DEAREST PHIL,

'What have you been doing, you silly extravagant boy, to put papa so horribly out of sorts? He has not spoken a civil word to any one since he got your letter; and when I asked him how you were, and what news you gave, he spirted out some very naughty words, which made the Rev. Mr. Blink, who was dining with us, use his handkerchief vigorously. Now, my dear Phil, you really should not do whatever you have been doing, and I hope you won't again. I and Blanche were talking it over last night, when we were undressing (Blanche came over to stay a day or two, yesterday), and she thinks it may be that you have been spending too much, which of course one is apt to do when things are so dear, and dressmakers so exorbitant in their prices; and papa should not expect one to buy everything and give to charity sermons too. And Blanche says her papa is as bad, and she only wishes for your sake and her own she was a Queen of Diamonds. By-the-by, that reminds me, the Queen of Diamonds, Miss Rowney, is coming to stay with us at Christmas; and so is Captain

Johnson, and Clara, and all the Holmeeses; so I hope you will manage to get away too, as you do make theatricals go off so well. And now good-bye,

'Your affectionate sister,
'GERTRUDE THORNLY.

'P.S.—Don't do it any more, for papa is so cross.'

I was so interested in the perusal of that note—taking me back as it did in the presence of that being, who, to my mind, was the sweetest woman I had ever met—so engrossed with the pleasant fancy, that I again heard her gay laugh and happy fresh voice, almost indeed felt the flutter of her ribbons, as during those few days of the preceding September—that I continued gazing at the writing, and forgot that my friend was waiting my comments on it.

'Well!' at length he said.

I started.

'Well!' he repeated; 'do you understand now my meaning?'

'I must confess that I do not.'

Philip's lip curled contemptuously, but he was too lazy to be more violently abusive.

'I suppose you can understand that Blanche Grey is not a Queen of Diamonds, however much her devotion to me, dear angel, may make her wish it.'

I did understand that perfectly, knowing that Miss Grey was the daughter of one of the greatest spendthrifts going, who never had a penny to pay cash for anything; but what all this nonsense about queens and diamonds meant, I was still as much in the dark as ever, and I said so frankly.

Phil still looked contemptuous, but he condescended to be more lucid.

'Gerty writes abominably,' he said, puffing out his cigar smoke in that imperial manner that Jupiter would probably have rolled out his, had the blessing of tobacco been known on High Olympus; 'but she's a sensible girl for all that, and with an eye to business, which she most certainly inherits from the paternal side. She means kindly to hint to me that if I am in

difficulties I could not do better than make up to Diana Rowney. She goes rather round about, and brings in Blanche in a way I do not quite like, but she means well, I dare say.'

Now, knowing as I did, that Gerty Thornly was the frankest, simplest, heartiest girl in the world, and the bosom friend of Blanche Grey, I felt this translation of her letter to fit in to the suggestion of his own mercenary thoughts malicious in the extreme, and I girded myself up (figuratively of course, for it was after dinner), for a combat in her defence.

But Phil raised himself immediately, and energetically for him. 'Don't, for heaven's sake, don't! I know all you are going to say, and I am in a mood in which it would drive me to distraction. No; let us be sensible, Jack, and talk things over without any romantic sentimentalism.'

'That's what I have been wishing you to do for the last hour,' I answered crossly.

Phil waved his pipe in that calm oratorical manner which I knew prefaced a rather lengthy speech; so I lay back and made myself comfortable.

'Jack,' said Phil, in the way he would have said, 'Mr. Speaker,' in addressing the House of Commons. 'Jack, we are in difficulties; I may say difficulties of an intricacy which even passes our powers of solution. Those difficulties, however, all centre in the one point, want of money; and the question is how to supply this want.'

'Come, Phil, you're getting prosy,' I remarked.

'It's a prosy subject. I am not a Gladstone, and finance is a subject I abhor. Why not, therefore, turn it into something more romantic? Now I know Diana Rowney is not to compare with Blanche in a robe de chambre, but in her ball dress, with all her fortune flashing about her, she is perfectly dazzling. Blanche fades to a mere shadow.'

'I wish you would explain who this Diana Rowney is, and what you mean about her diamonds,' I interrupted a little testily, for, truth to tell, I was beginning to fear that Phil

had some prize in view which I could not share.

'Why I thought the girls had told you about her. She is the daughter of some Indian merchant who made a fortune, and then just before he died turned it all into diamonds, which he left to his daughter on the condition that she did not attempt to sell them before she married. He made her take an oath, I believe, at least so she says, and she lives moderately on 60*l.* a-year, whilst she keeps her fortune in her jewel casket.'

'How much are they worth?' I inquired, with interest; 'and what kind of a girl is she?'

'You had better come down to Thornly Hall, and judge for yourself.'

As he spoke, Phil fixed his eye on me in a manner that I knew had a deep meaning.

'Well,' I said, 'what?'

'Shall we make a bargain, Jack? We've held to each through a good deal; shall we hold on still? We both want money, we both have a fancy for—well perhaps for a prettier girl than Diana Rowney; suppose we agree to toes up who is to be the sacrifice, and agree that the other shall receive a thousand pounds on the wedding day.'

'Phil! what a horrible, almost immoral idea!' I exclaimed virtuously.

'Well, I did not say it was agreeable, or particularly moral, did I? All I say is, it is necessary for me to get money somehow, even if I have to do something as bad as marrying an heiress. There!'

And Phil reared up his great person, gave his moustache a savage pull, and prepared to put on his greatcoat.

The result of that conversation was that, on the 21st of December a couple of tall (and though I say it, who should not), good-looking fellows, took first-class tickets by the Great Western down to Bridgewater.

I must also confess that on the previous night, after having passed a dreary hour looking over my entangled accounts, Philip had also contrived to beguile me into that

immoral 'toss up,' which was to decide whether the heiress or the thousand pounds were to be mine; and I was in uncommonly good spirits from having won the money. I could still meet Gerty Thornly with a free conscience.

Phil, I must say, bore his fate with a calmness truly philosophic; but I noticed even he avoided the subject of Blanche Grey, and if he ever mentioned love or women, spoke of them in a Byronic manner quite painful to hear. His feelings, however, must have been rather tried when, on arriving at Bridgewater, we found a whole party from the Hall come to meet us, amongst whom was Miss Grey, but not the Queen of Diamonds.

They kept up the old style of things at Thornly Hall. There were plenty of servants, good table, silver plate, and Christmas festivities; and besides this there were daughters with moderate portions, timber that must not be cut, and an eldest son, who, unfortunately for himself, was not Phil. I knew all this; and I was accustomed to the ways of the place, and I went to my room to dress for dinner in a frame of mind perfectly satisfied with my own position, and indeed that of all the world.

Alas! for human selfishness! I must confess I was so engrossed with my own pleasant meditations, that I had quite or almost forgotten that Phil was about to be sacrificed; and when he just poked his head into my room, and growled that 'he had just had a talk with the gov'nor, who was still savage as a bear, and that he must go in for her,' I scarcely remembered who the 'her' was. I was a little horrified when I did remember, for I must confess I had found Gerty more charming than ever (I think winter costume, especially that black-plumed hat, became her even more than airy summer muslins), and it made me almost shudder to think how I had tempted Fate.

It is astonishing what a purifying effect female society has on our brutal, male natures. Ten minutes after I had been in the company of the Misses Thornly and Blanche

Grey round that blazing fire, whilst we waited the summons to dinner, gold had become dross in my estimation; those luxuries of bachelor life I had been accustomed to consider necessities, the most insipid vanities that a man could burden himself with debt for. I grew virtuously strong; so much so, that I blushed when I thought of the object of that Christmas visit amongst those unsuspecting damsels, and resolved to do my best to prevent this evil-doing, even at the cost of my thousand; but even as I determined the door opened, and in came Phil, in his most *distingué* toilet, with a lady. Well, she was not handsome, unless an overdoing of every feature she possessed gave her a title to beauty. She had a very large Roman nose, very large black eyes, very, very bushy black eyebrows, very black hair, very large white teeth, and very red lips—lips and teeth which made you shudder and call to mind the old story of Red Ridinghood.

'What large teeth you have, grand-mamma!'

'All the better to eat you up, my dear!'

Somehow, whenever she opened her mouth, and turned her head in the snappish way which seemed peculiar to her, I fancied she was going to say that.

All the ladies made a move as they entered.

'Come and sit near the fire, Diana!' exclaimed Miss Thornly.

'Here's a cosy little corner, Di,' said Gerty.

'So there is here,' said Edith Holmes. 'Come by me, Diana.'

The Queen of Diamonds seemed a great favourite even amongst her own sex—that was comforting. However, Diana Rowney smiled graciously, and the butler at that moment announcing dinner, she accepted Phil's arm, and we all made a move to the dining-room.

Again I must acknowledge that the charms of my own position made me insensible to the trials of my friend; and it was only when he called to me, in rather a stern voice, to pass something at the dessert, that I observed, in spite of his

smiles, Phil was looking anything but contented.

Phil was a very fascinating fellow in his way, and had brass enough to give a dash to his soft attentions and sweet speeches, which quite distinguished him. He was handsome, too, and had a peculiarity about the eyes that pleased us men, so it was not to be wondered that the women adored him.

I watched him a little after that call, and I saw that he was going through the regular process with dark Diana, and apparently with success, for her great eyes were glowing like red-hot coals—I can't say stars—and she was laughing and talking, and paying him an attention as flattering as it was exclusive.

They grew a little noisy, too, and attracted general attention, approving I could see, from the bottom of the table, but not quite so much so from either Gerty or Blanche Grey. Indeed, the fair face of Miss Grey had looked very much puzzled ever since she had been at table; and Gerty now and then made wrong answers as a louder peal of laughter than usual came from Phil and Diana's corner.

Still, when Miss Thornly made the move, and the ladies left the room, Phil took his cambric handkerchief and passed it across his brow with a sigh, as if he had concluded some Herculean labour. He took a good deal of wine too afterwards.

That evening he was very assiduous in courting dark Diana, and showed, indeed, a firmness of purpose worthy of a better cause; but whether it was that the sharp fresh air of morning cooled his ardour, or that he found Diana still less inviting with that large Roman nose protruding from under a tiny black hat, I know not; but the next morning his attention fluctuated rather, and when in the morning ride his horse fell back beside Blanche, he seemed to find it difficult to urge him forward again to the assistance of Miss Rowney, who professed to be nervous on horseback; and when we happened to loiter together in the dining-room before luncheon, he

shrugged his shoulders most desperately, and whispered, 'If she would but come out with them all blazing about her, it would give me courage, Jack.'

Three days passed, however, and 'the Queen' did not come out in the 'blaze' poor Phil yearned for, as does the prisoner for sunshine. She wore a diamond brooch occasionally, which attracted our covetous gaze; but, as we both silently observed, that was not sufficiently tempting to make weight with Diana Rowney in the balance against either Gerty or Blanche.

A philosopher less interested than myself might have found a delightful combination of amusement and instruction in watching Phil's conduct those three days. He would have seen an amusing struggle between the man of the world and the man of nature; the man of wants and the man of taste. In the evening, after imbibing a certain quantity of sherry and port, Phil was Diana's slave, lounging with her in private corners, bending over her whilst she sang (songs which put your teeth on edge), decking her hair with camellias stolen from his sister's conservatory, and otherwise pursuing the object which brought us down to Thornly; but in the morning, somehow, he could not resist Blanche's attractions; and how, I know not, but we used constantly to fall into that same quartette, rambling through the leafless woods and roads in which we had contrived to pass so many hours of the last long vacation so satisfactorily.

I think the mornings made up to poor Blanche for all the puzzling desertion in the evening; and perhaps she believed what I heard Gerty assert one night, under cover of Diana's singing, 'Phil was obliged to be attentive, to please papa, you know.'

How this would have gone on—which lady would have carried the day—I know not, but I was getting rather doubtful about my thousand.

However, Christmas-eve came. There was to be a dance, and we gentlemen had gone through the usual exertion of decking the room with holly and such flowers as could

be got, and we had done the usual amount of flirtation likewise. I think the day had been trying to Phil on the whole, for I must say even I thought I had never seen Blanche look prettier than she did, now peeping through dark wreaths of laurel, now bending her golden head over the shiny holly. The opportunities, too, for love-making had been very abundant, and to have to make sweet speeches to Diana, after whispering them to blushing Blanche, must have been martyrdom, more especially when connected with a guilty conscience.

Phil did seem nervous for once in his life, and I remarked that he left the society of the drawing-room much sooner than he needed, to go and prepare for the dance; and on leaving myself for the same purpose half an hour afterwards, I saw the red spark of his cigar sauntering up and down the terrace. Now smoke in solitude proclaimed that Philip Thornly was uneasy in his mind, so I was not surprised, on descending to the ball-room some time afterwards, to find that he was still absent, nor to hear from Captain Johnson that he was still smoking away like a Turk in the cold night air.

Meanwhile the room began to fill, the music to play, and the usual routine of the ball to proceed. The scene was pretty enough to please the most fastidious eye, for the decorations were perfect, the lights admirably disposed, and certainly falling on 'fair women and brave men' in profusion; but it became dazzling when the door was thrown open, and Diana Rowney appeared in the blaze of all her fortune. Diamonds on her neck, diamonds in her ears, diamonds on her arms! Heavens! how she blazed beneath the lights, and how her great dark eyes shone with triumph as she saw the envious gaze fixed upon her.

Certainly, whether it was the fiend of avarice that put me on his spectacles or not I cannot say; but somehow, that dark woman with her glittering jewels *did* seem to cast the rest into the shadow. Even fair Blanche, till then the belle (except for Gerty) of the room, seemed to fade into something dim, and I

must say I thought cheerfully of the thousand pounds. Why, those diamonds must be worth an immense sum!

Dark Diana was soon surrounded by an admiring crowd, but she refused all offers until Philip Thornly appeared, and then she accepted his arm, and took her place in a quadrille. I do not know whether it was maliciously done or not, but she manoeuvred so that for her *vis-à-vis* she had Blanche Grey.

I had watched narrowly for Phil's entrance, for I would not have lost the effect of the first view of the Queen of Diamonds upon him for the world. I should be able to judge of my chance of the thousand pounds by it.

He bore the dazzling sight, however, with admirable composure; and Diana's eyes must have been more acute than mine, if she could detect either amazement, satisfaction, or admiration in the quiet glance with which he approached her and asked her to dance. Indeed he was more careless than usual; and as he led her forward, I heard him say, in an indifferent tone, 'that he had a headache, and felt hardly up to dancing.'

But he did dance—and with the Queen of Diamonds, too—to Blanche's grievous anger and astonishment; and he took her in to supper, and plied her with champagne, and quaffed copiously of the same himself; and then, when they came back again, they only took one waltz round the room, and retired to the conservatory.

Heavens! how that woman's eyes shone, as leaning heavily on Phil's arm, she passed through the glass door beside which I stood, with my arm round Blanche, taking breath for an instant.

'What are they going in there for?' Blanche said, quickly; and then she looked up in my face—and, whether she saw anything there ominous, I know not, for I felt almost as guilty as Phil, but she drew away from me, and, murmuring something about being tired, went and dropped quietly on a sofa in the corner.

I think, poor girl, she guessed all

about it; and I felt quite wretched as I looked at her, watching there from her corner that fatal door. She guessed she had lost Phil.

Gerty did too, I think; for suddenly her face lost its gaiety, and she went and sat down by Blanche, and wound her arm round her, silently, but in a manner very protecting and sympathetic.

I was not sorry when that evening came to an end; and I must acknowledge I went to my room feeling almost as guilty as if I had abetted a Gunpowder Plot.

‘Come in,’ I exclaimed; and the door opened, and Phil came in.

‘I’ve done it!’ he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and beginning to pull off his neckcloth as if it choked him.

‘Done what?’

‘Proposed to Diana Rowney: we are to be married in a month.’

I was prepared for the news, and so listened silently.

‘Of course,’ continued Phil, ‘it’s trying—very trying; not only for poor Blanche, but for me. Champagne only could have got me through it; and I see I must send an enormous supply to wherever we fix on for the honeymoon. The honeymoon!—only fancy a month of spooning on Diana, and from that to emerge into a family man! By Jove, Jack! I don’t know now whether I shall have the nerve to get through it.’

He took a cigar from my box as he spoke, and began to smoke vigorously.

The position was rather embarrassing, and I really scarcely knew whether to condole with my friend or congratulate him. I took a middle course—the philosophical one.

‘The diamonds are magnificent, Phil, and I dare say you’ll get used to domestic life in time.’

‘It wouldn’t have been so bad with Blanche, perhaps; but Diana!—and then, suppose—’

Phil hesitated, and his face grew perplexed.

‘Suppose what?’

‘Oh, nothing; only a ridiculous idea!’ But he got up as he spoke,

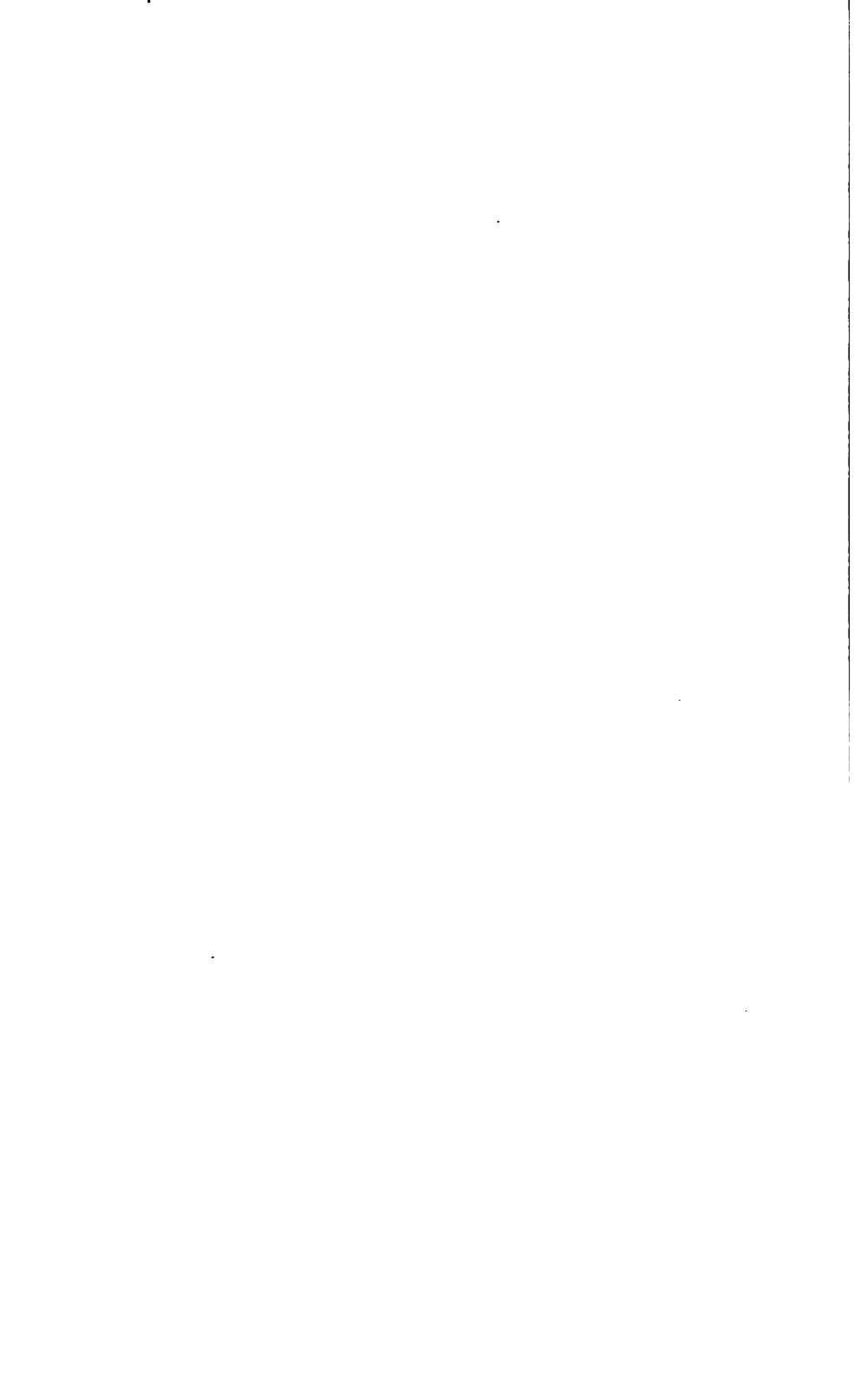
and lit his candle, with the same expression of uncomfortable perplexity; and I knew he took himself off so hastily because he was afraid of letting out the reason of it.

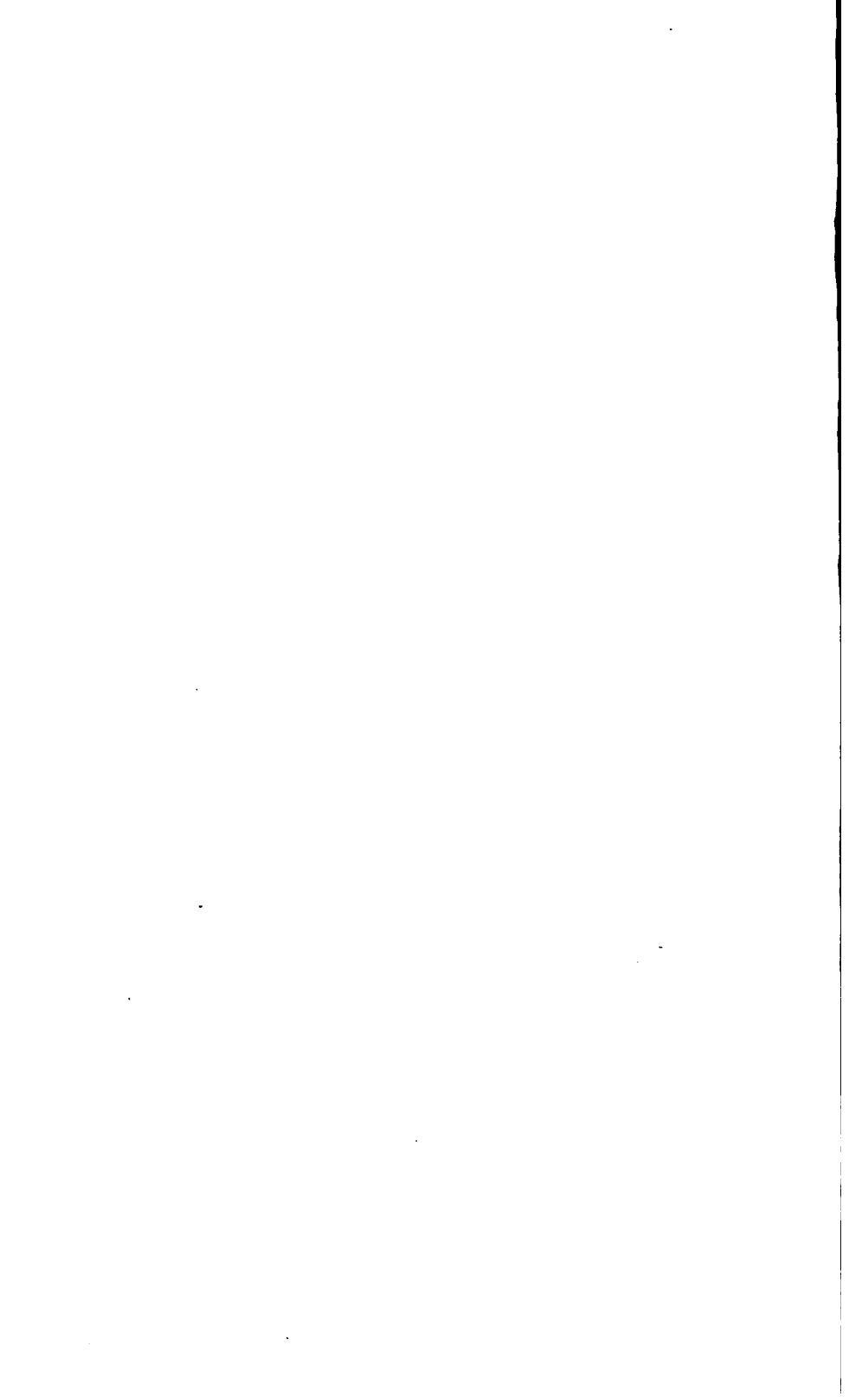
He came down the next morning though, looking very calm and composed; and neither he nor Diana displayed any of the usual embarrassment, when, in a slightly pompous manner, Mr. Thornly announced at the breakfast-table the happiness with which he contemplated adding so charming a daughter-in-law to his family circle. Certainly Blanche Grey was not there, having gone home with her father the night before; so there was no one to ‘forbid the banns,’ except Gerty, and she dared only do it by her indignant eyes.

The two went to church together, and otherwise behaved themselves like an engaged couple; and apparently all was going on in a satisfactory manner so long as I was at Thornly to keep my watch on them.

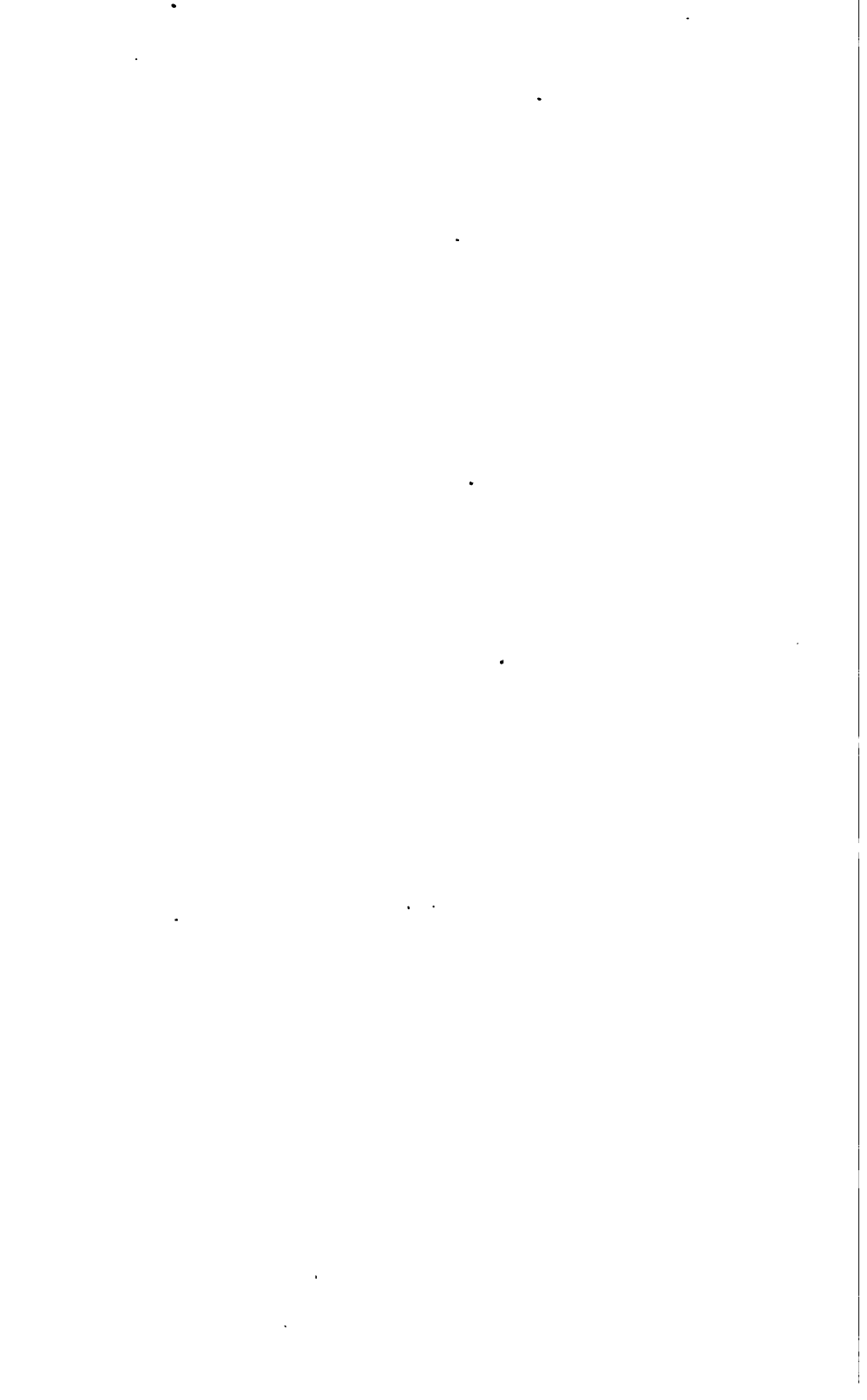
When I went back to London, I left Philip still courting away firmly and philosophically, and his last words to me at the station were, ‘It’s all right, Jack; as soon as possible, after the 14th of next month, you shall have your thousand.’

I saw very little of him again, till I received the important invitation. He came to my lodgings two or three times, but was always in a desperate hurry; and, beyond a hasty sentence or two, that all was going on well, he seemed to avoid reference to what neither of us had much reason to be proud of. I gathered from Gerty—who I met at a friend’s, to my inexpressible delight—the intelligence that, though Philip was a good deal at the Hall, Miss Rowney did not often come; she was making a round of visits among her Irish friends previous to her marriage, it was believed; but she and Phil corresponded regularly. About settlements, Gerty did not know much; but she said Phil was quite satisfied, and papa had promised to allow him 300*l.* a year.









I must say I looked forward to the 14th with some anxiety, however. In spite of things looking so easy and comfortable, I could not quite believe that the marriage would take place. That Diana Rowney would really become Philip's wife seemed impossible. But day after day passed, and I heard nothing of the affair being either broken off or delayed; and on the 12th of February I found myself travelling down to Thornly Hall, to fulfil my promise of acting best man to my old friend.

The party I found gathered ready for the wedding was small, but just what it ought to have been; and, apparently, all was going a great deal smoother than the course of true love is properly supposed to do. The bridegroom elect was very attentive; the bride very calm, and not too *exigeante*; the bridesmaids good-tempered, and the papa ditto. We were not quite so merry, perhaps, as at Christmas, but we were very cheerful. The only time when my spirits flagged at all, was when I found the bride's great black eyes fixed on me, or when she smiled at me with her 'wolf' lips. Diana did not like me. Whether she suspected anything or not, I do not know; but I felt that when Miss Rowney became Mrs. Philip Thornly, I should be allowed to see very little of their domestic felicity.

I think Phil saw this too, ah! and a few other things beside; for now and then he would retire to the terrace for the solitary smoke, so indicative of mental depression. He avoided me still; and it was therefore with some surprise that I heard his heavy quick step coming along the corridor towards my door, the eve of the wedding.

'I may come and have my smoke, Jack, I suppose?' he said, poking his bearded, handsome face into the room.

'Of course, old fellow, and I shall be honoured by your company. You don't often favour me now,' I returned, pulling my own chair towards the fire and pointing to the arm-chair opposite.

Phil seated himself and carefully lighted his pipe, and then smoked

away in silence for at least ten minutes.

'I feel, Jack,' at length he said, looking unutterably wretched, 'as if I were come to say the last few words before execution. I had no idea matrimony required such nerve—as much, ay, more than having a tooth drawn.'

'And, unfortunately, it's not so soon over,' I remarked.

'No, indeed!' And the groan that followed that remark almost brought tears to my eyes.

'Must it be, Phil? have you quite made up your mind? After all, a wife's a wife, and one soon spends a fortune; and then—then suppose—'

'Suppose what?' said Phil, with a start that made me jump so I let my meerschaum fall into the fender.

'Thank heaven it is not broken!'

'Suppose what?' reiterated Phil, inconsideably enough.

'It's real,' I began, pettishly, alluding to my pipe.

'Of course it is; she would not have given it to me unless, particularly after all the fuss I made. I don't know much about gems, but—'

'What the deuce are you talking about?' I interrupted. 'Your head is quite turned by Diana's diamonds. I was talking about my pipe.'

'Your pipe! tush!' Phil spoke quite viciously, and I felt so offended that I became solemnly sulky for five minutes. At length, however, Phil, who was evidently longing for sympathy, could bear it no longer. 'Jack,' he said, 'to tell you the truth, I came to consult you.'

I condescended to look more affable. 'I am not a philosopher or a sage, Phil; but you're welcome to my advice, such as it is,' I said, with modest dignity.

'Well, look here.'

As he spoke, Philip took from his pocket a tiny morocco case, and opening it, handed it to me. It contained a diamond ring, elaborately set.

I must confess I do not understand gems, and, though I tried to examine it with the air of a connoisseur, I am afraid I failed signally.

'Come, Jack, you know you know no more about diamonds than I do.

Don't make faces, but just listen. This afternoon Diana gave me that ring.'

'Very handsome of her, I'm sure.'

'Well, I don't know. We had been talking about the jewels, you see, and though I tried not to appear too much interested, I don't know that I succeeded, for she fixed her black eyes on me in an awful manner, and then, after making some excuse for keeping the best of the diamonds in her own possession, she brought me this, and begged me to accept it.'

'Well!'

'Well, Jack, I must confess I do feel horribly uneasy. Ever since I have been engaged I have been haunted by an awful suspicion. Suppose, Jack, suppose those diamonds were false!'

He uttered this in a low, awful tone; and then, lying back, puffed away silently.

'It would be horrible,' I said: 'but the same idea has occurred to me.'

'It has! Ah, then, that decides me! To-morrow, Jack, I shall take that ring to a jeweller at Bridgewater. I am not going to marry Diana for nothing.'

As he spoke, Phil rose up; and, in spite of my invitation to remain a little longer, prepared to take himself off, in a mood of desperate resolution, to his own room.

'The—the ceremony doesn't take place till eleven o'clock,' he said, as he gently opened the door. 'I shall start early, Jack; and if I am not back before you all get to church, meet me at the western door, will you?'

'Oh, you're sure to be back; Bridgewater's not five miles off.'

'I shall try, you may be sure. Good-night.' And away he went.

I was prepared for some of what came to pass the next day; but not for all.

There we were, all waiting in the church; the clergyman in his surplice, the bride surrounded by her bridesmaids; all waiting for the bridegroom. Phil had not appeared. A quarter of an hour lengthened into half, and still he came not; and then the three-quarters struck, and still he came not.

Mr. Thornly grew nervous, and, as usual, began to use bad language. Gerty turned pale, and the guests began to whisper. The bride alone maintained perfect composure, sitting in her pew. It was only when she caught sight of Blanche Grey (who had proudly demanded to be present at Phil's wedding) that she looked the least troubled. For my own part, I went every two minutes to the western door.

The clock had just struck the quarter to twelve, when I saw a man on horseback riding quickly towards the church, and I immediately signalled the information to the rest, who thereupon placed themselves in position at the altar.

I never felt so relieved in all my life; but, as I stood watching, my blood grew chill. That man was not Phil Thornly!

He came up and dismounted, and then gave me a paper. I knew what it contained before I saw the words; and if the note had not been snatched from my hands by Mr. Thornly, I don't know that I should have done more than throw it down and rush off wildly.

'The ring is false. I am off to Paris.—P. T.'

Mr. Thornly read out the words in a perfect fury. 'What does he mean?—what the deuce does he mean?' he cried.

'I can explain, sir,' said Diana's voice, calmly, whilst a scornful smile spread itself over her pale face. 'Your son imagines I have deceived him about my diamonds, and he has left me; he declines the alliance.'

'But this is scandalous.'

'It is a little more than I expected, certainly. However, come, Mr. Thornly, let us return to the Hall; and at any rate let me vindicate my honour. Send for a jeweller, if you please.'

Diana looked really dignified for once; and I think she was the only one of the bridal party who left the church with anything like dignity. As for Blanche, she was terribly flushed, and kept squeezing my arm, whispering, 'I thought this horrid marriage would never come off; and then poor Philip was so dreadfully

hard-up! She was the only one, I believe, who felt she might rejoice in Philip's escape at all hazards.

We were soon all assembled in the old Hall, with Diana, still in her bridal dress, unlocking her jewel-casket solemnly, and pompously delivering jewel after jewel into Mr. Thornly's hand, to be passed by him to the jeweller (who had been sent for), to be examined. The silence was great, the excitement equally so; and I really scarcely knew whether to consider Philip and myself as villains or fools, when, after careful testing, the jeweller pronounced Diana Rowney to be a Queen of true and excellent Diamonds!

She waited till the man was out of the room, and then, turning her great eyes triumphantly upon us all, she said:

'This is not the first time I have gone through a similar scene. I know men will court me, as Philip Thornly has, for my diamonds; and

this is the test I put them to. The ring I gave Philip *was* false. This, however, has been a case of "diamond cut diamond." And then, without another word, she walked out of the room, and an hour after had left Thornly, in the same carriage which was to have borne her away a wife.

I telegraphed the news to Philip—whom, I believe, his father disinherited on the spot—and retired myself immediately to my own lodgings.

The Queen of Diamonds had been too much for us; and, to use Philip's words, 'there we were where we were before.'

Fortunately for him, two of his good aunts died a few months after all this, leaving him their savings; whereupon he returned to England, and, I believe, contemplates Blanche again. Otherwise he would be at this moment vegetating, or, as Blanche says, 'pining' at Boulogne.

GAMBLING SKETCHES.

The Closing and Opening of a Couple of Rhine Rursaxls.

PART I.—HOMBOURG VOR DER HÖHE.

I. THE SALONS DE JEU.



CURIOSITY, accidental proximity to the spot, dyspepsia, a passion for play, the desire to put an elaborate mathematical calculation, which had been revolving in my brain for months, to the test, one, or more, or possibly none of these reasons took me to Hombourg vor der Höhe—Hombourgs monts—Hombourg

among the mountains, as it is called, to distinguish it from other Hombourgs far and near—just as March was piping his farewell symphonies by way of prelude to the coming spring. The weather, which was unusually cold, became more chilly as the evening drew in. The sun set in an agitated sea of clouds. The Taunus mountains were a mass of deep opaque blue, against which the white walls of Hombourg Schloss stood out in full relief. Hombourg, for the time of year, seemed to be overflowing with life. A

perfect crowd alighted from the railway train. Droskies rattled along the Luisenstrasse. The Kursaal was ablaze with light. Stylishly dressed women and men, in evening and lounging costume, paced the long corridor or flitted through the ante-rooms. The concert hall was three parts filled. The *salons de jeu*, if not inconveniently crowded, had their full complement of players. There were the same calculating old fogies, the same *blasé* looking young men, the same young girls and full-blown women, with a nervous quivering about the lips, the same old sinners of both sexes whom one has known at these places the last ten or fifteen years, busily engaged at *trente et quarante*. At the roulette table, too, one had no difficulty in recognizing the old familiar set. The handsome-looking young Russian noble who 'spots the board' with louis—the fat bejewelled-fingered Jew who seeks to emulate the Muscovite seigneur with florins—the Englishman and his wife, evidently residents—who play against each other, quite unconsciously, at opposite ends of the table—the youthful, yet 'used-up' little French marquis, who dresses in the English fashion, and brings with him his own particular pocket rake, that he may hook in his golden rouleaux the more readily—the elegantly dressed, shrivelled, hag-faced woman who plays for the run on the colours—the nervous careworn young Englishman, who plays heavily against the see-saw, with other nervous fellow-countrymen staking their rouleaux or their double Fredericks on *douze premier, milieu, or dernier*—professional gamblers, well and ill-dressed, with sharply-defined Mephistophelean features, quick, restless eyes, and villanously compressed lips, who, after trying all systems, generally get landed croupiers or black legs in the end—seedy-looking Poles of the last emigration, who prudently place their florins *à cheval, transversal, and le carré*, and deep calculating Germans, who make ventures with painful hesitation, and after long intervals of abstention, and, as a matter of course, almost invariably lose; with *filles du monde*—French,

German, English, Polish, Italian, and Jewish—of every nationality—most of them young—so young, in fact, that the world may well be called their mother, robed like princesses, and be-coiffured, be-jewelled, and be-gloved as only *filles du monde* ever seem to be, and who lay down their louis with charming indifference, though with a decided partiality for 'quatre premier' and 'zero.' These, with the watchful old women and Germans of hang-dog look that beset every public gambling-table, waiting for a chance to pounce upon the stakes of the more unsuspecting players, are some of the characters which we recognized around the roulette table that night, when the play ruled high and the players were more than usually eager.

It wants but little more than a minute to eleven, the hour the bank closes. Croupier proclaims that the wheel is about to whirl, and the marble be set spinning for the last time. As is commonly the case after this notification has been given, the stakes are numerous and heavy. Nervous young Englishman has half a dozen 1000-franc notes on 'rouge'—Muscovite seigneur has burst open three rouleaux to spot the board—fat-fingered Jew tries to follow suit with florins—puny looking French marquis piles up his notes on 'passe'—deep calculating Germans once more put their systems to the test—shrivelled old woman in satins still plays for the 'run'—gamblers of every degree back their luck—young *filles du monde*, this time, languidly push their louis to any part of the table except 'zero.' The wheel revolves; click goes the marble, careering along on its uncertain course. '*Rien ne va plus.*' The marble has ceased its gyrations, the revolutions of the wheel are checked, and 'Zero'—'O word of fear, unwelcome to the gambler's ear'—is proclaimed aloud by the croupier. The bank sweeps the board,* hauls in by this one coup upwards of 1000*l.* sterling, at which Muscovite seigneur—careworn, nervous Englishman—puny-

* When 'Zero' turns up at the last round, the bank sweeps away all the stakes.

looking, used-up Gallic marquis—hag in satins—seedy Poles—fat-fingered Jews, deep-pondering Germans, professional gamblers, and *filles du monde*, retire from the *salon* in disgust.

II.—DEATH AT THE HUNTING-LODGE.

This, though no one suspected it at the time, was the last whirl of the Hombourg roulette wheel for many a day to come—pity it were not for ever—that wheel which has been revolving for twelve hours per diem, save on one day in the year (the fête day of the patron saint of the town), ever since the inauguration of the Kursaal, 'after an appropriate service, and with the usual solemnities,'* on the 17th day of August, 1843, a period of well-nigh a quarter of a century.

For on the following morning, in a lone hunting-lodge at the end of the long stately poplar avenue, and on the skirts of the fir-forest that stretches to the foot of the Taunus mountains, while the snow flakes are drifting against the window-panes, and settling on the roof, an old man of eighty-three lies wrestling with death. When life, at upwards of fourscore, is summoned to so unequal a contest, who doubts of the result? Precisely at seven o'clock, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, high-born sovereign-landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, and oldest reigning prince in Europe, expired in the arms of two weeping, widowed women—one his niece, the Princess Reuss, the other his aged sister, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Landgrave Ferdinand Henry Frederick was the last survivor of a family of eight brothers, four of whom preceded him in the government of the Landgravate. Their father, Frederick V., was ejected by Napoleon from the principality of Hesse-Hombourg in the year 1806, but he had the good luck to get it restored to him, with the province of Meisenheim, beyond the Rhine, by the Vienna Congress. All his sons were, of course, soldiers, and

several of them gallant ones. Frederick, who married a daughter of our George III., fought in Hungary against the Turks, commanded the first column at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in engagements at Dijon and Lyons in 1814, receiving in these various actions some half-a-dozen wounds. Louis William, who succeeded him, was a Prussian general of infantry, and fought with desperate courage at Lautern, Grossbeeren, and Dennewitz, and subsequently at Leipsic, where, while in command of the three Prussian battalions which forced the Grimma gate and effected an entrance into the town, he was severely wounded and carried off from the field of battle. Philip, another brother, also fought at Leipsic, in Italy, and on the Rhine, and received his fair share of wounds if not of glory.

Ferdinand, the late Landgrave, held a command in the Austrian service, and fought with some distinction in his younger days against the French in Italy. He succeeded to the Landgravate at an unfortunate moment—in the year of revolutions—1848—when, like many other potentates, he found himself forced to confer a constitution on his subjects, which, like other potentates, he withdrew so soon as all danger was past. He had the grace, however, to abolish civil death—that is, the abrogation of all civil rights to which political offenders were then subject, and also the right of confiscation, the pillory, branding, and the stick. Landgrave Ferdinand's distinguishing characteristic was, however, this—he was the champion of public gambling, a true paladin of the croup, who set the Frankfort parliament at defiance, and disregarded all remonstrances on the part of his fellow sovereigns earnestly desirous of putting down a gigantic evil, of getting rid of a monstrous public scandal, the disgrace of which they felt attached itself to the entire German people.

Ferdinand simply looked at the matter from one point of view. He found that by driving a hard bargain with the gang of French and German speculators who farmed from him the right of keeping open

* Vide Hombourg Guide Book.

the gambling salons at Hombourg, he could have the town paved, and lighted with gas, and supplied with water, and improved and beautified, all for nothing; and, moreover, that he could attract thither a gay company, prodigal of expenditure, and so give a fillip, as it were, to trade. Even the country people, too, shared in the common benefit, for a market was opened to them for their pigs and their poultry, their butter and their milk, their grapes, their apples, and their eggs. And more than this, he contrived to extract a considerable annual money payment from the Kursaal, which went some way towards the pay of his standing army of 488 men, and thereby lightened the general burthen of taxation.

III.—HOMBOURG IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

Hombourg, all unconscious of the loss it has sustained, had begun to bestir itself for another routine day. Burgermeister Stumpff and Polizei-Director des Noyer, were giving directions for clearing the streets of the snow, when a mounted groom, booted and spurred, and wearing the Landgrave's livery, dashed into the town with a letter from Dr. Muller, Landgrave's physician in ordinary, to Burgermeister Stumpff, announcing the Landgrave's decease. The two officials were equal to the duties which they plainly saw devolved upon them. The Burgermeister writes hurried notes to Military Commandant and Chief-Justice Zurbuch, and summons a meeting of councillors at the Amt-haus; municipal official telegram is despatched to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the requisite steps are taken to carry on the government of the town and Landgrave until his Serene Highness's pleasure shall become known.

There are no disaffected people in this quiet little principality for Polizei - Director des Noyer to place under surveillance or arrest; the only dangerous class he has any knowledge of is the class blackleg, at the Kursaal. He contents himself, therefore, with notifying the event to some few of the chief in-

habitants, and then betakes himself to the residences of the Kurhaus-Commissärs, whom he apprizes of the melancholy intelligence, intimating at the same time that it will necessitate the closing of the Kursaal till further orders.

Military Commandant does not think it necessary to take any special precautions; the sentinels are not even doubled, nor are the troops generally ordered to remain under arms. Shopkeepers close up their shops again, and engage in earnest conversation with each other at their doorsteps; hotel-keepers pull long faces; money-changers are the very pictures of despair.

Kurhaus-Commissärs meet and issue orders for the doors of the *salons de jeu* to be double-locked, for the band to be prohibited from playing, for a *relâche* at the Théâtre Français, and for a written notice to be immediately affixed in the vestibule of the Kursaal, apprising visitors and the public generally, that 'in token of mourning for the loss of their high-born, well-beloved sovereign-Landgrave, the *salons de jeu* are closed until further notice.' All of which is duly done.

IV.—EXCITEMENT AT THE KURSAAL.

News, like the railway train, travels anything but briskly in small German states, even when it chances to tell of a ruler's death; and those who heard of the event the last, were precisely those who thought they ought to have been apprised of it the first. These were the patrons of the Kursaal. Precisely at 11 o'clock, they began to sally forth from the different hotels, sauntered leisurely into the Kurhaus, passed along the handsome corridor, crossed the vestibule, took the well-known lobby on the left hand that leads into the large ante-room, tried the doors of the *salons de jeu*, and found them—locked! Yes, there was no mistake about it, actually locked! What on earth had happened? Had some dishonest director or croupier bolted in the night with all the cash, and left the bank without the wherewithal to meet its foes. More than one

astonished individual had, according to his own account, known Hombourg Kursaal for upwards of twenty years, and such a thing had never happened before. Where were all the officials? Where the tall *chasseurs* who did flunkies' duty at the Kurhaus? One and all were absent from their posts. To whom was one to appeal for an explanation? At length the notice-board is referred to, and there—hemmed in by a crowd of announcements of yesterday's rates of exchange on the Frankfort Bourse, of the times of departure and arrival of the railway trains, of the programmes of the day's concert and the evening's theatrical performance, of the prohibition against children entering the *salons de jeu*—and grown people even—without duly authorized tickets, of the terms for lessons in German, music, and singing,—the official notification (drawn up by order of Kurhaus - Commissaire) of the Landgrave's death, and the consequent closing of the salons, is discovered, and read, and re-read, word for word.

Deeply disgusted individual presents himself at Commissariat-bureau; asks for an explanation of that dubious phrase 'until further notice.' Does it mean next day, next week, next month, or next year? Kurhaus Commissioner is very polite; but he can afford him no more exact information than can be gleaned from the notice itself. Disgusted individual retires, and communicates the result of his interview to the crowd of disappointed gamblers who have by this time assembled in the vestibule. Discussion soon becomes animated. 'What's the best thing to do?' each one asks his fellow; 'remain in this dull hole, or run over to Frankfort or Wiesbaden?' Among the Babel of tongues, one overhears this little dialogue between two indignant fellow-countrymen.

'When will they bury him?'

'Can't say.'

'It won't be long first, for they have a capital law abroad, you know; corpses mustn't be kept above ground for more than eight-and-forty hours.

'Yes, but he's a Landgrave.'

'What of that? Why, didn't the papers the other day have an account of a French bishop, who had been buried alive, petitioning the Senate against this law, and it wouldn't listen to him? Surely a French bishop—and he was a cardinal, too, I think—is as good as any German Landgrave. Besides, he's eighty-three; not much chance of his ever coming to life again. I don't see why they shouldn't tuck the old boy underground within the next eight-and-forty hours, and fling open the doors of the Kursaal.'

'Yes, but you see, German people are so confoundedly slow. What Sterne says is quite true—they do manage these things better in France.'

V.—INDIFFERENCE AT THE SCHLOSS.

While this sort of excitement prevails at the Kursaal, how is it, thought we, up at the old Schloss; and to the Schloss we betake ourselves. There life seemed to be going on very much the same as usual. Sentinels paced unconcernedly up and down; soldiers sat smoking and playing cards in the guard-room; a great waggon of firewood was being unladen in the outer court, while the children from the neighbouring school scampered in and out among the logs. We pass through that marvellous gateway which leads to the inner court, and the outside of which is sculptured over with the arms and quarterings of a long line of Landgraves and their many high and mighty alliances, and which has on its inside an equestrian statue of Frederick, with the silver leg, clad in a suit of plate armour, his head enveloped in a splendid, full-bottomed wig, vaulting, as it were, through an opening above the archway, as though he contemplated alighting in the paved court below. Passing through this gateway, we note the tall Swiss porter sunning himself at the entrance to the private apartments, and catch sight of the cook gossiping with the butcher at the buttery-door. Young girls drawing water from the fountain, are chat-

tering together as only young girls and magpies chatter; and each, I find, has a saucy answer for the sentinol, should he venture to address her as she passes by with her pails and cans. Old women are raking the flower-beds of the terrace-garden, and the gardener is busy nailing up his wall-trees. Whether it is Landgrave Ferdinand or Grand Duke Ludwig is all one, it seems, to these people. In the left wing

of the Schloss the blinds are drawn down, which is the only visible symbol of death having, but a few hours since, struck down its late owner.

VI.—A PATENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

On Sunday morning, when the Hombourg people turned out of their beds, they found the town



placarded over with a 'Patent,' signed by Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, wherein was set forth the death of the high-born Sovereign Landgrave, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, and, in accordance with treaties, the consequent absorption of the Landgravate into the parent Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt; whereupon the Grand Duke notifies that he assumes the reins of government, and enjoins due and loving submission to his lawful authority.

On the heels of this patent comes a notice from the Grand Ducal Chamberlain commanding a fort-

night's mourning for the late well-beloved Landgrave, who, dressed up in his Austrian Field-Marshal-Lieutenant's uniform, is to lie in state in the Hall of Audience of the gaunt old Schloss, with his shako and his cavalry sabre, and his stars and garters at the coffin's foot. April 8 is appointed a day of 'penitence and prayer' (*Buss-und-Betttag*). The effect of this on the visitors is electric. Hotel bills are hastily called for, portmanteaus are hurriedly packed; luggage-laden droskies rattle along the Luisenstrasse, bound for the railway station, where it is found necessary to add on extra

carriages to the departing trains. It is a stampede, in fact—one would think Hombourg was plague-stricken. Deserted are the handsome corridors and splendid salons of the Kursaal, deserted the reading-rooms and the restaurant, the terrace and the Kurgartens, the baths and the wells, the hotels and the lodging-houses. Hotel and lodging-house keepers, bankers and money-changers, shopkeepers, waiters, commissioners, porters, drosky-drivers, even the director of the 'Lombard' establishment, all contribute their several notes of wailing to the universal moan.

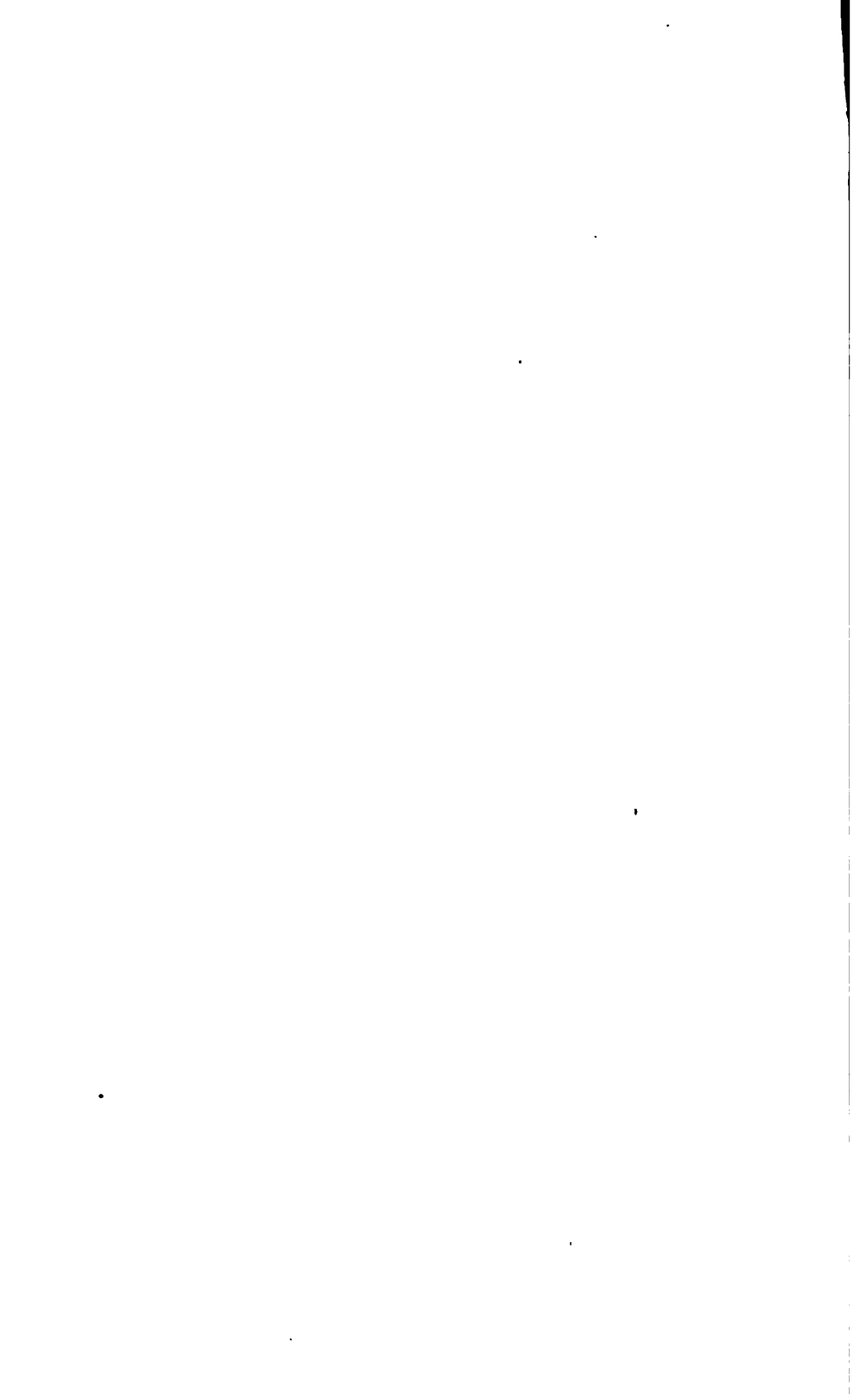
PART II.—WIESBADEN.

I. SPECULATIONS.

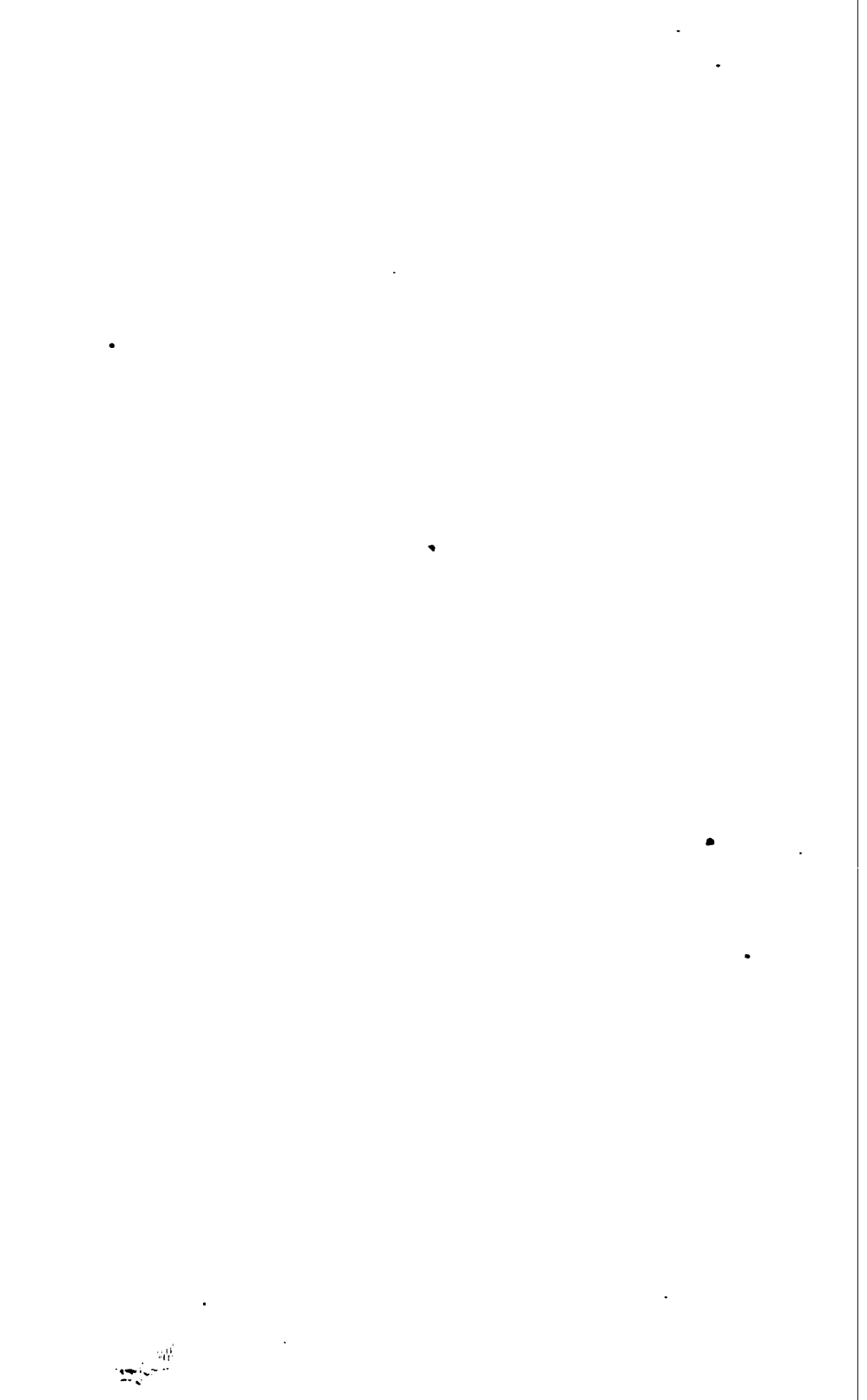
Finding oneself the last remaining visitor in Hombourg, which under its gayest aspects is anything but a lively town, and in sackcloth and ashes is simply intolerable, we pack up our portmanteau, and, following the stream of emigration, turn our back upon the place.

I had for several days past observed advertisements in unusually large type on the back pages of the foreign journals, announcing the 'Overture du Kursaal' at Wiesbaden on April 1, so to Wiesbaden I betook myself, that I might be present at the coming ceremony. One had seen a good number of *ouvertures* in one's time. British parliaments, French Chambers of Deputies and Corps Legislatifs, Spanish Cortes, Dutch Staten-Generaals, Bavarian Walhallas, Grand London and Paris International Exhibitions and Sydenham Crystal Palaces, together with coronations at London, Paris, and Moscow, meetings of crowned heads, royal marriages, receptions of emperors, kings, warriors, and patriots; but one had never seen the opening of a Kursaal. What was it like? What, thought we, will be the attendant ceremony? Something impressive, most unquestionably; for the Kursaal, be it remembered, is an acknowledged institution on the Rhine, 'inaugurated with an appropriate service and the usual solemnities.'

Will his Serene Highness the Herzog of Nassau, thought we, drive over from that brickdust-tinted, rickety old Schloss of his at Biebrich, where groups of battered headless statues crown the semicircular central front, and accompanied by chamberlains and a military escort, and by the Kurhaus-Commissärs, who on such an occasion would occupy, befittingly enough, the posts of his ordinary responsible advisers, go in state to the Kursaal, and from a temporary throne in the ball-room deliver a speech to the assembled audience, addressing a portion of those present as 'high-born, well-experienced players at rouge et noir,' as though—the stakes being higher at this game—they were a sort of upper chamber, and the other portion simply as 'gamblers of the roulette table,' as if they were the lower house? Will he, thought we, express the pleasure he feels at again meeting them, and after thanking them for their liberal supplies of last year—the result of that system of high play which he will always do his best to encourage—point out to them the requirements of the coming season, the estimates for which will, of course, have been prepared with a due regard to economy, consistent with the efficiency of the service of the Kursaal; and which comprise the erection of a new orchestra in the Kurgarten, of a new fountain in the Theater-Platz, and probably the engagement of Mdlle. Patti and that other *diva* named of the 'Alcazar,' Mdlle. Thérèse, for a limited number of nights? Will he next express his gratification at the friendly assurances he continues to receive from those various petty potentates who, like himself, foster public gambling—from young King Leopold of the Belgians, who he trusts will follow in his venerated father's footsteps, and resist all attempts to suppress the gaming tables at Spa—from his Serene Highness of Baden-Baden, who he is happy to hear has recently renewed the lease of M. Benazet—from the Prince of Monaco and the Elector of Hesse-Cassel? Will he then express his deep regret at the irreparable loss which the cause







their gayest apparel. The railway trains bring crowds of strangers. The living stream flows steadily towards the Kursaal. What numbers of pretty girls, all seemingly so happy; what a multitude of handsome children, charming little maidens, and beautiful fair-haired, chubby-faced boys. How is it that these last grow up, for the most part, such plain-looking men? Is it the smoking and the beer drinking that do the mischief? The pipe, we know, is hardly ever out, and there are beer gardens where the *kellner* watches your flagon, and replenishes it when empty with lightning speed—where the rule is to fill and evermore to fill until the command be given to stop. No wonder that he who drinks beer not only thinks beer, as Longfellow says, but looks beer as well.

Somewhat before 10 o'clock a crowd of well-dressed, and, to all appearance, most respectable-looking men—many of them possibly fathers of families and props of the State—congregate round one of the side entrances, and are instantly admitted. These, reader, you would hardly believe to be the croupiers—that unfortunate race vilified of all men. To what lower level do they descend when age and infirmities overtake them—when they are no longer quick of eye, and the hand has lost its cunning! It is commonly believed that, victims to the fascination of play, on receipt of their salaries they resort to some neighbouring kursaal, and there work out their little systems until they have parted with their last florin. In this case they can put nothing by. Possibly the Rhine potentates who encourage public gambling and the administrations of the different kursaals, with M. Benazet and M. Blanc at their head, have already provided a befitting asylum for these men in their advanced years—an asylum, in fact, for meritorious aged and infirm croupiers. If not, I commend the suggestion to their earnest consideration.

After the croupiers come other individuals of greater importance—Kurhaus-Commissärs, directors, and

inspectors, who are received with every demonstration of respect by the doorkeepers; but there is neither ducal presence, nor representative, nor chamberlain, nor military escort. Crowds of eager strangers are congregated outside the building, vainly endeavouring to peer into what is going on inside. At length the windows of the *salons de jeu* are flung open, as if to say to the assembled multitude, 'Come and see for yourselves; all is ready, and precisely as the clock strikes 11 play will commence.' And true enough there are the tables covered with the well-known *tapis vert*—there the tall chairs of the croupiers and the croups themselves arranged on either side of the roulette wheel in symmetrical fashion. The roulette wheel itself is boxed up, and as yet there are no rouleaux in the *cuisines*; but bide awhile, all will be complete in due course.

The windows are closed again, and as 11 o'clock draws nigh, I saunter into the *salon* to see what is going forward. The opening ceremony proved to be a very simple one. Round the table are grouped the croupiers; presently enters a stalwart Kursaal flunkey, in dark blue livery and the stiffest of starched cravats, attended by croupiers on either side, and bearing on his shoulder a heavy oaken brass-bound chest, which he deposits on the *tapis vert*. Following him comes Kurhaus-Commissär with key of said chest, which he flings down triumphantly on the table. The chest is double and treble unlocked, and a large leathern bag taken out of it, from whence are taken numerous smaller leathern bags filled with rouleaux and demi-rouleaux of Fredericks d'or and double Fredericks d'or, of louis, of florins, and double florins, thalers, and five-franc pieces. These are all systematically arranged on the table, and Kurhaus-Commissär, producing a formidable-looking tabular document, seats himself, and calls first for the bank-notes, which are taken from a little green case which opens and shuts with a secret spring. These being counted and found correct, the rouleaux of gold and silver coin are

next told over, every croupier eye watching to see that no mistake is made. All seems to be right, for Kurhaus-Commissär folds up the paper and rises from his seat. Chief croupiers, under inspector's superintendence, now proceed to fill the *caissons* with bank-notes and coin—in other words, to make what is called the bank.

At this moment the strains of martial music are heard, the doors of the *salons* are thrown wide open, and a stream of people flows in. Here are officers in various uniforms—in long white great coats and long green ditto; in short white tunics with blue or scarlet collars and cuffs; short green tunics embroidered with gold lace, and dark rifle green tunics embroidered with black braid;

many among them booted and spurred, and with their cavalry sabres clanking on the ground. Here, too, are elegantly-dressed, matronly-looking women, and the prettiest of *frauleins* in the most piquant of costumes, and grave heads of families of portly presence, and men and women of various nationalities, old and middle-aged and young, including clerks and shopkeepers, idle people, professed gamblers, chance tourists, and simple holiday folk. Ah! come ye on to your inevitable fate—wasps, butterflies, bluebottles, bees, drones, gnats, gadflies, though you be, you are all destined, sooner or later, to be broken on yonder roulette wheel by these modern 'Bandits of the Rhine.'

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE scene is Florence—*la bella Firenze*—and the imaginary conversationalists are 'Alfieri and Solomon the Florentine Jew.' The latter is addressing the former. 'Look,' he says, in continuation of an apology for the cultured honours of his native city, in the glorious past the capital of the Medici, and at present the metropolis designate of a renovated Italian kingdom—'look,' he says, 'from the window. That cottage in the declivity was Dante's: that square and large mansion, with a circular garden before it elevated artificially, was the first scene of Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' A boy might stand at an equal distance between them, and break the windows of each with his sling. What idle fabricator of crazy systems will tell me that climate is the creator of genius? The climate of Austria is more regular and more temperate than ours, which I am inclined to believe is the most variable in the whole universe, subject, as you have perceived, to heavy fogs for two months in winter, and to a stifling heat, concentrated within the hills, for five more. Yet a single man of genius hath never appeared in the

whole extent of Austria, an extent several thousand times greater than our city; and this very street hath given birth to fifty. * * * Smile as you will, Signor Conte: what must I think of a city where Michel-Angelo, Frate Bartolomeo, Ghiberti (who formed them), Guicciardini, and Machiavelli were secondary men? And certainly such they were, if we compare them with Galileo, and Boccacio, and Dante.'

A Florentine Jew, we should opine, is a variety, for warlike unsympathies, for subtle delicacy of taste, all but unmatchable in Europe; for he exhibits in his own person the intellectual privileges of his birth as a member of the proudest ethnological aristocracy in the world, and as a denizen of a city whose inhabitants had plucked from misfortune the double-stock of subtlety and endurance, the one tolerable flower amongst the bitter herbs that go to make up the wreath of effeminacy and subordination. One can imagine the distended nostril of such a speaker as he vengefully flashes back the glittering taunt upon the oppressors of so large a portion of that country, to which, although a native, his heart professes

only to owe the secondary allegiance of a foster-child.

The fellow-townsmen of Dante, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Boccaccio, Galileo, and Machiavelli,—the man who daily lounged through the lengths of galleries, libraries, and gardens, where the shades of the great departed flit before him as numerous as the gods that jostled in the Pantheon of ancient Greece—happy for such a man, exile though he be from the Zion of his ancestors, that another *patria* is possible than the material one, and that at Florence his intellect may dwell in a home where genius radiates its delicate cross pencils to give prismatic glory to the sunlight.

If the reader does not happen to know how much he, simply as a reader, is indebted to Florence,—if he cannot, along the illustrious succession of our English litterateurs, trace back their genealogy to Florence, as to a literary Ararat—one is tempted, in default of space, to set forth the several links of this golden chain, to pray for a flash of revelation that should lay bare the reasons why it seems to us, when one and another of our literary boasts give themselves in life and death to Florence, as if they went back, by a filial necessity, to live once again in the home from which they of old went forth, and to breathe their last sigh on the bosom where first they hung.

On the seventeenth day of September, 1864, there stood, waiting to be gathered, many a shock of corn, ripe and heavy with the dews and suns of English skies, and with the juices of English soil, in which some dock or flagrant poppy nestled or flaunted itself. Precious was the corn, destined for the garner and the chaff-schewing thresher; worthless the poppy, destined, unpitied, to rot and wither ere it left the field. At the same time at Florence was garnered a shock of corn fully ripe, whose golden crown, alas! the flagrant poppy, nurtured in the latter days of ripening for the harvest, did not fail to flaunt itself. Let it, like its type in the English harvest-field, rot and wither, whilst we essay even now

to thresh out a little of the corn whose sample it shall not be suffered to defile.

Let the cloud that obscured the prolonged sunset of the life of Walter Savage Landor be mentioned first, that it may be first forgotten. Let no knight-errantry, whose motto is 'God and the Ladies,' now impugn recklessly or uselessly his chivalry and honour. We are no maudlin or dishonest votaries of the tricky aphorism, *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*; but in these gentle pages we will give no unkind prominence to frailties, which, with Landor's merits, repose in trembling hope in their dread abode—'the bosom of his Father and his God.' We will wait until an older man than himself think fit to throw the first stone, or has the heart and the agility to leap derisively over his grave. It shall be ours to hang a simple immortelle on a corner of his cenotaph.

Walter Savage Landor, a Nestor amongst literary men, was born so long ago as January 30th, 1775, at Ipsley Court, near Alcester, in the county of Warwick. The successive heads of his family had, from a very respectable antiquity, been the principal proprietors and lords of the manor of Ipsley. His ancestors had for some centuries now and again illustrated the records of their district by their official positions. The family claimed to derive from the De la Laundes, and the name was for some time spelt indifferently, Launde and Launder. In the time of Charles I. a certain John Launder of Rugeley was a captain in the Royal army. The orthography of the name, as it appears at present, would seem to have been fixed about the same time with the Restoration of the House of Stuart. From this date, down to the time of the lately deceased representative, perhaps the greatest honours attained by any member of the family accrued to Walter Landor, Esq., when he was made high sheriff for Staffordshire during the reign of William and Mary. These few genealogical lines are, we trust, not thrown away; for every man has a right to his ancestors. The solemn

assertion that 'thine ancestors' virtue is not thine' was probably invented by some ingenious ragamuffin or pursy *novus homo*, who either did not know who his grandfather was, or wished he didn't. The virtues of a man's ancestors are his, just as much as their estates, if only he inherits them. It was well, also, in the case of Landor, to lay down his genealogical landmarks; for he was too theoretically democratic not to hold on stiffly to such *modicum* of gentillesse as he had a right to claim by descent.

The late most illustrious of the Landors was the eldest of the six children of Walter Landor by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Charles Savage, Esq., of Tachbrook. The young heir was entrusted for his education to Rugby, and then, after an interval spent under the guidance and instruction of a private tutor, to Trinity College, Oxford. In the year 1795, being then twenty years of age, he published a 'Collection of Poems,' a first performance, which has been described as 'consisting of some virulent satire against a worthy professor of Oxford.' It is by no means startling if the system and opinions in favour at the University did not satisfy the self-assertive disposition of Landor; and considering that such men as Bishop Hall and 'Satan' Montgomery made their *début* in satire, we can hardly conceive how he could have made *his* in anything else. He was a lion whose tawny mane many persons besides the Oxford don discovered was not habitually combed and scented, upon the paring of whose claws no great amount of time was wasted, and whose paws were not generally enveloped in velvet mittens. At his entry into public life the attention of the reading world was occupied by men whose reputations were already brilliant, and but little of it was at once diverted to himself. In the year 1802, Landor took advantage of the peace of Amiens to pay a visit to Paris, during which he had the opportunity of seeing Napoleon made First Consul for life.

In 1806, the year following his

succession to the family estates, being offended at the annoying conduct and impracticable temper of some of his tenants, he resolved, in the first moments of irritation, to sell the greater part of his patrimony, which had also been that of his ancestors for nearly seven hundred years. Having thus snapped the ties that bound him to the soil of England, he was free to enter upon a life of elegant vagabondage; and in his character of a free citizen of the world, was also free chivalrously to adopt any patriotism.

The most important of the works he had by this time published were 'Gebir' (1798), of which a Latin version appeared in 1803, and 'Poems from the Arabic and Persian' (1800). 'Count Julian,' another of his earlier works, is founded on the same incidents as the 'Roderick' of Southey, who magnanimously bestowed upon the author his praise and friendship. A singular trace of this appeared when Southey in 1810 dedicated 'The Curse of Kehama' to the author of 'Gebir.' This last was a stately, somewhat frigid poem, remarkable as having suggested to Wordsworth the well-known and beautiful description of the seashell. Of this poem the 'Quarterly,' always at loggerheads with Landor, *apropos* of a review of the 'Imaginary Conversations' in 1824, spoke in the following amusing and supercilious style: 'Looking back twenty or thirty years, we perceive Mr. Landor very gravely occupied in the production of a little volume or two of poetry, which it does any man credit to have understood. We have read the poem of "Gebir," and recollect something of a wrestling-match between a nereid and a shepherd, the former of whom, being conqueror, carries off a lamb. This wrestling proves, however, to be only the sea-nymph's mode of courtship; the happy couple, victor and vanquished, are united upon the surface of the ocean; their bridal bed is strewn at the bottom; and the admiring bridegroom is informed the next morning that he had become the progenitor of "a mortal man above all mortal praise—"

Napoleon Bonaparte! If we do not mistake, there were also a queen of Egypt and a king of Spain, who persisted in building a city, though certain enchanters contrived that everything which was built should disappear in the night. Poison and other serious occurrences brought the poem to a tragical end. We can add, that, amongst much absurdity and obscurity, signs of intellectual, if not poetical powers, excited expectations which Mr. Landor has allowed us to forget. Our hope was that time would have reduced to order a mind of some natural strength; but we believe, though Mr. Landor was no stipendiary soldier, his studies suffered an interruption from his martial ardour during the Peninsular war, and his achievements again came to an end from the difficulty of co-operating with ordinary beings. In short, Mr. Landor could neither write nor fight like any other person; his troop of horse must be trained at his own cost, and his poems published for his own private reading.

The latter part of this extract is in anticipation of our progress; but a few words will enable the reader to understand the double sneer; and further on we may incidentally discover that Landor's opinions about Napoleon Bonaparte were considerably modified by the modification of that portentous man's own character. The early youth of Landor coincided with the working out of the best objects of the French Revolution, whilst yet good men of other nations thought they could discern in it much of beneficial and much of promising. The aspect of the neighbouring country, therefore, burst on the thoughts of his boyhood to give a living and working significance to the far-off classical republics with which his Hellenic studies made him conversant. The same feelings that made Southey and Coleridge early in life project a Pantisocracy on the banks of a Transatlantic river with a presumably poetical name—the wallet or treasury of which Republic was to be supplied in part by the funds arising from Southey's '*Joan of Arc*,'

and from Coleridge's projected work, '*Specimens of Modern Latin Poems*'—found a more abiding dwelling-place in the mind and heart of Landor. Southey and Coleridge had already cooled down to the average temperature of good conservatively disposed poets or metaphysicians, when Landor blazed out into chivalry. In 1803 broke out the insurrection in Spain against the rule of the French—a movement into which Landor threw himself heart and soul. He raised a small body of troops at his own expense, and joined Blake, who was then campaigning with the insurgents in Galicia. He made considerable gifts of money to the cause of independence, but he can scarcely be said to have covered himself—no reflection on his courage and ardour—with any great amount of military glory. His services were such as to command the public thanks of the Supreme Junta, who conferred upon him the rank of a colonel in the Spanish army. At the restoration of King Ferdinand, the constitution made during the War of Independence—which Sir William Napier characterises as odious and unintelligible to the 'fierce and haughty race' for whose benefit it was designed—being abolished by the king, Landor threw up his commission, and also sent back the official letter of thanks, with the contemptuous message that 'though willing to aid the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties against the antagonist of Europe, he would have nothing to do with a perjurer and a traitor.'

In May, 1811, Landor married Julia, daughter of Jean Thuillier, Baron Neuveville, of Bath, a lady of Swiss extraction, by whom he had a family of three sons and a daughter. Proverbially May is not a month of good omen for matrimonial adventure; and, when an oblivious bridegroom elect has blindly suggested it for the nuptial season, the blushing and amiable fair has occasionally insinuated the greater advantages of April. It is not necessary to prosecute our researches much further into the reasons that made Landor's married life anything but a life of

bliss, than, with a little charitable superstition, to suppose that the 'incompatibility' which at length enforced a separation from his wife and family was the malific work of a Nemesis set on by the outraged tutelary deities of a month that should be vestal. His disposition was not an ideally domestic one; and his union with jog-trot household virtue would be something like the linking of a comet to the moon, who, recalled now for some centuries from her little impropriety with the shepherd of Latmos, has ever since been perfectly amenable, even in her variations, to the laws of calculation.

The years during which Landor lived in the bosom of his family were spent chiefly at Pisa and at Florence—years which he consecrated to study and the Muses, to the education of his children, and to aspirations for the liberty and happiness of the human race. When the culminating quarrel broke out, Landor, who would better have understood the æsthetic affinities of a Pericles and Aspasia than the ordinary charms of matrimony *à la mode moderne*, showed himself as impulsively generous as he had been constitutionally intolerant. Reversing the process usual in such cases, he left his wife and children in undisturbed possession of his house and the greater part of his fortune; and came over to England to pass at Bath and elsewhere a life of comparative seclusion. It is only a few years ago—we find ourselves recurring to what we professed at the outset to mention and forget, but we take advantage gratefully of proxy when on this topic—it is only a few years ago that 'a grim and unjustifiable sarcasm, launched against a lady who had once been his friend, brought him into trouble before a court of law. There is no need to tell the story once again. Landor had to quit Bath for ever; his books and papers were dispersed by the hammer, and the old man found his rest in Florence; not in his own villa—the celebrated villa of Count Gherardesca at Fiesole—where the "incompatibilities" still existed in full force, but in hired apartments

in the Via Muniziatura.' Here he gathered about him what stood to him in the place of household gods; and here he still employed himself, almost to the last, in fugitive politics, polemics, and literature. Here, finally, on the 17th September, 1864, being at that time within three months of ninety years of age, 'alone with his glory,'—the glory of artistic, scientific, literary, and political associations of the past, the present, and may we not add, of the hopeful future?—he gave back to his Maker his tameless soul.

For this crowning event he had ten years before announced his preparation:—

'Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life.
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.'

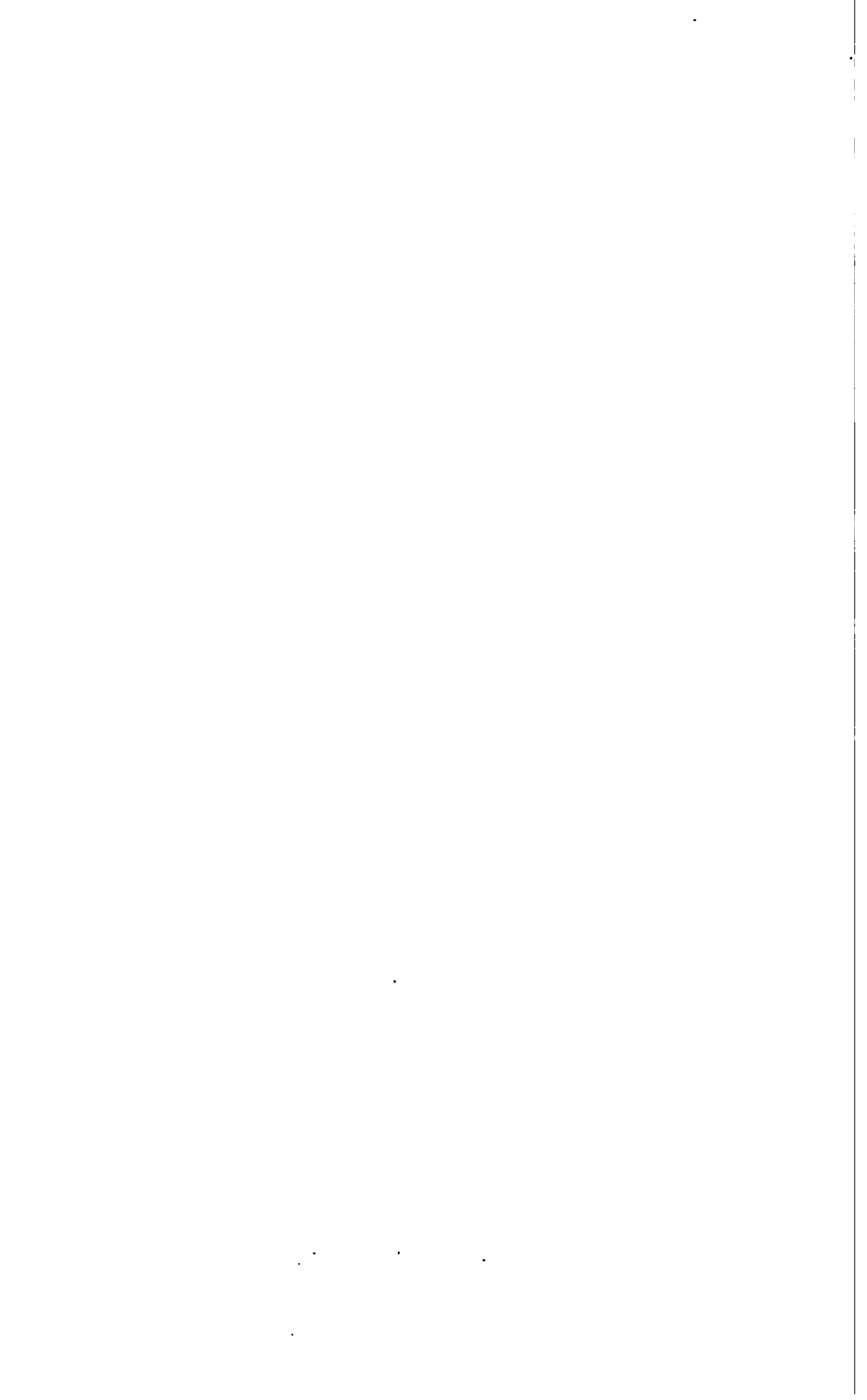
The engraving which accompanies this little paper offers to the reader a 'counterfeit presentment,' in which, if he be acquainted with Landor's works, he will please himself in detecting a physiognomical symbolism. There is the full and massy neck, the basis of power and ascendancy, as much developed as of old it was developed in the dominating prophet of Islam. The determination of the thrown-back head is there; the *fierté* of the shaggy eyebrows that invade the expansive, receding brow; and all the mental peculiarities electrically announced in his quick, restless, unquailing eye, which might be fancied to express 'his mighty self-will, his arrogant audacity, his capacity of destructive rage, his fine imagination and fastidious taste, his delicate perception, his want of speculative power, his proneness to paradoxical views, and his tendency to run into extremes.' There is the promise of command visibly and strongly marked in the whole expression; and this, if circumstances and the adamantine angularities of his character forbade that he should exercise it with effect over men, he at least brought to bear upon the armed legions that exercised themselves in his brain—his own ideas. The mouth is untender; and if the lips would but relent a little from their stern compression, and if age had not tarnished the primeval lustre of his





From a Photograph by Herbert Watkins.]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



teeth, we might see two rows that legended the warning '*cave canem.*'

The following personal reminiscence of Landor, as he was known 'in days long gone by,' is graphic and to our purpose: 'Landor you must have known—a slender, worn-out, loose-clothed man. He was, when I first knew him, a sturdy fellow of rather middle-classish figure, well-grown, but not quite square enough in shoulders, and somewhat too thick in throat and middle region for symmetry. He had a habit, when talking, of standing bolt upright, with his arms close and rather stiffly pendant to his sides, with a stick, or ruler, or some such sceptre of authority in his right hand, with which he smartly beat the air in emphasis to his copious hurried peremptory utterances, as if drilling his listener to ready and cheerful acquiescence in whatever he was enunciating.'

Now at length that he sleeps 'after life's fitful fever,' our charity murmurs the well-worn prayer, *Requiescat in pace!* May his soul be with the saints!

Probably we shall soon know more of his life and doings; and a well-written, judicious, and magnanimous *Apologium pro ejus vitâ* will be thankfully received. It remains for us only to take a short glance at those writings of which hitherto we have made no mention; to indicate a few of his literary characteristics; and to exhibit in one or two autographic sketches his political prepossessions. Of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' seeing that we shall in a moment or two come to make more lengthy observations that have especial reference to them, we shall in this paragraph say little more than that for a quarter of a century after 1826 they appeared in instalments of varying dimensions, and that they won their way slowly, being addressed almost exclusively to an esoteric and cultivated public. This kind of limited eclectic popularity has its compensation; for appreciation by the fit and few of one generation is a symptom of presumptive classicality, and an earnest that successive audiences, fit and

few, of future generations will heap up such a secular popularity and influence as shall in the long run be commensurate with an author's hopes.

In 1806 Landor published a small poem called '*Simoniaca*;' and in 1812 a '*Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*,' a production which was speedily suppressed. In 1820 he did justice to the correctness, force, and elegance of his Latin in his '*Idyllia Heroica*,' to which he annexed an interrogative treatise, '*Quæstio quamobrem poetæ Latini recentiores minus legantur*,' the object of which was to discover the reason of the neglect of the later Latin poets.

Landor returned in 1836 to his first love, and issued '*A Satire on Satirists and Admonition to Detractors*.' What occasion there might be to call forth such an '*Admonition*' may be inferred from the biting words in the passage we have already quoted from the '*Quarterly Review*.'

His '*Hellenics*, enlarged and completed,' appeared in 1847. Many liberal men of sanguine temperament were inclined to go great lengths in their expectations of what liberal things might be devised by a reforming Pope. Perhaps Landor kneels alone as the offerer of such frantic homage as appears in his dedication of the '*Hellenics*' to Pius the Ninth. 'Never until now, most holy father, did I hope or desire to offer my homage to any potentate on earth; and now I offer it only to the highest of them all. * * * You have restored to Italy hope and happiness; to the rest of the world hope only. But a single word from your prophetic lips, a single motion of your earth-embracing arm will overturn the firmest seats of iniquity and oppression. The word must be spoken; the arm must wave. * * * Cunning is not wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength. Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions without

a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him: he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence.

'WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.'

In the space which is representatively occupied in our transcript by asterisks, there is, in the original, the very 'tallest' of writing about Russia and France, their rulers and their immense military resources; but it is writing which does not convince the reader of the strength, so much as of the *possession* of the author. This enthusiasm for the pope had not all evaporated when, in 1851, he published a pamphlet called 'Popery: British and Foreign,' in which, taking the opportunity of inflicting a sly blow at the Anglican Church and some of its dignitaries, he betrays a weakness in favour of that variety of popery which he styles 'foreign.'

In 1854 Landor wrote a number of epistles from 'Jonas Pottinger to Ephraim Maplebury,' ostensibly 'editing' them under the title of 'Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution,' in which a cursory survey is also taken of European affairs generally. Landor promises, in a dedication to Mr. Gladstone, that 'he, so long as he can mount the steps, will be found in the watch-tower and in the light-house;' an assurance which sets one off into a bemused speculation as to what would have been the political action of England if Landor had ever served as First Lord of the Treasury or as Foreign Minister. With Landor in office, it is pretty certain that Lord John Russell would never have been Sydney Smith's model of self-conscious versatility. Such an event would have been celebrated by the handshaking, or quarrelling, or both, of the arctic and antarctic circles; the equator would have jostled with the poles; and the white bear have hugged the tiger of Nepaul.

'Should Cromwell have a statue?'—a question which we remember to have been a vexed one before we

well knew who Cromwell was—was no question at all to Landor. If that old Olympian world of the *Dii Majores* were real to him, in which a fickle Jove was seen to glance fitful smiles at a shrewish Juno, there would be little difficulty in effecting a joint tenancy of some nook of his Pantheon by such *Dii Minores* as Oliver Cromwell, the Pope, and Re Diavolo; a trio of which the various members were most scurrilously associated together as confederates by the political poetsasters of two centuries ago. In 'The Last Fruit of an Old Tree,' published in 1853, and containing supplementary conversations, scraps, miscellanies, and dramatic fragments, occurs the following volunteered

Inscription for a Statue at St. Ives.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

A GOOD SON, A GOOD HUSBAND,

A GOOD FATHER,

A GOOD CITIZEN, A GOOD RULER

BOTH IN WAR AND PEACE,

WAS BORN IN THIS TOWN.

TO KNOW HIS PUBLIC ACTS

OPEN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
WHERE IT EXHIBITS IN FEW PAGES

(ALAS TOO FEW!)

THE TITLE OF COMMONWEALTH.

The feeling of the parenthetic part of the offered inscription had not entirely burnt out in 1856, when, dedicating his 'Antony and Octavius: Scenes for the Study,' to the muse-pursuing postman of Devon, 'Edward Capern, Poet and Day-labourer, at Bideford,' he advises him 'to depend not on the favour of royalty; expect nothing from it; for you are not a hound, or a spaniel, or a German prince.'

The 'Dry Sticks Fagoted,' 1858, dedicated 'to L. Kossuth, President of Hungary, preserves for us four lines 'On Southey's Death,' which had been written so long before as March, 1843. We cannot enlarge upon it here; but a whole volume of apology for Landor is to be found in 'this little quatrain, to those who estimate aright the political and other antipathies with which a truce must have been respected, or for which a mutual tolerance must have been exacted, for almost pre-

cisely as long a period as the friendship subsisted:—

'Friends! hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,
And cast them into shape some other day;
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.'

An awfully pathetic position; and yet it does not evolve pathos. Landor's were fires that did not warm; tears that could not compel the fellowship of tears. With how different a feeling we read, say, such a poem as that inscribed *Πρὸς ἑαυτὸν*, 'To Himself,' by Gregory Nazianzen, in circumstances of more aggravated, and, externally, more dreary loneliness; a poem which, written in poverty, exile, and friendlessness, was at once a dirge and a psalm—the utter distress, the agonised prostration of humanity, and yet its very apotheosis. Landor bears like a Stoic; Gregory like a Christian. Landor is a rock; Gregory at once a sadly, sweetly-singing, dying swan, and a gorgeous Psyche, blithely fluttering on unprisoned wing.

The style of Landor, as exhibited in his 'Imaginary Conversations,' was robust and masculine; the transcript of an original intellect and an indomitable will. His thoughts, style, opinions, and *orthography* were all his own. A clue to this last may be got by reading the remarkable dialogue between Horne Tooke and Dr. Johnson. The grasp and vigour of his understanding were great; and agreement and disagreement with his postulates or his conclusions are alike thorough and hearty. He is remarkably suggestive and aphoristic. The

Conversations of the Greeks and Romans abound in striking remarks upon government, literature, and the conduct of life. His beauties are natural and spontaneous; and it has been observed that he does not lead his readers a devious chase after ornament. Generally free from affectations, his style is manly, terse, simple, and sometimes even homely. His illustrations are abundant, and frequently felicitous. His success is not so apparent when he attempts the pathetic, or its correlative, the humorous; and his narrative is not eminently smooth or graceful. In his energy he frequently has the air of roughness, approaching to an indecorous vehemence; and in his dramatic impersonation, dramatic verisimilitude is often forfeited. Whoever else may speak in his creations, Landor, Landor, Landor is seldom dumb. The manner of his life served only to fortify this idiosyncratic assertion; and he had little temptation to exhibit modes and fashions in his style any further than those modes and fashions were his own. He was a literary *umbilican*. Thus we account in part for his inclination to paradox and prejudice, and to the defiant obtrusion of opinions that were as strong as they were strange.

It is not likely that, on the whole, we shall soon look on his like again. His is the boast of Jean-Jacques Rousseau—if not better, if not worse, at least he was *other* than his fellow-men. But whether Nature broke for ever the mould in which she fashioned him, *dies declarabit*.

A. H. G.

THE GAME OF CROQUET AND ITS LAWS.

IN 'London Society' for July, 1865, it was stated that the time had well nigh arrived for taking vigorous steps to settle the laws of croquet. It was suggested that a Croquet Committee should be got together, to consider and decide on the rules of the game; so that, instead of the existing anarchy and confusion, there should be one re-

cognized code, occupying the same position in the croquet world as the laws of the Marylebone Club do in the cricket world, or the decisions of the Jockey Club in the racing world.

The suggestion was easy enough to propound; but the outset difficulty in working it was to procure players of sufficient authority to

bind those beyond their own circle. This difficulty has, we think, been solved by the Editor of 'The Field.' He succeeded in bringing together a Committee of players, to whom, in his opinion, the task of composing a code of laws might be fitly entrusted; and the result of the deliberations of the Committee was laid before the public in April last. The code, however, was only provisional. In a leading article, discussion on it was invited; and thus a large circle of readers, numbering many thousands, was in fact made to participate in the final issue.

Here, then, was a croquet parliament, large enough, in all conscience. It is true every reader could not have a vote; but careful attention was promised to all communications; and the Committee virtually bound themselves to 'stand or fall'—this is the correct parliamentary phrase—by the verdict of their critics.

In consequence of the correspondence that ensued, several modifications were made in the original code; and the amended one is now published in book form.*

It is quite certain that this code will be extensively adopted. It must therefore interest all croquet players to have it subjected to a thorough examination. This it is our intention to do in the present article. But before proceeding to that part of our task, we have a few general remarks to make.

The members of the Committee were selected, firstly, in consequence of their practical knowledge of the game of croquet. That the views of these gentlemen are entitled to respect, will, we think, be admitted by any one who carefully peruses their prefatory statement, respecting the implements used in the game, the modes of setting out the ground, and so forth. We proceed to remark on some of the more

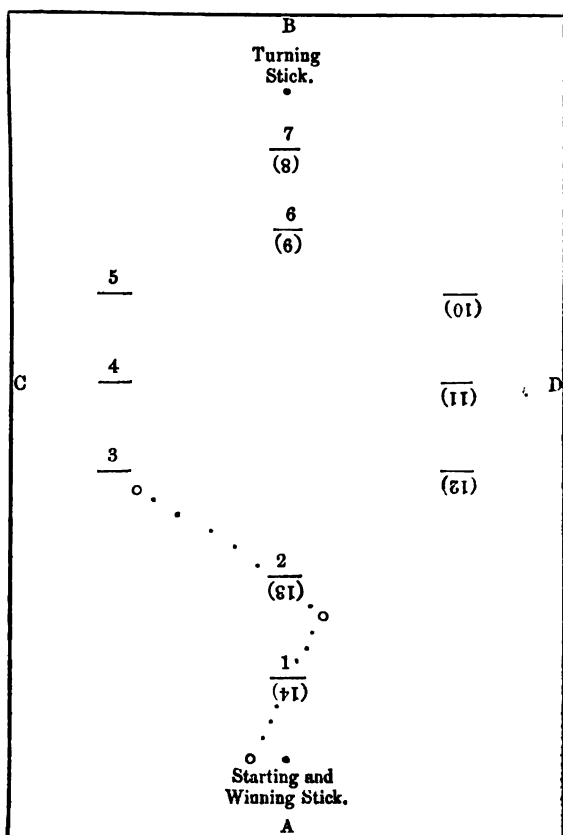
important of their recommendations.

In their opinion, the best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, six. The game of eight unquestionably takes too long to play. Even a game of six, with good players, occupies the best part of an afternoon. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, we have found it a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning stick, the other at the turning stick, so that what is the starting stick to one party, is the turning stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously: the two sets of players interfere scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball, belonging to the other game, lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has perhaps to wait a moment, while the striker in the other game makes his stroke. But this does not happen often; and the slight inconvenience resulting from it is far outweighed by the increased excitement attending the shorter game.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and anything but level. In such cases, all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is 'no object,' the ground should be level, and of well mown and well rolled grass, not less than thirty yards, nor, for general purposes, more than a hundred yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well defined before the play begins.

The hoops may be arranged, as every one knows, in various ways. The plan of the original game is as follows:

* 'Croquet: its Implements and Laws.'
Horace Cox, 346, Strand. 1866.



This plan is still much used, and, being less difficult than the improved arrangement, with a hoop, stick, or cage in the middle, is recommended for beginners, or where it is desired not to lengthen the game.

Difficulty is sometimes experienced in setting out the hoops. The following directions will be found to simplify matters:—

A and B are intended to be the exact middle of the breadth (shorter side) of the ground. Measure the distance from A to B, and cut a piece of string one tenth of the length. Thus, if the ground is fifty yards long, cut a string five yards long. This bit of string will serve to fix every hoop and stick accurately at the required distances apart. From A to the starting-stick should be

precisely the length of the string; the same from starting-stick to hoop No. 1; the same to hoop No. 2. Similarly arrange the turning-stick and hoops Nos. 7 and 8, at the other end of the ground. The only hoops now to fix are the side-hoops. These should be parallel to the centre line, and two strings from it on each side, the string falling at right angles to the length, or longer sides (C and D) of the ground. The easiest way to get the side-hoops in position is, when taking the first measurement from A to B, to mark the point half-way between. Then the hoops 4 and 11 can be at once placed two strings from the half-way point, in a straight line towards C and D; and the hoops 3, 5, 10, and 12, each one string from 4 and 11.

The numbers appended to the

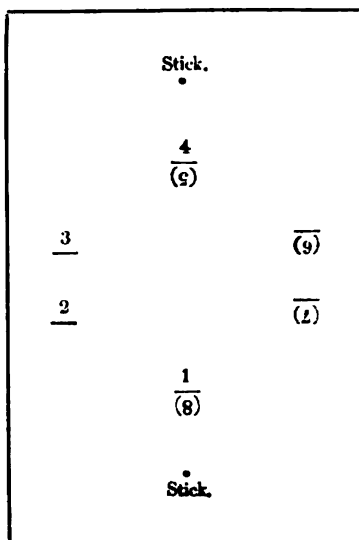
hoops show the order in which they are to be run. This explains itself without comment.

The 'improved' arrangement, as it is called, is set out in much the same way; but the hoops 4 and 11 are taken out, and at the central point of the ground a hoop, cage, or stick is placed. (See Diagram.)

Here the order of running is three hoops and a stick, four times repeated. The game, played in this way, has the disadvantage of being longer than the other; but it is more scientific, and more in accordance with the spirit of the game, as it brings the balls more frequently together at the middle of the ground, leads to more croqueting, and gives the players who are behind a better chance of improving their position.

The disadvantage of this plan, to our thinking, is that it lengthens a game which is already too long. Popular games, such as whist and billiards, derive a portion of their interest from the rapidity with which they are brought to a conclusion. The excitement culminates towards the finish of the game. If a player knows it will be three hours before he reaches the winning-stick 'in order,' it naturally follows that his interest in the game is not so great at starting as it would be were the result less distant. For this reason we are inclined to give up 'stick in the middle,' at all events in domestic play, and even further to shorten the game by removing some of the hoops. This innovation will doubtless be regarded with all proper horror by the well-constituted croquet-playing mind, which being to a great extent, certainly more than half, feminine, is essentially conservative. To croquet conservatives we say, 'Do as we have done; try the game with fewer hoops, and if you do not like it, return to the old plan.'

With a view to shortening the game, we have instituted a series of experiments, and we assure our readers that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being partners against two, we recommend six hoops, thus disposed:—



We find that the game played on this plan by four good players averages three-quarters of an hour, which is quite long enough.

This plan, too, has an advantage where the ground is small, and especially where it is short, as the length of six strings (see explanation of setting out the hoops, p. 509) suffices in the place of ten.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops, hoops 2 and 3 (see last diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

We now proceed to the second reason for choice of members of the Committee. In the second place, then, they were selected on account of their having given much attention to the laws of sports and pastimes. This consideration is of more importance than at first sight appears. Drawing up a good code of laws is a most difficult literary feat. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the subject, unusual clearness of thought and

expression, and a foresight, as to what may or may not happen in practice, almost superhuman. It consequently follows, that however carefully a code is framed, cases will not unfrequently occur which are but imperfectly provided for, and which must be referred for decision to some player. The referee should be, if possible, a person of clear head and sound judgment, and one well versed in the principles by which decisions should be guided. If he happens to be a good lawyer, so much the better; for cases often arise not unworthy a lawyer's practised acuteness, and of the habit which his profession gives him of weighing right and wrong.

The following outline of what we conceive to be the principles which should guide decisions, may, we fancy, be found useful by many who are called on to do duty as umpires. By keeping such principles well in mind, and construing the laws by their light, the arbitrator will find himself materially assisted.

1. The first object of the laws of games is to prevent an unfair advantage being gained by any one.

2. There should be a penalty for all errors or irregularities by which the player (or his side) may profit; but there should be no penalty for errors by which he who commits them cannot possibly gain an advantage.

3. Penalties should be proportioned, as nearly as possible, to the gain which might ensue if the offence were allowed to pass unchallenged.

4. No player should be allowed to profit by his own blunders.

5. Each case must be judged, not by the intention of the player interested, but by that which might have been the intention of a person disposed to avail himself of an unfair advantage.

6. Where two or more players are in fault, it should be considered with whom the first fault lies, and how far it induced or invited the subsequent error of the opponent.

7. Disputes as to questions of fact (where there is no umpire, or where the umpire professes himself unable to decide) should be decided in fa-

vour of the player, he being entitled to the benefit of reasonable doubt.

8. Questions of law should be decided liberally. The application of the law being doubtful, it should be interpreted according to the spirit rather than the letter. Nevertheless, the umpire should bear in mind the extreme general inconvenience of a lax interpretation of laws, and should insist on the game being played strictly.

9. Lastly, there are in all, or almost all games, *leges non scriptæ*, to the infraction of which it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to apply a penalty. The only remedy for infractions of these is to cease to play with persons who habitually disregard the established etiquette of the game.

The laws of the croquet Committee are very properly preceded by definitions of the terms used in the game. These are fortunately few.

The term *in order* is well understood by every croquet player. It signifies the sequence of hoops, &c., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 'in order,' that is, if he takes No. 3, or any other hoop, before having taken No. 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops 'in order,' and hits all the sticks 'in order.'

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. As a great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is 'in play' or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means easy of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear.

'A ball is "in play" as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a roquet, when it is "in hand." A ball "in hand" must take croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken croquet it is again "in play;" but it is not permitted to roquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is "in

play" again to all the balls, as at the commencement of its turn.'

As a ball is either 'in hand' or 'in play' throughout the game, the privileges and disabilities of every ball are, or may be, affected by this definition at every stroke. It is very important, then, to consider this definition in relation to its consequences. Before doing this, however, we must distinctly understand the technical words which occur in the definition, viz., 'run a hoop,' 'roquet,' 'take croquet,' 'point,' and 'turn.'

Running a hoop means, as everybody knows, sending a ball through it by a blow of the mallet. It must be run 'in order' and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not 'run.' If the ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is *quite* through, the question is decided by applying a straight edge behind the hoop, the hoop being of course perpendicular. If the straight edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is not 'run.'

Roquet is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is 'in play' to the other ball, the 'roquet' gives him the privilege of a *croquet* off the hit ball.

People frequently confuse between roquet and croquet, evidently not understanding what a roquet means. We constantly hear such expressions as 'I have croqueted your ball,' instead of 'roqueted' it. The two terms 'roquet' and 'croquet' must be carefully distinguished in the player's mind, and especially in the arbitrator's, or his decisions will be valueless.

Croquet is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one roqueted, and strikes his own with the mallet. After the croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

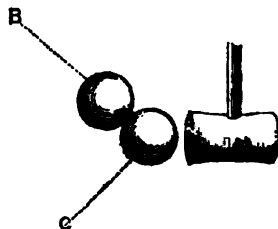
Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a 'tight' croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a 'loose' croquet.

Loose croquet may be varied in several ways. The two balls may be placed directly behind one another, so that they and the long axis of the head of the mallet are in the same straight line when taking the stroke. This is 'loose croquet'



Relative position of balls and mallet in taking loose and rolling croquet, causing ball or balls to roll in direction of A.

proper. The effect of a quick sharp stroke under these circumstances is to cause the striker's ball to remain almost stationary, and to drive the other forwards. Where the striker wishes to keep his own ball perfectly still, and yet not to take tight croquet, he may accomplish his object by striking his own ball below the centre, the effect being similar to that of putting on sufficient screw to stop one's ball when playing for a 'slick' hazard at billiards. At croquet this is called a 'dead' stroke. Another way of playing loose croquet is to roll the balls on together. This is called 'rolling croquet.' In making this stroke, the balls are placed directly behind each other, as before, but in striking, the mallet is allowed to follow the ball, and this causes the two balls to roll on in company. Yet another way, called 'splitting croquet,' is to place the



Relative position of balls and head of mallet in taking splitting croquet, causing balls to split in directions of B and C.

balls, not in the same straight line with the long axis of the head of the mallet, but at an angle to it. This causes the balls to fly in opposite directions, or to split. A split-

ting croquet may be taken with as little disturbance as possible of the non-striker's ball. On some grounds it has been the custom not to insist on any movement of the second ball, provided the two touch; and hence this mode of taking splitting croquet has received the name of 'taking two off.' It is still disputed whether moving the second ball should be compulsory or not. In the opinion of the Committee the non-striker's ball should 'be made to move, however slightly, to the satisfaction of the captains or their umpire.' This seems to us to be a practical giving up of the moving. The striker will always contend that the ball did move 'very slightly,' and surely a captain or an umpire, who is at least several yards off, cannot be so well qualified to give an opinion as the player who is close. The umpire, therefore (for of course the captains never agree on a disputed question of fact), will, with the power of observing only at a distance, have constantly to pit his eyesight and judgment against that of the striker. If he is severe, disputes and ill-feeling will often arise; if he is lenient, the rule as it at present stands comes, as we before said, to taking 'two off' in the strict acceptance of the words, that is, without making any perceptible split.

There is another objection to insisting on a motion that is only just visible, and that is, that it leaves to the judgment of the umpire, or players if there is no umpire, that which might be settled with equal fairness without such appeal. *Slight* movement being the test of the fairness of the stroke, the most delicate appreciation of a motion only lasting a second will be required in every croquet captain or umpire. The adverse captain will have to judge in a moment of excitement whether or not a ball moved 'however slightly,' and the umpire will have to give the casting vote. This is a strain to which we should not like to subject ourselves; but were we ever so unfortunate as to accept the post of umpire in a croquet match, we should always decide that the ball *did* move to our 'satisfaction.'

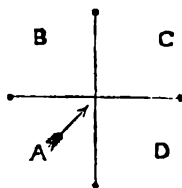
In domestic croquet, where there is no umpire and only an apology for a captain, should a dispute arise as to the fact of moving, it should be remembered that it is only A's assertion *versus* B's, and that the player should have the benefit of the doubt, in accordance with general principle No. 8.

To return to the definitions.

A *point* is made on (a) running a hoop, or (b) hitting a stick, or (c) running a cage, each, of course, 'in order.'

We have already stated what constitutes 'running' a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the sound of the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a bail should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the bail falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a bail would be a complication. It is a question, however, whether in a grand match bails should be used.

A *cage* is run when the ball has passed through it in *any* direction. Thus, a ball entering the cage at A,



runs it if it emerges at B, C, or D. It does not matter whether the ball is going up or down the ground, whether it is for hoop 5 or hoop 12 (see diagram and page 510, first paragraph), it may always run the cage in any direction. If it is doubtful whether the ball on emerging is *quite* through the cage, the question is decided by a straight-edge, as in the case of running a hoop.

A *turn* is simply the innings of any one player.

We are now in a position to understand the bearings of the definition of the terms 'in hand' and 'in play.'

A ball is in hand as soon as it has made a roquet. It takes croquet, after which it is in hand only to the ball roqueted for the remainder of that turn, or until it has made another point. If it roquets another ball, it similarly remains in hand to it after the croquet, and so on. It follows from this that croquet can only be taken once in each turn from each ball, unless another point is made. A second roquet may be made on a ball previously roqueted without a point being made in the interval, as for instance for the purpose of driving away, cannoning, &c.; but such roquet does not entitle to a croquet, as the striker is in hand to the ball roqueted. The striker's turn ends there, unless by the same stroke he makes a point, or roquets another ball to which he is 'in play.' In this case he can go on with his turn, the roquet of the ball to which he is in hand being of no more advantage or disadvantage than hitting a stick or a stone that might happen to lie on the grass.

Now for an illustration or two. A ball that has not run the first hoop makes a roquet on a ball lying in its way, and then by the same stroke runs the hoop. What is the law? Decision.—The striker's ball is not 'in play' until it has run the first hoop; consequently, before running the hoop, a roquet on another ball is null and void. It no more affects the striker's ball than if it had hit a stone or a lump of dirt.

Take another case. The striker roquets first one ball and then another by the same stroke, as in cannoning at billiards. To what is he entitled? Merely to one croquet, which must be taken off the ball first hit. When he hits the second ball he is 'in hand,' and the second roquet is therefore null and void.

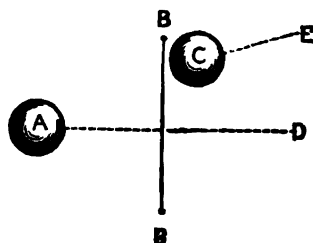
A little difficulty sometimes arises when a cannon is made on two balls that are close together, in deciding which ball was hit first. If there is any reasonable doubt, the striker has his choice for the croquet.

As a third case, suppose the striker finds his ball touching another when it comes to his turn to play. It is clear that he may hit his own, hard or soft, and under all circumstances

he has roqueted the ball he was touching. He must next take croquet off it.

A fourth case. A rover (i.e. a ball that has run all its hoops) roquets a ball to which it is 'in play,' and then cannons on to the winning stick. Is the rover dead? Decision.—No. After the roquet, the striker's ball is 'in hand,' and can make no point until it has taken croquet.

Lastly, for a more difficult illustration, the illustration being of a point that often occurs. The striker's ball (A) goes through a hoop (B B), and at the same stroke roquets a ball C, which is lying on the far side of the hoop.



A, striker's ball, placed for its hoop, B B, 'in order.'

To what score is A entitled?

To answer this question, we must bear in mind these two principles. First, that a ball has not 'run' its hoop until it is wholly through. Second, that a ball is 'in hand' the instant it makes a roquet.

If, then, in this case, the ball A is driven in the direction D, so as just to roquet C, on its extreme edge, it is clear that A would be entirely through the hoop at the moment of the roquet. A would therefore have run its hoop, and would also afterwards have roqueted C. It would therefore count the hoop, and be entitled, in addition, to take croquet from the ball C.

But if A were driven against C, in the direction E, so as to hit C nearly or quite full, and were then to roll on through the hoop, the case would be different. A would not be entitled to count the hoop, for at the moment of the roquet it would only be partly through, and when it afterwards rolled through, would be

'in hand,' and a ball in hand can score no point. It would, however, be entitled to count the roquet if 'in play' to c at the commencement of the stroke. If desirous of running the hoop, A would have to take 'two off,' and if placed for its hoop by the first stroke, could run it on the second, when, having made a point, it would again be 'in play' to c, and could roquet it again and take croquet off it.

It is obvious that between the directions D and E many lines could be drawn at which it would be doubtful whether A was wholly through or not at the time of the roquet. If the question of fact is disputed, the striker should have the benefit of reasonable doubt.

We now come to the laws themselves. But we have said so much by anticipation with regard to them that we shall pass them through very rapidly. One recommendation of the laws under review is that they are clearer, fewer, and shorter than any other published set.

First, the rotation of play has to be decided on, the captain of each side allotting the colours as he pleases.

The first stroke is made by placing the ball anywhere not exceeding one mallet's length from the starting stick, and striking it towards the first hoop. If this point is made, the player is entitled to another stroke. If he fails to run the first hoop (and this is the *pons asinorum* of unskilful players, and often is not run), his ball is taken off the ground till its next turn comes round.

Some players object to taking up the ball. They think it a premium on bad play, and would like the ball to remain where it rolled. We think, however, the rule is best as here given. For were it otherwise, the first player, if skilful, might play to lay his ball just in front of the first hoop, and so, effectually block it for the next player, which would give the first an unnecessary advantage. And a bad player might do the same by chance, and so gain a benefit by his own stupidity.

The striker having run a hoop, has the privilege of continuing his turn, so long as he succeeds in making a point in order, or a roquet

on a ball in play. Having made roquet, he must next take croquet, after which he is entitled to another stroke.

A question might arise out of this rule in the case of a rover roqueted against the winning stick. Of course the striker cannot take croquet, as the rover is dead. But is he entitled to another stroke? The Committee have ruled that he is not, and we believe we are correct in stating it as their reason that in most cases the roquet of the rover against the stick is due more to luck than to skill. Putting the rover out is of itself a great advantage, and the striker has no claim to a special exception to the rule that after a roquet he must take croquet before his next stroke. In furtherance of this view it is obvious that, knowing the law, the striker would, if the balls were close together, play to avoid roqueting the rover against the stick when he would be entitled to croquet the rover against the stick if he pleased, and to another stroke. In practice, therefore, it would only happen that the rover is roqueted against the stick by a fluky stroke from a distance.

A ball driven through its hoop or cage or against its stick 'in order' by the antagonists counts that point, and at its next turn is 'in order' for the next point, just as though the player had made the previous one by his own play. A case might arise out of this of a ball driven through by a ball which is not in play to it. Thus: A has been croqueted by B, after which B, not having made a point meanwhile, drives A through its hoop 'in order.' B is in hand to A. Does A count the hoop? Decision—Yes; B is in hand to A, but A is not in hand to B.

It has been much disputed whether a ball which rolls through its hoop and then rolls back should be entitled to the hoop or not, some maintaining the principle that the moment the whole ball has been through, the hoop is run; others, that the decision of the entire going through is attended with great difficulty, and that it is much simpler to judge the running by the ulti-

mate resting-place of the ball. The Committee prefer the principle that going through is going through, but they lay down that the running must be established to the satisfaction of the captains or of the umpire.

The principle that the whole of a ball must go through to constitute a run, comes out again in the following. A ball driven back through its hoop 'in order' the reverse way to which it is going, and resting under the hoop, is not through if a straight edge applied in front of the hoop touches the ball; consequently, under these circumstances, the striker at his next turn cannot run the hoop by hitting the ball through it the right way, the reason being that the *whole* of the ball has not been through the hoop in the right direction, but only that portion of it which went through in the wrong direction.

We now come to the most important law of the lot. It is that the course of the mallet in striking must be across the body from left to right or from right to left. This regulation is intended to do away with the front stroke. Either one or both hands may be used, but the nearest to the head of the mallet must be eighteen inches at least from it. When the mallet is held in this way, and its course in striking is across the body (*i. e.* at right angles, or nearly so, to the long axis of the player's feet), the abominable practice of 'spooning' is almost impossible.

If a ball is not fairly hit, but in the opinion of the umpire is pushed or spooned, and if the regulations of the law just quoted are not complied with, all benefit from the stroke is lost: the ball is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain, and the player loses his turn.

In domestic play, where there is no umpire, it will be difficult to enforce this penalty. The fact is, every one knows what is spooning and what is not; and where players will not make their strokes fairly, the only remedy is the one pointed out in general principle No. 9.

We have no space to enter into the vexed question of whether it is

or is not advisable to permit spooning; but we may express our strong conviction that our spooning days are over, and that all really scientific players have adopted, or will ere long adopt, the stroke across the body, which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, is in common parlance designated the *side* stroke.

Strokes must be given with the end of the head of the mallet, and not with the side. If a wire is in the way, so that the whole length of the mallet's head cannot be got down to strike the ball in the desired direction, the striker must be contented either to play in some other direction or to make a cramped stroke.

Balls struck beyond the boundaries of the ground must be at once replaced half a mallet's length within the edge, measured from the spot where they went off, at right angles to the margin.

The only debatable point here is whether the half mallet's length should be measured from the point where the ball went off, or from the point nearest the margin from where it stopped. The rule given above seems to us the correct one, as after a ball has left the boundary it is out of the game till replaced, and there is no occasion to take into account what it does or where it rolls.

Players, on being appealed to, are bound to declare which is their next point in order; and on this ground, that croquet is not a game of memory, and it is therefore advisable to render the scoring as little burdensome as possible. Clips and indicators are sometimes used, but our experience, like that of the Committee, is that they are 'more plague than profit.'

As regards the penalties for various offences, the one most open to argument is that respecting the slipping of the ball from under the foot when taking tight croquet. According to the laws before us, the player who allows his ball to slip loses his next stroke, *i. e.*, the remainder of his turn. The reason for this law is, that in taking tight croquet the intention is to send the croqueted ball as far as possible, and that privilege, it is considered,

should be permitted only on condition that the striker's ball is held firmly; that, in fact, he shall not have the double advantage of sending his adversary miles away, and of allowing his own ball to slip a short distance. On the other hand it is argued that it is a presumable disadvantage to the player to slip his ball, as he has the option of loose croquet, and the fact of his electing to take tight croquet shows that he considers it his best game to remain where he is. There is much to be said on both sides; but as the Committee have decided to retain the penalty, we hope, for the sake of uniformity, that their view will be endorsed by the public.

There is a point connected with this penalty that should, we think, be legislated for in a note. It is this. Suppose a rover, in taking tight croquet, slips his ball against the winning stick, is he 'dead?' We should decide that he is, on the ground that he cannot claim exemption from a penalty which accrued in consequence of an illegal act. If he rolls against the winning stick by his own irregular act, we think he should suffer for it.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker croquets a ball which he is not entitled to croquet, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced. If the error is not discovered before the player has made his next stroke, the croquet is valid, and the player continues his turn as though no error had been committed. Similarly, if the striker, while in the act of striking, hits a ball other than his own, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball improperly hit is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

With all deference to the Committee, we are inclined to think this is a double penalty, and that it would be sufficient to give the adversary

the option of replacing the balls, and of allowing the striker to play the stroke again, or of compelling him to lose the remainder of his turn, the balls being left as moved.

If a player makes a second hit (as *e.g.* seeing that the first is not hard enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse captain, and the person who ought to have played takes the turn, as he would have done had no error been made. If the mistake is not discovered till after the next striker, either in or out of turn, has played his first stroke, all strokes made in error must be allowed to stand and to count, and the rotation proceeds from the striker who is playing. In this case, if the previous striker had used the wrong ball, his ball and the one he played with are to be transposed, and the points made by the previous striker count to his ball.

If a player in his proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced; but if he has made a second stroke before the error is discovered, his strokes are valid, and he continues to play with the wrong ball for the remainder of that turn. At its conclusion the striker's proper ball and the one he played with are to be transposed, and, in their next turns the players play in rotation with their right balls.

If a ball is moved in taking aim it should in strictness (*e.g.* in a match) count as a stroke; but in ordinary play it is sufficient to let the ball be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

So much, then, for the laws of croquet. We think the Committee deserve the hearty thanks of all croquet lovers; and though on some minor points we do not altogether coincide with them, nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see their rules universally recognized.

TACT.

'THERE is a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to speak and a time to keep silence.'

In quoting these words of the Preacher, we have no desire to preach, or to moralize upon undisputed truths. Our object is very different. We wish to speak of *tact*, which may be said to be the knowledge when and how to speak and to act; and hence the words of the Preacher seem to form an apt introduction to the remarks we propose to make.

Gifted as we are with powers of mind and body, of thought, speech, and action; living amongst human beings possessing like faculties and passions; we find ourselves encompassed by difficulties out of which we cannot escape, unless we practically acknowledge that to everything there is a season.

The word *tact* is really a French word; but by use and custom it has become naturalized; and nowhere can we find any other word—certainly none in the English language—to express its meaning.

The French *tact* is in its first sense, 'le sens du toucher;' but it has also a further and figurative meaning, 'le jugement fin et délicat;' and a person who has *tact* is said 'd'avoir le jugement fin et subtil.'

It is not discretion, for that is the art of directing oneself; nor experience, which is knowledge gained by practice: but it is something distinct from these, and infinitely more delicate. Discretion and experience may be acquired; but *tact* is innate—may almost be called a natural instinct, an intuitive guide, which not all, but only a few possess. 'L'homme qui joint à l'expérience, le tact des convenances est aussi rare qu'il est utile.' Rare indeed! for how frequently do we find men of genius, of cultivated intellect, failing in the game of life because they have not this invaluable gift. For want of it, even wise and kind men go blundering on, saying and doing the most *mal-à-propos* things, marring their in-

fluence, and wounding where they least desire to wound. Beauty, wit, and talent acquire a tenfold greater influence when combined with *tact*. A beautiful woman without *tact* is closely allied to the 'fair woman without discretion;' and the man of wit and humour, who knows not when to exercise his talents, converts himself and his jests into a nuisance.

Tact has especial reference to the proprieties of life—to what is seasonable and fit. This is well expressed in the French saying which we have quoted, 'Le tact des convenances.' It is the salt which seasons other great and good gifts that we value so highly. It adds a grace to the smallest acts, and embellishes mediocrity more than anything else, giving it a power and a place which it would otherwise fail to attain.

There have always been men of very moderate ability, who have been able to take and maintain a prominent position in the political world, for the simple reason that they have *tact*, which prevents their making mistakes, enables them to reconcile and remove opposition, and to take advantage of favourable circumstances as they arise.

We have at this moment before our minds a very striking illustration of this in a statesman who, with a moderate amount of talent, has attained to considerable eminence through his consummate *tact*. It may have been owing to his early and intimate acquaintance with French men and women, who certainly excel us in this respect; or, more likely still, that he inherited it from his parents, who also were remarkable for it—his father, a man of great reputation in the diplomatic world, and his mother conspicuous for the way in which she could gather together men of every shade of opinion, without offending any, because she was so encompassed with an atmosphere of *tact*, that her very presence softened animosities and promoted good humour, making even a 'sunshine in a shady place.'

Lord Palmerston was conspicuous for the tact with which he ruled over the House of Commons for so many years; and a living prelate possesses almost too large a share of this great gift.

Tact is like the soft answer that turneth away wrath. It mollifies, it soothes, it reconciles. It teaches men how to give and take. As the expert angler knows when to run out his line and to play with his fish, so the man of tact knows, by a kind of instinct, all the turns and twists of those among whom he lives, and can wait till the convenient season comes before he speaks or acts. Herein lies the secret of his success in life. He wastes neither words nor time in needless discussions, but, like the prudent husbandman, keeps his store ready against the time of need.

We have often heard it said by those who affect to despise it, that tact is a kind of hypocrisy. But this is a great mistake. There is no affinity between the two. There is no more want of truth in tact than there was in him who desired to be 'all things to all men.' Hypocrisy is pretending to be what we are not. What relation, then, can it have to that which is the knowledge when and what to say and do? We are not bound to blurt out all we think and know, at the bidding of any fool that asks a question. We are not living in such a Palace of Truth that we are bound to expose all the workings of our minds to the public gaze; nor are we bound to take upon ourselves the odious office of Mentor to our friends and acquaintance, and show our approval or disapproval of things that are happening around us. But it will be found that they who would depreciate tact are either persons of very brusque manners, or exaggerated specimens of that characteristic which is peculiar to English men and women. We say 'exaggerated specimens,' because we refer to an intensity of that blunt honesty upon which our countrymen pride themselves; and one can well imagine that they who consider it to be a duty to say what comes into their

minds, irrespective of time, and place, and society, must be ever intolerant of that tender consideration and instinctive thoughtfulness for others which is comprised in that one most expressive word, tact. The greatest harm we would wish them is, that they may experience its blessing, and then acknowledge its value. Then will they, we would fain hope, inflict less pain upon their friends, whom they so continually 'flay alive.'

It was cleverly and amusingly said of a mother and daughter, who are apt illustrations of the two qualities of mind now under discussion, that the mother was continually going about to put plaster on the wounds which her daughter made—the mother always saying and doing the right thing, and putting the world into good-humour with itself; the daughter 'frumping' everybody, and, 'honest as the day,' always saying some unpalatable truth for which there was no necessity.

Wounds indeed they are which these anti-tact people inflict, and very deep wounds too. If there is a sore point—a tender subject—a raw anywhere, it is unfailingly hit; not maliciously, nor intentionally; but because they lack that invisible rein to guide and control them.

How often have we seen some poor victim almost vivisected during a morning call, when question after question is indiscreetly asked in the most blind and pertinacious manner, utterly regardless of the torture that is being inflicted.

How often have we seen the 'cat let out of the bag,' and heard the secret told, or been let behind the scenes by some unfortunately communicative person, who is sure to say what ought not to be said. There is an amusing story told of a lady who was complimented upon a speech which her husband had made at some public meeting where he was anxious, for sufficient reasons, to create a sensation. Her friend, seeing how much pleasure he gave, continued speaking upon the subject, especially commenting upon a particular line of argument which he considered to be well and

conclusively put. 'Ah!' she said, 'I am very glad you were struck by that; for, dear fellow, he took so much pains with that passage.' So she, for want of tact, lost to her husband for ever the reputation he so much desired, of having made an impromptu speech.

An impatient temper which cannot brook delays, but insists upon a hearing and a reply, regardless of the 'convenient season,' is utterly subversive of all tact, and is a direct rebellion against its very first principles.

But if there is one subject which more than any other needs the aid of tact, it is the education of the young. It is said that one great secret of education is in knowing what to notice and what to pass over unnoticed. Sometimes the germ of a very serious fault may lie hidden beneath some inoffensive habit which escapes comment, if not attention; while that which is but a passing phase of childhood or youth, and which would not leave a trace behind, becomes the object of the severest and most irritating scrutiny.

How often those precious early years, which should be years of happiness wherein we lay up, as in a storehouse, the antidote for coming sorrows and trials, are embittered by tactless management. The very evils which it is so much desired to eradicate are fixed by the way in which they are combated.

A parent, a governess, or a tutor, has a theory about education, and must bend the child or pupil to it, utterly regardless of the peculiar constitution of its mind. Some particular virtue is, perhaps, to be inculcated, and by continually harping upon it it becomes odious in the pupil's eyes; or it may be desired that a particular friendship should be formed in order that some quality, or grace, or tone of thought should be cultivated, but by perpetually forcing it upon the pupil feelings of envy or dislike are engendered. We remember to have heard that, when a man was asked why he disliked another who was really worthy of his regard, he said, 'he could not tell, unless it was

that when they were young he was always crammed down his throat as a pattern boy.'

Nor is this all. In the daily intercourse of life we find ourselves constrained to keep some people at a distance, for fear of what they may say or do. We dare not expose our inmost feelings and tenderest memories to their rough and impatient handling.

The absence of tact also blunts men's perceptions. They cannot appreciate those delicate shades of character which go far to make a man great. We have not long since had a striking instance of this in a controversy that has taken place, in which one of the most remarkable men of our times has laid bare the workings of his own mind, and has shown to the world at large how deficient his adversary is in that delicate instinct called tact, which would have enabled him to have understood and respected the transparent beauty of that character which is not the less beautiful in that it is unlike his own.

In society we find a just tribute paid to it in the welcome that is invariably given to the man who possesses this gift. He says the right thing at the right time, and in the right place. He puts every one at his ease. There is none of that 'sitting upon thorns' as to what he may say or do. He never outstays his welcome; never obtrudes himself where he is not wanted; is never *gauche*; and when he takes his leave we are conscious that something pleasant has gone from us.

Generally speaking, the selfish, the vain, the conceited have no tact, for it involves a certain amount of the spirit of self-sacrifice; neither does it take up its abode by the side of ambition or self-will; nor does it associate with irreverence or a dictatorial and domineering temper.

It prefers the will of others to its own; with gentleness it abstains from wounding another's feelings, and treats adverse opinions with respect, having an especial reverence for the aged and infirm, or those who have a natural claim upon its dutiful consideration. It cannot

exist where there is not some self-discipline and self-control, for its very essence lies in quiet forgetfulness of self and tender consideration for others.

It is a beautiful and touching sight to see the young acting upon its impulses. Youth is especially the age of thoughtlessness—the present absorbing every other interest; but when this gives place to a tender and almost sensitive regard for the feelings and wants of others, and the young put a constraint upon themselves that they may not say or do what can displease, it is a sight which is as beautiful as it is rare.

It has often occurred to us as doubtful whether it ever goes hand in hand with great intellectual vigour. Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but, generally speaking, we very much doubt whether, by one of those just laws of compensation, it does not belong rather to moderate ability. We are inclined to think that it has no place with very high intellectual power, which is apt to absorb into itself all other lesser things, and cannot condescend to those smaller details which make up our daily life. We do not say that it is so: we merely throw it out as a suggestion, as a possibility. But if it be so, it accounts for the way in which so many of our greatest men have it not; why it generally belongs to women; why the French are so conspicuous for it, for, as a nation, they are not such deep thinkers as either the German or

the English, amongst whom it is more rarely found.

It certainly exists among the poor, and among the country poor, who are more simple in their tastes. It seems to us to be one of those gifts by which the balance of good and evil is equalized in the world.

Precious gift! 'Aussi rare qu'il est utile.' How can it be obtained? That is the question, for we must all desire it; and to this we can only reply that we believe it cannot be acquired; that it is a natural instinct, a sixth sense, which is given only to a few. As there are some who have a talent for music or drawing, others for the study of foreign languages or for philosophy, so there are others who have this gift of tact, by which they are enabled to avoid the shoals and quicksands, the Scylla and Charybdis which founder the barks of other men.

To what purpose then, you may ask, have we introduced the subject, if it may not be attained like many other graces? To this we reply that if we have been able to dissociate it in the minds of any from hypocrisy, from uncertain and double dealing, we shall have gained our point; for there are so many who have persuaded themselves that it is contemptible and inconsistent with true manliness of character, whereas we believe it to be one of the rarest and greatest gifts we can possess, which will enable us, if we fortunately possess it, to do much good in our generation.



FREDERICK LEMAÎTRE.

MAKING my annual round of the Parisian theatres last October, I took a stall one night at the Ambigu Comique, that popular old play-house of which About discoursed so delightfully in 'Les Vacances de la Contesse,' 'cette vieille salle de l'Ambigu, trempée de larmes,' as he calls it. It was no very pleasant sight I saw. A worse company, for the purpose of *ensemble*, was never collected even on the boards of an English theatre; the audience were scanty and listless, and given to laughing at the pathetic moments; and the star of the evening was a broken-down old man, the 'stagiest' of the stags, difficult to hear and sad to see—showing occasional flashes of a by-gone talent, visible only to those who had heard and read, as I had, of the actor's past greatness. And it needed the name on the *affiche* to assure me that this was Frederick Lemaître. As if to stimulate our flagging interest, an itinerant vendor was hawking about the theatre a full and true account of the life of M. Frederick Lemaître, in which I invested fifty centimes, in order to refresh my memory, and see if this could indeed be the 'Ruy Blas' and 'Robert Macaire' of former years. M. Lecomte, the author of the little memoir, is, as becomes biographers, a wholesale believer in his hero, and his notes of admiration must always be taken *cum grano*. But his story is interesting, and an outline of it may not be unattractive to English readers.

Frederick Lemaître, then, was born at Havre, on the 21st of July, 1800, and born of an artist-race. His grandfather was a musician, and his father an architect of some note. Lemaître père was a man as quick-tempered as he was clever, and reigned despotically over his domestic circle. But young Frederick had an infallible method for calming the paternal fits of passion, by reciting to him passages of sonorous alexandrines from Corneille or Racine, draped à l'antique in a towel or a tablecloth. The father had acuteness enough to discover in the son the elements of a great actor, and

good sense enough not to discourage him from adopting the stage as a profession. It was therefore with the full approbation of the home authorities that young Lemaître, at the age of nineteen, became a candidate for admission to the school of declamation in the Conservatoire of Paris. He had not recited a dozen verses before his examiners when he was at once welcomed as a pupil of high promise. At this period Frederick Lemaître is described as having been possessed of great personal advantages—a fine handsome face and well-knit figure, and a voice of great beauty, both in speaking and singing, an art of which he had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge from the teaching of his father. During the two years that he remained at the Conservatoire, our hero, young as he was, learnt to detest the sing-song and monotonous style of recitation which was the fashion of the day; and when, at the close of this period of study, he sought an engagement at the Odéon, where a *concours de déclamation* was at the time going on, he was rejected by all his judges as an ignorant and dangerous innovator, an audacious apostate from the traditional religion of the poetical drama. By all his judges save one; but the exception was important, for that one was Talma, then at the height of his fame and popularity. This great tragedian, who had himself effected the overthrow of traditions held no less sacred but a few years before—who had been the first to dress the characters of antiquity in the costume of the age in which they lived, and had declined to play Orestes in a powdered wig, or Britannicus in tights and buckles—who had done, in short, for the French stage what Kemble did for our own—Talma was able to discover in the young Lemaître what the other judges could not, sparks of the *feu sacré*, the materials of a great actor. His one voice, however, of whatever weight in the council, could not prevail over the unanimous opposition of his colleagues, and the doors of the second

Théâtre Français were shut in the face of the young aspirant, who was from that moment, happily probably for himself, lost to the 'legitimate' drama.

Determined to make a beginning somewhere, Frederick next applied to the manager of the Variétés Amusantes, a little theatre on the Boulevard des Temples. 'Who are you and what do you want?' is his abrupt demand. (This manager was a quaint, rough-mannered old man—an original in his way—a man much after the fashion of queer old Tate Wilkinson, of the York Theatre.) 'My name is Frederick Lemaître, and I want an engagement.' 'Indeed! where have you acted before?' 'Nowhere. I have just left the Conservatoire.' 'And what line of acting do you propose to take?' 'Anything that turns up.' 'Hem! you've a good voice—let me hear you shout.' And Frederick *does* shout, with a will. 'That'll do admirably. I engage you—you shall have thirty francs a month, and make your début the day after tomorrow.' 'But my part?' 'You can do it extempore,' said the manager, or might have said if he had known his Shakespeare—'it's nothing but roaring. You'll make a first-rate lion.' 'Pyrame et Thisbé,' was in rehearsal in the shape of a vaudeville, with only three characters, the lovers and the lion. And so did Frederick Lemaître make his first appearance before the public in the character which introduced Snug the joiner to the people of Athens. 'If you had played Pyramus instead of the beast,' said Alexandre Dumas to him one day in after years, 'you might now have been reigning at the Français in spite of them all!'

Lemaître's period of probation was a shorter one than usually falls to the lot of struggling actors: he passed from the Variétés Amusantes to the Cirque Olympique, and thence to the Funambules, and, later still, was admitted into the company of the repentant Odéon. But, whether because he was allowed no chance of distinction at this theatre, or because the legitimate drama invited him too late, and his mission was too plain before him, he deserted the Odéon for

the Ambigu Comique, then, as it always was and is now, the chosen home of melodrama.

At the Ambigu, on the 2nd of July, 1823 (at the age of twenty-three!), Frederick Lemaître startled the town with the first edition of his immortal Robert Macaire in 'L'Auberge des Adrets.' The story of that strange success has been often told, and in various ways. As some have it, the actor having played the first part of the piece in the traditional heavy-villain fashion, and finding it in danger of an unmentionable fate, suddenly and completely, on the spur of the moment, changed his reading of the character of Macaire, and sketched before the eyes of the delighted audience the first rude outline which he afterwards worked up into such an exquisite picture. According to M. Lecomte, the idea suggested itself to Lemaître at the first reading of the piece, but the authors would have nothing to say to it, and on the first night the drama, played in the traditional way above mentioned, was mercilessly hissed, to reappear the next evening in the shape suggested by Frederick's imagination. It seems certain that an entire alteration must have been made in the dialogue before the conception of the leading character can have been so radically changed; for the well-known jocularities of Robert Macaire can never have been intended to be uttered by the hoarse voice, and illustrated by the hang-dog looks, of the recognised bandit of the stage. But whatever may be the accurate history of his first apparition, Robert Macaire became at once the lion of the day. Paris talked and thought of nothing else, and the favourite prescription of the doctors for the cholera panic that prevailed at the time was, 'Go and see Lemaître in Robert Macaire.' Although after this period the actor's name became more or less associated with many other original characters, yet Macaire ever remained his greatest and most famous, as it was his first creation; and it will die with him—or rather, alas! it has died before him. That prince of paradox—most comic of murderers and most terrible of buffoons—with the 'looped and

windowed raggedness' of his cobbled pantaloons and his tattered coat, the cane so devoted to Bertrand's calves, the black patch over the left eye, and the snuffbox with its pathetic creak, has tempted many good actors to their downfall; for the outward peculiarities of Robert Macaire are as easy to imitate as his essential characteristics are difficult, if not impossible to seize. Even M. Fechter, clever artist as he is, only added one more to the long list of failures in a part which is to the actors of drama as 'Don Giovanni' is to ambitious baritones.

Robert Macaire always continued Lemaître's pet character, and, did any new piece fail from which great things had been expected, and leave a vacuum, abhorred no less by managers than by nature, to be filled until some fresh novelty could be brought forward, 'L'Auberge des Adrets' was always the best trump in the pack, for it was as popular with the audiences as with the actor. And he was ever touching and retouching it, interpolating new and startling surprises in the dialogue or the action, now in the shape of some master-stroke of byplay, now of some appropriate dance or song. Many will remember how, during one of his London engagements, when negro melodists happened to be the fashion of the day, he introduced into the part a song upon a banjo, and beat the Christys of the period in their own line. On the occasion of a revival of 'L'Auberge des Adrets,' at the Porte St. Martin (in 1832), Robert and Bertrand, on the point of being arrested, took refuge in a box on the first tier, and did not give in to the gendarmes who followed them till they had thrown two of their assailants for dead upon the stage! This story gives some idea of the license which popular actors occasionally allow themselves in Paris; a more audacious instance of 'gagging' it would be difficult to find. It was at this period that the play was reduced to its present two-act form, and its revival was celebrated by an action brought against Lemaître and Serros (Bertrand), by the manager of the Ambigu, who claimed a kind of vested interest in the costumes of

the two characters, which were worth, between them, about a franc and a half!

'L'Auberge des Adrets' was followed at the Ambigu by various dramas, in which Lemaître was more or less triumphant (amongst others one written by himself, 'Le Vieil Artiste').

Then the Ambigu underwent one night the common fate of theatres, and was burnt to the ground; upon which Lemaître accepted an engagement at the Porte St. Martin, and made his first appearance there on the 19th of June, 1827, in a character which proved one of his greatest successes, Georges de Germany, in 'Trente Ans, or, La Vie d'un Joueur,' the piece in which, thirty-eight years after its first production, he this year made the melancholy reappearance to which I have alluded. The success of 'Trente Ans' was shared with Frederick by an actress who became afterwards one of the greatest of Parisian favourites, Marie Dorval. It was perhaps at this period that Lemaître gave the most striking proofs of the wonderful versatility which characterised his genius, and to which the history of the stage, except in the instance of our own Garrick, furnishes no parallel. Georges de Germany was succeeded, in the next year (1828), by Edgar Ravenswood and Mephistopheles, in dramatised versions of the masterpieces of Scott and Goethe; and Lemaître was equally admirable as the passionate lover and romantic fatalist of the novel, and as the manfiend of the poem.

In 'Faust' the actor showed that dancing was one of his numerous accomplishments, and an eccentric valse, which he introduced in the second act, created as much excitement at the time as M. Gounod's graceful melody has caused in our own day.

The Ambigu having been rebuilt, Lemaître reappeared there in 1830, but only for a short time, for in the same year we find him once more at Odéon. But the directors of that classic stage no longer repressed the innovator; they met him more than half way, and abandoning to a great extent their cherished traditions,

they provided for him a kind of compromise between the 'legitimate' and the 'drame du boulevard' in the shape of a play called *'La Mère et la Fille,'* which proved a new triumph for Lemaitre, and was followed by Ducis' version of *'Othello,'* where the meed of success was certainly not the translator's. In 1831 Frederick made his appearance in a very new character. Military pieces were the rage at the time. An actor named Gobert was turning a strong personal resemblance to Napoleon to good account at the Porte St. Martin, and making his manager's fortune in the character of the great emperor. (It will be remembered how an actor of the name of Gomersal, with similar personal recommendations, had a similar success in London at a later period.) So Alexandre Dumas was commissioned to write a play about Napoleon for the Odéon, which was to bring forward Lemaitre in the chief character. The 'grand faiseur' constructed a piece containing one hundred and twenty characters, which had to be 'cut' to the extent of a full half before it could be reduced within the limits of the six hours' performance which French audiences consider reasonable. Even in that form the success was very moderate; and Lemaitre was voted a better representative of Ambrosio, in a version of *'The Monk,'* which replaced the drama of Dumas, than of Napoleon Buonaparte. This was the last character played by him at the Odéon, whence he migrated with his manager, Harel, to the more congenial climate of the Porte St. Martin, where, on the night of the 10th of December, 1831, he achieved another triumph in Richard Darlington. The last scene of this play is one of the most effective of modern drama; and it is said that Mdlle. Noblet, who played the heroine, Jenny, unprepared as she had been at rehearsal for the passion which Lemaitre threw into his acting, was on the first night fairly frightened into hysterics. 'Qu'allez vous faire?' asks Jenny of Richard. 'Je n'en sais rien, mais priez Dieu.' Similar stories have been told of the effect that great actors have had upon the

nerves of those who have been playing with them. Garcia, in the last act of *'Otello,'* terrified more than one Desdemona into forgetfulness of music and everything else; and the present writer remembers, to come to more recent instances, to have heard a young country actor describe the effect created upon him by the appearance of Miss Cushman, on an occasion when she was acting the part of Meg Merrilies in a provincial theatre. He was the Bertram of the evening, and she had warned him, at the only rehearsal of which time had permitted, to show no signs of astonishment when he should first see her on the stage at night. He paid little attention to this at the time; but when he found himself suddenly brought face to face with the wild, weird-looking figure with which playgoers were familiar a few years ago, he could not help starting from the seat on which Bertram is found at Meg's first entrance; and was only brought to his senses by feeling the actress's hand laid heavily on his shoulder, and hearing her strong harsh voice hiss into his ear, 'Sit down, you fool!'

But to return to Lemaitre. Richard Darlington was followed by the revival of *'Robert Macaire,'* which was marked by the incidents which we have before recounted; and during the run of this popular piece, the *'Tour de Nesle'* was read to the company of the Porte St. Martin, and the part of Buridan assigned to Frederick Lemaitre. But cholera was again in the ascendant at this period, and the actor was not so ready to act as antidote as he had been ten years before. He threw up the part and took refuge in the country, and Harel was forced to engage Bocage, and entrust Buridan to him. No sooner did Frederick hear of this, than, actor-like, he repented of his terrors, and did all he could to get his part back again. But Bocage held firm, and shared with Mdlle. Georges the first honours of the best drame ever written. Nor could Lemaitre, though he afterwards played Buridan with great originality and success, ever overcome the prestige which belongs to the first creator of a cha-

racter. It should be added, that there is nothing in Buridan, effective as the part is, that makes such calls on the higher qualities of the actor as Darlington, or admits of such characteristic embellishments as Macaire. Hence, while these two characters have only crushed subsequent representatives, *infelices pueros et impares*, Buridan always remains one of the most telling parts in the repertoire of the leading melodramatic actors of the day, as now is the case of Melingue. The 'Tour de Nesle,' indeed, plays itself, making little or no call on the resources of the scene-painter and the tailor, written in clear, simple, forcible language, which tells a story as consecutive and easily understood as it is exciting and terrible, every scene increasing the interest, while it tends to the development of the plot.

The 'Souper à Ferrare' of Victor Hugo, or 'Lucrece Borgia,' as it was rechristened at the desire of Mdlle. Georges, who played the heroine, brought forward Lemaitre in his next original character, that of Gennaro. The success and the excellence of this drama have been alike effaced, except in the minds of a few readers, by the opera which Donizetti and his librettist stole from it. How cruel a thing is the desecration—there is no other word for it—which composers are so fond of committing on the *chefs-d'œuvre* of great dramatists. No poet has suffered so much from this sort of piracy as Victor Hugo. Donizetti robbed him of his Lucretia: Signor Verdi seized upon 'Hernani' and 'Le Roi s'amuse,' and marred them, I am fain to think, in the stealing. And, thanks to barrel-organs and the love of noise, third-rate operas became popular with the multitude, while the great originals which are thus mutilated, *ut pueris placeant et declamatio fiant*, often survive only in a few libraries. Victor Hugo is alive and at work, happily; but how many of those who applaud the blatant vulgarities of 'Rigoletto' have ever read a line, if they have even heard of the existence, of that terrible and noble drama, 'Le Roi s'amuse'? There are some few who think that even such a man as

Rossini and Mozart did little honour to Beaumarchais when they robbed him of his exquisite comedies. Go and see the original 'Barbiera de Seville' at the Français—learn from Bressant and Regnier what *Alma-viva* and *Figaro* may be—and the next time you take your place at the Italian Opera you may possibly listen with modified respect even to the melodies of the 'immortal Barbieri.' It was no fault of the same composer's that 'Otello' did not crush the Moor of Venice.

Frederick Lemaitre's next engagement was at the Folies Dramatiques, a theatre then suffering from the vicissitudes of fortune, which seemed altogether to have deserted the manager, M. Mourier.* 'If you like,' said Frederick to him, 'I will bring back the public to your theatre.' 'It's very hot weather,' was the despondent answer. 'What of that? Take my advice, and you will find that "L'été n'a point de feux—l'hiver n'a point de glace!"'

Under his personal superintendence, two chosen writers had constructed a sequel to his favourite Robert Macaire, in whom he saw yet other undeveloped opportunities. Robert Macaire was to be M. Mourier's salvation, and so it proved: for for four months did this inexhaustible attraction crowd the Folies Dramatiques. So great, indeed, was its new success, that the virtuous public began to be alarmed. The same disastrous influence was attributed to Robert Macaire, as has in our own country been ascribed to Captain Macheath and Jack Sheppard. No less a man than Jules Janin headed the crusade against the popular assassin. But he might have spared his trouble. For the disappearance of the type Macaire, the world had but to wait for the decay of the powers of Frederick Lemaitre.

At the end of 1835, after a visit to London, we find our hero once more at the Porte St. Martin, where

* This M. Mourier was an oddity in his way, like Frederick's first manager. There are some amusing stories about him in the so-called 'Mémoires de Thérèse,' which have recently been presented to the reading public.

all the zeal and activity of the manager, Harel, seemed unavailing to avert impending bankruptcy. Everything was against him. Lemaitre was announced to play Othello, and on the very night of the intended performance, the actor, in the dress of the Moor, had to appear before the crowded audience and tell them that it was forbidden by government, as 'classical tragedy' was not admissible at the Porte St. Martin. Harel was driven to that last resource of managers in distress, jugglers and acrobats, and Frederick took refuge at the Variétés, during his engagement at which theatre was produced what M. Lecomte ambiguously calls that 'pièce merveilleuse,' by Alexandre Dumas, 'Kean.' A marvellous piece of work truly that same drama is, giving the same sort of history of the great English actor's career as did M. Langlais recently of the life of Sheridan. One of the most stirring incidents of the play, if I rightly remember, was a duel fought by Kean with the Prince of Wales in the green-room of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden (where Kean never acted in his prime).

In November, 1838, was opened the Théâtre de la Renaissance, in the old Salle Ventadour, for which Victor Hugo had obtained a concession two years before, with the view of devoting it to the purposes of romantic drama. He nominated as manager one M. Anténor Joly, one condition of whose appointment to the post was the engagement of Frederick Lemaitre, whose Gennaro was not forgotten by Victor Hugo, and who was to play the principal part in the new drama of 'Ruy Blas,' which the poet wrote in a month for the inauguration of the new undertaking. Unfortunately, M. Joly, in want of funds, had been forced to associate with himself in the management a gentleman *passionné* for vaudeville and spectacle, who threw all the obstacles he could in the way of Victor Hugo and 'Ruy Blas,' and devoted himself to the getting up of a fairy piece called 'L'Eau Merveilleuse,' on which he founded his hopes of fortune. We are reminded of the stories told of

Manager Rich, who thought pantomime the only enduring form of drama, and was disgusted when the acting of Cibber and Woffington brought money to his treasury.

On the opening night of the Renaissance, everything went wrong in front of the curtain—doors wouldn't shut and when they did wouldn't open again—fires wouldn't burn and warmers gave no warmth—and the effect of such creature discomforts on the appreciative powers of an audience, on a cold November night, goes for much in the fate of a play. In spite of all this, the fifth act of 'Ruy Blas' warmed up the frozen spectators into something like enthusiasm. For Lemaitre's share in the success let the poet himself vouch. 'For M. Frederick Lemaitre,' he writes, 'the night of the 8th November was not a representation, but a transfiguration, (genuine Hugonese that). 'On all his stage career, past as well as future, this grand creation will shed a glory. In "Ruy Blas," M. Frederick realises before our eyes the ideal of the great actor.' The late Judge Talfourd, in his 'Vacation Rambles,' gives a much less enthusiastic account of Lemaitre, whom he saw in this character, and who does not seem to have struck him as at all superior to his fellow-actors. This engagement at the Renaissance did not prove satisfactory. The spectacular manager brought out his 'Eau Merveilleuse' triumphantly before a well-warmed audience and a carefully multiplied 'claque,' while on the 'Ruy Blas' nights he got the piece hissed and the actors bullied: and as M. Joly could not but fall in with the idea of a colleague who both found the funds and filled the treasury, romanticism and Frederick Lemaitre, after maintaining the struggle for some time with the help of such stupidities as a version of 'Fazio,' by M. Dumas, at last gave way, and retired to the Porte St. Martin, where, on the 14th March, 1840, Lemaitre appeared in the principal part in Balzac's 'Vautrin.' The history of this piece is well known. Harassed by his creditors, and ever on the eve

of 'making his fortune,' the great novelist had founded high hopes on 'Vautrin,' which was produced with extraordinary success, only to be forbidden by the censorship after one performance, one reason assigned, among others, being that Lemaitre, in his 'make up,' had presented a studied caricature of the *roi bourgeois*, Louis Philippe. All the efforts of friends, foremost among whom was Victor Hugo, to get the ban removed, proved futile, and Balzac was forced to content himself with the publication of his drama. In his preface he wrote, 'Vautrin could have no interpreter but Frederick Lemaitre.'

The next important event in the actor's life was his admission within the sacred precincts of the Théâtre Français, which occurred in October 1842. But, accustomed to the adoring worship of his fellow-actors, and the unrestrained excitement of his audiences, on the Boulevard, where he reigned *en prince*, he was hopelessly out of his element in the Rue Richelieu, where the traditions of classic tragedy, and the half-pitying astonishment of the *sociétaires*, who were to be his new comrades, were little to his taste. So after a few performances of 'Othello,' he returned to his beloved boulevard; and at the Porte St. Martin in 1844, after appearing for two hundred nights as Jacques Ferrand, in Eugène Sue's revolting 'Mystères de Paris,' he created the character which, after Robert Macaire, is perhaps of all his triumphs the most lastingly associated with his name, 'Don César de Bazan.' The original portrait of this popular adventurer, it will be remembered, is to be found in 'Ruy Blas,' where, indeed, Don César plays a part, the importance of which is quite unknown to those English playgoers whose only acquaintance with Victor Hugo's tragedy is derived from the bald and bombastic version with which M. Fechter has made them so familiar. (But even in that grotesque parody, how dramatic a play it is!) In the days of 'Ruy Blas' Lemaitre had seen the capabilities of the character which now, six years

later, was, with the permission of Victor Hugo, made the groundwork of a new drama by two of the most popular *faisceaux* of the day. It was much to be regretted, indeed, that this piece had not been written for Lemaitre some twenty years before, at the outset of his career; as even so early as 1844 (though it need scarcely be said that this is not allowed by M. Lecomte) his powers began to give signs of failing. Don César de Bazan has been as popular in English as in French; and there were many who thought that James Wallack, in this part, could dispute the palm with the great original himself. At this present time, few who have seen Fechter's Don César will deny that it is one of the best, if not the very best, of his performances.

At this period Lemaitre's repertory grew rapidly rich in new characters. The 'Dame de Saint-Tropez,' 'Michel Brémont,' the 'Docteur Noir,' followed in quick succession. Of Frederick's acting in this latter piece, M. Lecomte tells us that the effect was such, that at one point the 'whole audience sobbed for twenty minutes,' an assertion which is, at all events, indicative of the actor's power. In 1847 came the 'Chiffonnier de Paris,' which ranks amongst the highest if not the most generally celebrated of Lemaitre's achievements. So anxious was he to present the appearance of a real Parisian ragpicker, that he made the lamplighter of the theatre wear his dress for a month, in order to bring it into a sufficient state of dirt. That the result was satisfactory may be gathered from the fact, that when the 'Chiffonnier' had 'run' for a few nights, a deputation of Parisian ragpickers waited on Lemaitre, to express their compliments and thanks. He appreciated this not least among the many tributes paid to him during his career.

During the troublous times of 1848, Lemaitre appeared in the new character, whether assumed from conviction or design, of an enthusiastic republican. Under the influence of his new principles, his propensity to 'gagging' became worse than ever. He was always making little speeches

from the stage, more or less inappropriate and uncalled for, though M. Lecomte seems greatly to admire this political phase in his hero's history. On one occasion, he stopped in the middle of the part he was playing, and introduced the following address to the public—'Let me tell you that I am very unfortunate in being obliged to show off on the stage when all Paris is under arms. I am acting in spite of myself, to save the theatre from bankruptcy;' which announcement was hissed, as it richly deserved, and so violently hissed, that the orator-actor had to leave the stage. At another time, on the first night of a comic drama called 'Tragaldabas,' in which Lemaître represented a sort of burlesque Don César, finding that the audience did not relish the new play, and that it was in danger of utter failure, the actor came down to the footlights and pronounced what M. Lecomte calls 'these memorable words,'—'Citizens and gentlemen—interested or disinterested—this is of all others the moment for us all to exclaim—Long live the Republic!' The immediate result of this *à propos* remark was, we are told, 'profound stupefaction,' followed by general applause, which covered the descent of the curtain, but did not, it seems, secure a long existence for 'Tragaldabas.' Refusing an engagement offered him at the Odéon, by his old rival Bocage, now named director of that theatre, Lemaître remained at the Porte St. Martin to play the principal character in M. de Lamartine's 'Toussaint Louverture,' which proved only a *succès d'estime*. But the great writers whose conceptions it was the privilege of Frederick to realise, never failed to recognise his excellence. The tributes paid him by Victor Hugo and Balzac have been recorded; and to these may be added the testimony of Lamartine, who, in the preface to his drama, compares Lemaître to Talma, to the advantage of the younger actor, even while he speaks of the elder as 'the living image of classic history.'

On the 9th November, 1850, Frederick Lemaître appeared at the Gaité in the last of his great original characters, Paillasse, so well

known on the English stage as Belphegor, in a badly-constructed, baldly-written play, which nevertheless will remain a favourite to the end of time, from the same cause which has won such lasting popularity for the 'Stranger,' the simple pathos of the situations, which comes home to every wife and mother in the audience. And when the women cry, the fortune of the piece is made.

There is no need to dwell at length on the rest of the actor's story. Sometimes at the Ambigu, sometimes at the Porte St. Martin or Gaité, and once at the Odéon, Lemaître continued to act frequently until 1860, but without being able to add new laurels to his chaplet, and presenting to the public a sad spectacle of the rapid decline of a great talent.

This is not M. Lecomte's view. According to him, triumph on triumph was yet to attend Lemaître, to whom his enthusiastic biographer ascribes, even at this moment, undiminished vigour and power. But, as a matter of fact, it would have been well if Paillasse had closed the theatrical career of Frederick the Great. For the result of his latest appearances has been that for the last few years not only has his acting been ridiculed, but even his past has been doubted, and his old reputation questioned, by those who never saw him in his prime; while even those who did so see him have found it difficult to preserve past memories in the face of present realities, and have been driven to wonder whether it was not more likely that their taste should formerly have been bad, than that a great actor should in so short a time have degenerated so utterly. But there can be no real doubt that Lemaître was indeed one of the first of actors. Be it remembered that 'Ruy Blas,' 'Vautrin,' and 'Toussaint Louverture,' which called forth from the authors those compliments to Lemaître, were all, from one reason or another, comparative failures. And dramatists, unless they are much belied, are under such circumstances only too ready to find fault with their tools. Again, as Mrs. Bracegirdle said to old Cibber—'The man

who pleases everybody must have something in him,' and we need not implicitly accept all M. Lecomte's statements, to believe in the wonderful popularity of Frederick Lemaître. Of his versatility something has already been said: in one evening he could be Ravenswood and Mephistopheles—Ruy Blas and Robert Macaire. Such a fact speaks for itself. No doubt he had great faults. A distinguished English critic, writing of him recently in a daily paper, has spoken of the peculiar *bourgeois* element in his acting, from which he could never free himself; and of his inveterate love of 'gag,' which 'argues a pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it,' more than one instance has been given. Great as Frederick Lemaître was, he never would have succeeded in the classical tragedy of the Français, though he might have excelled in such a character as Tartuffe, or even more in the semi-melodramatic parts of the modern French poetical drama, such as the Louis XI. of his fellow-townsmen, Casimir Delavigne. For classical tragedy he had neither the stately dignity of Talma nor the electric genius of Rachel. It is not without reason that M. Lecomte calls him the 'founder of the school of natural acting in France:' he was nothing if not natural, and it is no wonder that Parisian audiences, accustomed to all the old traditions of melodrama, should have been as much delighted as astonished at the discovery that dramatic effects and 'sensations' are not incompatible with a quiet, even a colloquial style of acting. It is probable that succeeding actors have in this respect improved on their original. At the present day, Fechter is, as he was in Paris, one of the most prominent of the disciples of Lemaître, and it is to him that we owe the first introduction into England of natural acting as applied to drama. His delightful performance of Hamlet is a proof that a clever and intelligent artist, without being a genius, can invest so well-known and often-played a character with a new charm and a living interest, merely by applying the canons of the new French school of romantic drama to the drama

of Shakespeare, to which they are eminently applicable. For the drama of Shakespeare bears a close analogy to that of Hugo and Dumas—none at all to that of Corneille and Racine. An actor endowed with something more than cleverness and intelligence—gifted with the higher qualities ascribed to Lemaître, if brought up in this same natural school, would work wonders for the great characters of Shakespeare. Othello was too much for Fechter, not because his style of acting was unsuited to the part, but because it requires those higher qualifications, over and above mere natural acting, which Fechter lacks, and which have been given to no living actor but Lemaître, who has them no longer. But if in earlier days Lemaître could be great in the Othello of Ducis, what would he have been in the Othello of Shakespeare?

The last of the original characters of Frederick Lemaître were, the Softy, in a wonderful combination of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' 'Aurora Floyd,' and 'Pepper's Ghost,' produced two years ago at the Châtelet, under the title of the 'Secret de Miss Aurore;' and the Comte de Saullès, in a drama written expressly for him by M. Edouard Plouvier, and brought out at the Ambigu in April, 1864. Not having seen this last piece, the writer has no means of confirming or contradicting M. Lecomte, who tells us that the first night was 'a true feast of the heart and the intelligence,' and that the actor had never been greater in his life. But the remembrance of his latest appearance, when, during last October, he played 'Trente Ans' at the Ambigu (to which allusion has already been made), must rank as one of the saddest chapters in the experience of all who saw him.

Personally, Frederick Lemaître seems to have deserved his popularity, both with the public and his fellow-actors. He was generous and disinterested, and he never would consent to pay court either to critics or to managers, as so many of his fraternity are accused of doing. As might be expected from Robert Macaire, he had a keen sense of



Drawn by Kate Edwards.]

THE JUNE DREAM.

[See Page 52.]

humour, which showed itself in odd ways sometimes, and encouraged him in those familiarities with his audience which would never have been tolerated in any other actor. On one occasion, not being, as usual, 'called' at the fall of the curtain at the end of a performance of 'L'Auberge,' he walked to the lamps, and began—'Where is M. Auguste?' A pause. 'Not here?—where is M. Antoine, then?' Pause again. 'Gentlemen,' he indignantly added, 'I gave the head of the claque and his next in command fifty francs a piece this morning to give me a "call," and they're neither of them here! You see, gentlemen, I am *floué*!' (The word defies translation.)

At another time, when his refusal to play some character in a new piece had brought down upon him the public indignation, which showed itself in a storm of hisses on his first appearance, he quietly said, 'I am quite confused, gentlemen, by the enthusiastic nature of your greeting. Accept my thanks; and with them the assurance that I will press into the service of this play my best intentions and my best ability.' It need scarcely be added, that such an address changed the hisses of a French audience into applause.

Lemaitre had a rough side to his tongue sometimes. Manager Harel having once proposed to him nominally to accept half-salary, in order to persuade his fellows to do the same, while he was in reality to receive the whole—a proposal which

was indignantly refused—Lemaitre took the following revenge for what he considered an insult. A new piece, by a noble author, was accepted at the Porte St. Martin. Harel made him guarantee the expenses of scenery and dress; extracted from him endless odd sums during the rehearsals of the piece; and lastly, in the presence of Lemaitre, required him to take fifty private boxes for the first night of performance. The author submitted, and was taking his departure, when Frederick touched Harel on the shoulder.

'You have forgotten one thing.'

'What's that?'

'How can you let him go? You have left him his watch!'

With this little story we part from Frederick Lemaitre. He has lived and acted too long for his fame; but that will right itself. In the case of actors, the reverse of the Shakespearian saying is the truth. The good they do lives after them; the evil is interred with their bones. Pasta's 'last appearance' has already been forgotten, while the youngest of us believe in what we have read of the glories of her youth. And some years hence, when she has really gone, the picture drawn by the admirers of her rising, not by those who have watched her decline, will be the accepted portrait of Giulia Grisi. So, when the 'Saltimbanques' and the 'Secret de Miss Aurore' are forgotten, the future readers of dramatic annals will find in them no name more honoured or more renowned than that of Frederick Lemaitre.

THE JUNE DREAM.

A GARDEN in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold,—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees,—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with oreak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part,—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flow'rs
She thinks of the departed hours,—
Regret her loving heart *must* bear
But anguish has no portion there.

W. S.

MY FIRST VISIT.

§ A Chapter of Accidents.

I WAS fifteen years old, very shy and rather sentimental. I had been brought up in the strictest seclusion in my father's country parsonage, and all my mother's time and care had been bestowed upon me, her only child.

I need hardly say I had never been from home, and had never even contemplated the horrors of such a possibility. My dismay, therefore, may be better imagined than described, when one morning after breakfast, just as I was running off to my poultry-yard, my mother called me back, saying that she and my father wished to speak to me. I couldn't help feeling very guilty, and very conscious of the fact that 'Lalla Rookh' was at that moment hidden under my mattress. Was it possible that mamma had seen its circulating library cover peeping out? My heart beat fast, and my face was very red, while I stood to hear what she had to say.

'My dear Clara' (of course my name was Clara, and I wore curls), 'my dear Clara, your father and I have thought it best to accept for you an invitation to spend a day and a night at your godfather's, Sir Thomas Bullyon, at Golding Park. How shall you like it?'

I felt that this was 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' I had much rather they should have found 'Lalla Rookh.' I had a horror of strange faces, even when papa and mamma were present to give me the support of their countenances. But the idea of being among strangers, alone, in a great grand house, and for a whole day and night, was insupportable. I wept, and bewailed, and entreated, in what I considered the most moving terms, such as ought to have melted a heart of stone. But in vain! My parents were, for once, inexorable, and I was to go.

I felt it was adding insult to injury when I was forced to assist in the preparations for my visit. The village dressmaker was called in,

and set to work at once to make me a white frock, while my dear, unselfish mother began herself to cut up her only silk dress to make me another. I was touched at this, and tried to help with a better grace, but it was dreary work, for every stitch seemed to bring me nearer to my misery.

How well I remember that white frock, and the way it was made! The dressmaker's fundamental rule evidently was that a dress should stick out everywhere. She called it 'setting nicely,' I remember. It was anything but nice, as far as my own feelings and appearance were concerned, for I looked and moved like a hog in armour; added to which, it was so tight round the throat that I could not turn my head without turning my whole body. But I bore all this like a heroine, looking upon it as a very minor evil compared with what I was about to undergo.

At last the dreadful day dawned. I was not to go till the afternoon, Lady Bullyon having promised mamma to send the carriage for me, and I was expected to reach the park, only twelve miles distant, in time for dinner. My dear mother spent the whole morning in trying to reason me out of my fears, and impressing upon me the advantage it might be to me in after life, should I secure the friendship of two such rich and influential persons. The idea of the riches and grandeur, however, only frightened me the more, and the sight of the carriage, with its powdered coachman and footman, its coat of arms, and pair of prancing bays, quite overcame me. I couldn't speak, I couldn't even cry, when I said good-bye to mamma. I was the personification of stony, speechless misery. I had a certain conviction that the coachman and footman were laughing at me, as I dare say they were, for in my nervous haste and flurry I had missed my footing on the carriage step, had fallen forward on my face, and muddled my nose, which was

now very red with agitation and friction combined.

I could not help enjoying my drive, and for a time forgetting my troubles, in admiration of the lovely scenery through which I was passing. But as I neared my journey's end my fears revived, and by the time we had passed through the great iron gates, and driving up a beautiful avenue of chestnuts nearly a mile long, stopped at the ponderous door of a large stone-built mansion, I was as bad as ever again. The deep tones of the bell resounded through the house, the door instantly opened as if by magic, the steps of the carriage were let down, and I alighted. Such was my humility, and so greatly was I impressed with the magnificence of all I saw, that, if I had had any voice left, I believe I should have apologised to the footman for the trouble I gave him in helping me out. I had a vague idea that perhaps Lady Bullyon would be in the hall to receive and welcome me. You see I had never been in a great house before, and was not up to those fashionable manners which disdain to

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'

So she was not there when I entered a fine hall, hung round with old portraits, banners, 'stags' heads, and other trophies of war and of the chase. 'These are his ancestors and their spoils,' I thought. 'How delightful!' But I learned afterwards that the house belonged to an ancient but impoverished family. They had let it to Sir Thomas, a man without a grandfather, who had got his money by the manufacture of gold lace, and his baronetcy by a lucky casting vote at a ministerial crisis. This by the way. We will now return to my insignificant self, and my various sensations.

As I have said, I entered the hall with faltering steps, and on looking round I beheld, instead of Lady Bullyon, and besides the footman who had opened the door, a most gentlemanly person, rather portly and rubicund, with silver hair, and in an irreproachable evening dress suit. Behind him stood a lovely cherub-like boy of about ten years

of age, attired in a suit of dark-green velvet, with a profusion of silver ornaments. I immediately decided that the first individual must be Sir Thomas, and wondered why he did not come forward to shake hands with me, instead of standing there with every demonstration of extreme respect. It was not so easy to make up my mind about the little boy, but I knew Sir Thomas had lately been abroad, and I supposed therefore that this must be some young foreign prince, in the costume of his native country, who had returned to England with him on a visit. My astonishment was great, after arriving at all these satisfactory conclusions, to hear the supposed Sir Thomas address the young prince by the name of William, and desire him to call my lady's maid, an order which he immediately and meekly obeyed. The gentleman then turned respectfully to me with 'My lady has gone to dress, Miss. The dinner will be served at seven o'clock, and it is now half-past six. Will you be pleased to walk up stairs.' It was Sir Thomas's family (?) butler, and the young foreign prince was my lady's pet page! I shuddered as I thought what might have been the consequences of my mistake, and for once I felt thankful for the shyness which had prevented my introducing myself to my supposed host.

I proceeded slowly up the broad oak staircase, wondering much what would happen to me next. At the top I was met by a most elegant young lady, whose elaborate dress and fashionable air made me feel more dowdy and countrified than ever. I was on the look-out for fresh mistakes, however, and did not therefore suppose her to be anything but the lady's maid, as indeed she was. She conducted me to a large room, with a large bed, a large fire, everything, in short, on a gigantic scale except myself and my poor little trunk, which looked decidedly out of keeping in one corner. She then frightened me more than ever by offering her services to assist me in dressing, and as I dared not refuse, she opened

my trunk and began to take out the various little newspaper parcels of brushes and combs, shoes, &c., all of which I had, in the absence of mind caused by my grief, packed on the top of the unfortunate white frock. I will not detail the mysteries and miseries of that toilet. Suffice it to say it was nearly over, I was duly arrayed in that wretched frock, and the maid was just tying my sash in an elaborate bow, when suddenly a dreadful sound in the hall below almost made me jump out of my skin. This sound was a sort of whizzing and grinding, accompanied by two or three heavy blows.

'Goodness! what's that?' I exclaimed, frightened out of my shyness, and speaking for the first time. 'Something dreadful is happening, some one is being killed!' 'It is the gong for dinner, Miss,' was the calm reply, with ever so slight a smile. 'You must make haste down, if you please.'

The bare idea of being late for dinner was so awful that, without waiting to blush at this my second blunder, I flew down the stairs. But, alas! I was unaccustomed to the slippery, polished oak. I lost my footing and came tumbling into the hall with a loud crash, just as the drawing-room doors were thrown open and Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon appeared. Could anything have been more unlucky? I jumped up in a moment, before Lady Bullyon, who ran forward, could reach me; and though I was bruised and shaken from head to foot, I strenuously denied being in the least hurt, and refused all the remedies which were kindly pressed on me by my host and hostess, whom I did not dare to look at. What I minded more, far more than the bruises, was, that those horrid footmen were all standing by to witness this my second downfall, and I *saw* them laugh this time.

As Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon preceded me into the dining-room, I ventured to inspect them, and saw that they put all their finery on their servants' backs, and not on their own. They were both little and shabby-looking; my lady was

even shorter than I was, and wore an old black satin dress, instead of the gorgeous attire in which I had pictured her to myself. This comforted and reassured me somewhat, and as I was very hungry, I began to hope that dinner might be a less awful business than I had anticipated. But the size of the room, the quantity of plate, and, above all, those magnificent footmen with the gentlemanly butler at their head, undid all the good effects produced by the homeliness of my entertainers' appearance, and I sat down to table with renewed trepidation.

I got through the soup and fish pretty well, though without daring to speak or look up. Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon kindly left me alone and talked to each other till dinner was half over. Then Lady Bullyon turned to me and made some kind inquiries after mamma. Unfortunately I had just at this moment put a very hot piece of potato into my mouth. My contortions in endeavouring to dispose of it with the smallest amount of personal inconvenience, and yet in time to answer Lady Bullyon's question, must have been truly ludicrous, and I had the mortification of seeing all the servants turn away their heads to hide their merriment, while even the heads of the house could not repress a smile. I need hardly say that the question about mamma was never answered, and that I was mute and more than miserable for the rest of that long dinner.

I heard Lady Bullyon whisper to Sir Thomas, as we passed out of the dining-room, 'How painfully shy,' which remark in no way tended to restore my composure. But she made the kindest efforts when we were in the drawing-room to draw me out, and I was just beginning to feel more at home, when tea-time brought in Sir Thomas, with a request for some music. Now I was extremely fond of playing, and knew I could perform very creditably. but the idea of any other audience than my father and mother was too much. I was too frightened to refuse, and far too frightened to play. I only succeeded in sitting down to the

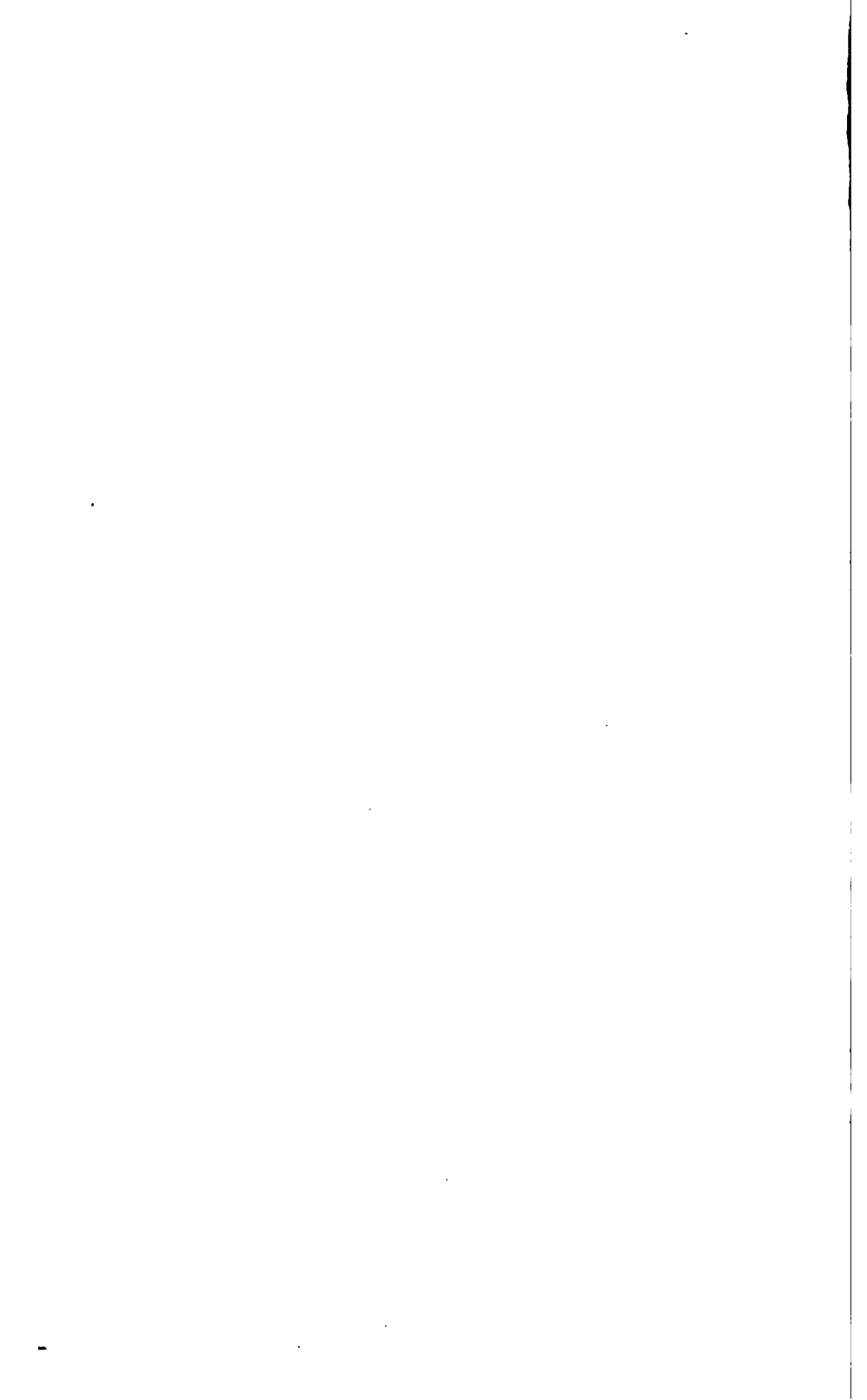
piano, putting my hands before my face, and bursting into tears.

'Poor child!' said Lady Bullyon; 'we won't tease her any more;' and coming up to me, she kindly led me to a distant sofa, gave me a book, and told me to try and fancy myself at home. I couldn't quite do that, but I managed to amuse myself tolerably till bed-time, when, after a kind good-night, I went up to my room, and found, to my horror, that the lady's-maid was waiting there to undress me. 'Am I never to be let alone?' I thought. But I had to submit to her fingers and her tongue, which latter never stopped, to make up for the silence of mine, I suppose. Amongst other things she particularly cautioned me not to mistake a rope, that hung beside a closet door, for a bell-pull. I inquired why? 'Oh! miss, don't you know?' she said, evidently delighted at the notion that she was about to astonish me by what she had to tell. 'Why, miss, the people that lived here before had a raving mad old uncle with a great deal of money, and this was his room, miss, where he lived with his keeper. That closet, miss, is a shower-bath, with a great, big cistern over it, big enough to drown you and me; and when he was more than common fractious, his keeper used to lock him in there (you see the key is on the outside) and pull that rope, which let all the water down on his poor old head till he was half dead. One day when they went to take him out he was *quite* dead, and his family got all the money. Which "ill-gotten gains never prosper," as doubtless you've heard, miss; and it didn't do them much good, seeing they haven't a penny now, owing to spending it all, and was obliged to let this house to Sir Thomas, and hide their heads in foreign parts. They do say, miss, that the poor old gentleman may often be seen at night in his shower-bath, beweeeping and bewailing the cruelty of those that killed him, which they did for certain. Good-night, miss, and I hope you may sleep comfortable.' She had certainly not taken the best means to insure that happy result; but

though I was so shy, I was not in the least nervous about those sort of things, and consequently did not trouble myself much about her parting words. I had to turn my whole thoughts and energies to the consideration of an important question, viz., how I was to get into bed! It was piled up so high, that any ordinary means would have been wholly inadequate. The chairs were all so large and heavy (I suppose to prevent the mad old gentleman throwing them at his keeper), that I found it quite impossible to lift one to the bedside and help myself up that way. The only plan was to take a run and a jump, and after many failures, I at length alighted on the top of this mountain of feather beds. There I lay for some time, watching the flickering of the fire on the ceiling, thinking of home, and of my different misadventures since I had left it so short a time ago. The house had become quite quiet, every one must have been in bed, when all at once an odd fancy seized me to look into the shower-bath and see what sort of place it was. I fought against the idea for some time, but finding it kept me awake, I thought it best to indulge it, and after much hesitation, and not a little laughing at myself for being so inquisitive, I descended carefully from the bed, and advanced on tip-toe towards the mysterious door.

I had already placed my hand on the handle, when I suddenly heard a slight noise within. My heart stood still. I thought for a moment, what if it should be the old mad-man's ghost?

But as quickly dismissing so absurd an idea, I remained perfectly still, holding my breath to listen. There! I heard it again, a low rustling, such as would be caused by a person breathing heavily in rather stiff clothes. I had no longer any doubt that some one was hidden there with an evil design. Quick as thought I turned the key so as to lock the door, and seizing the rope which hung close beside, I pulled it violently, at the same time screaming for help. A gasping, strangled shout came from within the closet, and then no sound was to be heard





Drawn by J. A. Pasquier.]

THE HEROLD IN THE SHOWER-BATH

but my own screams and the steady down-pour of the water from the cistern. Soon footsteps came running from all directions; my door was opened, and a confused troop of servants, with Sir Thomas at their head, rushed in. But I still clung to the rope as if for my life, screaming, 'Don't let him out! Don't let him out! He'll kill you!'

Sir Thomas, in the shortest of night-shirts, and the most wonderful night-cap, with a tassel at the top, stood motionless with astonishment, grasping in one hand a pair of trousers, and in the other an old scabbard without a sword. The servants, too, overcome with terror, did not stir beyond the door; and had not the water in the cistern failed at last, I know not how long we might all have remained in our respective positions. When nothing came of all my tugs at the rope but a few slow, heavy drops, I let go my hold, and gasped out to Sir Thomas, 'He's in there; I'm sure of it. But you may open the door now: I don't think he can hurt you.' They did open the door, and sure enough, there lay a half-drowned fustian-clothed ruffian, whose bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglarious implements, sufficiently showed what he had come for. He was thrust into the strong room as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, which was not for some time, thanks to my exertions with the rope.

A guard was placed at the door, and he was left to his own meditations till he could be conveyed in the morning to the nearest magistrate, who would commit him to the county gaol. I was taken to Lady Bullyon's own bed, where all my shyness having departed in the excitement of the moment, I answered all her questions, returned her kisses, and then fell into a dreamless slumber, from which I did not wake till a late hour on the following morning.

The hero of the shower-bath had been already carried off to prison when I at length awoke, but Lady Bullyon told me he had owned to having selected that place of concealment on account of the supersti-

tious horror in which it was held by the servants, as was well known in the village. He had been watching his opportunity some time, and had made himself so well acquainted with the ways of the household and the interior of the house, that while the servants were at supper, and we were in the drawing-room, he quietly walked in at a side door, and went up stairs to the haunted closet. The arrival of so unimportant a person as myself, and the fact of my occupying that room, had not reached his ears, else he might probably have deferred the execution of his project till another night. As it was, he felt so secure of being uninterrupted, that without even locking himself in, he merely shut the door, leaving the key on the outside, and being tired, and the closet, or rather bath, being very roomy, he sat down on the floor to fill up the time by taking a nap. Thus he never heard me come to bed, nor the maid's conversation, nor indeed anything, till down came the water and roused him with a vengeance, only to deprive him of breath and consciousness almost immediately after. We afterwards heard that he was fully committed for trial at the next assizes, where he was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon overwhelmed me with praises and thanks. They did not know how to make enough of me, and I was only afraid their gratitude might take the form of inviting me to stay longer. But I showed such evident uneasiness when they hinted at it, that they kindly let me go at the time agreed upon, not, however, without many expressions of friendship, and many wishes that they might some day have an opportunity of doing me an essential service in their turn. I need not tell you of my dear mother's delight at hearing of my exploit. 'Who knows what may come of it?' she said; and something substantial did come of it. When Sir Thomas died, some few years afterwards, his will was found to contain a bequest to me of 30*l.* a year, 'as a mark of gratitude for the important service she rendered me, and of admiration for her

courage and presence of mind.' Upon this 300*l.* a year I live, retired and happy. I was too shy to marry, or even ever to be asked to marry, but I am not the less content on that account. Often

when sitting alone with my cats and dogs in the winter evenings, and looking round on my many comforts, my memory carries me back to the various accidents and the happy results of My First Visit.

THE PLAYGROUNDS OF EUROPE.

The Moléson.

[*Recommended to the Perusal of Unpractised Climbers.*]

'WHAT is the Moléson?' you will probably ask.

Baedeker, the best tourists' guide to Switzerland (who leads you step by step, over hill and dale, by paths which he has explored himself and who keeps innkeepers a little in check by the mention he makes of their various prices), replies in these laconic terms:—

'The Moléson (6172 feet), a continuation of the Jaman, the most advanced summit of the plateau, the Rigi of western Switzerland, an exceedingly abrupt cone in every direction, recognisable in all the panoramas of this region, surrounded by numerous pastures and forests, possesses a flora of peculiar richness. No habitations are to be found on this eminence, except a few wretched hovels a league from the top. Extensive panorama. The paths are impracticable for horses. At Albeuve, guides may be obtained at moderate charges.' A more recent edition (the sixth) adds, 'The ascent is usually made by starting from Bulle (4 hours), from Gruyère (3 hours), from Semsales or from Vaulruz on the western slope (3 to 3½ hours). We by no means recommend this latter path; because, at the outset, you pass over another steep mountain, which you have to descend, solely to reach the foot of the Moléson. Refreshments, and four (?) beds, at the chalet Plané, one hour from the summit.'

I had already seen a portion of Switzerland. From Zurich I had crossed the Albis, my first and facile acquaintance with mountains. From Zug and Arth I had performed the splendid and comfortable ascent of

the Rigi, with beaten paths from the base to the kulum, liberally garnished with chalets, inns, and hotels, offering every necessary and almost every luxury. I had gone over the Brunig (before the carriage road was open), reached the pure blue glacier of Rosenlauri, and yet remained utterly ignorant of the Moléson. As some excuse, allow me to state that before venturing alone into Switzerland, I had consulted sundry special itineraries, drawn up by experienced hands for the use of persons wanting to see the greatest possible number of remarkable objects in the shortest possible space of time. In none of these was the Moléson even mentioned.

But on the 29th of July, 1861, while travelling by rail from Berne to Fribourg, I had not reached the first station before I found myself conversing with a Fribourg notary. What better companion can you have than a notary, to give you a complete inventory of all and everything? It is proverbial that, in diligences, people make acquaintance rapidly; in a railway carriage, the same thing is effected still more speedily, because you understand that you have not a minute to spare, if you want to pick up a little local information. Our conversation, therefore, for me, was both interesting and interested.

As to Fribourg itself, I knew very well what I wanted to see there; so I inquired for no more than the name of the hotel the most advantageous in all respects. But I insisted about the environs worth visiting.

'As you are going to Vevey,' he said, 'it is quite out of the question that you should omit making the ascent of our beautiful and beloved Fribourgian mountain, the Rigi of occidental Switzerland,'—you see he talked like Baedeker's book—'and at least the rival, as far as the view is concerned, of the other Rigi, which is so much cried up.' And then he enumerated, with the complacency of a person thoroughly full of his subject, the long list of his Moléson's merits, until he brought the water into my mouth. But what gave me one of those longings, which lay hold of you and pursue you wherever you go, until they are fully satisfied, was his peroration overflowing with Swiss sincerity.

'I must tell you, however, that my mountain is both steep and savage; that the only shelter it affords are dingy chalets; that the entire ascent must be made on foot; that there is no beaten track to the top, which is somewhat difficult to reach, and may even offer a certain amount of danger, unless your head is steady and your step sure. But you will be abundantly recompensed at the summit, especially if the sun allows you to witness his levée; besides which you will gather the rarest flowers—a pleasure denied by the Rigi's sterile ridge, in spite of its inferior elevation.'

We arrived early at Fribourg, distant only an hour by rail from Berne. We reached the town by the grand suspension-bridge, from which you step almost immediately into the Zähringen hotel. There I took leave of my amiable fellow-traveller. He told me his name; but the weakness of my memory, not the ingratitude of my heart, has caused me to forget it. Immediately on entering the house I begged the landlord, M. Kussler, to find me up some excursionists bound to the famous Fribourgian hill, whose strongly-marked features I first caught sight of from the Pont de Gotteron, a structure even higher and bolder than the Grand Bridge itself.

On returning to the hotel, mine

host presented me to M. Mauron, one of the Cantonal Councillors of State, and to M. Vogt, organist to the cathedral. The former had expressed his intention of scaling the Moléson the following day; the latter was going to perform, that evening, on Aloys Moser's celebrated organ. The artist was worthy of his instrument; he moved his audience even to tears. Nothing but the sacredness of the spot prevented outbursts of applause.

On returning to the inn, the morrow's excursion was our principal topic of conversation; and M. Mauron told me that he would provide not only a guide but a whole heap of useful articles—a telescope, a map—not to mention provisions. The prospect was all the more delightful, that Councillor Mauron was a highly-educated man, with a lively imagination, an original turn of mind, and, in spite of some sixty years, still in possession of excellent legs. I was, therefore, not surprised to learn that he had been tutor to Prince Nicholas Youssoupoff, a Russian grandee, immensely rich.

We separated rather late in the evening, intending to meet next morning, the 30th of July, at half-past seven; to breakfast together, and start, at nine, for the little town of Bulle, at the foot of the Moléson. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, I slept but little that night. The ascension which I was about to make had taken a strange hold on my fancy. And I was much surprised at the circumstance, being now no longer a novice to the impressions of mountain scenery.

At five in the morning I was awake and stirring, and in another hour ready to depart. At half-past seven, as no M. Mauron appeared, I resolved to go and meet him, to calm my impatience. As I went on and on, and at last reached his residence without catching sight of him, I began to feel some apprehensions, which very soon were justified. I found him in bed, with his head tied up in a bandage stained with spots of blood. He had met with an unlucky fall overnight. He was in a fever, and his doctor had forbidden him to leave the house.

He expressed his deep and sincere regret; I expressed mine with no less depth and sincerity, and returned to the hotel quite taken aback. At a quarter to nine I had finished my sad and solitary breakfast; mine host had presented his bill 'received with thanks' (the accustomed formula of politeness here); and at nine I mounted the conveyance for Bulle, determined to venture up the Moléson alone, if needs must, although a little agitated by the thought, I hardly know why.

The road is interesting all the way to Bulle. From time to time the eye plunges into the valley, through which the Sarine flows tranquilly enough in his broad stony bed. About half-way they point out to you the suspension-bridge of Posieux (one of the countless 'Devil's bridges'), thrown with alpine boldness over a black and frightful ravine; but ever before you, awaiting your attack, stands the giant mountain, with his long and narrow ridge showing itself more and more distinctly conspicuous. At noon, under a scorching sun, I was at Bulle, the dépôt of the well-known Gruyère cheeses, which, as is less well known, are almost all made at Gessenay. I went to the inn called the Hôtel de Ville, and, feeling thoroughly exhausted, threw myself on a bed without undressing, begging them to wake me at three o'clock, or earlier, if any pilgrims to the Moléson should come.

At three precisely my slumbers were interrupted by good news in duplicate: three travellers had arrived, intending to start for the Moléson at four, and had ordered a dinner, which dinner was served.

I jumped off the bed, and hurried downstairs. In presence of the strangers, already at table, I unhesitatingly solicited the honour and happiness of sharing their repast and their excursion.

My frank request, expressed in few words, was immediately granted with the best grace in the world. They were a Frenchman and two gentlemen of Fribourg, speaking our language (French) perfectly. I did not learn their names and quali-

ties (nor did they mine) till afterwards; but I soon discovered that I was in company with three young and generous spirits.

A bottle of Yvorne, coffee, and kirsch affixed the seal to our engagement. At four we were ready. As we were to return to dine at the hotel next day, we left all our luggage there which we did not absolutely want, and set off with the brightest of possible skies, restored strength, and in the best of spirits.

By the route we took, we had four-and-a-half hours' uphill walk before reaching the top. But as the afternoon was already too far advanced to complete the ascent that same day, it was agreed that we should make a halt, at rather more than two-thirds of the distance, in a chalet known to the two Fribourgians, who had been up the mountain before; that we should spend the early portion of the night there, and then proceed to reach the summit a little before sunrise—a moment which, amongst the hills, often brings disappointment with it, like many other things in this world. Alas, that it should be so!

Each of the Swiss excursionists carried a long and strong alpenstock; my French companion had nothing but a switch; I had only a short and light walking-stick, terminating, however, in an iron point. The long and heavy alpenstocks which I had seen during the course of my journey often appeared a useless piece of affectation, in the hands of either sex, on level ground, and I had taken a dislike to them. I refused to make use of them to the very last, sticking faithfully to my cherry-tree wand, and making it the bearer of the local brands which are a *testimonium presentiae* at remarkable spots. I regretted the alpenstock only once; namely, while descending the Moléson: but then, indeed, I *did* regret it.

We arrived at the lower margin of the wooded belt which surrounds the hill. A stream of water, clear and peaceful (the latter a rare quality with streams in Switzerland), was the boundary which separated us from the forest. We easily crossed it by means of stepping-stones which

reared their mossy heads above the surface of the brook. Deciduous and resinous trees sheltered us from the heat of the sun, which had caused us no little inconvenience. The ascent was already begun.

After walking for nearly an hour, sometimes in the chequered shade, but more frequently across rich pastures, where the narrow and not always visible path scarcely served to guide us on the way, we reached without difficulty (the slope having hitherto been gentle) a vast extent of buildings, screened by a semi-transparent girdle of trees and hedges. It was *La Part-Dieu*, a religious house founded in 1307, and suppressed in 1847. To the convent (to which I paid little attention, by reason of its nude and insignificant architecture) is annexed a farm, which scarcely interested me more; because, in this grand solitude, it was inhabited—nay, all alive with cackling poultry and sturdy children dirty and wild to your heart's content—and miserably kept.

We did not remain at *La Part-Dieu* more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and started again, but this time more slowly and with greater fatigue. The ascent became more and more steep, more and more difficult. Sometimes we had to cross soft and spongy bogs, hidden beneath rank herbage, and made just passable by round stumps of firwood placed close to each other, and forming, after all, only a very unstable and wearying causeway.

We were in the region of pines. Not a breath of wind whispered amongst the branches; not a bird twittered or fluttered beneath the foliage; [there are no birds in Switzerland; it is one harmony the less in the grand concert of nature;] only, from distance to distance was heard the tinkling of the bell hanging at the neck of a goat or cow, themselves invisible, and the continuous murmur of the waters running along their pebbly channel. It was imposing, but melancholy. We were the only creatures on this desert path, which we followed as it led us ever higher and higher.

At last, after stopping more than

once to rest, we reached an extent of table-land whose surface was unlevel and strewn with boulders, and on which we caught sight of a low, long chalet, supremely black, which M. Joanne (who doubtless has never seen it) presumes to call, in his 'Guide,' a sort of inn. It was our only refuge for the night. We had Hobson's choice; that, or the naked wilderness.

It was half-past seven. The sun, who still shone in an unclouded sky, was about to disappear beneath the horizon. While my companions proceeded to the hovel, summoning a remnant of strength, I scaled an eminence to enjoy the spectacle of the fiery orb sinking, in floods of light, behind the long dark-blue wall of the Jura. I then directed my steps to the chalet, having before me the brown and arid peak of the mountain, which overhung our present station at an elevation of five or six hundred yards. This final stage of the ascent would take at least an hour to accomplish, especially as we were to perform it in the darkness of night. The scheme seemed venturesome, if not perilous, and, I confess, made a strong impression on my mind.

At this moment all the cattle were returning home to the chalet. They were a numerous herd of cows, goats, and swine, each with a little bell fastened to its neck. The tinkling of this multitude of bells, soft in sound and diverse in tone, made a singularly harmonious accompaniment to the shadow and silence of the mountain.

I found my companions in a vast and murky shed, settling the conditions of our board and lodging with three or four tall mountaineers, as black as soot, who were keeping up the fire, without any chimney, beneath an enormous caldron, in the midst of pungent smoke, which could only escape by the chinks in the roof. But at the same time I noticed, in this darksome den, rows of large wooden bowls full of milk and cream of immaculate whiteness. The contrast was particularly striking.

One of the black goblins who haunted the place, and who spoke

nothing but harsh German gibberish, showed us up a rough, mill-like, ladder-staircase, into a chamber whose whole furniture consisted of two narrow rickety beds, two benches and one table, on which he placed a smoky-smelling lamp, a black compact and heavy loaf, some little bowls full of milk, and wooden spoons of the most primitive pattern. The milk was sweet and good, excellent, delicious; but the bread——! Such is the cowhouse and piggery combined which has been promoted to the rank of *une espèce d'auberge*, and which is known in the neighbourhood as the Plianne, or Plané. It was lucky for us that we had brought a small reserve of provisions with us.

About half-past nine we thought of going to bed; but not being able to make up my mind to share one of the luxurious couches before me, I caused inquiry to be made of our savage hosts whether they could not put me into some out-of-the-way corner, garnished with a bundle of straw and a truss of hay. They conducted me, without any light, into a little attic full of aromatic hay, and with no other opening besides the door and a wicket closed by a solid wooden shutter. My bed was soon made, and I was stretched upon it, undressing no further than my shoes and gaiters. In a few minutes I fell asleep, lulled by the talk of my travelling companions, from whom I was separated only by a thin partition, which allowed the light to glimmer through it from the shrinking of the wood. Weariness had overpowered me.

Unfortunately, I was soon awake again, streaming with perspiration, in a high fever, and with a splitting headache. I was instantly aware that the strong and penetrating odour of the mountain hay had induced the first symptoms of suffocation. Consequently, jumping up, I forced open the wicket to let in fresh air.

Breathing, bareheaded, the cool breeze of night, with half my person thrust outside, I tried to look before and below me. In all directions, impenetrable darkness. But on the horizon, towards the north-east,

broad sheet-lightning, unaccompanied by sound, shed a feeble gleam over huge masses of cloud. Overhead, in the north, shone the Great Bear constellation, brighter than ever in its twinklings, and still surmounted by the long-tailed comet which, already pale and small, was plunging almost perpendicularly into the abyesses of the firmament.

This spectacle, beheld from such a spot and under such circumstances, could not fail to produce its soothing effects. Feeling calmed and refreshed, I was preparing to lie down again (but with the window open), when the chalet's wooden clock, with discordant creakings, struck one in the morning. Sundry lowings and bleatings beneath me responded to the sound, and I gave up all notion of going to sleep again, remembering that, at half-past two, we were to begin our climb to the mountain-top.

For some time I had been thinking about our imminent and adventurous expedition, when I heard my companions getting out of bed. A few taps on the partition informed them that I should soon be with them. At a quarter to two I was in their chamber. The smoky-smelling lamp had been relighted, and they were making some coffee with the aid of a spirit-lamp. At half-past two our coffee was drunk, our hotel bill paid (the charges were by no means so modest as the accommodation), and the door of the chalet closed upon us.

To gain the first slopes of the peak, we had only a few hundred steps to set—but, gracious heavens, what a path! Fancy a black, boggy soil, so trodden by cattle that it was impossible to avoid putting your feet into holes, which frequently were the cause of stumbling. It is true the night was very dark; but this state of things suited me all the less that one of my feet had received a slight hurt, my shoe having grazed the skin a little above the heel. Notwithstanding which, the critical moment soon arrived when the brunt of the ascent was to be grappled with. Our arrangements were speedily made. The two Fribourgiens, armed with their alpen-

stocks, formed the van and led the way. The two Frenchmen, with their small walking-sticks, were in the rear. We marched in Indian file, slowly and prudently, following exactly each other's footsteps.

Moreover, the slope was abrupt and steep, and the rock—a loose sort of pudding-stone—anything but solid under our feet. At a certain elevation, on suddenly hearing some stones rolling down behind me, I instinctively stretched out my hands, clinging firmly to the rocks, and even to the ground. Then, for the first time, I looked back; and, at the sight of that dark chaos of shadows—at the sound of the pebbles leaping down-hill, I halted involuntarily. A bar of iron compressed my chest, and a cold sweat burst out upon my forehead. This painful emotion soon passed away, and I speedily rejoined my friends, who continued their march before me, silently and slowly. You see that I have no intention to boast, and that I am not afraid of confessing those few moments of weakness, to which the most resolute nature might temporarily yield.

After some three-quarters of an hour of up-hill toil, we rested ourselves for a few minutes, and then first perceived, in the S. S. E., the thin, sharp edge of the waning moon, scarcely illuming the sky with a pale and doubtful glimmer. At the same time the darkness of the night appeared to diminish just the least in the world.

We did not reach the much-wished-for summit until very nearly four in the morning. The sky was but slightly paling in the east; it would be three-quarters of an hour before the sun could rise; and night still veiled the landscape, although with a more transparent shade. We were all excessively fatigued, and, moreover, very cold. So we drew upon the flask of one of our party for a glass of kirschwasser all round. It was our first libation to the Genius of the Mountain.

At that moment—a few paces from us, and on the slope opposite to that which we had just climbed with so much labour—there appeared successively, like shadows

rising from the earth, nine or ten persons, amongst whom we could distinguish several females, whose presence, nevertheless, had not revealed itself by any sound of voice or step. We soon learned that we had fallen in with a couple of Vaudoise and Valaisian families, who had started at one in the morning from Albeuve. The ascent on that side is shorter than by the path which we had taken, but steeper and rougher from beginning to end, and thereby impracticable for horses and mules; whereas, from Bulle, they can at least get as far as Plané. And yet, here were three ladies, two of them mere girls, amongst the unexpected arrivals! But these women had the constitutions of mountaineers and the legs of chamois (I had nearly written 'gazelles,' for poetry's sake).

We were shivering, in spite of our drink of kirsch, and were drumming on the ground with our feet to warm them a little, while waiting for the sun's more-than-ever-desired appearance, when we heard the short snapping noise of twigs being broken close to us. Our Vaudois and Valaisans, knowing what they were about, and loving their ease, had provided themselves with a stock of wood. Soon there crackled and blazed a cheerful fire, whose warmth we were allowed to share without ceremony. And there passed kindly and interesting words on that bare observatory, six thousand feet high, where the love of the beautiful and the unknown had assembled us, strangers to each other, together.

Meanwhile day was dawning. The distant outline of the horizon showed itself more and more sharply defined; the moon faded like a mere remnant of mist about to melt in the azure firmament; while the deep, deep plain, and valleys and gorges deeper still, gently shook off their shroud of darkness.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from several mouths at once. It was a salutation addressed to the great luminary who, rising in an unclouded sky, was gloriously lighting up the whole expanse of heaven. A dazzling ray was shot from the east; and this first fiery

dart hit at one stroke the heads of Monte Rosa, Mount Cervin, and Mont Blanc—the three great giants of the Valais and Savoy, almost standing in a line, and of almost equal elevation—whose very waist we should not have reached on the top of our pigmy Moléson. Nevertheless, I began to feel ill at ease, being both perched on too lofty a pinnacle, and having too little standing-room on the narrow ridge, which hoisted you, almost astride, between the two abysses of its opposite slopes, of which we had just scaled one, and were soon to descend the other.

It was a young Valaisanne, with a countenance intelligent rather than pretty, who, with a smile upon her lips, told me the names of the three colossi. And she proceeded to tell me plenty of others, her delight and enjoyment still increasing, in proportion as the sun rose higher and brought out every detail of the immense panorama. She addressed her fresh and merry laugh to all the quarters of the compass; exactly as the morning lark, excited with air and liberty, scatters his aerial notes to the clouds.

'Look there, Monsieur,' she said, stretching her child-like finger into space. 'There, in front of the Diablerets, is the Dent* de Morcles, the Dent de Corgeon, the Dent Blanche, the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Chaman, the Dent d'Oche.'

I expressed my astonishment at her topographical knowledge and at her remembrance of all those names.

'Don't be surprised at that, Monsieur. I have learnt it all from your Joanne; and, as you say, I have a good memory. But that's not all. There, again, is the Dent de Lys, the Dent de Vaulion, the Dent de Broc—'

My eye, dazzled, fascinated, followed her finger; and I saw, in my troubled, tired imagination, monstrous tusks, formidable incisors, enormous grinders, pointed fangs, starting in all directions from gigantic jaws of granite. The blood was rushing to my head; I could scarcely keep my equilibrium. I

* Sharp, jagged, time-worn peaks are often styled *dents*, or teeth, in Switzerland.

made an effort to resist the weakness; I tried to answer, to continue the conversation, to show how amiable and clever I was—and not a word would come to my lips (I recall it with shame for French intelligence), but this coarse pleasantries which, nevertheless, was the melancholy truth.

'Much obliged to you for all your Dents, Mademoiselle. My teeth are already set on edge by them—quite enough for once, I can assure you!'

The merry maiden laughed in my face, notwithstanding my evident discomfort. And she utterly upset me, by running with her brother to the very verge of the cliff, where they carelessly gathered dead grass and sticks, to keep the fire from going out.

You know the effect produced on nervous persons by the sight of any one leaning too far out of an upper window, or walking on the edge of a lofty wall. You tremble for their safety; you beg them to have a care; you shrink back yourself, as if it were you that was in danger. The sensation is excessively painful.

I was suffering from this feeling to a terrible degree. I called for help, and pointed with horror to the two young people who were disporting on the brink of the declivity. The father and mother interfered, and called their children away from the dangerous spot, perhaps more out of compassion for me than through any apprehension in regard to them.

'Monsieur has reason for his alarm,' said one of their party who was close to me. 'At this very place, where we now are standing, a frightful accident occurred only two years ago. A young girl from Bulle was gathering flowers, only a few paces away from her family and friends. They saw her lean forwards, and fall on her hands. They heard her laugh as she tried to creep back again. But she could not get back. She slipped, and slipped, still sliding downwards. Then her onward movement increased in rapidity. She called for help; her shrieks became desperate. She rolled over and over. She bounded like a stone hurled from

the summit. They heard nothing more; she was a silent corpse, but still dashed along with accelerated velocity, until stopped at last, a broken and shapeless mass. What a scene! What outbursts of grief! What despair! The flowers she had gathered, still clenched in her hand, were shared amongst her playfellows as memorials of her fate.

My juvenile companions laughed no longer, but instinctively nestled close to their parents. As for me, I felt worse than ever. There seemed to be a veil between my eyes and every visible object; the air appeared to boil, as in a mirage. The tragical story I had just heard rang in my ears like a funeral bell. I fancied that some one was uttering cries of distress. And then, do all I could, my eyes *would* look down to the base of the mountain, involuntarily drawn by the Château de Gruyère, perched on its hillock six thousand feet beneath us. This deep, immense, fearful void attracted me painfully, invincibly. At that moment I experienced the strongest and strangest sensation which can possibly seize hold of the human organism. I felt what I never knew before, and hope never to know again. My head was turning with the giddy height. It was dizziness, vertigo, unmistakable, complete, the result of fatigue and feverish watchings, acting on a frame rendered more impressionable by the excitement of travel.

To break the spell, I sat down on the ground, as well as to conceal my deplorable condition. I did not want my fellow-travellers to notice my infirmity, and that I was almost fainting. Nay, I took advantage of the opportunity to assume a most ungraceful position, laying myself on the flat of my stomach, which I felt was the speediest way of rallying.

Nevertheless, I condescended to practise a bit of hypocritical coquetry. I made believe to have found some curious object, and to be examining it closely. And as my head grew gradually calmer, I did, in fact, find something, without having sought it, without having

even suspected its presence. I had before my astonished eyes a thick tuft of the little gentian, bearing flowers of the brightest blue, and, to the right and the left, within my reach, tiny plants of myosotis in full bloom. I gathered with delight a few specimens of each, displayed them with ostentatious affectation, and stored them carefully between the pages of my guide book.

These floral gems naturally recalled the thought of the young Bulloise's dreadful end. But strength of mind had returned with repose of body and calmness of thought. I rose with a renewed stock of resolution and philosophy. I believe my companions became aware of what a pitiable condition I had been in. Indeed, I confessed it, frankly and humbly. They addressed me with evident sympathy. One of them, holding a pint of champagne in his hand, cordially invited me to take my share. The bottle was speedily uncapped, and our leather goblets filled and emptied twice to the prosperity of Switzerland and France. Unluckily, one of my comrades took it into his head to set the bottle, bottom upwards, at the edge of the grassy slope, and let it go. At first it glided, then rolled, then bounded, and at last was smashed to atoms against the first rock it met with, which was several hundred feet from its point of departure. As you may imagine, every eye followed it until the final catastrophe, and the fate of the maid of Bulle was again brought to mind. With that, and the vertiginous fascination exercised upon me by the Château de Gruyère, I was once more obliged, resist it how I might, to resume a ridiculous horizontal position.

They tried to divert my attention by pointing out, at a distance, the white, but no longer the virgin, Jungfrau — the lakes of Morat, Geneva, Bienne, and Neuchâtel. But the sun, rising higher and higher above the horizon, made mountain, lake, and glacier quiver and tremble in a haze of light. It overcame me with a sickening feeling. They were obliged to let me remain quiet for a while.

But the time for our departure was come. It was then half-past five in the morning. The descent would take us three hours to perform; we had to visit the Château de Gruyère, and the loss of the Tino; and also to reach Bulle not too late for my friends to return to Fribourg, and myself to sleep at Vevey. Our Vaudois and Valaisans had already bidden us adieu. They disappeared out of sight down the rugged path which led us hither, while we in turn had to descend the slippery slope which they had mounted.

So I stirred up my courage with heart and soul, and vigorously shook myself, both morally and physically. The Fribourgiens, armed with their alpenstocks, boldly descended the grassy declivity, while we Frenchmen, with only our walking-sticks, followed the crest of the mountain, hoping to meet with a gentler incline. But to go on in that way long was impossible. We were obliged at last to venture and obey the invitations of our friends below, however slowly and painfully at first. I tried going backwards, throwing my whole weight upon my stick; then I let myself slide a little, holding on fast with both my hands. Practice, they say, makes perfect; if not perfect, I was at least improved. When once the steepest part of the slope was passed, I was no longer the hindmost of the party. About eight we entered a narrow gorge, full of shadow, foliage, and waterfalls. Then, crossing a meadow bounded by a brook, we got safely to Albeuve at last.

Although excessively fatigued, I *would* accompany my friends to Gruyère. Melancholy, little, decrepit, deserted town; ancient castle flanked with towers and ramparts. As usual, they preferred showing us abominable remnants of the past, dungeons and instruments of torture, to allowing us to linger amongst its tapestry and furniture, which are at least harmless vestiges of the olden time. The whole is

now the property of a Geneva watchmaker. Such are the lessons which history teaches to the great ones of the land.

Not having absolutely the strength to go and see the Tine disappear in the earth, I went into the Hôtel de l'Ange, there to await my friends' return. The first thing I saw in it was a comfortable sofa, and the first thing I did was to lay myself upon that sofa and fall asleep for a couple of hours. And then I made a capital breakfast.

About noon, the visitors of the Tine's descent underground returned to fetch me in a carriage. I paid my bill, which contained a curious item: 'For having reposed on the sofa, one franc.' I regretted not having slept on a chair, being curious to know how much they would have charged for that less pretentious place of rest.

At three we reached Bulle, twenty-three hours after leaving it. The same idea struck us all simultaneously; namely, that the best of all things would be a bath. In truth, we had fairly earned it.

At four, we took our last repast together; and before rising from table and separating, we exchanged cards. Then only I knew that I had ascended the Moléson in company with MM. V. de Mutach (of Holligen), Charles de Chollet (of Fribourg), and B. Dupuy, engineer, of Lyons; while they were informed that they had vouchsafed that honour to an advocate, once mayor of the town of Calais, for which great kindness I thank them afresh.

Subsequently, passing over the Col de Balme, I visited the valley of Chamounix. Shall I ever write a description of this latter portion of my tour? I think not. The subject has been so often treated, that one is apt to believe it to be exhausted. The Moléson, on the contrary, had the advantage of having been neglected by the pens of travellers. I therefore determined to give the best account I could at least of 'the Rigi of Western Switzerland.'

ERNEST LE BRAU.

THE LONDON OPERA DIRECTORS:

A SERIES OF CURIOUS ANECDOTIC MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL MEN CONNECTED WITH THE DIRECTION OF THE OPERA ;
THE INCIDENTS WHICH DISTINGUISHED THEIR MANAGEMENT ;
WITH REMINISCENCES OF CELEBRATED COMPOSERS AND THE LEADING SINGERS WHO HAVE APPEARED BEFORE THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

By the Author of 'Queens of Song.'

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DELAFIELD—HIS MAD SPECULATION—MAGNIFICENT PLANS AND PROJECTS—MR. FREDERICK GYE—MISTAKES AND MISCHANCES—PAULINE GARCIA—RECKLESS EXPENSES—MR. SIMS REEVES—'LE PROPHÈTE'—RETURN OF MADAME SONTAG—A MANAGER IN DESPAIR—WRECK AND RUIN—ENDEAVOURS MADE TO UNITE THE RIVAL OPERATIC ESTABLISHMENTS—AN OPERATIC REPUBLIC—SIGNOR TAMBERLIK—A MANAGER'S DIFFICULTIES—'LA TEMPESTA'—REAPPEARANCE OF MADAME PASTA—THE YEAR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION—FURTHER UNCERTAINTIES AND DIFFICULTIES—THE 'WAGNER QUARREL'—FLIGHT OF A PRIMA DONNA—A DIRECTOR IN AN UNPLEASANT POSITION—LORD WARD—CLOSE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—A FORLORN OPERA-HOUSE—MADAME BOSIO—THE YEAR OF THE WAR—COVENT GARDEN THEATRE BURNT DOWN—LORD WARD'S PROJECTS—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE OPEN ONCE MORE—MADEMOISELLE PICCOLLOMINI—WHIMS AND FANCIES OF A FAMOUS TENOR—'CHEAP NIGHTS' AT HER MAJESTY'S—A NEW THEATRE—A NEW QUEEN OF SONG—MR. LUMLEY OBLIGED TO GIVE UP POSSESSION OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—DEATH OF MADAME BOSIO—ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE REOPENED WITH SILENDOUR—MR. BENEDICT—SIGNOR ARDITI—THE FLORAL HALL—REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES—MR. MAPLESON—'FAUST'—ANOTHER INTILE ATTEMPT MADE TO UNITE THE RIVAL OPERA-HOUSES.

IN 1848 Covent Garden Theatre was taken by Mr. Delafield, a young man who had recently attained his majority, and come into possession of a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. He was, it unfortunately happened, totally ignorant of even the most ordinary practical details of the management of an operatic establishment, and was obliged to depend on others for advice in the

commonest matters connected with the theatre.

The prospectus which he issued declared that the Royal Italian Opera was commenced with a view to 'the effective representation of operas by the most eminent composers, without distinction of country.' There was a certain anomaly involved in the title of the Royal Italian Opera—but the works were sung in Italian, so it passed unquestioned.

Everything was done on a scale of almost unparalleled splendour, and truly reckless prodigality. The young manager spared no expense in the plans which he laid out for the production of the various operas—scenery, orchestra, decorations, all were magnificent. MM. Grieve and Telbin were the scene-painters. The celebrated chef d'orchestre, Signor Costa, and his accomplished artists, were retained, strengthened by the assistance of some of the most brilliant musicians of Italy, France, and Germany. Godfrey's military band was also engaged. Mr. Alfred Mellon was leader of the ballet. Every department was well filled. To nearly every singer in Europe Mr. Delafield offered engagements. The vocalists who accepted his proposals were Mesdames Persiani, Alboni, Castellan, Grisi, and Viardot; Signori Mario, Tamburini, Ronconi. The chief dancers were Mademoiselle Fabbri and Lucille Grahn.

The general management of the business affairs of the theatre was entrusted to Mr. Frederick Gye; and it could not have fallen into better hands; for this gentleman had had great experience, and he was well adapted, by his practical knowledge, urbane and courteous manners, and unflinching determination to preserve discipline, to conduct the affairs of an establishment like

the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Ponteau was his subordinate, looking to matters in front of the house. The stage-manager was Mr. Alfred Harris.

One of the primary mistakes was the overwhelming expense entered into. With the hope of retrenching, the Director was induced to commit another well-nigh fatal error—to dismiss a large number of servants and stage supernumeraries—thus materially injuring the beauty of the groupings in some of the operas where numbers were indispensable for effect, such as the scene of the gathering of the clans in the 'Donna del Lago,' and the riot scene in the 'Huguenots.' The consequence was, that when Mr. Bunn brought out the 'Lady of the Lake' at Drury Lane, comparisons unfavourable to the Royal Italian Opera were made between the splendour of his scene representing the gathering of the clans and the scanty grouping on the stage representing the same scene in the 'Donna del Lago.'

The performances, however, were, as a whole, of a magnificence which almost eclipsed those of the older house, although Mr. Lumley not only had secured the great singer who had the preceding season driven London out of its senses, but had besides drawn together a most excellent company, and brilliant dancers—Marie Taglioni, Cerito, Rosati, Carlotta Grisi, and M. St. Léon. By the production of 'La Favorita,' 'Les Huguenots,' and other works, on a scale of splendour never attempted before, the Royal Italian Opera was raised to the position of being one of the very first operatic establishments in Europe.

The announcement of Pauline Garcia's first appearance created an immense sensation in musical circles. Nine years before, when a girl of eighteen, she had made her debut in England at Her Majesty's Theatre. She had then, in the character of Desdemona, achieved a veritable triumph. The girl of eighteen was, by universal acclamation, placed in the same rank with her sister, Maria Malibran, with Pasta, and with all the famous vocalists who had preceded her. She

had appeared again the year subsequent to her marriage—1841. By 1848 her genius had matured; she had passed from triumph to triumph in all the leading continental cities. So much had been predicted of her before she appeared, that the house was crowded on her first night. She came before the public trammelled by circumstances which would have entailed irretrievable ruin on an inferior singer; her marvellous genius alone enabled her to surmount these cruel disadvantages. So agitated was she when she stepped on the stage, that her trembling was apparent to all parts of the house. It was not until she had been heard in the 'Huguenots' that she gained her right position. At the end of the season 'Guillaume Tell' was produced. There was an intense excitement in the musical world when this opera was announced. Nothing was neglected by the manager which could render the performance irreproachable. The band and chorus were faultless, the *mise-en-scène* magnificent, the singers admirable—but, from a variety of causes, the opera was a failure; the chief reason perhaps being, that it was brought out at the very close of the season.

The expenses had been almost reckless. In the vocal department, 33,349*l.* had been laid out; on the ballet, 8,105*l.* One dancer alone, Lucile Grahn, had received 1,120*l.* The orchestra had cost 10,048*l.*

When the season terminated rumours were circulated speaking of utter ruin as certain. For once, rumour was correct in its surmises.

Mr. Lumley had strained every nerve to carry his establishment successfully through the season. The command of the orchestra was confided to Mr. Balfe—an appointment which met with the unanimous approbation of the subscribers and of the general public. Mr. Sims Reeves essayed the Italian stage as Carlo, in the opera of 'Linda.' He appeared only once; for his favourite part of Edgardo having been taken by Signor Gardoni, he threw up his engagement in anger. The trial was of unusual difficulty, as it was then of rare occurrence that an

English singer ventured on the boards of the Italian stage. The season closed with every outward sign of prosperity; yet embarrassments were harassing the Director on all sides.

Mr. Delafield renewed his experiment in the following year, wisely determining to reduce his expenses. At the very outset he committed an error, in allowing Alboni to go over to Her Majesty's Theatre. The great interest of this season, in London as well as in Paris, was centred in 'Le Prophète.' Madame Viardot performed Fides—how grandly, it is needless to recal. She had taken the character when the work was brought out in Paris. The day after the first representation, Meyerbeer wrote a deeply grateful and gratifying letter to the prima donna. 'I ceased for an instant to remember that I was the author of the work,' he said. 'You had transformed me into a breathless and excited auditor of your impassioned and truthful accents.' What praise this was, coming from Meyerbeer, need not be suggested to those who knew anything of the fastidious disposition of the great composer. After the fourth representation, Mr. Harris went over to Paris to witness the *mise-en-scène*, preparatory to the production of the opera at the Royal Italian Opera. Mario went to study Roger's interpretation of the part of Jean of Leyden. Catherine Hayes took the character of Bertha, originally performed by Madame Castellan. Even the subordinate characters were excellently filled. Everything was done to render the performance splendid and attractive. The scenery was gorgeous, the dresses new and costly; the decorations, processions—the entire arrangements, in fact—magnificent and sparkling. The skating-scene was a marvel of art. To mount four operas only—'Le Prophète,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and 'La Donna del Lago'—cost twenty-five thousand pounds.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Sims Reeves repeated his essay. The great attractions of the season, however, were the return to the stage of Madame Sontag—the Coun-

tess Rossi—and the début of Mademoiselle Parodi, favourite pupil of Madame Pasta. Both these events caused the keenest curiosity and expectation. The reappearance of the Countess Rossi, after an absence of twenty years, created a furore, although she did not achieve a real success. Her sad, romantic history, the recollection of what she had been, surmises as to how she would now sing, with many other reasons, threw an additional interest around her name. If she arrived too late to insure the prosperity of the season, she at least rescued the theatre and the manager from ruin. She lifted Her Majesty's Theatre from the difficulties into which it had been thrown by the retirement of Jenny Lind—an event which had so seriously injured the director that he regarded it as 'le commencement de la fin.' The Sontag furore promised to equal the Lind mania; again, strangely enough, the old legends were circulated in a new form. Concerning the success of her favourite pupil—Mademoiselle Parodi—Madame Pasta was deeply anxious. She wrote warmly to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, recommending 'la mia Teresa' to his care. The début of the young lady, however, resulted in disappointment to all.

Many causes combined to entangle Mr. Lumley more fatally day by day. In despair he wrote to Rubini, imploring his help. 'Once more,' he said, 'you will save a friend—you will save this great establishment.' 'Your letter has touched me profoundly,' the great tenor replied, 'but it cannot be. A thousand circumstances render my reappearance impossible. It costs me more than you can suppose to persist in this resolution; but I must abide by it—you cannot, must not, count on me.' Further correspondence ensued; the most urgent appeals were made by Mr. Lumley, but Rubini was inexorable.

The season terminated.

It had not been a happy one for the director of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Delafield was a bankrupt. In his schedule there was almost every imaginable description of creditor—

noblemen, shopkeepers, newspaper proprietors, singers, dancers, dress-makers, hotel-keepers, mechanics, architects, the band of the Coldstream Guards, engravers, tailors, prompters, gas-fitters, a gas company, rope-makers, police commissioners (for the attendance of constables at the theatre), bankers, chimney-sweepers, the proprietors of Waterloo Bridge (for exhibiting bills), &c., *ad infinitum*. Besides these, nearly every one engaged at the theatre, from prima donna to lamplighter, from Mademoiselle Angri, a Greek singer, who demanded eighteen hundred pounds, down to the pettiest hanger on, was credited with various amounts. He disappeared, but for years his mad speculation was not forgotten, and the gossips amused themselves with vain surmises as to his ultimate destiny.

Overtures were made to Mr. Lumley, on the part of the gentlemen connected with the Royal Italian Opera, to merge both operas in one, and advantageous terms were offered him to retire from the management of Her Majesty's Theatre in order to facilitate this design. These terms he declined to accept, having already entered into other plans. At this time he was desirous to obtain the direction of the Italian Opera in Paris, then in the hands of Ronconi. Intrigues, hostilities, mischances of every kind were opposed to his project, but he persevered until he gained his wish.

Covent Garden Theatre opened in 1850 for its fourth season, under the direction of a republic, of which Mr. Gye was a member—if not the chief. Mr. Gye's energy was indomitable, his industry untiring, and his influence despotic. In every way he was eminently fitted to rule a vast operatic establishment. He overlooked the most minute details in each department of the musical arrangements—nothing escaped his notice. The principal aim of the directors was to give the operas of the grand French school, and to produce them in the utmost splendour and completeness. Their greatest successes were achieved by

'*Les Huguenots*,' '*Masaniello*,' '*Le Prophète*,' and '*Robert le Diable*.' It was a year of splendid performances, memorable for many reasons. The company and the operas were both admirable; the band and chorus were pronounced to be the finest in Europe. The leading female singers were Mesdames Castellan, Vera, De Meric, Grisi, and Viardot; the male singers were Formes, Tamberlik, Zelger, Mario, Tamburini, Ronconi, and others. It was during this season that Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance in England. He at once became a favourite, although, judged by the highest standard, he was by no means a perfect or highly-finished artist. He was one of the handsomest men ever seen on the stage; he was endowed with a beautiful voice, and an incomparable accent in pronouncing Italian, and he had a power of energy and sympathetic warmth which enabled him at any time to carry away his audience. The unlucky costume worn on his first appearance in '*Moïse*,' excited much laughter from its absurdity. He came on the stage with bare arms, on which were placed gold bracelets; he wore a spangled petticoat and bodice, and had false hair plaited at the sides of his face. Although he had a superb figure, and a profile exquisitely chiselled as an antique cameo, yet attire so ridiculously disfiguring, nearly ruined his own chance of success and endangered the opera. Herr Formes, this season, injudiciously attempted Italian opera, in which he disappointed even his most ardent admirers. Signor Mario, too, disappointed the public by his inefficiency in the part of Eleazar ('*La Juive*'), a part which, it was said, he had most anxiously desired to perform.

Mr. Lumley's difficulties increased daily, and he felt that nothing could save his theatre. None of the new singers excited the slightest sensation, although many were tried. The event of the season was the production of '*La Tempesta*,' an opera written expressly for England by M.M. Scribe and Halévy. Every resource afforded by Her Majesty's Theatre was employed to

bring out this work with effect. The best singers in the company were assembled to render it with spirit. The Caliban of Lablache, the Miranda of Madame Sontag, and the Ariel of Carlotta Grisi, created a temporary curiosity. Both composer and librettist came to London for the purpose of superintending the last rehearsals of the work. To celebrate the arrival of these gentlemen, Mr. Lumley gave a grand dinner, at which many men of high rank and distinction were present. In the opera, the popular air by Dr. Arne, 'Where the bee sucks,' was employed by the composer for the pantomimic music of Ariel, and as the finale of the piece. Unluckily, this was the only morcean in the three acts which obtained universal admiration. The character of Caliban was the last, as it was judged by some to be perhaps the best 'creation' of Lablache. It became the 'town talk' for a while, and was justly regarded as a masterpiece.

To the great surprise of the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre, Madame Pasta appeared for one night at the close of the season. She was then staying for a short time with her pupil, Mademoiselle Parodi. Never was singer more ill-advised than the once mighty Queen of Song, in thus consenting to pass across the scene of her former triumphs. The fine phrasing, the faultless style, the grand declamation, the classic severity of taste, were, it is true, still remaining; the rest was not to be conjured up by imagination. Her voice, always veiled and husky even in its prime, was utterly gone. She had the misfortune to be dressed in the most disfiguring manner. Yet, as one of the reigning Queens of Song (Madame Viardot) cried, looking at this noble ruin, it was like the Cenacolo of Da Vinci at Milan—a wreck of a picture, but that picture the greatest picture in the world. Mademoiselle Parodi continued vainly her effort to attain the place which she ambitiously coveted. Mr. Lumley had now obtained the formal concession of the Parisian Italian Opera. Like all similar concessions under the

regulations then existing in France, it was hampered with conditions of a most embarrassing nature—conditions minutely described in Mr. Lumley's 'Reminiscences.' Some of them are positively ludicrous. He lost, in the two disastrous seasons of 1850-1 and 1851-2, while director of the Italian Opera in Paris, nearly five hundred thousand francs, or twenty thousand pounds. With many institutions of superior importance, the Italian Opera was shaken to its foundation by the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

The fiction of the operatic republic of directors at Covent Garden Theatre was dropped in 1851, when Mr. Frederick Gye declared himself sole manager. The effects of a spirit of order and judicious discipline were soon perceptible. A wise retrenchment was the first step taken. Every one in the theatre, from the *prima donna assoluta* to the very doorkeeper, willingly submitted to a reduction of salary, and this reduction, combined with a generally vigilant administration, changed the entire aspect of affairs at the Royal Italian Opera. From that time, Mr. Gye has continued, year after year, to govern his empire with perfect judgment, carrying over season after season successfully. This season—1851—his singers were Mesdames Grisi, Angri, Castellani, Viardot, and Louisa Pyne; MM. Tamberlik, Formes, Tagliafico, Ronconi, Mario, Tamburini, &c. Miss Pyne had never, until this season, attempted Italian opera; and the essay was all the more wonderful in its success when it was considered that she replaced another singer (Mademoiselle Zerr) at an hour's warning. At the end of the season, M. Gounod's 'Saffo' was produced, and proved a failure, from causes into which it is unnecessary to enter.

In 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, Mr. Lumley was still struggling against his adverse fate. He had two charming dancers, Mesdames Ferraris and Carlotta Grisi; but all interest in dancing had died out in London. Even at the Royal Italian Opera it was abandoned, except as an adjunct to the Opera. Mr. Lumley had a long list of

singers, the most attractive of whom was Sophie Cruvelli, who was greatly admired by some and heartily abused by others. Her *Fidello*, in which she was ably supported by Mr. Sims Reeves, created a sensation.

The last 'event' of the season occurred on the night when Mr. Balfe, the conductor, took his benefit. That eminent composer's own opera, '*Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon*,' was performed for the first time on the Italian stage under the title of '*I Quattro Fratelli*.' Already it had enjoyed much popularity in its French, English, and German forms. The work was received with favour when presented in Italian. Sophie Cruvelli, with Gardoni, Pardini, Colletti, and Massol, performed the opera in a spirited and effective manner.

Mr. Lumley entered on his campaign in 1853 with the faintest hopes of success. Uncertainties and difficulties attended on his preparations, causing the theatre to open unusually late. It was generally supposed that the theatre would not open at all. Perhaps the heaviest misfortune which befel him was the '*Wagner quarrel*,' the details of which unhappy affair it will be needless to recapitulate. To this embroglio he attributed chiefly his downfall. This quarrel seriously injured not only Her Majesty's Theatre, but the Royal Italian Opera. The history of this season is a dismal one. The unexpected flight of Sophie Cruvelli was another blow to the unfortunate manager. Countless embarrassments followed each other. Actions at law menaced him on all sides, both in London and in Paris. In this crisis several noblemen and gentlemen, influential among the friends and patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre, convened a meeting of the subscribers to consider the best means of aiding the management to carry on the enterprise to the end of the season. A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions in support of the establishment, and to regulate the manner in which the sums thus raised should be disbursed. The scheme, however, although partially carried out, did not save the house. Early in the season, Mr. Lumley had con-

ceived the plan of forming an association for the purpose of carrying on the affairs of the Opera House—of organizing a joint-stock company to undertake the financial and speculative section of the directorship, while he himself continued the management. In this design he was cordially assisted by many noblemen and gentlemen, but it was found impracticable. At this juncture, Earl Dudley (then Lord Ward) was somewhat desirous of becoming director of the theatre.

At last the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre closed, not to reopen for three years. It was evident that the 'old house' had succumbed. Various plans were suggested by those interested in the establishment, but none arrived at any tangible result. The following year the 'properties' of the theatre were announced for sale, under a claim of the ground landlord, who, in 1850, had advanced on this security a sum of ten thousand pounds. To prevent the dispersion of these valuable theatrical accessories, the original cost of which had been estimated at twenty-three thousand pounds, it was arranged that they should be purchased in the names of Lord Ward and Sir Ralph Howard, upon security afforded by Mr. Lumley. Sir Ralph Howard shortly afterwards relinquished his claims to Lord Ward. At the beginning of 1853, Lord Ward was still anxious to take the management, and entered into negotiations with different singers; and directions were given that the theatre should be held ready to open at a moment's notice. Suddenly, however, he abandoned the project, in consequence of difficulties interposed by the principal creditors. His connection with the theatre had commenced in the previous year, when he had taken a decidedly prominent part in the famous committee meeting.

An action of ejectment was brought against Mr. Lumley by the ground landlord, upon the plea that a violation of the terms of the lease had been committed by the lessee. This vexatious suit was carried on through years.

Some efforts were made by the Director of Covent Garden to obtain the theatre. At one time, early in 1854, Mr. Benedict, the celebrated composer, had an idea of taking the theatre under his direction. After a few months of fruitless negotiation, he relinquished the design. Mr. E. T. Smith, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, then came forward, but he also recoiled from the overwhelming difficulties and heavy responsibilities of the undertaking.

Fortune had smiled on the Royal Italian Opera during the season of 1852. Several new singers had appeared, the most remarkable of whom was Madame Bosio. At first this charming singer made little impression, and it was not until a sudden revelation showed the beauty of her voice and the refined nature of her talent to the opera-going public, that she gained the place in their esteem and admiration—even in their affections—which she never lost. The next season, 1853, was also successful, although the singers, with few exceptions, were only moderately distinguished. The band still continued most admirable, and had become, under its leader, Mr. Costa, one of the most famous in Europe. Mr. William Beverley was at this time scene-painter; Mr. Harris retained his position as stage manager. A profound sensation was created in 1854 by the first series of Madame Grisi's many farewell performances.

In spite of the gloom cast by the war over London society, the brief season of 1855 was the most prosperous since the opening of Covent Garden Theatre as an Opera house in 1847. A terrible blow nearly ruined the director before the commencement of the season of 1856—the total destruction by fire, not only of the house itself, but of a vast quantity of valuable property which had been accumulating during nine years, the musical library, the scenery, the costumes, and other accessories of more than fifty operas. This, the great operatic event of the year, naturally created an extraordinary sensation. By many it was thought—hoped or feared, as interest dictated—that the days of

Italian Opera in London were ended. Fortunately it happened that the Lyceum Theatre was untenanted, and the director of Covent Garden was enabled to secure it as a harbour of refuge for his band, chorus, and principal artists. He made proposals for Her Majesty's Theatre, but Mr. Lumley had hurried to London from Paris, with the hope of reopening his house.

Lord Ward was desirous of bringing the affairs of Her Majesty's Theatre under his own control, although he had relinquished his idea of taking the main practical direction into his hands. He had bought up the various incumbrances which rested upon the establishment, and was now the most powerful creditor, acquiring a far larger interest in the theatre than the proprietor.

The singers engaged by Mr. Lumley were Mesdames Piccolomini, Alboni, Johanna Wagner, Albertini, &c., and some excellent male singers. The dancers were Rosati, one of the most admired 'étoiles de la danse,' and Marie Taglioni. The conductor was Signor Bonetti.

Judging by appearances, it would have seemed as if the 'old house' had completely regained its ancient prestige. The theatre was crowded every night, and there was every outward sign of prosperity. The subscribers were so pleased to find themselves within the familiar precincts of their favourite haunt, that Mr. Lumley was summoned by them to receive an outburst of applause.

The bright little star, Marietta Piccolomini, created the most singular enthusiasm—she became, in fact, 'the rage.' Once more a mania possessed the public; this time without much justification. The sprightly little Sardinian had no sound claims to be considered either an excellent singer, a fine actress, or even a beautiful woman. She was not a great artist; she was rather a clever amateur—full of fire, it is true, and determined to achieve success at any cost. However, her audiences yielded to the peculiar fascination which she exercised over them. From the time of her début, the fortunes of the theatre were assured for the season.

At both houses—at Her Majesty's and at the Lyceum—the season was unusually successful.

There was a second provisional season at the Lyceum Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Gye. The director of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley, still hoping to contest the field successfully with his partially disabled rival, opened his doors during 1857. It was a desperate, but far from happy effort. Nearly all the singers were new to the English public. The only one whose appearance, however, was attended with legitimate success, was Signor Giuglini. The exquisite quality of his voice, the elegance of his style, and his handsome person, despite his undoubted deficiencies as an actor, won popularity for him on the night of his debut. Signor Giuglini had originally been destined for the priesthood, and had been remarkable in his boyhood and early youth as a singer in the choir of the metropolitan church of Fermo. His excellence—first as a treble, and afterwards as a tenor—attracted general notice, and many efforts were made to tempt him upon the lyrical stage. These efforts he resisted for a long time; but at length it happened that a member of the orchestra of the Fermo Theatre fell ill, when Signor Giuglini took his place at a moment's notice. Soon afterwards, the principal tenor was incapacitated by sudden illness from appearing, and Signor Giuglini replaced him. His success as Jacopo, in *'I Duc Foscari,'* revealed the lovely quality of his voice to the musical judges of Fermo; and from that time he decided to renounce the church for the stage. His knowledge of music was thorough, extending even to the art of composition. The triumph of the new tenor was the chief operatic event of 1857. Every other male vocalist seemed to be eclipsed by him. Mr. Lumley mentions a curious peculiarity of taste when speaking of Signor Giuglini. 'At this period,' he says, 'the principal passion of the great tenor was for making and letting off fireworks. It was one of those passions which almost amounted to a mania, and engrossed all his thoughts when

not occupied with his art. He had come to be a considerable adept in firework-making, and his enthusiasm in exhibiting his beautiful works, and his pride in success and applause, apparently equalled that which he felt in the pursuit of his musical career. A pantomimic expression of a "Catherine wheel," from a friend in a side-box, would make him sing on the stage with redoubled spirit.' Another of his fancies was for making and flying kites, formed in every variety of eccentric device. The prima donna who sang with him in 1857 was Mademoiselle Spezzia—a tall, handsome woman, with an unpleasant voice.

Mr. Lumley was anxious to revive the taste for dancing, which had died out. His preparations for the ballet were organized on a most extensive scale. Lord Ward, who claimed from his position to be considered the adviser of the director, wrote to him before the opening of the theatre—'It strikes me you have an enormous ballet. I do not know how you will place them all.'

An experiment was tried by Mr. Lumley, in the December of that year, in the shape of a winter campaign—'extra performances,' at reduced prices. The success of this experiment, in a pecuniary point of view, was beyond the director's anticipations.

Rumour declared that no new theatre would be built to replace the one destroyed by fire. It was not the first time that rumour fell into error. A theatre, new from its very foundation, was commenced, built, and opened for public performances within twenty-six months from the destruction of the old one. It was a new and magnificent edifice, raised on the ashes of the old Covent Garden Theatre. The house was opened in 1858 by Mr. Gye. There were four opera-houses open that season—Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Opera Buffa at the St. James's.

The new theatre was more ample and splendid than any theatre hitherto existing in London. It was still in the hands of the decorators, carpenters, and painters, when it

opened on the 15th May. About the opening of the new theatre at the appointed time, speculation had been busy, and hundreds of pounds had changed hands on the result. The interior was found to be beautiful and commodious; the utmost care had been taken to accommodate the occupants of every part of the house. The anxiety which Mr. Gye had suffered from his desire to keep faith with the public, and his great exertions, brought on an illness which confined him to his house for weeks. The chief singers were Mesdames Grisi, Bosio, Parepa, and Nantier-Didié, MM. Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Ronconi, Tagliafico.

Mr. Lumley had discovered another prize—another new singer who was destined to gain the laurel crown of a Queen of Song. This was Mademoiselle Tietjens. The season did not begin until after Easter, and therefore much depended on the success of the first night. 'Les Huguenots' was selected as the piece for this important occasion. Every nerve was strained by the Director to render this production as effective as possible; every effect that could be commanded by scenery, dresses, and general appointments, had been studied and executed with the minutest care. The singers rivalled each other in zeal. The last rehearsals excited much interest and excitement; and the curiosity of the privileged few who could obtain admission on these special occasions was highly aroused. Mademoiselle Tietjens naturally felt most anxious regarding the coming ordeal. 'How much she felt this critical position,' observes Mr. Lumley, 'was evidenced by her bursts of artistic animation and excitement at the rehearsals. As her powerful voice rang through the theatre, and excited the plaudits of all present, the latent fire of Giuglini became kindled in its turn, and, one artist vying with the other in power and passion of musical declamation, each rehearsal became a brilliant performance.' Indeed, so strongly were both artists and connoisseurs impressed with the merits of Mademoiselle Tietjens, that fears were

expressed lest she should utterly swamp the favourite tenor. These fears were groundless.

At this time the director found himself in greater difficulties than at any previous period. The nobleman who had hitherto been his friend, suddenly changed to being his most urgent creditor, refusing the slightest concession. Lord Ward pressed for three quarters' rent (4,000*l.*), and sent him notice that if the money were not immediately paid, Mr. Lumley must be prepared to give up possession of the theatre into his lordship's hands.

The opening night was encouraging. The Queen and court were present, and everything seemed bright and propitious. The two great singers were nervous, but the opera went off well. Giuglini was in ecstasies when the director told him, on the stage, that the Queen was to be present. The reception of Mademoiselle Tietjens was enthusiastic. Giuglini was resolved to exert himself to the utmost, lest he should be entirely eclipsed, so both voices were heard to the greatest possible advantage. In a very short time, Mademoiselle Tietjens fairly established herself in the favour of the frequenters of the Opera. At the end of the regular season, Mr. Lumley repeated his experiment of a series of 'cheap nights.'

At the close of the protracted season of 1858, Her Majesty's Theatre passed for ever from the hands of Benjamin Lumley.

Lord Ward had pressed him very stringently; he left the director no alternative between the immediate payment of the arrears of rent—4,000*l.*—or an immediate cession of the whole property into his lordship's hands. Nothing remained but a surrender of the lease, and the possession of the theatre into Lord Ward's hands. From the time when possession of the house was formally given up by Mr. Lumley, his connection with the theatre was entirely severed.

The first event in the operatic world in 1859 created a strange, sad excitement. News came from St. Petersburg that the charming favourite, Angiolina Bosio, was dead—

killed by over-work and an unkind climate. Perhaps no prima donna was ever more universally lamented than this graceful and refined singer, who died in the flower of her age and at the zenith of her reputation.

Although Her Majesty's Theatre was closed, there were two Italian Operas in London that year. Under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith, Drury Lane was opened for the performance of opera. The company consisted of Mesdames Victoire Balfe, Piccolomini, Guarducci, Tietjens, MM. Giuglini, Badiali, Bélart, &c. The chief feature of this attempt was the assumption, for the first time in London, by Mademoiselle Tietjens, of the part of 'Norma.'

It was probably the success attending this effort which induced Mr. E. T. Smith, the following year—1860—to become lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre. Considerable changes and improvements were effected before the house opened. The theatre underwent a thorough renovation both internally and externally. The pit, the vestibule, the lobbies on the grand tier, and the crush rooms, were lined with mirrors, the walls were papered, the ceilings painted, the floors and stairs carpeted, the chandeliers improved, the stalls newly arranged. The singers engaged were Mesdames Alboni, Laura Baxter, Lotti della Santa, Marie Cabel, Borghi Mamo, Tietjens, MM. Mongini, Giuglini, Sebastiano Ronconi, and Gassier. The dancers were Marietta Pocchini, one of the most accomplished of living dancers, Amalia Ferraris, idol of the French and Russian capitals, Claudina Cucchi, and others.

Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditì were appointed directors of the music, composers, and conductors.

Jules Benedict, who was born at Stuttgart, 1805, came to London for the first time in 1835, chiefly at the instance of his friend Madame Malibran. Since that period he has resided almost entirely in England. From his early youth he had been accustomed to the duty of conducting an orchestra. At the age of nineteen, he was, on the recommendation of his friend Weber, engaged to conduct the German Opera at

Vienna; afterwards he transferred his services to the theatre of San Carlo, and then to the Fondo at Naples. He undertook the direction of the Opera Buffa at the Lyceum in 1836, an entertainment carried on for two seasons by Mr. Mitchell. He was subsequently musical director at Drury Lane, when Mr. Bunn was manager. He was again conductor at Drury Lane during the Italian Opera season in 1859. During 1860, he brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre an Italian version of Weber's 'Oberon,' with recitatives and additions principally selected from the composer's own works. Weber had been one of his most sincere friends. The works which Mr. Benedict has given to the world have all been more or less well received.

Luigi Arditì was born (1822) at Crescentino, a small town in Piedmont. He commenced his public career in 1843 as orchestral conductor at Vercelli. Since that time he has continued to wield the bâton of a chef-d'orchestre, during a life of wonderful variety and industry. Mr. Lumley introduced him to England.

At the Royal Italian Opera, in 1860, the singers were Mesdames Nantier Didiée, Csillag, Miolan Carvalho, Penco, Rudersdorf, and MM. Tamberlik, Zelger, Tagliafico, Ronconi, Mario, Faure, and Formes. One of the most remarkable events of the season was the unexpected appearance of Mademoiselle Adeline Patti.

The new floral hall, a spacious and elegantly constructed saloon attached to Covent Garden Theatre, intended to be devoted to a variety of purposes, was opened as a promenade, after the performances in the theatre, about the middle of the season, and was so used on several nights. A grand show of flowers took place shortly after the opening, and in the evening the occupants of the boxes, stalls, and pit were allowed the right of entrance.

The 'farewell' performances of Madame Grisi formed an attraction at Covent Garden. The finest performance of the season was perhaps the production of 'Guillaume Tell.'

This work achieved then the greatest success it had ever met with in England, and for nine or ten nights drew crowded audiences,—would in all probability have continued to attract for nine nights more had not the attention of the public been suddenly diverted by the appearance of Mademoiselle Patti. This charming singer gained as veritable a triumph as her immediate predecessor on the lyric stage—Mademoiselle Tietjens—had obtained.

Mr. Mapleson made his first essay in operatic management at the Lyceum Theatre in 1861. He was in many respects well fitted for the position at which he ambitiously aimed. Signor Arditì was conductor, Mr. Calcott scene painter. The leading singers were Mademoiselle Tietjens and Signor Giuglini. Emboldened by success, he the following year undertook the direction of Her Majesty's Theatre. Although he entered upon this enterprise at the briefest possible notice, and was obliged to carry the season through in a hurried manner, his efforts were highly successful. Signor Arditì and Signor Calcott accompanied him to this enlarged sphere. Since that year, Mr. Mapleson has conducted Her Majesty's Theatre to the unqualified satisfaction of the subscribers and of the general public. His success has been all the more

highly to be appreciated as he has never had the same means at command as his rival, Mr. Gye, who had the good fortune to possess the amplest resources of any theatre in Europe. Signal efforts were made by Mr. Mapleson to restore the by-gone prestige of the ballet, but its days of glory have apparently passed away for ever. Not all the fascinations of Amalia Ferraris, nor the brilliant qualities of Mademoiselle Pochini, nor the picturesque beauty of the *divertissements*, could raise the ballet to its ancient popularity.

The great incident of the season of 1863 at Her Majesty's was the production of M. Gounod's '*Faust*.' The principal characters were admirably sustained, and the work created a profound interest.

It was proposed, at the close of the season of last year—1865—to unite the two rival opera-houses by means of a joint-stock company. This scheme has, however, for the present been abandoned.

The history of the successive directors of Italian opera in London must necessarily be an imperfect one. It would be impossible to close its pages otherwise than abruptly, especially at a time when the fortunes of the operatic establishments and of their rulers hang in the balance of an uncertain destiny.

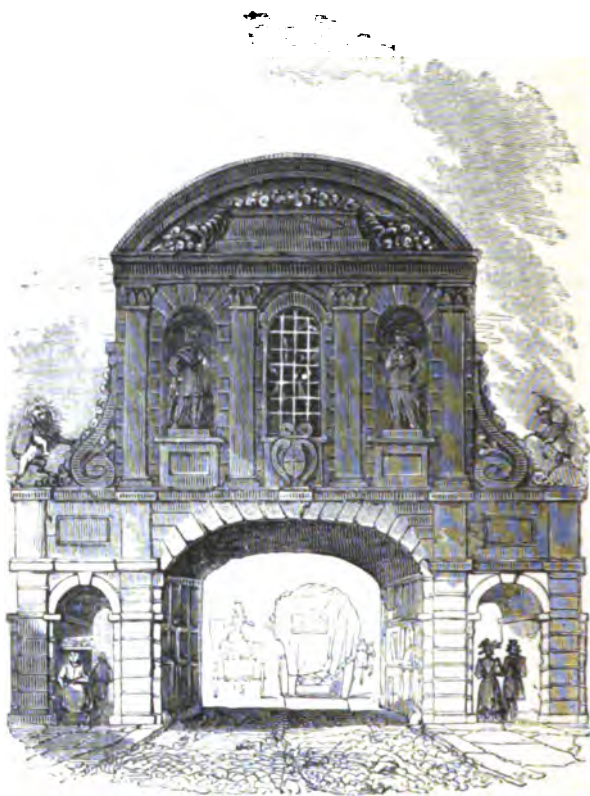
E. C. C.



UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

BY MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER VI.



TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

RECURRING to Fleet marriages, some of the extracts made by Mr. Burns from the parsons' pocket-books are worth narrating:—

'Geo. Grant and Ann Gordon bachelor and spinster, stole my clothes brush; another couple had before stole a silver spoon.'

There were fellows who acted as 'common husbands,' who for a fee married women in debt, so that they could plead a coverture; the fellows foregoing all claims upon their wives.

'John Ferren, Gent., sen., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, br., to Deborah Nolans, ditto, sp.'

The supposed John Ferren was discovered, after the ceremony, to be in person a woman—'no doubt to free Deborah from her debts, and to avoid the common husband. This trick was frequently played, sometimes for the reason named, and frequently as a joke.'

The fees were sometimes compounded for by silver buttons, worth 2s., and a ring of small value.

'Lydia Collet and Richard Turner, brought by Mrs. Crooks, behaved vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks' ring'—lent, it is

conjectured, to perform the ceremony.

'John Newsam and Ann Laycock, widow—ran away with scertificate, and left a point of wine to pay for.' No doubt a suggestion of the widow—if Mr. Weller's estimate of widows be a correct one.

One party was 'married upon tick,' and a coachman came, and was half married, and would give but 3s. 6d., and went off. On the trial of John Miller, for bigamy, it was sworn that any one might have a certificate for 2s. 6d., without any ceremony of marriage whatever. This was reducing the business to such extreme simplicity, that a new Marriage Act was passed, although Walpole wrote against it, and many of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons uttered wilder opinions than he in opposition, one declaring that 'it would shock the modesty of a young girl to have it proclaimed to the parish that she was going to be married,' and Charles Townsend declared 'it was one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered the heart of man, and that, did he promote it, he should expect to have his eyes torn out by the young women of the first country town he passed through'—and all because it compelled the rich heiress and the peer's son to wait until they were of age before they could marry whom they pleased, and required Dolly to be cried three times in the parish church before she could become Mrs. Giles Jolter.

The Old Bourne, from which Holborn takes its name, broke out, says Stow, about the place where the bars do stand—now Brook Street—where Chatterton died, at Mrs. Angel's, a sack-maker's; in Fox Court, running out of it, the Countess of Macclesfield gave birth to Richard Savage, naming her boy after herself, for she certainly was a savage. So leaving Farringdon Street on our left for the present, ascend High Oldbourne Hill, formerly the road from the Tower and Newgate to the gallows in St. Giles, and its successor at Tyburn. Some may remember poor Polly—Maceheath's wife's—lament. 'Methinks

I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand. What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace.' No doubt, had social and not poetical justice been done on the Captain, he would, like Swift's 'Tom Clink,'

'Have stopped at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it as he came back.'

It is narrated of an old counsellor in Holborn, that on every execution day he turned out his clerks with this compliment—'Go, ye young rogues, go to school and improve.'

On our right are the remains of Field Lane, where Mr. Fagan tutored the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates (as Wolton did years ago) in the art of picking pockets. Annexed is Saffron Hill, so named from the saffron gardens there. Nearly opposite is Shoe Lane, where formerly stood Old Bourne Hall. Here Pepys came to a cock-pit and found 'strange variety of people, from the Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower to poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not, and all these fellows, one with another, cursing and swearing,' and he soon had enough of it. Here died Samuel Boyce, the poet, from want, unable, however, to eat the roast beef brought to him because there was no ketchup. In Gunpowder Alley lived Lilly, the astrologer, who pretended to discover stolen goods, and on the site of the present Farringdon Market was the burying-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse, and there was the grave of the highly-gifted and unhappy poet Thomas Chatterton.* On the site of Wren's church stood a former St. Andrew's, of which two or three old gothic arches remain. Sir Edward Coke was married there (1598) to the Lady Elizabeth Hatton. She was young, very beautiful, and rather eccentric, and attracted the regards of Coke and Bacon. Essex

* The parish register records—'Aug. 28, 1770. — William (Thomas) Chatterton [with "the poet" added afterwards], interred in the graveyard of Shoe Lane workhouse.'

supported the suit of Bacon with all his influence; but whether the lady discovered that the great philosopher deserved the estimate given of him by a late humorous historian, who says—'The character of this Bacon was rather streaky,'—and so declined him, we know not, but she married Coke and rejected a chancellor. Bacon had a lucky escape, for Lady Hatton turned out a tartar, and Coke found that, as Douglas Jerrold has since written, 'she leaned her back against her marriage certificate and defied him.' Those who marry widows should require to have 'good characters from their previous situations,' we fancy.

Over the way was the hostel of the Bishop of Ely, with its vineyards, garden, and orchard, as the Protector Gloucester knew full well, and remembered when meditating the death of Hastings and the arrest of the Bishop: 'My Lord,' said he, merrily, 'you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn, I require you let me have a mess of them.'—'Gladly,' quoth the bishop, and sent for them immediately; but notwithstanding his civility Gloucester had him locked up that same morning. Many great personages occupied the Bishop's house. John of Gaunt, when driven from the Savoy by Wat Tyler's mob, lived and died there. The conspiracy which gave Protector Somerset's head to the block was hatched there. Many memorable feasts have been held in Ely Place, given by the newly-elected serjeants-at-law, and in 1531, when eleven new serjeants were made at once, they gave a feast worthy the calamity. It took five days to get through the bill of fare. Sir Christopher laid out about 6000*l.* of our money upon Ely House when he came into possession—and well he might, for Elizabeth made the original bargain for him, and agreed that he should pay only 10*l.* in money, ten loads of hay, and a red rose (afterwards increased to twenty bushels). It was to enforce this enforced bargain with Bishop Cox that Elizabeth wrote the letter remarkable for its brevity and emphasis, in which she swore a good Tudor oath to unfrock Cox:—

'PROUD PRELATE,—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know that I who made you what you are can unmake you: and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by G—d! I will immediately unfrock you.

'Yours, as you demean yourself,
'ELIZABETH.'

Elizabeth, who seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts, subsequently pressed the payment of a sum of 40,000*l.* arrears, which Chancellor Hatton could not meet, so that it went to his heart, and he joined his last dance—the Dance of Death.

When Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, lay there on Good Friday, 1633, a thousand persons were present to witness the stage play of Christ's Passion, being the last performance of the religious mystery in England. The chapel of St. Etheldreda, in Ely Place, and which still remains to us, was built about the 13th century, and then standing in a field planted with trees, and surrounded by a wall.

Long after Holborn had only a single row of houses on the north side, and Field Lane was only a lane, and Saffron Hill a fair meadow, with a footpath across it, bounded by Turnmill Brook, and the walls of Ely Place. Leather Lane, or Lither Lane, as it is sometimes called, was a lane leading to a field, in which stood the house of Sir William Furnivale, afterwards Furnival's Inn.

At the George and Blue Boar was intercepted Charles I.'s letter to his queen, in which Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, discovered the king's intention to destroy them. This letter is said to have brought about Charles's execution.† Opposite was the Red Lion, where the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were carried from Westminster Abbey, and next day dragged on sledges to Tyburn. 'So doth the whirligig of time bring about its revenges.'

We are at Gray's Inn Lane, now the outlet for dirty courts and dirtier inhabitants, though Pym and Hampden resided in this lane when

the ship-money question was about to make England a battle-field. Away northward is the old hostel, the Pindar of Wakefield, and Battle Bridge, so named because it once pertained to Battle Abbey. There stood a marvellous statue of George IV., made of cement and brick by a journeyman bricklayer; but that ornament of the metropolis has vanished, and might advantageously be followed by a good many other of our statues at large and in little. Gray's Inn Lane was the only place known to Dr. Willis where grew the herbs bearing a yellow flower, called the small Black Cresses of Naples, and which sprung up in such profusion among the ruins of old St. Paul's after the Great Fire.

Let us retrace our steps to Fetter Lane, or Fewter's Lane, as it was called from the idle people lying there when it was a road to the gardens by the Thames side, and to those in Old Bourne. Hobbes of Malmesbury lived here, and so did Dryden, at No. 16, it is said. For more than two centuries both ends of Fetter Lane were used as places of execution. Fetter Lane seems to have been a rival to Lombard Street, for Ben Jonson makes Fungoso say that he 'can borrow forty shillings on his gown in Fetter Lane.' Praise-god Barebones, the leatherseller, and his brother, Damned Barebones, lived at the corner of Fleet Street and Fetter Lane, both in the same house. A lady of rather unenviable notoriety resided at the right-hand corner of Fleur-de-lis Court, and may as well be introduced; we refer to that amiable flagellant Mrs. Brownrigg. 'She whipped two female 'prentices to death, and hid them in a coal-hole,' says Canning, parodying Southey.

Staple Inn was the *Inne* or *Hos-tell* of the merchants of the (Wool) Staple. The Holborn front is of the time of James I., and nearly one of the oldest existing specimens of street architecture. In Staples Inn Dr. Johnson wrote the 'Idler,' seated in a three-legged chair, so scantily were his chambers furnished.

Barnard's Inn was the Dean of Lincoln's house in Henry VI.'s

time, and Thaives Inn, originally the dwelling of Thaive, an armourer in Edward III.'s day. Thieves' Inn, therefore, as a derivation, is a piece of rudeness to the lawyers, who, we dare say, are not worse there than elsewhere.

Just through Holborn Bars, you had, says Stow, 'in old time a Temple built by the Templars.' This was afterwards called the Old Temple. The site was bought by the Earl of Southampton, now Southampton Buildings.

Lincoln's Inn Fields produced apples, pears, nuts, and cherries, flowers, and vegetables, and there was a walk under elm-trees where Philip and Mary walked. It was the coney garth, and well stocked with rabbits and game.

Holborn was paved at the expense of Henry V., when the highway was so deep and miry that many perils and hazards were occasioned to the king's carriages, and to those of his faithful subjects. Chancery Lane, formerly New Lane, was no better in Henry III.'s time, when he of a Jew's house founded a House of Converts. (There have been many converts to the folly of debt in Jews' houses in our time in Chancery Lane.) Edward III. annexed the House of Converts to the office of the Master of the Rolls, and called the road thereto Chancery Lane. The great Lord Strafford was born there, and Lord William Russell inherited a house on the site of Southampton Buildings. When passing this house on the day of his execution, the fortitude of the martyr forsook him for a moment, but, overmastering his emotion, he said, 'The bitterness of death is now passed.' From this house several of Lady Rachel's letters are dated.

Honest old Izaak Walton, that benevolent torturer of fish and live-bait, lived in Chancery Lane, as did the Lord Keeper Guilford, who, objecting to have the contents of the cesspools pumped out into the street, procured the proper drainage of the same, and made it the respectable place it is considered to be by the profession. Jacob Tonson, before he removed to Gray's Inn, had his shop at the Judge's Head, near

the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane. In Cursitor Street was Lord Eldon's 'first perch,' as he says, 'and often thence ran down to Fleet Market with sixpence in his hand to buy sprats for supper.' He found better fare from the Courts in that neighbourhood in after years. Two or three *removes*, and plenty of Cabinet pudding. Erskine, when he was Chancellor, was asked by an old lady if 'the Esquimaux really lived upon seals?' 'Oh, yes,' said Erskine, 'and very good living they make, if you only *keep them* long enough.' Until the widening of the Fleet Street end, a fine example of an old London House stood at the corner of Chancery Lane.

Temple Bar divides London and Westminster, and marks the boundary of the city and the shire. In Shire Lane was the celebrated Kit-cat Club, so named from certain pies—not a very pleasant association, I must say.

'For kit-cat wits first sprang from kit-cat pies.'

The Club consisted of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen attached to the House of Hanover; and the pies referred to really derived their name from no feline construction, but from Christopher Katt, the maker of them, and who lived near the tavern in King Street, Westminster. Pope or Arbuthnot has said that the Club was named—when it became the custom to toast ladies after dinner—from the old cats and the young kits, whose names were engraved on the members' glasses.

Jacob Tonson, the celebrated bookseller, was the secretary, and had the portraits of the members painted all of the same size, to suit the room. Hence the term 'Kit-cat size' for certain canvases. The portraits are, we believe, still preserved. The Tatler's Trumpet tavern was also in Shire Lane.

The bar consisted formerly of a post and rails, a chain and a barre, and were repainted and newly hung at the coronation of Queen Mary. The bar gave place to a house of timber across the street, with a narrow gateway beneath, and was destroyed after the Great Fire. The present bar was built by Wren, and

the old oak gates still remain. These gates were formerly closed at night, and on occasions of tumults or royal visits to the city. Elizabeth had to ask for admission when on her way to St. Paul's after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. So had Fairfax and Cromwell when on their way to dine in the City; and Queen Anne had to send in her card after Marlborough's victory. Our own gracious Queen, on her accession, and when the Royal Exchange was opened, recognised the civic right of knocker. Above the centre of the pediment the heads and limbs of persons executed for high treason were placed on iron spikes, and 'people made a trade of letting spying glasses at a penny a look' (Walpole), to those desirous of seeing them. And there those grim mementoes remained until blown down by the wind—some, like Counsellor Lyster's, having been there for thirty years. The remains of the spikes were removed within our recollection.

Let us return to the old Fleet river (navigable in Henry VII.'s time up to Holborn bridge, but now carried through a huge iron pipe), and then take our way up Fleet Street, one of the most ancient thoroughfares of London. Before the Great Fire the street was badly paved (and so continued long after), and the houses, mostly of timber, were built higgledy-piggledy—the shops dark sheds, with overhanging pent-houses beneath, where the traders and their 'prentices stood to solicit custom by calling out to every passer-by, 'What do you lack, gentles? What do you lack?' The space for foot passengers was defended by rails and posts, and the latter served for the exhibition of the performances at the theatres, and other matters requiring publicity. Hence the word 'posting-bill.'

Bridewell, long the terror of refractory London 'prentices, the idle, and the abandoned, was a king's palace before the Conquest, and said to have been partly of Roman construction. Most of our Norman kings held their court there, and when it was rebuilt, Henry I. gave

the stone for that purpose. The name is derived from St. Bridget, and her holy well, now represented by an iron pump in Bride Lane, a favourite promenade of blacklegs and other 'upright' men of the present day. The palace afterwards came into the possession of Cardinal Wolsey, and there Cardinal Compegius was brought, with numbers of King Henry's nobility, to hear the royal speech on his Majesty's marriage with Katherine of Arragon. And there the heads of the religious houses in England were summoned when Henry determined upon their suppression. After Wolsey's disgrace the palace reverted to the Crown, but Henry, from some unpleasant connubial recollection, we presume, allowed it to fall into decay. After the suppression of the religious houses, and Edward VI. had succeeded his many-wived father, Bishop Ridley, in a sermon which he preached before the king, begged the 'wide large empty house' as a poor-house and house of correction. And Edward

'Gave this Bridewell, a palace in old times,
For a chastening-house of vagrant crimes.'

So runs the legend beneath his portrait in the chapel; and Fuller quaintly says, 'The house of correction is the fittest hospital for those cripples who are lame through their own laziness,' and thinks the king was as truly charitable in granting Bridewell for the punishment of sturdy rogues, as in granting St. Thomas's Hospital for the relief of the poor. The Great Fire entirely destroyed Bridewell, and it was afterwards rebuilt, with its principal front to the Fleet river. The old hall still remains, and contains a picture by Holbein of Edward presenting the charter of the hospital to the Lord Mayor and citizens. Hogarth, in the fourth plate of his 'Harlot's Progress,' has preserved to us its former condition. Women and men are beating hemp, and an idle apprentice is in the stocks. The floggings took place in the presence of the court of governors, and were continued until the president struck his hammer on the table, and 'knock, good sir, knock,' was the common cry of those under

flagellation. A certain Madam Cresswell, infamously celebrated in the plays of Charles II.'s time, died in Bridewell, and bequeathed 10*l.* to have a sermon preached, in which nothing but what was *well* of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and we shall preach it to you. 'All I shall say of her is this, she was born *well*, she married *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*,—for she was born at Shad-well,—married to Cress-well,—she lived at Clerken-well,—and died in Bride-well.'

The first church of St. Bridget, or St. Bride, was destroyed in the Great Fire, one relic only being preserved in the present building—the arch to a vault on your right as you enter. In Bride's churchyard Milton lodged when he married Mary Powell, and before his removal to his quiet garden-house in Aldersgate Street, because there were few streets in London more free from noise than Aldersgate Street. In Bride Lane is Cogers' Hall, where the Cogers have met since 1757; and the corner of Bride Court is one of the town residences of our distinguished friend Mr. Punch, and close by the office of 'London Society.' Opposite Shoe Lane stood the famous Fleet Street Conduit, which had angels with sweet sounding bells before them, and they, divers hours of the day and night, with hammers chimed such hymns as were appointed. St. Dunstan's clock, with its two savages who struck the quarters upon two bells, was long a London wonder, and the pavement in front was a fine harvest-ground for pickpockets. The clock is now at Lord Hertford's in the Regent's Park.

Let us recross the street into Salisbury Court, once the residence of the Bishop of Salisbury, then of the Sackvilles, whence Sackville House, and Dorset Street, where formerly stood a theatre, being the seventeenth stage or common play-house made within threescore years in London and its suburbs, destroyed in the Great Fire. Sir C. Wren built for Davenant the Duke's Theatre, opened in 1671, where

Betterton played. It was close to the silent highway, and the City gas works now occupy its site. Richardson wrote 'Pamela' in Salisbury Square; and there, in Richardson's printing-office, Goldsmith acted as a reader about the time when Hogarth and Dr. Johnson visited the author-printer. John Dryden and Shadwell resided in Salisbury Court, and, in Dorset Court, John Looka.

Alsatia, as it was called (1608), extended from Water Lane to the Temple walls, and from the Thames to Fleet Street. It was the resort of fraudulent debtors, violators of the law, and abandoned women, who spoke a cant language, and boldly resisted the execution of every legal process. They were governed by laws of their own, presided over by some Duke Hildebrand, to whom they paid garnish and swore allegiance.

As Scott has it—

'From the touch of the tip,
From the blight of the warrant,
From the watchman who skip
On the Harman beek's warrant,
I charm thee from all.
Thy freedom's complete
As a blade of the Hulf,
To be cheated and cheat,
To be cuff'd and to cuff,
To stride, swear, and swagger,
To drink till you stagger,
And to brandish your dagger;
To eke out your living
By wag of your elbow,
By fultum and gourd,
And by laring of bilboe,
To live by your shifts, and to swear
By your honour,
Are some of the gifts
Of which I am the donor.'

The Ducal Exchequer might have been in Lombard Street, for it had its Lombard Street with its three balls. One of the houses there was old enough, when we first knew it, to have been Trapbois' dwelling-place, and within its crazy walls (until the next house fell down), many, many numbers of 'Punch' were prepared for the press, and afterwards printed on the site of Shadwell's Alsatian Tavern, 'The George,' now the printing-offices of our excellent friends, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Mitre Court was also a sanctuary, and here, at the 'Mitre Tavern,' as everybody knows,

Johnson drank his bottle of port and kept late hours, and here Boswell and he planned their tour to the Hebrides. The last of Dr. Johnson's Mitre friends—Mr. Chamberlain Clarke—died in 1831, aged ninety-two. Opposite Mitre Court was hanged Sarah Malcolm, a washerwoman in Temple, for no fewer than three murders, and the MS. of her confession sold for 20*l*. Over the way is Bolt Court, where Dr. Johnson lived and died, after leaving Gough Square, where he lost his beloved wife Letty. Behind his lodging was a garden, which he took delight in watering, and the whole of the two pair of stairs floor was made a repository for his books, one of the rooms thereon being his study. Dr. Johnson never suffered a lady to walk from his house to her carriage unattended by himself, and his appearance in Fleet Street always attracted a crowd, and afforded no small diversion. Johnson's fondness for tea is well known, but we have never seen a record of the number of cups he could drink. The grandmother of a lady with whom we are intimately connected once poured out for him seventeen cups; the cups were small china ones, we presume, and the Bohea was 38*s*. a pound. Ferguson, the astronomer, died at No. 4.

The Bolt-in-Tun, an old inn in Fleet Street, mentioned in 1443, as pertaining to the Whitefriars, was related in some way to Bolt Court, we presume. In Wine-office Court, opposite, Goldsmith lived, and there began the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

Ram Alley, opposite Fetter Lane, was long famous for its taverns and cookshops; and was also a sanctuary. It is now called Hare Court.

In Fleet Street was the second or third coffee-house opened in London, and was kept by Farr, a barber. It was presented by the parish inquest for selling 'a sort of liquor called coffee, which was a great nuisance and prejudice,' we suppose, to the other drinking-houses. The first coffee-house in England was at Oxford, opened by Jacobs, a Jew; and the first in London was in George Yard, Lombard Street, kept by one Parquet, a Greek. Coffee-

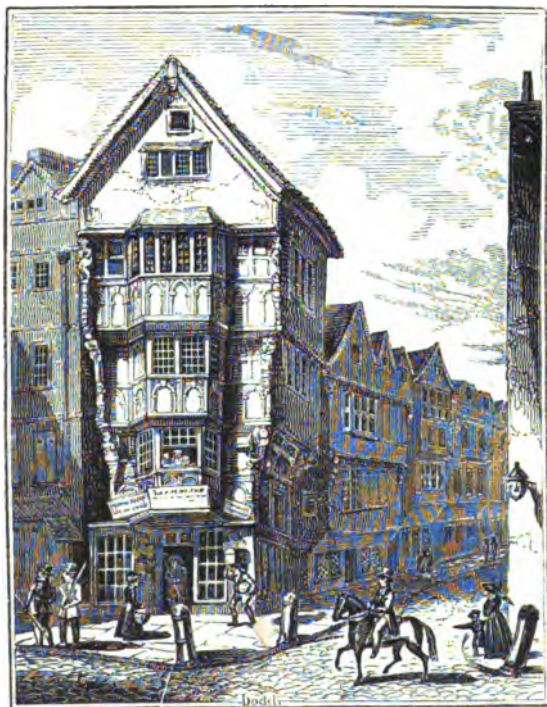
houses were suppressed by proclamation in 1675, but the order was revoked the next year.

The Rainbow, upon the site of Child's Place, was the Devil Tavern (the sign being the legend of St. Dunstan pulling his bad eminence's

nose), where Ben Jonson and his boon companions held many a liberal meeting. Over the door of one of the chambers was inscribed :—

'Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo.'

And within this was the penetralia



'THE HARROW,' an old Inn in Fleet Street (corner of Chancery Lane), adjoining the residence of Isaac Walton.

—in after years degradingly called the club-room. It was afterwards fitted with a music gallery, although the 24th rule of the Apollo Club, translated, ran thus :—

'Let no saucy fiddler dare to intrude
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss.'

In Marmion's 'Fine Companion' (1633), acted before the king and queen at Whitehall, and at the theatre in Salisbury Court, we have the following description of a meeting at the Apollo.

CARELESS. I am full
Of oracles. I am come from Apollo.
EMILIA. From Apollo!

CARELESS. From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his bacchanalia;

And has his incense and his altars smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence I came.

My brain's perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,
And heightened with conceits. From tempting beauties,

From dainty music and poetic strains,
From bowls of music and ambrosiac dishes; —
From witty varlets, fine companions,
And from a mighty continent of pleasure,
Sails thy brave Careless.

Old Simon Wadloe, 'the King of Skinkers,' who kept the Devil Tavern, was the original of Squire Western's favourite air, 'Sir Simon the King.'

John Cottington, *alias* Mull Sack, the famous highwayman, who had the honour of picking Cromwell's pocket and robbing Charles II.,

when in exile at Cologne, of 1500*l.* worth of plate, was a frequenter of the Devil Tavern, and passed for a gentleman. He was hanged at Tyburn for murder. From the days of Ben Jonson to those of Samuel, the Devil Tavern was the resort of Pope, Swift, Addison, Gurth, and other literary giants.

The Fleet Street bankers are among the oldest in London. (Stone and Martin are said to be successors to Sir Thomas Gresham.) Richard Blanchard and Francis Child first made banking a business, and had running cashes in Charles II.'s time (according to Mr. Cunningham, to whose researches we have been frequently indebted). Mr. Blanchard's account for the sale of Dunkirk to the French are among the records of the house. Blanchard was ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer, when the king owed the goldsmiths nearly a million and a half of money. The old sign of the house—the Marygold—is still preserved.

James Hoare, at the Golden Bottle—the old Leathern Bottle—was a goldsmith, with a running cash, 1667; and Goslings kept shop at the Three Squirrels, over against St. Dunstan's, 1673-4.

Before this, the London merchants had been accustomed to deposit their money in the Tower, in the care of the Mint Master; but Charles I. borrowed 200,000*l.* of these moneys without asking the owners to lend it. So no more money found its way to the Mint for security, you may be sure, and merchants confided their surplus cash to the care of their clerks and confidential servants—such was the terrible state of insecurity before the civil war. When that broke out, clerks and apprentices joined the King or Parliament, in many cases forgetting to leave their master's deposits, therefore, the merchants began to place their cash in the hands of the goldsmiths, who gave receipts for the moneys, and these, passing from hand to hand, became virtually bank notes.*

* The Bank of England was projected by a merchant named William Paterson, and

The goldsmiths had thus large funds at their disposal, which they lent to Cromwell on the security of the public credit. So here we have the beginning of a national debt, and all the main features of modern banking.*

Before we leave Fleet Street for the Temple, let us take a parting look down the old thoroughfares, and recal some of the familiar ghosts of men and things which can never cease to haunt it. Every November the 17th, in Charles II.'s reign, in Fleet Street, was burned the effigy of the Pope—the torchlight procession starting from Moorfields to the Temple Gate. After the expulsion of James, the anti-popish mummery was transferred to November 5th. In Fleet Street were the earliest printing offices,† and the stationery mart for books; and here the old printer Wynkyn de Worde lived, at the sign of the Sunne. Edmund Curll, the bookseller, and Lawler Gulliver, were there also. Jacob Robinson kept shop down Inner Temple Lane, and there Pope and Warburton first met. Puppets and nine days' wonders found a home in Fleet Street, and Mrs. Salmon's wax-work was a marvel in its days. No doubt it had its Chambers of Horrors, its Moll Cutpurse, who robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, and Tyburn and St. Giles' heroes. Mrs. Salmon first lived in Aldersgate, the sign of her fishy namesake only in gold—it being impossible, said Mr. Spectator, 'for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the Trout.' There was a song of the style which used to be called humorous, and in which the lady's name is preserved, by an

incorporated 1694, in consideration of the capital, 1,200,000*l.* being lent to the Government at 8 per cent. When first established the Bank notes were at 20 per cent. discount, and as late as 1754 they were under par.

* In one of the old Bartlemy fairings Goldsmiths' Hall is called the Milch Cow of the State, as it was the Parliamentary exchequer, and there the women of the Commonwealth sent their jewels and trinkets to aid the fund for payment of the army.

† See Charles Knight's 'Old Booksellers.'

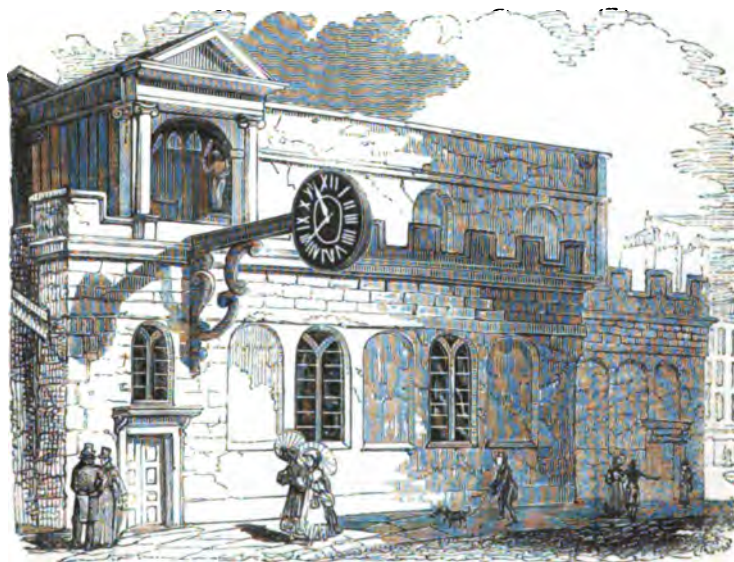
Irishman who was not to be deceived.

' Says I, Mrs. Salmon,
Come, none of your gammon,
Your statues are no more alive than yourself.'

Mrs. Salmon removed to Fleet Street, and when at the age of ninety her exhibition passed to Surgeon Clarke, the wax-work finally dissolving about 1820.

In the year 1128, Hugh de Payens, the head of the Knight Templars, came to England to extend the influence of his order. The Templars called themselves the poor fellow-

soldiers of Jesus Christ, and were banded together to protect the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem—then recently recovered from the Saracens. Hugh de Payens, the first master of the order, set out with four knights only, and returned to Palestine with three hundred, chosen from the best families of England and France, so that the days were at an end when—as shown in the seal of the Templars—two knights were compelled to ride one horse. Numerous Templar establishments arose in England, and the one erected in Holborn, on



OLD ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET. London, 1829.

the site of Southampton House, was called the Old Temple; when the one in Fleet Street was built and named the New Temple. The Knights Templars became immensely rich, and their wealth proved their ruin. Edward I. and Edward II. had both been nibbling at their possessions, and Phillip the Fair of France robbed and persecuted them. By one decree fifty-four were burnt in Paris in the most barbarous manner. In 1208, the Templars in England were arrested and their property seized; and so persecuted were they, that one

Peter Auger, a favourite valet of the king, had to carry his Majesty's warrant to wear a long beard, and so declare he was not a Knight of the Temple.

We will not dwell upon the cruel story, nor on the beautiful Temple Church, worth a day's talk, but speak of the Temple as an Inn of Court, and some of the memorable associations connected with it. An inn—as no doubt you know—signified a mansion, and not simply a tavern.

' Now whereas Phœbus with his fiery wane
Unto his inne began to draw space,'

sings Spenser. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—who, by the influence of the Pope had become residuary legatees of the Knights Templars—gave the Outer, Inner, and Middle Temple to certain law students who had had a temporary residence at Thavies Inn, in Holborn. Henry III. suppressed the other law schools in the old city: and so in the Temple with its beautiful gardens, and (says Fortescue) 'out of the city and the noise thereof, and in the suburbs of London, between the City and Westminster, the practisers of the law lived in peace and quiet—imparting learning to the noblest of the land, and encouraging them also to dance, to sing, and to play on instruments on *ferial* days, and to study divinity on the festivals.'

In the last year of Henry V.'s reign, only threescore gentlemen of blood and perfect descent were students there. In a few years the number of law students greatly increased, and Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn were added to the Inner and Middle Temple. There were also ten Inns of Chancery, of which Clifford's Inn only remains. During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the Temple was invaded by the mob, and most of the books and records destroyed. The division of the Inn into the Inner and Middle Temple then took place.

Whenever there was a riot in former times, the mob always began with the lawyers. Jack Cade's friend Dick, you remember, proposes, 'The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.' 'Nay, that I mean to do,' says Cade. 'Is it not a lamentable thing that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man? Now go, some pull down the Savoy, others to the Inns of Court; down with them all!' And well was the demagogue obeyed. The Temple libraries were burned, the students and practisers murdered and ill-treated. The mob, no doubt, had good reason to hate the lawyers as vendors of the 'commodity of justice,' and of which they might have been the unwilling purchasers; or

some might perhaps have translated the Horse and Lamb over the Temple gates as the epigrammatist did years after:

'As by the Temple gates you go,
The Horse and Lamb displayed
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.

'It's all a trick, these are all shame,
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care, you are the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.

'Nor let the thought of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis yours the showy horse, and they
The jockeys that will ride you.'

The beautiful Temple Gardens were long the favourite lounge of some of our most distinguished men, and here Shakspeare has laid the origin of the factions of the Red and White Roses—

'In signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.'

1 Hen. 4, Act 2, Scene 4.

Here hung the leaden coffin of Mandeville, the excommunicated Constable of the Tower, until his burial beneath the porch of the Temple Church. And here, in later times, have walked and talked the cruel Jefferies, Wycherley, Evelyn, the judicious Hooker, Blackstone, Thurlow, Eldon, Cowper, Johnson, Goldsmith, Curran, Tenterden—others whose names the world will not willingly let die.

On the site of the present Inner Temple Hall stood an older one, of Edward III.'s time; and good cheer was to be found there at Christmas tide, Halloweve, Candlemas, and Ascension Day. The Queen's privy council were the guests; and once upon a time King Charles came there in his barge from Whitehall. There was once a great scaffold in the hall, on which was enacted 'Ferrex and Porrex,' probably the most ancient tragedy in the English language, and certainly the most stupid. After another play, one of the barristers sang a song to the judges and benchers, who, escorted by the Master of the Revels or the Lord of Misrule, led the dance round the sea-coal fire in the hall, until the younger ones tired

them down, as it was said or sung
of Lord Chancellor Hatton:—

'Full oft within the spacious halls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seal and mace they danced before him.'

The Christmasings lasted several days, and carols were decently performed, and minstraylsie after a breakfast of brawn, mustard, and malmsey. In 1794, nine hundred pairs of small dice were found which had dropped through the chinks of the boards.—So perhaps the Devil's Own for the Templars was not once a misnomer.

The Lord Mayor, so says Mr. Pepys, once met with rough usage there, and because he would carry his sword up, the students pulled it down, shut up the Majesty of the City in a counsellor's chamber, from which he escaped by stealth—for the honour of the City—with his sword up.

The present hall of the Middle Temple took ten years in building. Its carved screen and music gallery, the old arms and armour, the raised dais, the massive oaken tables, are all of the past, and carry the imagi-

nation back to that time when John Manningham wrote thus in his little Table Book:—"Feb. 2, 1601. At our feast we had a play called "Twelfth Night; or, What you Will," much like the "Comedy of Errors; or, Menecchmis in Plautus;" but most like and neerer to that in Italian called *Inganni*." Yes, the actual roof, says Charles Knight, under which the happy company of benchers, barristers, and students listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness—exists, and it is pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspeare was listened to by his contemporaries—and that play 'Twelfth Night.'

Yes, Mr. Knight! it is very pleasant to walk in that stately hall and remember this;—and pleasant also to recal the masques and merry-makings, and the glad Christmas feastings, believing that such festivals often bring estranged friends together, and make many a weary heart lighter for the interchange of kindly greetings and honest hospitalities.

UNREQUITED.

A REPLY.*

HE passes by, with cold and heartless gaze,
And I must brave it—ay, and smile beneath
The casual look or word on me that fall,
As snowflakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break
The silence that between our hearts must lie.
I love him—yet he knows not—never shall;
No look shall tell him, till I die!

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles
Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways
Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?—
No! with his heart she merely plays.

* See 'London Society' for May, page 416.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know
 That love, true, faithful, lay within *her* heart
 So he might never feel, as I have felt,
 Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

* * * *

Oh! masters of our hearts, ye little know
 What faith and love ye pass unheeded by;
 Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,
 Without a thought—without a sigh!

E. M.

'TIS THE HEART THAT GIVES VALUE TO WORDS.

SOMEBODY wrote me a sweet little note,
 The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair,
 Shall I here tell you what somebody wrote?
 No; let the muse keep the secret from air:
 But this was the motto the seal had to show,
 This—*C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.*

Somebody walked with me, light was her tread
 Over the beautiful sunshiny wold:
 Shall I here tell you what somebody said?
 The sunlight has faded, the words have grown cold.
 Do you believe in the motto or no?
C'est, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

Somebody sang me a dear little song,
 Full of all tender, unspeakable things—
 Shall I repeat them? No, ever so long
 They have flown off on the swiftest of wings;
 And the nest they deserted is white with the snow,
Ah! c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

Shall I with censure link somebody's name
 For the note and the walk and the fly-away birds?
 No—the dear creature was never to blame,
 She had no heart to give value to words.
 Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow—
Mais, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

END OF VOL. IX.

